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REV. D. D. CURRIE,  
*President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island  
Conference*

THE CANADIAN  
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1875.

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THE REV. DUNCAN D. CURRIE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE O. HUESTIS.

SHORTLY after the close of the war of the American Revolution, a large number of persons, preferring British rule to an untried Republican form of government, emigrated from the United States to the British Provinces. Among those loyalists were the grand-parents of Duncan Dunbar Currie. The Province of New Brunswick was their destination; and in its metropolis, the picturesque and compact little city of Fredericton, the subject of this sketch was born, about fifty years after their arrival.

They hailed from Peekskill, in one of the finest agricultural counties of the State of New York, where the beautiful Hudson lends enchantment to the scene.

Some of the family connection, on the banks of the Hudson, have meddled extensively with literature, and the best kind of literature too, Divinity, as well as with the important work of husbandry. One of the race and name, though spelling his name somewhat differently from that of the brother of whom we are writing, is the able, fearless, and astute editor of that excellent and popular paper, the *Christian Advocate*, of New York.

At the age of fifteen D. D. Currie was converted to God, in connection with the appliances of Methodism. Soon after his

conversion his inquiring mind was greatly interested and stimulated to work for God, by reading the lives of some of the early Methodists, especially those of the preachers. Can we place before the minds of young converts any better literature than those marvellous memoirs? The preaching desire was thus awakened in the breast of the young convert. Had it not been for these intensely interesting writings, Mr. Currie might have been to-day, instead of preaching the gospel, completely engrossed in commercial pursuits, for which he has a peculiar aptitude.

He was greatly favoured in his early religious career in having, at different periods, the wise counsel and godly example of such class leaders as Michael Colter, Thomas Pickard, George Thompson and Judge Wilmot. For some years he was the Secretary of the model Sabbath-school, of which the Judge was, and still is, the Superintendent.

Fifteen years after Mr. Currie had entered the Ministry he was appointed Superintendent of the circuit where he had been born, and where he had grown up to manhood; and had under his charge, among others, three of his early class leaders. One of those leaders had now become the Governor of the Province, without having relinquished, for a political office, the more congenial offices in connection with the Church of Christ. This is as it should be: truly Christian men at the helm of affairs, secular and religious. "The saints shall possess the kingdom." Is it not a significant and pleasing sign of the times, in our day, that the great ones of the earth, including even royalty, are found in the midst of revival scenes, such as Methodism has been familiar with throughout her entire history?

The intellectual powers of Mr. Currie were judiciously developed under the careful training of the celebrated self-taught linguist, Rev. Charles Tupper, D.D., father of the distinguished statesman, and other preceptors who presided over the Baptist Academy at Fredericton. It was there he obtained, in connection with diligent attention to his instructions and studies, the elements of a good English and classical education.

For a time mercantile pursuits interested his ardent nature, but grace prevailed over worldly desire, and in 1853 he gave himself fully to the work of the ministry in connection with the Methodist

Church. He did not, as some do, bound at once into the best circuits; but was sent to those—and he went willingly—which are best for young men, the hard, laborious ones. On these he toiled for years with commendable zeal and fidelity, always improving his circuits, financially and spiritually.

His special business tact and administrative ability were soon observed by his brethren, hence his election to the office of Chairman in the fifteenth year of his ministry. This occurred while he was stationed in his native city. After this official honours gathered around him rapidly. He has filled, with acceptance to his brethren and safety to the interests involved, the office of Secretary in every department of ecclesiastical Methodism, and is at present the Secretary of the General Conference. If his spiritual life and mental vigour continue unimpaired in the midst of an increasing popularity, he will probably ere long be found among our ex-Presidents. He is a man of progressive ideas, yet sufficiently conservative to keep within the boundary lines of Methodist doctrine. By extensive reading, close thinking, and the careful observation of current events, he keeps fully abreast of the times. He is ready to engage in any enterprise that will conduce to the honour of God, and the moral interests of mankind. Hence his early and continuous connection with that noble organization, "The Sons of Temperance." He, however, firmly believes in the sound doctrine, that the preaching of the gospel is the grandest and most effective agency in our world, for the correction of human morals, and the spread of holiness; and that it will not be superseded by any other until the millennium.

Mr. Currie excels as a platform speaker; but the pulpit is his throne of power. He reads well the oracles of God in the sacred desk—a rare accomplishment. As an elocutionist he has probably but few superiors in the Dominion of Canada. Every sentence is uttered with such distinctness, that none can fail to understand what he means.

His sermons are not characterized by impassioned bursts of eloquence or melting pathos; but they abound with stirring, lofty thought, gathered chiefly from the book containing the best thoughts in the universe—God's thoughts. He is no plagiarist, yet is continually gathering stores of knowledge from the choicest

fields of literature. These, after passing through the crucible of his peculiar mental nature, always bear his own image and superscription. He sometimes preaches the old-fashioned truths in such a novel manner as to startle the aged and conservative ones, who are justly afraid of any innovations in Methodism.

His style is not Addisonian, or ornate, but clear and concise, full of nervous Saxon words and sentences, adapted to beget attention and awaken thought. He reads much and culls with care, not merely flowers, but facts; these he interweaves with artistic neatness into his discourses as illustrations of truth. His voice, though far-reaching, distinct and clear, is not remarkable for mellifluous tones, or sonorous power, hence he is not a singer; yet, in the absence of a preceptor, he can manage to start one long metre and one common metre tune.

Among his circuit officials, and wherever there seems to be a necessity for it, he hesitates not to give due—but not undue—prominence to that New Testament Scripture, which is often overlooked by many: “The labourer is worthy of his hire.” And he succeeds in inducing those to believe upon whom his arguments are brought to bear, that the hire should advance in proportion to the necessary expenditure. The good results of his efforts are already manifest, and give entire satisfaction to his brethren in the ministry.

Mr. Currie does not seem to be unduly elated with his fast accumulating honours. If we read him aright, he is willing to lay them all at the feet of Jesus; his most intense desire being the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Thus far his ministry has been very successful in this respect.

In order to accomplish good on a wider scale than the pulpit allows, he has been pleased to make use of the press; not only in well-written articles for various periodicals, but also in the publication of a “Catechism of Baptism,” a work which presents, in a very clear and concise manner, the leading arguments of Pædobaptists in favour of their views on the subjects and mode of baptism. This work exhibits a mental facility of analyzing and condensing thought, such as few men possess. It is admirably adapted, as designed by the author, to be useful, and is doubtless accomplishing much good. We shall not be surprised if this

brother, in addition to his ecclesiastical preferments, should also speedily become invested with literary honours, culminating in, not the reversal of his initials, but in placing similar additional ones on the right side of his name.

Physically Mr. Currie is a fair specimen of humanity; of medium size, compact, healthful, and vigorous; genial in disposition, affable in manner, and buoyant in spirit, it is not a matter of surprise that he is a general favourite.

Of late years he has filled, with great acceptance and usefulness, the office of Superintendent of some of the largest and most influential circuits in the Maritime Provinces. At present he is pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in the Dominion. Prince Edward Island will not probably retain him longer than another year, as the wheel of the itinerancy, in its revolution next year, will displace the pastor of Prince Street Church from his present position, landing him, possibly, in some favoured spot in the West, whither our weighty men are now perhaps Conferentially tending.

We trust that, in the future, the exodus of preachers from the West will in every respect fully equal that from the East. Otherwise, we may soon cease to speak of "the wise men of the East."

[Since the above was in type, Mr. Currie has been elected President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—ED. C. M. M.]

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## DEATH.

THERE is no death! What seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.  
We see but dimly through the mists and vapours,  
Amid the earthly damps;  
What seem to us but sad funeral tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

## THE REAL AND IDEAL CHURCH.

BY THE REV. CRANSWICK JOST, M.A.

THE Great Teacher once likened the kingdom of heaven to "a net that was cast into the sea and gathered of every kind; which, when it was full, they drew to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, but cast the bad away." The net here spoken of is not of the kind in ordinary use, but one of those known among us by the specific name, "seine." This net is usually quite long; cork is attached to the top to make it float, and lead to the bottom to make it stretch, when in the water, to its full width. When a school of fishes makes its appearance, the fishermen attach one end of the seine to the shore, and then putting the rest in a boat, make a circuit of the water around the school, gradually letting out the seine as they go and enclosing everything between it and the shore. A visitor to our coast, during the summer season, will occasionally see the seine employed, and witness the excited fishermen capturing and assorting the multitudes of the finny tribe which it encloses.

This illustration and others which the Scriptures furnish, represent the visible Church as at present in an imperfect, undeveloped, unfinished state, holding within its pale a great diversity of moral character. And the Saviour contemplates this state of things as existing to a greater or less extent to the end of time; "so shall it be at the end of the world; the angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the good."

If we consider the work which the Church of God proposes to do, it will be seen that this imperfection is unavoidable. It takes men and women out of the world, as they voluntarily place themselves under its direction, and by the use of means and agencies, human and divine, seeks to encourage and promote in them a growing purity and likeness to Jesus Christ. These men and women are not exempt from temptation. As long as they are in the body, they are upon probation, and are consequently liable to stumble and fall through the stratagems of their foes. And though the abstract possibility be admitted, there is no pro-



bability that the time will ever come when among them all there will be no instances of Judas-like betrayal or Peter-like denial of the Lord. They are liable also to err through ignorance, and therefore present to the world the spectacle of a deportment sometimes inconsistent with the high obligations of the Christian profession. Neither have we any reason to suppose that hypocrisy—

“For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks  
Invisible except to God alone”—

may not, in the future as in the past, endeavour to gain its ends by assuming the garb of piety.

Such considerations will serve to expose the folly of those who attach to their conception of the Church, in its present state, an ideal purity, and because this standard is not generally attained, keep aloof and point with scornful finger at every real or imaginary departure from the line of perfect rectitude as a proof of the sham of all religious life. It will be time enough to cry “sham,” when they find among any other body of persons purer morals, nobler aspirations, more generous and God-like self-denial and labour for the common good. While the Church, with a conscious and admitted want of ideal purity, and still with “excelsior” for its motto, is at the head of all efforts for the increase of personal, social and national purity, and the consequent diffusion of peace and happiness on the only solid basis, the highest wisdom is to be a co-labourer in this great work.

Such considerations will also serve to refute the supposition that immorality, even of a grave character is invariably to be signaled by excision from the Church. “Turn him out,” “Turn him out,” is the unchristian cry we sometimes hear from professedly Christian lips. Undoubtedly there are instances where discipline in its extreme form must be employed, but, “if a brother trespass against thee,” (or against the Church), “seven times a day, and seven times in a day turn to thee” (or to the Church) “saying, ‘I repent,’” he should be forgiven. Even in cases where we may fear a lack of sincerity, the law of charity requires us to give the offender the benefit of the doubt. From our inability to read the heart, there is danger of error, and it is

better to err on the side of forgiveness than on the side of severity, and to cherish the hope of developing ultimately an undoubted Christian character.

While, therefore, we view the actual Church as imperfect and unfinished, it is yet our duty to keep before us the ideal Church, that which may be, and by so doing to give courage and right direction to all our efforts.

What, then, may the Church be? What will it be?

We have an inspired answer: "He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

A consideration of some of the means by which this development may be secured will lead us to look upon the Church in two aspects, as a body of worshippers and as a body of workers.

Let us enter the assembly of the saints upon the Sabbath day. The most important means of grace we then observe are praying, singing and preaching. And the question is, how may these best lead to an apprehension of the spiritual presence of God and the realization of personal communion with him; for, except these ends are gained, there can be no edification, no development of Christian character.

Our answer is based upon an argument of Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians. He is speaking of the unadvisability of the use of the gift of tongues in public worship, because, however beneficial to the individual, it is not suited for general edification. He says:—

"If then I know not the meaning of the language, I shall be as a foreigner to him that speaks it, and he will be accounted a foreigner to me. . . . For, if I utter words in a Tongue, my spirit indeed prays, but my understanding bears no fruit. What follows then? I will pray with my spirit, but I will pray with my understanding also; I will sing praises with my spirit, but I will sing praises with my understanding also. For, if thou with thy spirit offerest thanks and praise, how shall the Amen be said to thy thanksgiving by those worshippers who take no part in the ministrations, while they are ignorant of the meaning of thy words?"—*Connybear and Howson's translation.*

Here is inspired precedent for audible responses to extempore prayers offered to God in the public congregation. We are reminded of the hearty exclamations for which our Methodistic fathers were pre-eminently noted, though we would not build upon this analogy the argument of the child, who, finding in the Old Testament the statement, that "all the people said Amen," informed her mother that she had found the place in the Bible where all the people were Methodists.

But Paul's idea of prayer, as a part of Divine worship, is such an expression of praise and thanksgiving, and earnest request, as reaches every understanding and calls forth from every worshipper heartfelt responses. The single voice heard, is accepted as the voice of every one, and awakens in him an interest similar to that which would be evoked if he himself were leading the devotions of the congregation. Now, how can the individuals of a congregation best exclude irrelevant thought and centre their attention upon the solemn work at hand? What position best becomes the suppliants?

When Solomon prayed at the dedication of the magnificent temple, of whose erection he was the honoured instrument, "he kneeled down upon his knees before all the congregation of Israel and spread forth his hands towards heaven." That the people on whose behalf this earnest prayer was offered were kneeling at the same time, we are not told, though it was probably so. For, immediately after, when, in answer to the prayer, the fire came down from heaven and consumed the burnt offerings and the sacrifices, and the glory of the Lord filled the house, "all the children of Israel bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped and praised the Lord." When Ezra, mourning over the ungodliness of his people and anxious for their salvation, approached with the congregation the place where the evening sacrifice was offered, he says, "I fell upon my knees, and spread out my hands unto the Lord my God." When the disciples of Tyre, with their wives and children, followed Paul out of the city to the place where he was to embark on ship-board, the historian says, "we kneeled down on the shore and prayed." This posture in prayer is also sanctioned by our Saviour's example. In Gethsemane, when extreme mental anguish

produced a bloody sweat which dropped upon the ground, he "kneeled down and prayed."

The Hebrew word most frequently employed in the Scriptures to express the act and object of devotion, literally means to "bow the knee." The following are examples of its use:—

"When thou hast eaten and art full, then thou shalt bless (literally, bow the knee to) the Lord thy God, for the good land which he hath given thee." When David heard of Nabal's death, he said, "Blessed be (literally, let the knee be bowed to) the Lord, who hath pleaded the cause of my reproach." "Bless the Lord (literally, bow the knee to the Lord), O my soul, and all that is within me bless (literally, bow the knee to) his holy name." "Bless the Lord (bow the knee to the Lord), O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

No other posture in prayer, public or private, is so impressively recommended by Scripture precept and example, and we may add, no other posture is so well suited to the feelings and wishes of the sincere worshipper. The early Christians recommended on the Lord's Day and during the fifty days from Easter to Pentecost, the practice of standing in prayer, "as a symbol of the resurrection, whereby through the grace of Christ we rise from our fall;" but kneeling was still recognized as the fitting attitude for penitential and adoring approach to God. May we not hope that in all our congregations due attention will be given to whatever will help us in reverent and successful worship; that the call to prayer will universally meet the response the Psalmist anticipated, when he said, "O, come, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord, our maker." "We will go into his tabernacles, we will worship (lit., bow the knee) at his footstool."

Paul's argument applies also to devotional singing, as an aid to the public worship of God. He introduces an illustration from musical instruments; "Even if the lifeless instruments of sound, the flute or the harp, give no distinctness to their notes, how can we understand their music? If the trumpet utter an uncertain note, how shall the soldier prepare himself for the battle?" The object to be obtained must be kept in view, and as this varies in different cases, the means must be varied to suit. When the object is the pleasurable effect of melody and harmony, the tones of the flute or harp must be such as to produce this result. When the object is to summon the soldier to the battle, the

trumpet must ring out clearly the war-call. When melody and harmony are not the end, but simply the means by which the worshipper is to be led reverently and penitently to worship God, they must be modified to suit this end.

The introduction into the house of God of highly artistic singing has often been advocated as a means of attracting the careless, and creating in them a relish for religious things. But it must be borne in mind that the emotional nature may be deeply moved without the accompaniment of true religious feeling. Dr. Chalmers, in one of his *Astronomical Discourses*, remarks, "I will make bold to say, that as much delight may emanate from the pulpit upon an arrested audience beneath it, as ever emanated from the boards of a theatre, and with as total a disjunction in mind, in the one case as in the other, from the essence or habit of religion." Substitute in this quotation "the choir" for "the pulpit," and though the application is changed the truth remains the same.

Once only do the Gospels tell us of this exercise, as forming part of the religious services of Jesus and the twelve, though the manner in which this reference is made may lead us to infer that singing was not unusual with them. The occasion was the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the sacred song was, no doubt, the Hallel (Psalms 113 to 118), usually sung in connection with the Passover. Let us imagine ourselves in that little company. A voice, perhaps the Saviour's, commences "Praise ye the Lord; praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord. Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore. From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised," etc. What are the others doing meanwhile? Are they indifferent or critical observers of the tune or of each other's musical skill? Rather, the tune is the simple instrument by which they are enabled, in unison, to lift their voices and hearts to God. Their understanding is employed in attentive consideration of the sentiments they utter, and as they audibly and distinctly enunciate them, they prayerfully endeavour to make them their own, and become indifferent to any presence save that of Him who can only be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

This necessity of adapting the means to the end sought is also to be observed in relation to preaching. Tennyson caricatures the pulpit of the olden time in the following style, to which we refer, not to endorse the reflection it makes, but to illustrate the truth we wish to emphasize. He makes the "Northern Farmer," after the death of his wife, speak thus of the parson:—

"An' I hallus comed to's choorch afoor my Sally wur dead,  
An' eerd un a bummin' away loike a buzzard-clock ower my yeard,  
An' I niver knaw'd what a mean'd, but I thout a ad summut to saay,  
An' I thout a said what a out to a said, an' I coomed awaay."

No doubt it is quite possible for a person to be so indifferent as under the most favourable circumstances to enter and leave the house of God, without being able to furnish any correct idea of the truth preached in his presence. But it must be admitted that the lofty themes of the Gospel may be discussed in such a manner as will fail to reach the understanding of even an attentive hearer, who has not been trained to close and careful thought. Mr. Wesley mentions a pastoral call he made to the bedside of a dying man, who did not know that he possessed a soul. After some questioning, the man admitted having heard of a small bone in the back, which never decayed, and which he supposed must be the undying soul. And yet he had been a constant attendant upon the services of the parish church for a period of thirty years. Mr. Wesley also adds, he had there heard good sermons, too. We may well doubt the intelligence of the man, but we may also doubt the adaptation of the "good sermons" to which he had listened to the wants of the hearers.

As the name of Jesus Christ suggests the deepest need and highest hope of every soul, it must be the constant aim to exhibit Him in His relation to fallen men and their salvation. The range of topics here provided is as wide as the Bible itself. If we cross the Atlantic, and land on any part of the English coast, whether in some busy commercial centre, or some small secluded village, we will be sure to find a road thence to London. So from every part of the Word of God there is a thread of thought which leads to Jesus Christ, the grand central topic of every one of the inspired penmen.

We proposed to consider the Church in another aspect, as a body of workers. Let us now turn our attention in this direction. In the Church constructed according to the New Testament standard, there is no such thing as being religious by proxy; there are no honorary members, relieved from the performance of personal religious duty, public as well as private. Every member is a working member; every member recognizes himself as put in possession of a "talent," or of "talents," "according to his several ability," not to be kept safely in a napkin, or hidden securely in the earth, but to be employed in personal services, both for his own and the common good, and the consequent advancement of his Master's work.

The Buddhists have a custom which admirably relieves them from the necessity of personal religious effort, and opens an easy way to the acquisition of a reputation for great purity. They have what they call a "khorben," what we may call a praying-machine. It is a cylinder, generally made of brass, covered with leather, around which is wrapped a cloth or paper, containing a number of prayers, the whole being turned on its axis by a handle. When a Buddhist wishes to atone, by works of supererogation, for a course of disobedience, or to gain a reputation of unusual sanctity, or to go on a journey and have his religion "done" for him at home, he buys a "khorben" and hires a man to turn it, or procures a donkey to do the work, or if a stream of running water is convenient, he makes it turn the cylinder by the aid of a system of wheels. And every revolution is equivalent to the utterance by the owner of all the prayers which are upon it. No matter, then, where the Buddhist is, or what he is doing, he is pious by proxy.

This custom seems to us grossly absurd, but it is not uncharitable to say that more than one modern Church establishment seems to be conducted on the same plan. To satisfy the demands of conscience, and to obtain the Divine favour, a number of persons unite to build a magnificent "praying-machine." It is not exactly of the cylinder shape, but that makes little difference. Its stained windows are filled with images of the saints, and quotations from the Bible. In its lofty spire a chime of bells is ready to sound the hour of prayer. A minister is engaged to

conduct the operations. At stated intervals he is at his post, and the machine is put in motion. Where are now the men to whom it belongs? On the Sabbath, if the calls of business or pleasure have not made it necessary for them to rest at home, they come to look on, and see how smoothly the machinery works. If there is friction in any part, how they grumble! Let the man they have selected to perform this religious work for them, suggest that their habits are inconsistent with the demands of piety, or that their relation to the work is not simply of a financial kind, and they are ready to dismiss him, or to sell out their shares and go where they can run a praying machine after their own fashion. Do they not pay their money, and ought not things to be conducted as they wish!

Much of the error which prevails respecting Christian work, arises from the false notion of a fundamental difference in duty and responsibility between the ministry and laity; a notion which originated in times, and still exists in systems, in which the priesthood was, or is, regarded as the authorized mediator between God and man, and the divinely appointed dispenser of saving grace. But there is properly no such fundamental difference. Every Christian, in connection with Christ, is a recognized and responsible agent in God's great work of salvation. An eloquent historian of Methodism asserts this truth as follows:—

“Christianity knows no technical or clerical priesthood, none other than this common priestly function and dignity of all regenerated souls, under the sacerdotal head-ship of Christ. It has its ministry, its divinely sanctioned administrators of instruction and discipline, but not a proper priesthood. It clothes all true children with pontifical robes, and commands all of them, as ‘a royal priesthood,’ to live, work and suffer for the common Church, ‘the kingdom of God’ on earth.”—*Abel Stevens, D.D.*

The study of the history of the early Church simply justifies these statements. It shows that there existed a community of interest and labour in all departments of Christian duty. This will be apparent from the following quotations:—

“It remains an established fact, that all believers had the right to teach in public worship. All alike took some share in the government of the community. Discipline was an act of the community, not of the clergy. The sacraments were equally far from being a monopoly of the clergy. These principles were so deeply rooted in the Church, that long after, when it had undergone most im-



portant changes, they received striking testimony from the lips of St. Jerome. He says, 'The right of the laity to baptize has often been recognised in cases of necessity; for every one may give that which he has received.' We read in the 'Commentaries' attributed to Ambrose, that in the beginning all taught, and all baptized, on every opportunity.'"—*Pressensé*.

"This notion of a peculiar people of God (*κλήρος του θεου*) applied distinctively to a particular order of men among the Christians, is wholly foreign to the original Christian mind."—*Neander*.

"The spirit and practice of the Apostles thus favoured a certain kind of popular self-government, and the harmonious, fraternal co-operation of the different elements of the Church. It contained no abstract distinction of clergy and laity. All believers are called to the prophetic, priestly and kingly offices in Christ. The bearers of authority and discipline should never forget that their great work is to train the governed to freedom and independence, and by the various spiritual offices, to form gradually the whole body of believers to the unity of faith and knowledge, and to the perfect manhood of Christ."—*Schaff*.

Never since apostolic times was the idea of the priesthood of the people so fully recognised as in early Methodism, and never did greater success attend any church organization. "All at it, and always at it," is a phrase which was employed, not inaptly, to express the common activity in Christian labour. The social means of grace, especially the class-meeting, furnished opportunity for the manifestation of the peculiar gifts of every member. Adaptation to any special work was noticed, and from the recruiting field, exhorters, local-preachers, and itinerants were selected, who, yielding to the call of God and of the brethren, went forth to spread the triumphs of the cross. The itinerant ministry, if it could have existed at all, would never have been able to accomplish a tithe of the work of evangelization, had it not been sustained and aided by the systematic employment of these other agencies.

It must be admitted that there is still need, pressing need, for the services of these various classes of Christian labourers. In our towns and cities, and throughout our scattered country districts, there are families and communities which cannot be regularly and effectively reached and benefited by the Gospel without them. And there is a great deal of latent power in the Church which is comparatively ineffective. How can this latent power be evoked and made serviceable in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom? How can the talent which lies dormant

in the Church be made available for Christian work? We believe, if the truth is clearly apprehended, and, in reliance upon the Divine Spirit, frequently and affectionately enunciated, it is mighty and must ultimately prevail. A comparison of the present condition of the Christian world with that immediately following Apostolic times, shows a decided advantage in favour of the present. In intelligent apprehension of essential truth, in moral and spiritual purity, in the effectiveness of its schemes for the evangelization of the world, in the practice of charity towards conscientious differences of opinion, the Church, taken as a whole, is in advance of that of the fourth and fifth centuries. But the complete development to "the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," is far from being yet secured, and can only be secured in connection with the methods we have stated. The practical and universal recognition of these truths would be attended by the infusion of such an increased measure of Divine energy into all our religious agencies, as would render them fully efficient for their conflict with the powers of darkness, and bring near the full accomplishment of the Redeemer's mission to our earth.

HALIFAX, N.S.

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### THE ROYAL PEACE-MAKER.\*

BY M. E. A.

COUNT BISMARCK strode through the halls of state,  
 Where he reigned beside his king;  
 Nor, of haughty mien, could brook to wait  
 The words of men or stroke of fate,  
 But counseled the gauntlet of war to fling;  
 His heart was proud,  
 "Who conquered late,"  
 He said "is sure again to win."

\* A few words of explanation may be necessary to recall the political situation of Europe at the period to which the poem refers. The attempt by Napoleon to get possession of Savoy, the armed protest of Prussia, the attitude of the

And proud was France; should her spirit quail,  
For the tyrant of an hour?  
Should her conquering banner stoop to trail?  
The fame of gallant Frenchmen fail  
At Prussian insolence of power?  
The Czar looked on,  
Perhaps he smiled  
To see the War Storm lower.

The prize between the nations lay;  
But who dared stretch forth his hand  
To take by storm, or the price to pay,  
Drew on his head the fierce affray,  
And blasting and ruin on his land.  
With jealous throb  
They stood at bay,  
And the fires of hate were fanned.

Remembered hopes that had been delayed,  
And remembered wrongs from their silence crept,  
And revenges deep that for time had stayed  
Came out of the darkness where they slept.  
So the eagle, that swoops to seize its prey  
Starts the Vulture's ravenous brood;  
Nought boding good  
In the darkened horizon lay.

The air grew rife with the stealthy sound  
As ships from their moorings creaked,  
With the wide-mouthed cannon bristling round;  
And arsenal doors on their hinges ground

Russian Government, which had not recovered from the mortification of the part taken by France in the Crimean war, and the inflammable state of public feeling generally at the close of the Austro-Italian conflict, when men seemed to be standing yet with their right hand upon their sword-hilts—these were the general circumstances of the time. It was at this crisis, when all parties augured, from appearances, the most sanguinary war of modern times, that Her Majesty interfered, and by her personal influence averted so dire a calamity.

And clattering engines grimly shrieked,  
As they sped their way  
With arms and men  
On their secret errands bound.

The warrior felt for his trusty blade,  
And waited his sovereign's call ;  
And the frenzy of fight in the soldier's blood,  
Which scarcely yet was laid,  
Since the reddening stream of carnage was stayed  
Where the last year's foes had stood,  
Careered in his veins :  
What mattered *his* fall !  
On glory's plains  
Would the human harvest be strewed.

Count Bismarck stood in the halls of state,  
Where he reigned beside his king,  
And beneath his eye a parchment waits ;  
Ambition stormed at the castle gates ;  
But words of peace like an angel's wing  
Have stirred the air ;  
From England's Queen  
The couriers a message bring.

A magic power had the stroke of her pen,  
And opened the sluices of feeling wide ;  
And the monarch of France was a man among men,  
The dreams of his youth came back again,  
"The Empire is peace"—On the flooding tide  
Of generous thought  
He met his foe,  
And swore the terms of peace to abide.

O, Britain, proud of thy Maiden Queen,  
When she swept with youthful grace  
The halls where ancestral thrones had been,  
And drew with her sceptre the line between

The courtly vice of an age that was base  
And virtue's shrine,  
No coward fear  
In her true soul leaving trace.

O Britain, proud of thy Matron Queen,  
Who hath ruled with even hand,  
Who hath ruled for the honour of her land,  
By hostile eyes or friendly seen,  
Found equal to all the high demand—  
A nation's weal;  
Trode dizzy steeps  
But few can bear,  
Walked nobly there with Christian mien,

O land that hast loved thy Widowed Queen,  
Who wore her weeds with sorrowing grace,  
And found in her breaking heart a place  
For griefs, alike of great or mean,  
And turned with earnest gaze her face  
Where the woman's heart  
And the sovereign's power  
For the world a happier hour could win.

Accept of her noble deeds the crown :  
From Europe is lifted the hand of doom ;  
She hath plucked the century plant in bloom,  
And deftly woven a wreath of renown,  
At the nation's feet,  
With gladdened heart  
To lay the trophy down.

## A CONFERENCE SKETCH.

BY EVELYN ETHERIDGE.

### I.

"So you are going to entertain some of the ministers during Conference, I hear."

"Yes, are you?"

"No. We shall not be in town at the time, and, to tell the truth, I am not altogether sorry."

"Why, pray?"

"Oh, I wouldn't know how to entertain them. One would have to be so awfully proper, you know, and neither laugh nor have any fun all the time they were in the house. I almost pity you the infliction."

"Thanks, Marion dear; but I think you had better save your sympathy till you find a more deserving object. I assure you, I don't feel the least need for it. I am sure most of the ministers I have known have been very pleasant company indeed."

"Perhaps they are, on closer acquaintance; but they always look so solemn on Sundays and at funerals—which, I confess, are almost the only times that I have seen them—that I am rather in awe of the entire class."

"Well, you certainly would not expect them to be very hilarious on such occasions. Besides, we are to be not forgetful to entertain strangers."

"Oh, perhaps, you expect to entertain an angel, unawares, if it be not a solecism to say so; but then you know, as the French proverb has it, 'It is always the unexpected that is sure to happen.'"

"Well, no; these black-robed gentlemen are not very much like the traditional angels represented by the painters; but I am sure they are often angels of mercy to the sick and suffering, for all that."

"You are so prepossessed in their favour, that one of them will be inducing you to accompany him as a missionary to Muskoka or the Rocky Mountains, or some other outlandish place."

"No fear of that, Marion dear. In the first place, no one would ever think of asking me; I am not good enough for such exalted duties; and in the second place, I wouldn't go if I were asked. I know too much, from what I have seen and heard, of the trials and privations of ministers' wives, and of ministers too. I honour them for their courage, but, I confess, I could not muster enthusiasm enough to share their lot."

"Well, I am sure *I* shouldn't, at all events. It never would suit my fashionable tastes and expensive habits. I mean to marry a fortune some of these days, even if I have to take its owner thrown in."

"Why, Marion, how mercenary you are. I declare, if I didn't know that you are only joking, I would be ashamed of you."

Thus chatted two young lady friends as they sat in a cosy parlour in one of our Canadian cities, discussing the approaching Methodist Conference. The advent of several hundred Methodist ministers is always an event of considerable social importance. Many are the deep counsellings of anxious matrons "on hospitable thoughts intent," in providing for the physical comforts of their guests. And in the ranks of young ladydom scarce less solicitude is manifested in garnishing parlours and chambers with those last touches of female taste which impart such an air of poetic refinement to our homes; and, perhaps it must be added, in the preparation of neat and elegant toilets for the reception of their visitors, who are often quite unconscious of the amount of thought and labour expended for their gratification.

## II.

The next interview of our young friends was some weeks after the Conference, with its numerous business sessions, its interesting religious services, and its pleasant interchange of social amenities, had passed away.

"Well, you have survived the Conference, I see," remarked the vivacious Marion.

"Yes," replied the quieter Ethel, "and an exceedingly enjoyable time we all found it."

"I should have thought it must have been dreadfully dull with

so many 'grave and reverend' fathers in Israel in the house. I suppose they preached at you half the time."

"Not at all dull, I assure you. Nor did they preach either, yet I hope we are all the better for their visit."

"What were they like, anyway? Tell me all about it."

"Well, in the first place, we had a distinguished Doctor of Divinity."

"A Doctor of Divinity! Did he wear his gown and bands in the drawing-room? You never thought of smiling in his presence, of course."

"Didn't we, though? I wish you had been here. Although he is very learned, and very eloquent, yet he was the wittiest man I ever met. He seemed fairly overflowing with fun. He was like the electrical machine at school, you couldn't touch him but you got a spark. But it was altogether of the harmless and playful sort, as innocent and gleeful as the laughter of a little child."

"Well, that *is* rather extraordinary. Who else had you?"

"A returned missionary, who told us the most interesting stories about the Indians, and the great North-west, and his adventures on the prairies and in the forest."

"Poor man! he must have been glad to get away from such savage surroundings."

"Not at all. He was full of enthusiasm about the future of that great country, and was all eagerness to return to his heroic work and to take a number of missionaries with him. He quite inspired with the same zeal our third guest, who was exceedingly anxious to return with him."

"That was a strange taste. I suppose he could get no better place."

"Wrong again, Marion dear. The Dr. said they wanted their very best men for the mission work, and that he was one of them. He is just from college, such a clever student, knows no end of Latin and Greek and all the-ologies. Yet you would never think it. So different from that conceited young Tomkins, just returned from Paris, who is continually using scraps of French."

"Indeed I think Mr. Tomkins a very elegant gentleman. But did your hero go to lavish his learning on the Blackfeet?"



"No. To his great disappointment he was sent as junior minister to X——, one of the largest churches in the Connexion."

"And a very fashionable one too, I believe. I should think he would be delighted."

"Oh, he is so very shy, you can't believe. During his college life, the Dr. said, he was a perfect hermit, never went into society, and at first whenever I spoke to him, he blushed so that I really pitied him. One evening, at a little social gathering, he sat silent so long that that irrepressible brother Tom of mine asked him what he was thinking of, and he said he was thinking out a sermon. At supper he sat between that chattering Miss Thompson and me, and scarcely vouchsafed a word to either of us. He must have been finishing his sermon."

"A remarkable man for a preacher. Can he talk at all?"

"Indeed he can, not eloquently perhaps, but with intense feeling. You should have heard him on the Friday night, when the young men told of their conversion and call to the ministry. The way he spoke of his mother—he is her only son, and she is a widow—made everybody weep."

"He shouldn't leave her, it is positively cruel."

"It was a great struggle, but she wished him to go. His father, on his dying bed, offered him to God, as a Christian minister, and he says he *must* preach, that the vows of God are upon him."

"Well, I am glad, for his mother's sake, that he don't go to that outlandish Indian mission."

"I don't know but that I am, too, though he seemed to set his heart upon it. Ma and I were with him in the gallery of the church when the stations were read. He had been pointing out several of the ministers whom we did not know, and giving us sketches of their history. Many, especially of the old men, had had stirring adventures by flood or field; fording swollen rivers, crossing ice-bound lakes or threading pathless forests; and many were the heroes of remarkable camp meeting or revival campaigns. The dear old veterans, I really loved them for the perils they had seen, and for the labours they had undergone."

"Well, but what about this reading of the stations?"

"Oh, it was really quite impressive. The Conference had been waiting for some time for the Stationing Committee to

report. At last they came, the President took the chair, looking very grave, and the Secretary in a very distinct, but as I thought in a rather unsympathetic voice, considering that his report was like the Book of Fate to most of his audience, fixing their destiny for at least another year, began to read the stations. The interest was intense. The scene to my mind rose to the dignity of the morally sublime. Some were for the first time to learn where they and their families were to find a new home, in most cases among perfect strangers, yet no man in all that assembly raised a word of protest against what must have been, in some cases at least, a very long remove to perhaps a very uncongenial sphere."

"Well, I confess, Ethel, I don't like the itinerancy. It takes a man away just when you have got well acquainted with him, and brings a perfect stranger—to say nothing of the inconvenience to the minister, and especially to his family. Besides the toil and cost of moving, it is continually breaking up their home and its associations, their children are little nomads; hardly knowing where they were born, and picking up snatches of schooling wherever they can."

"I mentioned some of these objections to Dr. Y—— and Mr. A——; and, while admitting their force, they said the advantages more than counterbalanced them. The great advantage seemed to be that the itinerancy, as they expressed it, provides a place for every man and a man for every place; a result unattainable by any other system, and only approximately reached with much difficulty and often with painful friction."

"Well, it needs some compensations, for it has many disagreeable features."

"Then the Dr. remarked that it distributed the talent of the Church more equally than any other method. If any man was particularly useful he was passed around, so that the sphere of his influence was greatly enlarged: and if he wasn't, well, he passed around too, like a bad penny, and no place was permanently inflicted with his inefficiency. Moreover, Churches will often prosper better under a succession of pastors, some revivalistic and aggressive, and others conservative and upbuilding in their character, than under a settled pastorate."

“That is true; and on the principle of the old adage that ‘the proof of a pudding is in the eating,’ the success of Methodism as a system seems to vindicate its special peculiarity of the itinerancy.”

“Yes; and besides, these frequent changes afford the opportunity for new talent to come to the front, which might otherwise long remain latent or linger in obscurity for want of the opportunity and stimulus for its development.”

“Well, but you are wandering from your text, to speak in clerical phrase. You were about to say how Mr. A—— received the announcement of his appointment.”

“Oh, I forgot. Well, I couldn’t help looking at him when his name was called. He listened eagerly, and when the place was read, just dropped his head upon the back of the seat in front. I saw his lip quiver a little. I knew he was lifting up his heart in prayer to God, and when he raised his head there was a glad light in his eyes that told that he had received strength from on high.”

“Well, I am sure it is better than going so far away in the ‘Great Lone Land.’”

“He confessed to me that he would rather face a tribe of angry Blackfeet Indians than the fashionable congregation at X——. But when he gave himself to the Church, he said, he surrendered his right of choice as to where he would go. Yet, bashful as he is, he magnifies the privileges and dignity of his office.”

“Well, that of making a fortune is certainly not one of its privileges.”

“No, but he glories in the thought that he is free from all sordid and earthly cares, and able to give himself fully to its spiritual functions. He hasn’t time, he says, to make money, and wouldn’t want to do so if he had. Then another of the compensations of ministerial life is that he will be continually associated with the very best people for the noblest work in the world,—the elevation of society and the welfare of mankind. And although, of course, he must frequently go among strangers, he says they are not strangers, but friends, whose love and confidence is bespoken beforehand. The minister and his family are received at once to the homes and hearts of his people, and in a month

are more at home among perfect strangers than others would be in a year."

"Well, ministers certainly have very many social advantages, and, to tell the truth, I think they sometimes presume upon them."

"How, pray?"

"Oh, they sometimes exact, or at least expect, an amount of deference merely on account of their professional status, that the merchant or lawyer never thinks of claiming. Then some of them make such ridiculous guys of themselves by their ultra-clerical costume; their coats and vests are so fearfully and wonderfully made, almost like a Ritualistic or Romish priest, so unlike what other civilized gentlemen wear; and their manners are so frightfully formal and 'other worldly,' that persons like myself, of a rather 'worldly' disposition, can scarcely help feeling that there is a wide gulf between us, and that we have no common grounds of sympathy."

"I confess I don't like that either. I think a minister should take his place as a man among men, relying for his influence, not on the cut of his coat, but on his force of character and magnetism of human sympathy. I cannot help thinking that this was the charm of the divine Teacher, in consequence of which the common people heard him gladly. But at the same time there are certain proprieties that I would not like to see violated. I don't think a minister should go about like a bagman or a travelling pedler, nor wear a shooting jacket or a jockey cap. He should exhibit some respect for his calling if he would have it respected."

"Of course. What I dislike is the extremely conventional manner, particularly of some young ministers. Then, if they happen to be popular, they are so petted by the ladies, and are presented with as many pairs of slippers as though they were centipides, and are generally so caressed and flattered, that, unless they are blessed with an extra amount of common sense, they are apt to become conceited and selfish."

"Poor fellows, they cannot help being the objects of sometimes superfluous attentions. They are to be pitied rather than blamed for that."

"I am inclined to think they rather like it; whereas a little

wholesome opposition and criticism, a little roughing it, such as our brothers have to undergo in business life, would do them good, and develop a self-reliance and manliness that the age especially demands. Many who are very eloquent and commanding in the pulpit, when out of it, and brought face to face with the perplexities of daily life, are rather wanting in practical efficiency."

"The children of this world are often wiser in their generation than the children of light, and I suppose will be to the end. Your remarks apply, not so much to Methodist ministers, as to ministers as a class. Indeed, the former, I think, have better chances of 'roughing it' than any others, and from their frequent changes of residence and intimate contact with a greater variety of character than others, are apt to develop an unusual amount of shrewdness and ability in the management of affairs. And as for criticism, neither they nor any other ministers are likely to suffer for the want of that. I don't see, by the way, why the idea of criticism always implies that of fault-finding. It literally means judging, appreciating, approving, as well as condemning. It is as much one's duty to praise what is good as to condemn what is bad, and, I am sure, a much more agreeable one."

"What! do you mean to tell a minister you like his sermon?"

"Certainly. If it has done you good, I think it a debt you owe him to say so. However, it is only in their very callow condition that these little weaknesses you have been speaking of are observed. Most ministers, if they are men of sense, soon outgrow them, and I am sure Mr. A—— never had them."

"Unfortunately, some of them always remain callow, or become more so as they grow older."

"Nay, now, you're satirical."

"Only truthful, my dear; but it seems to me that this paragon of a gentleman has succeeded in impressing you very favourably with the itinerancy. Perhaps he would like you to share its pleasures."

"Oh dear, no. I am sure he would never think of that. He is so grave, and learned, and good; I wonder he listened so patiently to the chatter of a silly girl like me. Yet, I confess, there are some things I do understand better than he. He is a perfect

child in the ways of society. But I know he made me ashamed of my listless life—so full of petty aims and ambitions, so engrossed oftentimes in matching the shade of a ribbon, or in the trimming of a dress, when such a world of noble duties are calling for earnest workers to perform them. I am going to ask papa to let me teach in a ladies' school."

"And he worried every day with a lot of flighty school-girls. I wonder at your taste."

"It will, at least, be something useful, and better than the weary round of fashionable folly to which society almost condemns us. I feel kindling in my heart an ambition for something nobler than that. Give us girls an object worth living for, and we can do anything to obtain its accomplishment."

"You are becoming quite eloquent. Did Mr. A—— inspire these sentiments, I wonder."

"I learned his opinions on some of these subjects from brother Tom, who is perfectly fascinated with him. Tom was always an idle, mischievous fellow, who thought ministers fair game for his pranks. But Mr. A—— has completely captured his heart. He seems to have inspired him with new ambition. He is eager to go to college, and I shouldn't wonder if he should become a minister himself some day. I never saw him so serious and diligent before."

"Have you heard from your clerical friend since Conference?"

"He only wrote a short letter to mamma, announcing his safe arrival on his circuit, and said not a word about unworthy me. So you see, Marion dear, you are quite mistaken in your silly surmise."

"We shall see before the year is out. But I must go."

"How absurdly you talk! Good-bye."

### III.

It will not, perhaps, greatly surprise our readers who have favoured us with their attention thus far, to learn that Mr. A—— found occasion, more than once, during the year, to pay a visit to the Conference town where he met our fair friend, Ethel, and to make frequent calls at the hospitable home where he had been so

cordially entertained. Nor, perhaps, will it surprise them either, that he so far overcame his innate bashfulness as to persuade that lady to share the duties and the pleasures of the itinerancy. She bore patiently the raillery of her bosom friend, Marion, who avowed her prescience from the first of "how it would all turn out, you know."

When another Conference came round, and the apple blossoms filled the air with sweetness and decked the orchards in bridal array, two loving hearts were united in the blessed bonds of mutual helpfulness and common labour for the welfare of mankind. In a quiet country circuit, surrounded by the fairest aspects of nature—undulating hills and fertile plains, green in summer with forest growths and waving fields of grain, crimson and golden in autumn with the gorgeous pageant of the year's expiring beauty—the young pastor found, amid an inartificial state of society, like that of his own boyhood's home, a congenial sphere of labour, with ample leisure for study and abundant opportunities for usefulness. In the pleasant village parsonage, embowered in syringas and lilacs, and festooned with climbing roses and Virginia creepers, in a peaceful round of dear home duties, in loving sympathy with her husband's labours, and supplementing his efforts with the subtle spell of woman's gentle ministrations, in kindly interchange of sincere warm-hearted rural hospitalities, the fair Ethel renewed again the sweet idyl of Eden—the old, old story of domestic bliss, old as humanity, yet ever new—under as happy auspices as ever vouchsafed to youthful bride in this world of blended joy and sorrow.

Her friend, Marion, shortly after attained the height of her ambition in marrying the fascinating Mr. Tomkins, and verily she has her reward. She leads a brilliant, fashionable life,—not for the personal enjoyment to be derived from the endless succession of routs and parties, for she often complains that the demands of society are a weariness and vexation,—but in order to be seen of men. She regards with a haughty commiseration the secluded happiness of the companion of her girlhood, "buried in a country parsonage." But Ethel, with a yearning solicitude, sincerely pities the joyless and hollow existence of her fashionable friend, and

would not for the world exchange the deep delight of her own happy lot, with its many opportunities of fulfilling life's noblest purposes in ministrations of usefulness and succour to the suffering and sorrowing, for all the brilliance and *eclat* of Mrs. Tomkins' gay and frivolous career.

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### AFTER THE STORM.

AFTER the storm, a calm ;  
 After the bruise, a balm :  
 For the ill brings good, in the Lord's own time,  
 And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew ;  
 After the cloud, the blue ;  
 For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,  
 And the earth grow glad anew.

Bloom is the heir of blight,  
 Dawn is the child of night,  
 And the rolling change of the busy world  
 Bids the wrong yield back to right.

Under the fount of ill  
 Many a cup doth fill,  
 And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,  
 Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep,  
 Blessings are slow to reap,  
 Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,  
 And the courage is hard to keep !

Nevertheless, I know  
 Out of the dark must grow,  
 Sooner or later, whatever is fair,  
 Since Heaven hath willed it so.



## THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY GEORGE M. MEACHAM, M.A.

IN the order of Divine Providence, the New World was long hidden from the Old. But in the fulness of time, when the press was getting ready for its mission, and a language was becoming perfected for the Anglo-Saxon race, when religion was about to escape from the thralldom of "the Church," and the toiling and oppressed millions of the Old World needed an asylum from tyranny, and a country where they might construct a government and frame laws in harmony with the inalienable rights of man, God raised up a man and girt him for his special work of discovering the Western World. Yet, when in pursuance of his design to turn his day-dreams into reality, his mighty argument into practical realization, Columbus cut the cable which bound navigation to the shores of the Old World, and resolutely pushed his way across the Atlantic, or even when the hemisphere lay before him, how little did he think of

"The vast Republics that might grow,  
The Federations and Powers,"

upon this continent. The ends of Providence are infinitely wider and grander than those embraced by the most enlightened human minds. "Our little systems" are "but broken lights" of God. Four centuries have not since then passed away, yet the history of the time has been thrilling and eventful. One of the greatest powers of the world has here grown up, and by its side is our young nationality, of very recent origin and settlement, promising to occupy no inconsiderable place in future history.

According to an old map of the English Empire in North America, published in 1755, Canada, then under French rule, was quite within the limits of the present Province of Quebec. Ontario was at that time called Northern Iroquois, and inhabited by Indians. Here and there, from the Ottawa to the Mississippi, were a few French forts and settlements. Now, what a country we have, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific! But how long and cheerless was the period of struggle with the Indians,

which we may well call the Era of the Rifle! At last, in 1760, Canada became British. In the century which has since elapsed, how wonderful the changes which have passed upon the primeval and well-nigh unbroken forest! A good portion of this time was the Era of the Axe; and quickly following the wielders of the axe, came the bearers of "the Saddlebags."

It is not long since the people of this country had enough to do to keep the wolf from the door. Miles of dense wood lay between nearest neighbors. Travellers had difficulty in finding their way by the blaze of the trees, over tangled underbrush and fallen trees, the only well-defined road being that running east and west along the front. At length political questions arose, but they were purely local. The foundations of government began to be laid. The spirit of order began to brood over chaos, whence in due time came constitutional liberty and executive responsibility. The young community was found to have a will and passions and individuality of its own. The young bear would not be licked into the shape its rulers wished it to take; and as it came to know its strength, the domination of a favoured Church was thrown off, the yoke of "the Family Compact" broken, imperial interference in purely colonial affairs checked, until nothing was left to prevent self-government and free action. And we are bound on a career in which we shall endeavour to transmit to generations yet unborn, that large heritage of British freedom and British Protestantism which we have received from those above and before us.

In British North America we have the seat of a genuine national existence, in which there is no such powerful agent of disruption as that profound dissimilarity of interests which came so near rending asunder the Northern and the Southern States of the American Union. The different Provinces had, of course, their differences,—differences which prevented their being fused into one body politic, but not of such a character as to hinder federation. And such a union British Americans felt to be necessary as they reviewed their circumstances, and remembered the history of ancient Greece, of the English Heptarchy, and of modern Italy and Germany.

Fairly launched as a Dominion, with one flag overhead, one

sentiment in heart, one sovereign and one constitution, we have resources which, with a little development, will command the respect of the great Powers of the world. What immense wealth lies underground through all this vast country! What wide fields of profitable industry in the great coal-beds of Nova Scotia and Vancouver's Island, and in what is believed to be the largest deposit in the world—the great coal region of the North-West, where an area of 500,000 square miles covers true coal; in the iron deposits found in most of the Provinces; in the large beds of red hematite ore in Madoc and Marmora; in rich stores of petroleum and salt; in almost every description of most valuable building materials, of stones and marbles; in the inexhaustible copper regions of Huron and Superior, and of the Eastern Townships; and in the gold mines of Chaudiere, of Nova Scotia, and especially of British Columbia, where from the United States frontier to the 53rd degree of north latitude, and for a width of from one to two hundred miles, gold is to be found almost everywhere in great abundance.

The Dominion has a population of more than 4,000,000, a flourishing trade, hundreds of thousands of square miles of the finest and most valuable forests on the continent, as well as of the most fertile prairie land, 4,000 miles of railway, with the near prospect of an inter-oceanic road 2,500 long, 27,000 miles of electric telegraph, and the noblest canal system in the world.

But let us rapidly glance at the chain of Provinces. Beginning at the Atlantic sea-board, we find the smallest of them all in Prince Edward Island. While evidently awaking from a kind of Rip-Van-Winkle sleep, and addressing themselves to the responsibilities and privileges of their new relations, the islanders have yet plenty of room for growth in public spirit and private enterprise. Like their postal system, which was of the crudest sort before confederation, their system of education requires regeneration to be effective. It is a beautiful spot, with wonderful richness of verdure, another emerald isle, where the tourist and the sportsman and the invalid may delightfully while away the summer months. With an area of little more than 12,000 square miles, it has a population of nearly 100,000, and 40,000 tons of shipping. It carries with it promise of glorious things.

Nova Scotia, larger than Switzerland, so situated "as to serve as a basis of offensive naval operations against the United States in case of war," with its coast-line of 700 miles, its climate of rare healthfulness, its vast tracts of woodland, its larger tonnage per man than any other country in the world, with the best harbour in the world, its noble fisheries, productive gold mines, its iron rivalling the finest Swedish, its coal of excellent quality and in great abundance, its vast capacities for manufacturing, and with a population of 300,000, is inevitably destined to occupy a prominent position in the great Dominion.

New Brunswick, larger than Holland and Belgium united, with a population of 300,000 hardy colonists, who enjoy the reputation of being the best sailors and farmers in the world; its fine timber, its savannah lands, well watered by numerous rivers, its enterprise and light taxation, its coast-line of 450 miles, and its noble river of St. John's, which bears a large commerce upon its bosom for 120 miles inland to the capital, through a country of fertile soil and wholesome climate, has many claims upon the consideration of intending immigrants.

The old Provinces of Canada East and West cover a superficies of 300,000 square miles. The French-speaking Province of Quebec, with every variety of scenery from the stern desolation of the towering bluffs of Gaspé, and the rugged magnificence of the noted cliffs of the Saguenay, to the quaint and cultivated beauty of mediæval Quebec, and the quiet and peaceful villages sleeping in the sunshine along the St. Lawrence, is as large as France. English-speaking Ontario, of great agricultural wealth and manufacturing enterprise, intersected with roads and railways, and throbbing with the pulsations of an intense and healthy life, is 20,000 square miles larger than Great Britain and Ireland. And both together contain a population of more than 2,800,000, and many towns and cities springing up as by enchantment under the magic wand of labour.

Proceeding to the North-West, we come to the vast territory lying between Ontario and the Rocky Mountains, formally given over to the Dominion to cultivate and to fill with a hardy, high-spirited, well-governed and Christian population, which will make it one of the most vigorous empires in the world. Almost as

large as all Europe, occupying an area greater than that occupied by 40,000,000 American citizens, with a gigantic system of lakes and rivers, with a great belt of magnificent scenery, surpassing fertility and salubrious climate, along which the immigrant "may drive in a buggy" for 800 miles "in a straight line" from east to west, over deposits of gold and of coal, the latter of which, according to the analysis of Prof. Haanel, is of the best quality; it is abundantly capable of furnishing comfortable homes to the surplus population of the old world for centuries to come. With Whittier,

"I hear the tread of Pioneers yet to be,

The first low wash of waves, where yet shall roll a human sea."

For in a few years the tide of immigration shall have reached the limits of the great American desert, which lies between the 98th meridian and the Rocky Mountains; and of necessity must be turned somewhere else, and whither? To the valleys of Red River and Saskatchewan, most certainly. And lo! the Mennonites, the Germans, and the sons of our own farmers are pouring in, an adventurous throng, to occupy and subdue "the Great Lone Land."

Here, in the midst of the continent, is situated Manitoba, a little square of 14,340 square miles. It has a rich soil, and is a wheat-producing country of greatest promise. Though decidedly cold in winter, the buffaloes and horses graze all the year through, and grow fat upon the prairie grass. It is destined to be the key to the great North-West, and the first of many Provinces.

Last of all, on the Pacific coast we have British Columbia, which surpasses in extent the German Empire. It is a country fabulously rich in gold, and richer still in coal. Its trees rival those of the Yo-Semite. A river in the ocean brings to it warmth and salubrity from the equatorial regions. The Pacific Railway will link London and Liverpool with New Westminster, and with Shanghai and Bombay, by a very much shorter line than can any other route. With the immense facilities thus possessed, what is to prevent us having the trade of China, Japan, and India? This Province has 350,000 square miles, a coast-line of 500 miles, vast forests of valuable timber, the richest fisheries in the world, and the best harbours on the Pacific.

These constitute the Dominion. We have more than one-third of the continent, a much larger territory fit for population than that possessed by the United States, vast marine, agricultural and mineral riches; broad ranges of chase; inexhaustible timber land, and invaluable fisheries. The Dominion is now the fourth maritime power in the world, with a population capable of furnishing half a million, aye, 675,000 able to bear arms in defence of their country; and the second of American powers, a colossal state stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the United States to the regions consecrated by the footsteps of Franklin and his companions in tribulation, with the work given us to prove that in monarchical principles there is nothing inconsistent with political and moral progress.

It is a matter of great rejoicing that we have reached all this—not after a mighty struggle against Imperial power, not by the battle of the warrior with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, but as the free gift of that gracious lady, who no less as maiden, wife and mother, than in her more public character as Queen, has won the admiration, respect, reverence and homage, and in her widowhood the deepest sympathy of her subjects by all the virtues which far too rarely adorn the thrones of empire.

It is an auspicious circumstance also that we have a constitution ready to hand, not constructed upon any abstract principle of political excellence, but one that has grown with the growth of the English people, which, though it may require some adaptation to our peculiar circumstances, stands unrivalled, has been tried and tested in the fiercest ordeals, has improved only with the lapse of time, and is the envy of nations, the glory of her sons and the care of God.

We have, too, in our fellow-countrymen, all the elements of strength and prosperity. The question of *Race* is worthy of consideration at a time when it is certain that some races are nearly stationary; and others, as for instance the natives of the French district of Normandy, the more advanced tribes of Magyars in Hungary, an influential tribe in Transylvania, and the natives of Massachusetts, are rapidly diminishing. We want a race that will multiply and replenish this country, which is said to be capable of supporting a population of five or six hundred millions

—a race capable of developing our material resources, perfecting our constitution, creating a splendid literature, and defending our honour and interests.

Our past history, and the vigorous and prolific races from which we have sprung, under God's blessing, insure us such a race and such a destiny. Our waving fields of golden grain, our improving farm stock and pasturage, proclaim our Saxon lineage; the love of the sea, which sends us to the water as to an element we are born to rule; our vast shipping and foreign commerce declare that the spirit of the Norsemen—the old Danish nature—is in us yet, —the nature of the Vikings,—against whose piratical might and arms “the litany of more than one nation contains the supplication: ‘From the Devil and the Danes, good Lord deliver us!’”

In the magnificent structures of Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto, and in the great public edifices of our country, we see cropping out the Norman architectural skill, to which England is indebted for the noblest and most substantial structures which survive, in fine preservation, the revolutions which have swept over the land, and the all-devouring tooth of time.

In our school-system, complete from the common school up to the University, in our deep religious convictions, in our reverence for authority, in our conscientious obedience to law, “whose voice is the harmony of the world,” we have abundant attestation that the old Latin love of political and social order, of learning and religion, is not eliminated from our nature. In the mirth, pleasantries and abounding wit, in the high, heroic courage and sparkling eloquence of many of our countrymen, we see the scintillation of Celtic fire.

Yes! we are the descendants of the old Vikings, whose allies were the tempests; of the law-making and law-abiding Romans; of the Saxons, with their simple, quiet, bucolic spirit and love of the soil; of the gay and chivalrous Normans, and of the restless, fiery, impulsive and noble-hearted Celts.

By the fusion of these races a grand composite has been formed which is called “the Anglo-Saxon Race.” It is this race that has possession of this country—a race that is increasing prodigiously, and that has in this Dominion produced men of the highest

character and of the most eminent ability, capable of conducting affairs of the greatest importance.

And what is there to prevent this race, in no wise deteriorated by the infusion of fresh blood from the old world, and planted in this northern land, where its inherent strength shall be established by the rigour of our climate, and quite within the parallels of latitude beyond which the capital of no great power has ever been, from making our Dominion a powerful state, if the passions and prejudices of men do not place insurmountable obstacles in our way ?

In the estimation of some, it is one of the saddest features of our country, in that of others, one of our highest distinctions, that we have no aristocracy of blood. We have something better than that—an aristocracy of worth. And if some dainty lady or perfumed exquisite sweep haughtily by us, the workers of the land, because we fail to trace our lineage back to some titled aristocrat or feudal lord, be it ours to say :—

“ Believe us, noble Vere de Vere,  
From yon blue heavens above us bent,  
The grand old gardener and his wife  
Smile at the claims of long descent ;  
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good,  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood.”

Besides, most noble Vere de Vere, your life and ours have come from the same primal fount—the English character and nation of the past, whose life was then as now in her industry, temperance, fortitude, faith in eternal righteousness, the love of country, home, and God. *In the language of a distinguished Canadian poet:—*

“ Our fathers fought on gory plains,  
To vanquish British foes,  
And though between us ocean reigns  
We are no aliens—in our veins,  
A kindred current flows.”

It was our fathers who, on foundations of Roman law, by the gradual accretions of the Acts of the Saxon Witenagemote, the laws of Alfred and the Confessor, the great charter of Runnymede, and the many great reforms in Church and State which have since



taken place, built up that splendid structure which we call the "British Constitution." It was our fathers who fought at Cressy and Agincourt, aye, and, as Cavalier or Roundhead, at Naseby too. They were our sires who carried the terror of British arms by land and by sea to the ends of the earth. It is our pride that we are the sons of them who fought against the Armada, or laid down their lives at Smithfield stake because of their attachment to British Protestantism and their allegiance to their living head. They are our fathers whose emblems are the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle.

It has been said, as if it were a disparagement of us, that we are mongrel. Certainly we are not more so than any other powerful cis-Atlantic State. Born and bred here or beyond the seas, let us forget all prejudices, drop all vices, extinguish sectional jealousies, and cherish a liberal, national spirit. So shall we incorporate into our native maple all the juices and virile energies of all the forest trees. So, by God's blessing, we shall become one of the most virtuous, wise, true and good of all the nations of the earth.

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## THE RELIGIOUS DRAMA OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE Mysteries and Miracle Plays of the middle ages present a rich mine of poetical material for the modern explorer. His labour will be rewarded by not a few nuggets of virgin gold, although he may have to sift a large quantity of worthless ore to find them. The gems of thought he may discover are in the rough, it is true, unpolished and unwrought, yet they are often precious gems notwithstanding.

These plays are interesting, as giving vivid illustrations of the manners of our forefathers, and of the condition of mediæval society. They exhibit the conceptions of religious truth then entertained, and the mode of its communication to the people. They contain also the germ of that noble dramatic literature

which so wonderfully blossomed forth during the Elizabethan era, in the writings of Shakespeare and his contemporaries.

Their origin is somewhat obscure. According to Voltaire, they first came from Constantinople, where the Greek drama was Christianized in the fourth century. They were probably brought thence by returning palmers and pilgrims during the Crusades. In France, indeed, there was an order of pilgrims called the Confraternity of the Passion, from their representation of that subject. In England, these religious plays seem to have been first exhibited at the universities, and were written in Latin. The monkish influence is very strongly marked on every page. They were afterwards written in the common tongue both in France and England, and are among the earliest relics of the vernacular literature of those countries.

This olden drama is of three sorts : the Mysteries, the Miracle Plays, and the Moralities.

The first represented the principal subjects of the Christian faith, as the Fall of Man, and the Nativity, Passion and Resurrection of Christ.

The second exhibited the miracles of the Saints, and their astounding adventures.

The third were, properly speaking, purely allegorical representations of vices and virtues. They sometimes set forth the parables of the New Testament, and the historical parts of the Old ; then, however, they become indistinguishable from the Mysteries. The voluminous religious plays of Calderon and Lope de Vega partake largely of the allegorical character of the Moralities.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these plays were performed in the churches for the instruction of the people ; but the monks, finding that the exhibitions of the jugglers at the Easter revels drew the populace away from the churches, gave their plays a more attractive character, and performed them in the open air. Reading was an art confined, of course, entirely to the clergy, and the ignorant masses could only vaguely comprehend the dull homilies they heard ; but the public representation of the Nativity, the Passion, or the Resurrection, at the appro-

priate season of Christmas, Good Friday or Easter, was easily understood and vividly remembered.”\*

But these sacred representations soon became subject to abuse. Droll characters, comic scenes, and ridiculous speeches, were introduced in order to excite mirth; and a flippant and irreverent treatment of the most sublime themes became a prevailing vice. Many of the clerical performers degraded themselves to the level of buffoons, and the Miracle plays, originally intended to communicate religious instruction, frequently degenerated into broad and indecent farce. The lower clergy adopted this vehicle for the abuse of their superiors: and the rude populace found in them both subjects for burlesque and caricature. Thus the most sacred associations of religion became degraded into objects of vulgar mirth. The language even of the female characters—who were generally represented by boys, however—was frequently exceedingly coarse, and gives us a low opinion of the manners of the age. The devils, especially, or “tormentors,” as they were called, were the clowns of the play, and caused infinite merriment by their rude jokes and buffoonery.

The stage was divided into three parts, to represent heaven, earth, and hell; and very intricate and ingenious machinery was often employed to produce proper theatrical effect. These stages were frequently on wheels, so that they might be drawn about. The gross ideas of the age concerning the material torments of the damned were faithfully delineated. The monks doubtless thought a very salutary lesson was inculcated when a man who refused to pay his tithes, or a woman who adulterated her ale, or sold too scanty measure, was dragged off forcibly by demons to Hell Mouth, from which belched fire and smoke. The devils wore flame-coloured and grotesque clothing, and carried clubs of buckram stuffed with sawdust, with which they vigorously belaboured each other and

\* A Passion-Play is still represented every ten years at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, in fulfilment of a vow made on the cessation of a pestilence in A.D., 1633. As many as 500 peasant performers take part, and the spectacle is witnessed by thousands of visitors from all parts of Bavaria, Tyrol and more distant places. The rehearsal lasts several days, and, like the Greek drama, is performed in the open air. It partakes of a highly religious character, and the representatives of sacred persons are selected for their piety of life, and are set apart by prayer. Similar plays, but of inferior merit, are also performed in the villages around Innsbruck.

the crowd. In one play Satan and a "nigromancer" dance, when the latter is suddenly tripped up and carried off bodily.\* Yet the sign of the cross, or the invocation of the Virgin or the saints, immediately discomfits them; and of holy water they have a mortal terror. In the Nativity play they roar horribly when Christ is born, and make a great noise under the stage.

The various parts originally performed by the monks, came, in course of time, to be enacted by companies of the citizens. The different crafts and guilds vied with each other in the representation of the plays allotted to them. The rivalry between the worshipful tanners, chandlers, vintners, mercers, bowyers, skinnners and weavers, was keen and exciting.

When we consider how humble were the talents employed, the majestic sweep and sublime compass of these plays is perfectly astounding. They comprehend the entire drama of time from the creation of the world to the day of doom. Nay, the daring imagination of the monkish writers went back beyond the dawn of time to the counsels of eternity; and, scaling the battlements of heaven, laid bare the secrets of the skies. They shrank not from exploring with unfaltering step the regions of the damned, and depicted with Dantean vigour and minuteness the tortures of the lost. They pierced the mysteries of the future, and revealed the awful scenes of the last Judgment and the final consummation of all things.

In recording in his lofty numbers the story of the Fall of Man and Loss of Paradise, the sightless bard of English poesy, whose inner vision seemed more clear for that the outer ray was quenched forever, how far soever he may have surpassed his predecessors, could hardly be said to have pursued

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"

for not only in the Miracle Plays and Mysteries, but also in the still older legendary poem of Caedmon, the Saxon monk, is the same story related with wondrous vigour and sublimity.

\* In the book of accounts of these plays some strange charges are recorded, e.g. "Item paid for mending Hell Mouth jd; for keeping fire at ditto. iijl.— For setting the world on fire jd. ij worms of conscience, iij s; whyte or sav d sowles, and iij blake or dampnyed sowles. v.s. : baryll for ye earthquakes, ijs;" etc.

The literary execution of these plays, as might be expected, is very imperfect. The most absurd anachronisms and solecisms perpetually occur. The Old Testament characters repeatedly swear—a habit to which they are greatly addicted—by “Sanct Peter and Sanct Poule, by Mahoun and the Sybill.” Titles are strangely modernized. The “Knights” who crucify our Lord speak of “Sir Pylate and Bishop Caiaphas,” The devils talk of “Sir Satan and Lord Lucifer.” The interlocutors in the play quote from “Gregorye, Austyne, and Sir Goldenmouth.” The geography is inextricably confused. The local topography of England is transferred to the fields of Palestine; and London and Paris are familiarly referred to by the shepherds of Bethlehem.

The awful scenes of the Passion are most painfully realized, and are delineated with all the force and breadth of Reubens’ sublime painting. The ribaldry and scurrile jests of the rude soldiery throw into stronger contrast the dreadful terrors of the scene. The monkish authors do not scruple to heighten the dramatic interest by the introduction of legendary stories—often absurdly, sometimes with wonderfully picturesque effect. English and Latin are strangely intermingled according to the necessities of the rhyme or rhythm. The writers manifest a sublime disdain of the servile rules of syntax and prosody, and each spells as seems right in his own eyes. The same word will occur in two or three different forms on the same page. The rhymes are frequently so execrable that in some MSS. and printed copies brackets are used to indicate the rhyming couplets. This was of course the very childhood of dramatic art, and it was therefore extremely infantile in its expression; it nevertheless gave tokens, like the youthful Hercules, of a power of grappling with difficulties, which was an augury of the glorious strength it was afterwards to manifest.

With majestic sweep of thought the grand drama of the ages is enacted in these plays. All the converging lines of providence and prophecy centre in the cross of Christ; and from it streams the light that irradiates the endless vista of the future. Heaven itself seems opened, and the vision of the great white throne and the procession of the palm-crowned, white-robed multitude passes before us. We hear the “sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs

and harping symphonies," the choiring of the cherubim and seraphim, and the song of the redeemed in the presence of God. Anon the scene is darkened by the shades of endless gloom, is lurid with the glare of quenchless fire, and awful with the ceaseless wailing of the lost.

Compared with these lofty themes the sublimest tragedies of Greece or Rome and their noblest epics pale into, "faded splendour wan." What parallel can be drawn between the petty conflict around the walls of Troy, or the wanderings of Ulysses, or the building of a Latin town, and the Fall of man, the Redemption of the World, and the Judgment Day? What terror of Æschylus or Sophocles can shake the soul like the record of the drowning of the world by water, or the vision of its destruction by fire? What pathos of Euripides can melt the heart like the tender story of the Nativity, or the awful tragedy of the Cross? The ignorant populace of a petty burgh, and the boorish inhabitants of the surrounding country, in that ultimate dim thule of the West where these plays were enacted, had brought before their minds, and doubtless often deeply impressed upon their hearts, holier lessons and sublimer truths than Plato wrote or Pindar sung, or than were ever taught by sage or seer in stoa of the temples or grove of the Academy. And these were no mere poet's fancies. They were solemn realities and eternal verities to their unlettered hearers. The Judgment Day, whose terrors they beheld portrayed, they believed to be at hand—at the very door. Through the purifying flames they felt that they themselves must pass,

"Till the foul crimes done in their days of nature  
Were burnt and purged away."

Though there may have been little in this homely drama to refine the manners or to cultivate the taste, there was much to elevate and strengthen the character, and to project the acts of every day upon the solemn background of eternity. To such Christian teachings as these do we owe the grave and God-fearing Anglo-Saxon manhood of the heroic past. The outcome of such sacred influences may be seen in every great work of our literature, in every noble act of our history—in our "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth;" in our Milton, Bunyan, Burns; in Cromwell and

Hampden, in Sidney and Vane; in the deeds of Marston Moor and the memories of Plymouth Rock.

Wherever the eternal principles of right and justice have met—whether in battle shock or in council hall, on bloody scaffold or in silent prison—with injustice, oppression and wrong, there has been felt and seen the influence of the Christian teachings of the dead and buried ages on the human mind.

A better idea of the general character of this Mediæval Drama will be obtained from a brief outline and a few extracts, than from a lengthened description. The subject is best known to Canadian readers from the short yet characteristic Miracle Play in Longfellow's poem, the "Golden Legend." The admirers of that noble poem will, doubtless, like to know more of the sources from which it is, in part, derived.\* From the entire dramatic series, which was generally enacted at Whitsuntide, and sometimes extended to forty different plays,† a tolerably correct idea of the Scripture narrative would be gathered; tinged, of course, with the superstitions and errors of the times.

There is frequently among the characters an "Expositor" or "Doctor," who comments upon the passing events, and inculcates the moral to be derived therefrom, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus, or rather the coryphæus. In the following extracts, which must, of course, be very brief and fragmentary, we shall modernize as far as possible the uncouth spelling.

The first play, *The Fall of Lucifer*, begins thus :

God.—I am Alpha and O !  
I am the First and Last also,  
It is, it was, it shall be thus :  
I am the great God, gracious,  
Which never had beginning. . . .

Here follows the creation of the nine orders of Angels. The pride and ambition of Lucifer are strikingly exhibited. He exclaims :

Above great God I will me guide,  
And set myself here as I ween ;

\* His recently published *Divine Tragedy* exhibits traces of this influence.

† See Collections of Coventry, Chester, and Townly Mysteries, published by the Shakespeare and Surtees Society, in the library of Toronto University. From these the following extracts are taken.

I am peerless and prince of pride,  
For God himself shines not so sheen.

The revolt and punishment of the archangel, and the mutual recriminations of the fallen fiends are conceived in quite a Miltonic spirit.

Next follow the Creation and the Fall of Man. Adam's prophetic vision as he looks down the vista of the future and beholds the heritage of woe he has bequeathed to his posterity, is exceedingly impressive. This scene is also the basis of one of the finest episodes in Milton. Eve's yearning affection for her "sweete children, darlings deare," and her agonized grief on the death of Abel, are expressed with strong human sympathy. The earth refuses to cover the body of the first victim of murder, and rejects it from the grave. Upon the death of Adam, Seth returns to Paradise for a branch of the tree of life to plant on his father's grave. From this, in the course of time was derived the wood of the cross. According to another legend, this was the aspen tree, which ever since has shuddered with horror at the woeful deed of which it was the instrument.

A good deal of humour is introduced into the account of the flood, by the contumacy of Noah's wife, who refuses to obey her liege lord's commands.

NOAH.—Wife, come in ; why standest thou there?  
Thou art ever forwar" - dare well swear ;  
Come in, come in ! full time it were,  
For fear lest that we drown.

WIFE.—Yea, sir, set up your sail,  
And row forth with evil hail,  
For withouten fail  
I will not out of this town ;  
But I have my gossips everyone  
One foot.furthur I will not gone ;  
They shall not drown, by Saint John !  
An I may save their life.  
But thou let them into thy chest,  
Else row thou where thou wist,  
And get thes a new wife.

The story of the offering up of Isaac is skilfully told. Isaac piteously entreats :

If I have trespassed in any degree,  
With a rod you may beat me ;



Put up your sword if you will be,  
For I am but a child.

ABRAHAM.—Ho ! my heart will break in three,  
To hear thy words I have pitie ;  
As thou wilt Lord, it must be,  
To thy will I must yield.

ISAAC.—Would my mother were here with me !  
She would kneel down upon her knee,  
Praying you, father, if it may be,  
For to save my life.

Isaac meekly asks, " Is it God's will I should be slain ?" and then quietly submits. He begs pardon for all his faults, and craves his father's blessing, sends his love to his mother, and asks to be slain with as few strokes as possible. Abraham kisses him, binds his eyes, and is about to slay him, when the angel arrests his hand. The sacrifice of Iphigenia cannot be compared for pathos with this. The " Doctor" expounds the scene as having reference to the perfect obedience, even unto death, of Jesus Christ. A messenger interrupts his lengthy exposition by exclaiming,

Make room, lordings, and give us way,  
And let Balek come in and play.

Balaam and his speaking ass are a source of great merriment. Balek desiring to be avenged on those " false losel Jews," swears horribly at the prophet when they are thrice blessed.

There are also plays about Joseph, Moses, David, and other leading characters of the Old Testament ; but the chief interest of the drama gathers about the life of Christ. The Gospel narrative is largely supplemented by legendary lore, or embellished by the fancy of the poet—frequently with intense humanness ; but sometimes its beauty is marred by coarseness or frivolity. The " Emperoure Octavian" and the Sibyl both prophesy of Christ's advent ; and on the birth the gods of Rome fall down, as also do those of Egypt when he goes thither. Joseph complains that he is only a poor carpenter, who has his meat by his hammer and plane, and so can ill afford to pay the newly levied tax. He and the Virgin Mary arrive, weary and wayworn, at Bethelam, at the approach of night, and take refuge in a cave used as a stable, and there, between an ox and an ass, that night the Holy Child

is born. Joseph is very tender in his bearing toward the Virgin mother, addressing her with such fond, caressing words as "Loe ! Marye sweete, my darlinge deare ;" " My deare hearte root," and other loving phrases. A signal judgment punishes those who dare to doubt her maiden purity. The humanizing influence of these affecting scenes, and of this worship of holiness and meekness—of the Divine Child and stainless mother—upon our uncouth ancestry, must have been of incalculable benefit. It did much in a rude and stormy age to invest with a tender reverence all womankind ; and inspired the iron chivalry of the time with a religious enthusiasm for the succour of human weakness and frailty.

The play of the Shepherds abounds in a good deal of coarse humour and rude mirth. It gives a minute picture of Mediæval country life. In some versions a wrestling bout occurs ; in others a sheep-stealing plot is discovered. On the whole the shepherds are a rather disreputable set, although one of them self-assertingly boasts that there is

A better shepherd on no side  
From comely Conway unto Clyde.

They lunch on Lancaster jack-cakes and Hatton ale. Their names, too, Harvey, Tudde, Tibbs, and Trowle, have a remarkably English sound. They wrestle and engage in rude horse-play till the voices of the heavenly choir are heard singing "*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*" The shepherds were evidently unacquainted with Latin, and offer some very absurd interpretations of the unknown words. When the star appears they sing a doggerel chorus, and proceed to offer their rustic gifts to the infant Christ. One gives him a bell, another a spoon to sup his pottage, one a cape, "for he has nothing elles."

In the meantime the three gipsy kings have seen the Star in the East, and bring more seasonable offerings. They arrive at Herod's palace inquiring,

Can ye aught say what place or where  
A childe is born that crown shall bear,  
And be of Jews the King?

SERVANT.—Hold your peace, sirs, I you pray !  
For if King Herod heard you so say,  
He would go mad, by my fay,  
And fly out of his skin.

Herod is at any rate very angry when he hears of the inquiry, and exclaims,

I am the greatest above degree,  
That is, that was, that ever shall be;  
The sun it dare not shine on me,  
If I bid him go down. . . . .  
A boy, a groom of low degree  
To rise against my royalty!  
Sir Doctor, that are chiefest of clergy  
Look up at thy books of prophecy,  
And what thou seest tell thou me.

The "Doctor" quotes Jacob's prophecy concerning the Shiloh, when Herod bursts out,

That's false, by Mahound, full of might,  
That old vylarde Jacob doted for age,  
What presumption should move that peevisch page,  
Or any elfish godding to take from me my crown.

He rages horribly, and orders the slaughter of the children.

Have done and fill the wine high,  
Fill fast and let the cups fly,  
I die, but I have drink.

In the meantime the kings present their gifts to the baby Sovereign of the world. The first gives gold

For it seemeth by this place  
That little treasure His mother has.

The next offered incense, and the third thirty pieces of money—"gilt pennies," they are called. These "pennies," according to the veracious legend, were the identical coins with which Abraham bought the Cave of Machpelah, for which Joseph was sold by his brethren, and for which Judas afterwards betrayed his Master. Of few things else save the Holy Grail, and the stone on which the English sovereigns are crowned—which last, it is well known, was the very stone that Jacob used as a pillow—can the history be so marvellously traced. "Our Ladye Marie" left most of the presents, with the child's swaddling clothes, in the cave, when she fled into Egypt; and there they remained till discovered by the pious Empress Helena! During the flight into Egypt the Holy Family are attacked by robbers. One of these relents, beholding their poverty; but the other is exceedingly fierce. The infant

Christ foretells that they shall both be crucified with Him ; but that he who had mercy shall find pardon in his hour of doom.

It is in the play of the Slaughter of the Innocents that the King of Jewry fairly out-Herods Herod in his cruelty. He summons all his barons, burgesses, and baronets—Sir Lancler, Sir Grimbald and the rest—to destroy the children. There are some rather coarse passages of wit between the soldiers and the women and one cowardly officer is driven off. But the slaughter is completed, and the soldiers toss the dead babes upon their spear points through the town. Then is heard the voice of lamentation :

Out and out ! and wellaway !  
That ever I did see this day ;  
Out and out ! and woe is me !  
Thief, thou shalt hanged be !

In the confusion Herod's own son is slain, and the wretched father, smitten with despair, cries out,

Alas ! my days now are done :  
I wot I must die soon :  
Bootless it is to make moan,  
For damned I must be.

He falls down, writhing with pain and eaten with worms ; hell opens, and devils drag him within its horrid jaws. No more tragic and awful poetical justice is there in any drama of ancient or modern times.

There is a striking incident in the play of the Presentation at the Temple. Old Simeon had been reading the prophecy that Christ should be born of a virgin, which seemed so incredible that he obliterated the expression, but found that it reappeared in red letters ; and having again obliterated it, he was convinced of its divine inspiration by its appearing in letters of gold.

In Christ's twelfth year, the doctors in the temple observing His attention, one of them remarked :

Methinks this child would learn our law,  
He taketh great heed to our talking ;

to whom our Lord replies,

You clerks that be of great cunning,  
Unto my talking take good heed.

Great dramatic vivacity is thrown into the account of the raising of Lazarus. The "prelates," however, think "that lurdén Lazarre should be slayne." The merchants' whom our Lord drove out of the temple complain to Bishop Caiaphas, who with the priests seek to arrest Christ; but fearing to do so, they offer money to him who will betray Him. Judas accepts the bribe, and arranges the time and place.

The awful scenes of the Passion are delineated with a coarse and rugged strength, and with a painfully realistic power. But amid the rudeness of the ruffian soldiery, and the ribaldry of the mocking multitude, is heard the gentle falling of woman's tears:

Alas! alas! and woe is me!  
A doleful sight is this to see;  
So many sick saved has He,  
And goeth now this way.

The soldiers disrobe the Divine Sufferer with many a wanton jibe and jeer.

"Be thou wroth, or be thou fain,  
I will be thy chamberlain.  
This coat shall be mine,  
For it is good and fine."  
"Nay, fellow, by this day,  
At the dice we will play;  
This coat withouten seam  
To break it were a shame."

The anguish of the Virgin Mother is exceedingly pathetic.

Alas! my love, my life, my dear,  
Alas! now mourning, woe is me!  
Alas! thieves, why do ye so?  
Slay ye me, let my Son go.

The Harrowing of Hell is a very popular Mediæval legend, according to which Christ descends into the regions of the dead, vanquishes Satan, and delivers the patriarchs, prophets, and ancient worthies, who have been waiting for His coming. They greet Him with rapture, and He leads them in triumph; while in lofty strophe and antistrophe the angels chant a psalm of victory. Our Lord's greeting to His disciples after the resurrection is very tender and gracious:

Peace among you, brethren fair,  
My sweet brethren lief and dear.

Their surprise, fear, doubt, and joyful recognition of the Saviour, are admirably described. "The Ascension, also, is finely conceived. After giving them their commission, our Lord parts from His disciples with the words, "I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God;" and as He ascends in mid-air, in sublime antiphonies the angels sing His triumph over death and hell, the opening of the everlasting gates and His eternal exaltation at the right hand of God.

The twelve, while awaiting the descent of the Holy Ghost, compose the Apostles Creed, each one contributing a clause to that first formulated confession of faith. Then follow the unfolding of the prophecies of the Apocalypse, the downfall of Antichrist, and the day of final doom. The terrors of the last judgment are strongly limned, and must have produced a deep impression on the unsophisticated spectators. The finally saved chant lofty strains of laud and honour to Almighty God, for that their sins have all been burned away in the purifying fires of purgatory; while the condemned lift up their voices in everlasting wailing and despair. Popes, emperors, kings, queens, justices and merchants in turn confess their guilt, and the justness of the eternal law which is their doom. A condemned pope exclaims:

Now bootless is it to ask mercie  
For, living, highest in earth was I.  
Also silver and simony  
Made me a pope unworthy.

A wicked queen piteously cries out:

Where is my beauty that was so bright?  
Where is the baron, where is the knight,  
Where in the world is any wight,  
That for my fairness now will fight?

The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains and the mighty men, all wail because of the coming of the Judge; for the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand? Christ sitting on a cloud with the instruments of His passion—the cross, the crown of thorns, the nail, the spear—exhibits His body more marred and wounded by the sins of men than by the tortures of His Jewish murderers, and pronounces sentence of final doom. To the saved He sweetly says:

Come hither to me, my darlings deare,  
While I was on the earth here  
Ye gave me meat in good manere . . .  
Yes, forsooth, my friendes dear,  
Such as poor and naked were  
Ye clad and fed them both in fear  
And harboured them alsoe . . .

And turning to the wicked, He severely says :

Nay, when ye saw the least of mine  
That on earth suffered pine ;  
To help them ye did naught incline,  
Therefore go to the fire.  
And though my sweet mother deare,  
And all the saints that ever were,  
Prayed for you right now here,  
Alas ! it were too late !

Thus ends this remarkable series of religious dramas. Their language may often be uncouth, and their treatment of these lofty themes inadequate and unworthy, sometimes coarse and repulsive, shocking our feelings of reverence and sense of propriety ; but assuredly the drama of no age ever addressed itself to a nobler task, and we doubt if, on the whole, any drama ever better accomplished its purpose. Its object was not merely to amuse, but to instruct—to instruct in the most important of all knowledge, the great truths of religion. Its exhibition of these truths may have been imperfect, and mixed with much of error ; but its influence, in the absence of purer teaching, must have been most salutary. No man, no woman, no matter how unlettered and rude, could but be awed and solemnized by the contemplation of the sublime subjects which it presented ; and doubtless many may have been led thereby to apprehend the saving truths of the Gospel, to forsake sin, and live godly lives. If this hasty incursion into one of the more obscure regions of English literature should stimulate curiosity to a further exploration of its hidden treasures, it shall have accomplished its purpose.

## THE WISH OF TO-DAY.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I ASK not now for gold to gild  
 With mocking sheen a weary frame ;  
 The yearning of the mind is stilled—  
 I ask not now for Fame.

A rose-cloud, dimly seen above,  
 Melting in heaven's blue depths away,  
 Oh ! sweet fond dream of human Love !  
 For thee I máy not pray.

But, bowed in lowliness of mind,  
 I make my humble wishes known—  
 I only ask a wish resigned,  
 O Father, to thine own !

To-day, beneath thy chastening eye,  
 I crave alone for peace and rest,  
 Submissive in thy hand to lie,  
 And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the Universe,  
 A miracle our Life and Death ;  
 A mystery which I cannot pierce,  
 Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,  
 In vain the sage's thought I scan  
 I only feel how weak and vain,  
 How poor and blind, is man.

And now my spirit sighs for home,  
 And longs for light whereby to see,  
 And, like a weary child, would come,  
 O Father, unto Thee !



## JOHN SUMMERFIELD.\*

BY THE REV. B. SHERLOCK.

THE old Romish notion of supererogatory holiness, like most of the errors of that system, is but a Satanic exaggeration of a precious truth. That truth is seen in the wise arrangement of Divine Providence, by which some men are formed and endowed with gifts and attributes of holy character, which seem more than are necessary for their individual salvation. For such men are thus enriched, not for themselves alone, but for the good of the many, whose path is illumined by the superior light which they reflect from the great Sun of the moral universe.

It is not much to be wondered at, that in those ages of religious darkness which passed over Christendom during the unhindered sway of an unscrupulous priesthood, prodigies of sanctity should not only be elevated by popular feeling to the position of mediators, but should be credited with an excess of merit which the Church might turn to good account in aiding the salvation of others. The authorities of the Church declared many of the commonplace and undistinguished Christians of every locality and generation to be fit for heaven;—for what use then, men would ask, is the much greater holiness of some, if not to be utilized in that way?

Happily saved from such falsity, we yet joyfully recognize the fact, that the Head of the Church does not leave us to be edified only by the letter of the Book, and the indispensable virtues of ordinary Christian life, but in one place he calls forth a Saul, head and shoulders above his brethren in spiritual stature, that a whole people may be led to moral victory, and in another he endows a Samson, whose spiritual might proves itself by the saving of "heaps upon heaps" of the aliens from the grace of God, and the

\* We purpose illustrating in this Magazine the doctrine of the Higher Christian Life, by remarkable exemplifications of its power, rather than by didactic treatises. In pursuance of this design the accompanying biographical sketch, as well as others which have already appeared, has been prepared. As opportunity may offer, others of similar character will hereafter appear.—ED.

pulling down of some temple of idolatry and pride into ruin and oblivion.

The minister whose name heads this paper may be classed amongst those extraordinary men of whom we write—one of the many such with which the Master has been pleased to enrich that section of his people who are called Methodists.

He was born in the year 1798, in Preston, England, of godly and intelligent parents, and solemnly dedicated by his father to the work of the ministry at the time of his birth. The advantages of a godly training at home, and of five years' study in a school conducted by a pious Moravian were his; and, we doubt not, were conducive to that inter-penetration of his mind with religious impressions and ideas, to which he owed that spontaneous aptitude for religious thought which afterwards distinguished him as a public worker for God. Our subject appears to have been precocious in his development, for we find him teaching a night school at the age of twelve; before his fifteenth year he fills a position of clerk in a mercantile establishment, conducting correspondence in the French language, book-keeping, and managing serious financial matters. His biographer says: "At fifteen he seemed to possess the experience of a person advanced in life."

At about this time the family removed to Dublin, in which city his rare talents and engaging manners drew around him a class of associates whose influence led him into scenes of dissipation, which were alternated with times of keenest remorse and tearful repentance. Ah! the strength of such temptations surrounding a youth of gushing sympathy and ardent soul, is often forgotten by those sober cynics who shake the head in condemnation of youthful folly, while they ignore the heat of youthful blood, and the eager outlook of youthful enthusiasm. But believing prayer at length received its answer. While in one of his seasons of remorse a Christian friend meets him on the street, invites him to a prayer-meeting, and before the meeting closes his remorse gives way to salvation; he passes from "death unto life;" he becomes converted. And now a new era begins, not only in his inward experience, but also in his whole character. For the depth and genuineness of the change was quickly evinced

by bold and successful labour for God, not only in the usual channels which the Church affords, but also in ways of his own devising. The soldiers of the Dublin garrison became the subjects of his solicitude and effort, and among them souls were won by his wisdom and zeal. Quickly were the talents of the youthful Christian called into energetic exercise and development, and but a few months elapsed until the interest that gathered around the convert was lost in the popularity that greeted the preacher. In accordance with the usual and judicious order of Methodism he first began to lead in the prayer-meetings, then to exhort by regular appointment, and from exhorting publicly the transition to preaching was easy. Unction and saving power attended him from his first effort. Crowds filled the churches wherever he preached, and universal opinion pointed him out as one who should have his post in the prominent places of the Church's work.

Having definitely entered the ranks of the local preachers, he soon after joined his father, who had removed to the city of Cork. Here he quickly attracted a popularity equal to that which he enjoyed in Dublin, "being almost exclusively engaged in preaching for one or other of the Methodist ministers." While still a "local," such was the demand for his services, that most of the principal towns in the south of Ireland were visited by him. In all those places he preached to unprecedented crowds, all denominations, even the Roman Catholic, attending, and all acknowledging the power of the preacher, while not a few yielded to the Gospel that he preached. After some months in this course we find him again in Dublin, where increased popularity awaited him, but a fall from his horse, injuring a constitution already taxed to its utmost by labour and exposure, prostrated him for a time and enfeebled him for months. However, when the Irish Conference assembled, in July, 1819, he was received on trial in due form, but not appointed to any circuit in consequence of impaired health. He again removed to Cork, repeating his former labours, and attended with still increasing popularity and success. In the summer of 1820 we find him visiting England, in which country it seemed at one time probable he would have spent the remainder of his days. But he remained there but a short time,

preaching, although in feeble health, with all his former unction and impressiveness.

The finger of Providence seemed now to point across the Atlantic, and accordingly we find him in New York, in March, 1821, where, although his health was still feeble, he was immediately engaged in ministerial labours. A speech of his, delivered in the May following, at the anniversary of the American Bible Society, produced a wonderful sensation, and at once placed him in the front rank of sacred orators. He was accepted by the Troy Conference in the following June, and stationed in the city of New York. From that time until June, 1825, the date of his death, while strength permitted, he was incessantly occupied in preaching to vast congregations, or speaking at the anniversaries of religious and charitable societies. The record of his successes on those occasions is simply marvellous. We believe that as an orator for God, America possessed no man at the time who was so universally attractive. And it is doubtful whether, since the days of Whitfield, any preacher has appeared on this continent who has wielded more genuine influence for good, in proportion to the length of his career.

It is now in place to attempt the unveiling of the secret of his power. When one moves his fellows extensively, when in the world of art, or thought, or oratory, or religion, a man appears, who by intrinsic force proves himself a master or leader of men, the cause to which the mind most usually turns is *genius*. That Summerfield possessed that gift, few perhaps would be disposed to deny. There was in him that quick and far-reaching sympathy with the beautiful, the sublime, that intuitive perception of the true and the tender in nature and humanity, that ready command of choicest language which enters into the genius of the orator; but men have possessed all these and more, whose lives have been disastrous failures. Genius equal to his has been possessed even by some ministers, who have left but few and ephemeral "footprints on the sands of time." If the question still presses, What was the secret of his peculiar power? we answer with a single sentence. Intense consecration to his Master and His work.

Let a few extracts from his diary tell how thorough and decided that consecration was:

“Spent three hours to-day in self-examination and prayer.” “I look for a special blessing to-day.” “Being alone I snatched the opportunity, and spent half an hour in secret intercourse with heaven. Three to five, unceasingly studied Taylor’s Key. and being again left alone, I snatched another half-hour in converse with my Beloved.” “At noon, after studying for two hours ‘Clarke on the Hebrews,’ the family then going to dine, I walked out and went to the park. Having found a sequestered spot, I wrestled with God till near four o’clock, and was greatly blessed.” “After preaching was over I hurried home to my closet lest I should lose the blessing by conversing with any one.” “I find that if I look for and expect my God to own my labours, I must live a life different from most of our preachers, for whom my heart melts.”

These are but specimens showing how careful in conduct and earnest in prayer he was, even in the midst of a popularity so great as to prove a temptation of no ordinary strength to self-sufficiency and carelessness. Some would doubtless consider such exclusive devotion unnecessary; and, if the preacher’s ambition aims no higher than the level of respectable and conventional piety, if the example of the majority of the Church is more powerful over his life than the precepts of Scripture and the teachings of the Spirit, then he will be content with a less self-denying rule of life. But it is in consecration such as Summerfield’s that there lies the main secret of great spiritual power. Many an eloquent and earnest preacher wonders that his preaching has little or no saving power in it; he preaches the truth, does not wilfully keep back God’s word from his hearers, has had a clear call to the ministry, and yet much of his labour appears to be almost thrown away. The reason in most cases, we have no doubt, is, he does not pay the price that must be paid for great spiritual power. He shrinks from a consecration so intense as to make him singular among his brethren. The records of the Church bear unvarying witness to this truth, that they who being called to work for God will honour Him by whole-hearted and fearless consecration, will be honoured by him with the fuller measure of Spiritual power.

From the newspaper and other notices of his preaching contained in the volume before us, we give the following:

“His preaching was the outpouring of a full heart seeking to disburden itself of the awful responsibility of its station, and to give vent to the glad tidings of the Gospel, as the Spirit gave it utterance. The discourses of this wonderful man are not made up according to the prescriptions of rhetoricians—owe nothing

to the magnificence of words or the studied graces of manner. His words spring free and spontaneous from his thoughts, flowing from the deep and unfailing fountain of a Spirit whose source is in nature and God."

"When he becomes animated he appears as if the very breathings of the Spirit were upon him. In the pulpit, before he commenced, his manner was reverent, meek, and unaffected."

"It is said that he was a man of prayer; he was in no less degree a man of the Bible. He studied logic with Paul, rhetoric with David, history with Moses and the Evangelists, and the art of preaching with Him who speaks as never man spake."

In a letter to a preacher friend he tells of his own method of pulpit preparation—advice which we commend to pulpit reciters of memorized paragraphs:

"Digest well the subject, but be not careful to choose your *words* previous to delivery. Follow out the idea in such words as may offer at the moment. If you fill up on paper the matter of your text, you will contract a slavish habit of cumbering your mind with the words of your previous composition. You will need to write a good deal, but write on other subjects. I never preach without having prepared an outline, but I never write a sermon out at length."

"We must keep up with the literary advance of the times we live in" is a sentiment which in these days of superabundant literature and general education finds eager echo in the mind of many a minister of literary tastes. We do not think that Summerfield lagged far behind in that march, but *that* is not the sentiment which his life emphasizes. His grand successes came from having the intellect filled with Scripture truth, and the heart filled with the Holy Ghost. He who is mighty in prayer, and mighty in the Scriptures, will be mighty in the best sense over the consciences of men. Let the thousands of preachers who have the same Gospel to preach as that which was with him so great an engine of power, learn well the lesson and profit by his example.

From the biography before us it is quite evident that Summerfield fell an early victim to his own intensity of zeal. There are many who utter prompt and decided condemnation on a course such as his, for its violation of the laws of health and life. We dare not heartily endorse such condemnation. For humanity owes little to the cool-minded, the dignified, the prudent, and the conventional, who work only within cautious limits presented by the law of self-preservation. But the world *does* owe much to

the enthusiastic and the self-sacrificing; it is saved through the suffering, and often through the premature death of its saviours. And while stubborn selfishness still reigns so widely, and while still the Church is fettered with a calculating prudence, and weighted with indulgent indolence, let us be thankful that sometimes a man is found who, in spite of the protests of a prudent physiology, will, like his Master, "lay down his life" for the good of his race. Throughout the universe it seems to be the Divine order that the higher law shall sometimes conquer and set aside the lower, and the moral weal of the many sometimes necessitate the sacrifice of the physical interests of the few.\* And if those few are blamed and misunderstood on earth, they shall have their abundant vindication in that world where earthly prudence is a forgotten cipher, but where "they that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars forever."

ARVA, Ont.

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### THE CABIN LAMP AT SEA.

Now swinging slow, and slanting low

It almost level lies;

And yet I know, while to and fro

I watch the seeming pendule go

With restless fall and rise,

The steady shaft is still upright,

Poising its little globe of light.

Oh, hand of God! Oh, lamp of peace!

Oh, promise of my soul!—

Though weak, and tossed, and ill at ease,

Amid the roar of smiting seas,

The ship's convulsive roll,

I own, with love and tender awe,

Yon perfect type of faith and law!

\* Nevertheless, may not greater good be accomplished, on the whole, by the conservation of energy than by its lavish expenditure?—ED.

A heavenly trust my spirit calms,  
 My soul is filled with light;  
 The ocean sings his solemn psalms  
 The wild winds chant; I cross my palms,  
 Happy as if to-night,  
 Under the cottage roof, again  
 I heard the soothing summer rain.

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## A PLEA FOR ECCENTRICITY.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

MANY years ago I read an Essay, entitled "A Plea for Shams;" the main argument and the greater part of the particulars of which I do not remember; but this I do remember,—that the writer took the position, that if literal exactitude obtained in our expressions and conduct towards others, there could be no agreeable intercourse between man and man; which amounts to saying, there could be no society at all. Now, I have thought, that what most people in "society" so much dread to incur the charge of—namely, *Eccentricity*—if we carefully discriminate, also admits of many things being said in its defence; nay, in many of the aspects under which it has been challenged, it requires no defence, but deserves commendation. The reader must therefore give me his indulgent attention while I endeavour to illustrate these particulars.

Etymologists derive the word, as found in our language, from *ex*—out of, and *centrum*—centre. "In geometry, the term eccentric is used substantively to denote two circles or spheres, which, though contained in some measure within each other, have not the same centre." In mechanics, it therefore means, "a wheel or disk, having its axis out from the centre." As to general behaviour, the word eccentric has for its synonyms: peculiar, singular, odd, strange. Of course, no one of these is precisely identical with another in meaning, but they are all pretty nearly used as



relating to matters of sense, taste, and good behaviour, when condemned. Of Eccentricity, in particular, Crabb says, in several different places, as follows: "Oddness, eccentricity, and strangeness are never taken in a good sense." He says, "They consist in a violation of good order and the decencies of human life, and cannot be justified;" and avers in the following strong language, "An eccentric character, who distinguishes himself by nothing but the breach of every established rule, is a being who deserves nothing but ridicule, or the more serious treatment of censure and rebuke." As to the source of Eccentricity, the author above quoted says, "Eccentricity, which is the excess of singularity, arises, commonly, from the undisciplined state of strong powers," and gives Rousseau as an example.

Now, with certain safeguards and limitations, we do not know that we have anything to object to the above; but then, some people are so deplorably enslaved to what is called the usages of good society as to extinguish any little spark of individuality there might have been originally in their composition. It has so crushed out all independence of thought, so crippled every tendency to original expression, and so effectually stifled every ebullition of vivacity, that they may be said to be more dead than alive. I do not know a more intolerable bore than the company of such people, if it can be called companionship at all. Of such persons it may be truly said, according to the homely but strong phrase sometimes used, "They are afraid to say their souls are their own." What more enlivens human society, or gives a greater charm to intercourse of man with man, than that each should utter his own perceptions of any given subject of conversation, and in those forms of expression that are natural to him. How pitiful it would be to see a person of Sidney Smith's constitutional humour endeavour to deliver himself with the sage philosophy of Coleridge, and in his elaborate forms of expression. No two productions of God's material creation are exactly alike, and the same may be said of human minds, if the individuality were not crushed out of some by the tyranny of social law, which requires that all should be cast in one rigid mould. What some people call eccentricity of mind, is nothing more than a Heaven-imprinted personality; and to try to suppress such individuality must only

end in producing either the most painful timidity and dulness or the most silly affectation and apishness.

Then again, as to what is called eccentricity of manners; it is only observable, in many cases, because general manners are so stupidly unnatural and unreasonable—so far out of the true golden mean themselves. The most of conventionalisms may be of a character to simplify and facilitate intercourse, in which cases they should be observed; but when they become senseless and burdensome, a sensibly well-bred person will lead the way in emancipating society from their injurious restraints. A course like this shows a true refinement, while an opposite one is of the very essence of vulgarity, and constitutes only a shoddy gentility. This branch of our subject is too wide to admit of illustration within reasonable limits.

As to eccentricity of conduct, it would certainly be wrong if society had preserved its own true centre of gravity in all cases, which it has not. Now, where doings are inconsistent with sense and justice, economy and earnest religion, it becomes not only allowable for us to deviate from the general practice, but it is our imperative duty to do so. As a general thing it may be said, that a sensible person will adopt the costume of his day and country. It would be ridiculous in any one of us to attract attention by dressing in an oriental style, or precisely in that which obtained when our forefathers settled in America. But when a person has sufficient sense and taste to see the needlessly expensive, burdensome, or utterly unsymmetrical character of any particular mode or style of dressing, and especially its unhealthiness, for either themselves or their children, they may not only reject or modify it, but the laws of a truly artistic taste, to say nothing about morality, require that person to do it. God is no enemy to beauty, nor are we declaring against it; but then, all the works of the Creator show that simplicity and symmetry—not gaudiness, and distortion—are elements of beauty. How much handsomer some ladies would be than they now are, if they followed the above canon with regard to adornment!

The habits of society, as a general thing, in North America, are flagrantly and wickedly extravagant; and he who slavishly follows the fashionable world with regard to dress, equipage,

marrriages, funerals, parties, and the like, is taking the road to bankruptcy and dishonesty; and using the most effectual measures to ruin his family as well as himself. The question is too often asked, "What will the world think if I do not do as others do, and incur this, that, and the other expense?" If you cannot do so without, I will not say consuming the means which God requires you as a faithful steward to devote to His cause and the enterprises of charity, for that is not fashionable to take into account, but without failing to meet your business engagements and pay your debts, you are a dishonest man, and, whatever professions you make, are utterly unworthy of the name of Christian.

Preachers of the Gospel are sometimes trammelled in their efforts of usefulness by this fear of the charge of Eccentricity. That is to say, the attractiveness, point, and power of preaching are impaired by what have been regarded as "pulpit proprieties," though propagated by the fashion plates of the Enemy of souls. As a general thing our preaching is most deplorably inefficient, compared with what the exigencies of perishing souls require it to be. I fear that the true apostolic earnestness, directness, and feeling which should characterize the preaching of the Gospel, would be considered dreadfully eccentric in many congregations and by a large proportion of church-goers. Far be it from me to advocate unusual sayings and doings for the sake of singularity; but if doing what Christ and His apostles did, and all successful soul-savers have done, brings upon a minister the charge of Eccentricity, he ought to be more than willing to bear it. The weeping Jeremiah, the vehement Ezekiel, the thundering John and James, and the tireless Paul would be considered eccentric by many so-called Christians now; nay, so would their Master himself if He were to come again, setting at naught the quibbles of Rabbis and those matters of no value which have been associated with religion. Spurgeon, Peter Mc Kenzie, Talmage, Moody, and nearly all our most successful men are considered eccentric by many. But would you, therefore, extinguish the individuality of those gloriously useful men? Would that their numbers were increased a thousand-fold! Wesley, Whitfield, Coke, and Asbury were regarded as eccentric by many in the day in which they lived and laboured. Could the Christian

world have afforded to do without them and the work they accomplished? Nay; verily.

There are many things which are supposed to involve disparaging eccentricity which kindness and good sense and the spirit of Christianity command. It is thought, for instance, disparaging to minister, professional man, or any one claiming refinement, to help himself in any matter which comprises any degree of manual labour, or servile work, although there may be no ready facilities for having it done for himself, or another; such as carrying a parcel, if needful, along the street, fetching an article from the market, grooming his own horse, sawing a stick of wood upon occasion, digging a garden, putting his hand to help a fellow-creature in an emergency, which involves labour. Now, I need not say that all the laws of industry, economy, manly independence, and brotherly kindness enjoin a course like this; and to say or think the contrary, in my humble opinion, smacks more of vulgar snobbery than of true refinement. John Wesley instructed his early preachers "not to be ashamed," when occasion required it, "to black their own shoes, or those of their neighbours;" in fact, to be "ashamed of nothing but sin."

Akin to the opinions we are now challenging is that one which amounts to saying, that an operative of any kind is not fit company for one who is not; and that those of the non-labouring classes who hold companionship with him must be eccentric. But those who are the most necessary and useful to the community should be regarded as at least among the most useful; such are the men who till the ground and raise your bread and vegetables, who breed the cattle and butcher your meat, who build your house, make your clothes and shoes, and the like. Now, is he who only deals in these articles any more respectable than he who produces them? A common labourer is essentially a more respectable man than an idle schemer. And if men in these manual callings are as well-informed and as well-behaved as any one else, (and why should they not be?) they are as fit for your companionship as a doctor, lawyer, or shop-keeper, or one of any profession whatever. And why must I be considered eccentric, if I treat them exactly as I treat others?

It is the exaggeration of the mistaken idea we try to explode that renders it so hard to obtain domestic help, and inflicts so

much inconvenience and injury on employers and employed. How ridiculous, yet calamitous, that the idea, has got abroad that a sewing-girl, or milliner, is any better than a cook or house-maid! The latter are far more indispensable, more in demand, and get better wages. Their work is conducive to health. See how rotund and rubicund they are, compared with the slender, sallow, hollow-chested, round-shouldered devotees of the needle. Why should not young men of respectability seek wives oftener than they do from house-servants? They would more frequently find healthy mothers for their children, and tidy keepers of their houses, than in any other position in life. We are glad to hear that ladies of rank in England are seeking persons to do their work to whom they may becomingly extend a measure of companionship and consideration. There is no manner of reason why the person who cooks your dinner might not sit down with you to eat it, excepting that the garments in which she does her work might not allow her to be presentable at the table, especially with strangers, or the duties she has to perform, while the meal is being discussed, may generally render it impracticable; but there is no reason why those in that situation should not be treated with proper consideration in general. If they were so treated, and they themselves would not indulge in the foolish notion that they were degraded by the nature of their position, it would be just as easy to have that position filled as any other. Any person of influence, gentleman or lady, who endeavours to explode the common error on this subject, despite any temporary charge of eccentricity, will be conferring an incalculable boon on society; and, in the long run, will be regarded as a public benefactor. For if the labouring classes of the community are only careful to cultivate their minds and polish their manners, while they adhere to the honest productive labour to which they have been providentially called, they will be sure in time to elevate their vocations and themselves. Ministers and ministers' families, in my opinion, are bound to lead the way in this salutary and sensible reform. The utterance of this opinion in itself will be sure to earn the brand of "eccentricity," but this humble contributor does not care one rush. And to this opinion he is certain all whose judgment is worth having, all truly enlightened people, will finally come.

## EDITORIAL.

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### POST-GRADUATE STUDIES.

It is a great advantage to persons pursuing an educational course to have a definite programme of studies laid down for their guidance. Their education will be more symmetrical and their reading less desultory than without such a programme. The strong desire to complete the prescribed curriculum, moreover, will often be an incentive to perseverance at times when their energies might be inclined to flag and their purposes to waver. The experience of those who have themselves undergone a pretty thorough educational training will be a better guide for the study and reading of the young than their own unaided judgment. Those who, for the indulgence of personal inclination, reject such guidance, may be not unaptly likened to the inexperienced traveller, who in traversing a pathless wilderness would follow his own fallible judgment rather than that of the veteran pioneer. Thus much, then, in favour of the common college curriculum, which may be taken to represent the embodied wisdom of the experienced Faculty of Instruction by whom it is prepared.

It is to be regretted, however, that at most ladies' seminaries the course of study is less extensive, both in the time occupied and in the range of subjects and the degree of attention bestowed upon them, than in first-class colleges for the education of young men. Moreover, of the large number of young ladies attending these seminaries, comparatively few complete the prescribed curriculum. Most remain for less than the full time required to accomplish that object, and confine themselves to an eclectic course, which often consists largely of musical or artistic accomplishments rather than the severer studies affording that intellectual discipline which is the chief advantage of higher education. Most instructors in ladies' colleges will, we think, concur in the opinion that the course should extend over four instead of three years, and that a greater proportion of young

ladies should remain to graduate than do at present; and also that the last year of the course is relatively of greater value than any of the others.

But even after leaving college, much of the advantage of the training received is lost for lack of keeping up habits of study and pursuing some definite course of reading. It is like carefully tempering and sharpening a delicate instrument and then allowing it to rust from disuse. In the case of young men, the exigencies of their professions often require them to keep up their studies or to prosecute them still further. But young ladies, for the most part, are without this stimulus. They have ample leisure for study, but seldom use it to the advantage which they might use it under proper guidance. The Alumnae Associations of our ladies colleges do good service in keeping up a bond of union among graduates, and in the preparation for their essays, developing a considerable amount of intellectual effort. But many, we are persuaded, would gladly pursue their studies much further if a judicious course were indicated for their guidance. Possibly examinations, somewhat like the Cambridge Civil Service examinations for women in England, might be held for those willing to submit to them, and some recognition of success in passing them given in the form of a diploma or certificate of merit. The heads of our different Methodist colleges, male as well as female, might be induced to indicate such general course of study as they might judge best suited for their graduates; and might also make arrangements, if it were found desirable and practicable, for the holding of such examinations and the conferring of diplomas.

In default of such a concerted arrangement, students, whether self-taught or not, should lay down some definite plan for the pursuit of their studies. If they have any special aptness for any particular subject, let them investigate that as thoroughly as possible. The domain of knowledge is so vast that we can only hope to explore a limited arc of its circumference. If we wish, therefore, to advance its bounds in any direction, which should be the laudable ambition, and in some sort the duty of every one who has enjoyed the advantage of a higher educational training, we can only do so by concentrating our efforts in some special direction.

It is better to know one subject thoroughly than to have an imperfect smattering of many subjects.

Several Canadian ladies have won a distinguished reputation in the study of botany, by collecting and classifying our native flora. A gentleman friend of ours especially prosecuted the study of grasses, and is now one of the highest living authorities on that subject. Another, and with great success, made a specialty of fungi. Another took up the subject of entomology, and has conferred great and lasting benefit on society by his investigations of insect life, especially of those species injurious to plants and fruits. Amateur geology or microscopy affords a wide field for original investigation.

If our tastes are more purely literary and we are fond of historical or biographical investigation, instead of attempting to skim over a vast field it were better to select some important period or subject and to study it up thoroughly, exhausting every accessible authority and, if possible, consulting contemporary memoirs and original documents. In this manner may we confer real benefits on science or literature, and experience the eager joy of exploring previously unknown or little trodden paths, and of adding, at least, a humble contribution to the stock of human knowledge.

There is one subject, especially, which may well engage the profoundest study of the most cultured minds, and which, above all others, will amply repay the labour bestowed—we mean the careful and critical study of the Word of God. And here the same rules of specialization seem to us to apply as in other studies. While one should endeavour to gain clear conceptions of the full-orbed beauty of the Divine revelation as a whole, it is only by the minute and critical study of some particular portions that the amazing and inexhaustible riches of Holy Scripture are even measurably apprehended. And thanks to the admirable apparatus for Biblical study now within the reach of all, even the unlettered may, with pleasure and profit, engage in this delightful task. No studies, we are persuaded, will so inform the understanding, cultivate the taste, and ennoble the nature; none can be so practically useful in this life, and so momentously important for the life that is to come.



## BIBLICAL EXEGESIS.

## THE HUMANITY OF CHRIST NOT A VEIL, BUT A WAY.

BY THE REV. JOHN G. MANLY.

“Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,

By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh;

And having a high priest over the house of God;

Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.”—*Heb. x. 19-22.*

THESE four verses are very important, because they commence the second and practical part of the great epistle to the Hebrews, and ought to begin a new chapter, and because they summarize the truths of our communion with God; and yet, in one momentous particular, they are much misunderstood. The chief exegetical difficulty is in the twentieth verse, and, strange to say, in the epexegetis: “that is to say, His flesh.” What is it that belongs to “flesh,”—way or veil? Is the flesh of Christ a way, or is it a veil? Does the writer mean “a new and living way, that is, [the way] of His flesh;” or “a new and living way through the veil, that is, [through the veil] of His flesh?” If the flesh is a veil, then Christ has consecrated a way for us through His own flesh. What could this mean? Here the difficulty lies.

Let us first hear Moses Stuart, in his commentary on the epistle. “*Δια του καταπετασματος . . . σαρκος αυτου*,—*through the veil, that is, H's flesh.* I translate these words literally, because I am not well satisfied that I understand their meaning. The opinions of all the commentators, it would be tedious, if not useless, to recite. The principal interpretation, in which the most

distinguished of them unite, is that as the veil of the temple must be removed in order to enter the inner sanctuary, so the body of Jesus must be removed (by death), that we might have access to the sanctuary above: an exegesis which, while the facts to which it alludes are true, still presents a comparison incongruous at first view, and seemingly requires a distorted imagination, to recognize it with any degree of satisfaction.” According to this exegesis the flesh of Christ is a veil.

We may be sure that an interpretation of God's word that cannot be recognized with any degree of satisfaction, is not correct; and it is very strange that an expositor of such eminence and excellence as Moses Stuart could substantially abide by it, and still more strange, that in such a stream, the most distinguished commentators should so long have been carried away.

A new printing of the words (as in many other cases) gives a new and true meaning. *Εν ενεκαινισεν ημιν οδον προσφατον και ξωσαν, (δια του καταπετασματος,) τουτεστι της σαρκος αυτου.* “By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us (through the veil), that is to say, [the way] of His flesh.” *σαρκος* (flesh) is in the genitive, and must be governed by *οδον* (way), or by *καταπετασματος* (veil), or by *δια* (through). If *οδον* governs, then the meaning is, “the way of His flesh;” if *δια* governs, the meaning is, “a way through the veil, that is, through His flesh;” if *καταπετασματος*

governs, the meaning is, "a way through the veil of His flesh." The second and third constructions agree in sense. On our choice of the governing word depends the interpretation—"the way of His flesh" or "the veil of His flesh;" and as there appear to be no grammatical considerations to determine us, we must have recourse to the *usus loquendi*, by ascertaining whether the flesh of Christ, in Biblical teaching, agrees with the conception of a veil or with the conception of a way.

The flesh of Christ means His humanity, which, as the world's high priest, he offered to God for sin. "Jesus Christ came in the flesh. . . The Word was made flesh. . . Who was manifest in the flesh. . . Put to death in the flesh. . . Hath suffered in the flesh. . . Who in the days of His flesh. . . Reconciled in the body of His flesh through death. . . Having abolished in His flesh the enmity. . . In the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin. . . The seed of David according to the flesh. . . The bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give [in propitiatory sacrifice] for the life of the world."

There is no reason whatever for supposing that the veil of the temple was a figure of Christ, but there is reason for believing that the whole temple symbolized Christ. "The Jews, therefore, answered and said unto him: 'What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?' Jesus answered and said unto them: 'Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up.' Then said the Jews: 'Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou raise it in three days?' But he spake of the temple of his body."\* Since John thus says: "the temple, that is, His body," how could the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews say, by the same Spirit, "the veil, that is, His flesh?"

The humanity or flesh of Christ is a temple but not a veil. The Divinity was "manifested in the

\* John ii 18-21.

flesh," not concealed by it. "The Word became flesh and dwelt among us and," (instead of veiling or concealment, "we beheld His glory—glory as of the only-begotten from the Father), full of grace and truth." The veil of the temple concealed the presence-place of God, the ark and the cherubim and the shekinah; but the incarnation and advent of Christ, instead of concealing the Divinity, are the means of manifesting Him. Moses Stuart says: "The actual comparison of the veil of the temple and of Christ's body is confined to the single point that *each is a medium of access to God.*" This is a strange mistake. A veil is never a medium or means of access; it is, on the contrary, simply and solely, a hindrance of access; a hindrance to sight or a hindrance to entrance. No instance can be adduced of a veil as a medium of access. It might as well be said that a curtain, or a mask, or a partition, is a medium of access. Things must be strangely confounded, and words must have totally and strangely changed their meaning, if a veil is a medium of access. It has no such meaning in the New Testament or any other book, and cannot have; and such a meaning should on no account be resorted to as an exegetical shift. In what sense could Christ be said to have consecrated for us a way *through* His own flesh? In no sense at all. The whole thing is incongruous and unwarrantable. And yet this is what the twentieth verse must mean, if the flesh of Christ is a veil; "By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, a way through his flesh!"

The humanity (or flesh) of Christ is not a veil but a way. Offered to God for our sins, according to the Scriptures, it is the very means and the only means of access to God. "I am the way," says Christ—not a veil; "No man cometh to the Father, but by me" as the way. He is a new and living or life-giving way, the

way into the holiest of all. He gave His flesh, His person, His humanity, His very self for the life of the world, putting away sin by the sacrifice of Himself. Of His flesh or humanity, He says to the Father: "A body hast thou prepared me." In His flesh or humanity "He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes are we healed." In His flesh or "in His own body," He bore our sins, on the tree.

Since mere grammatical considerations do not determine whether Heb. x., 20, means "the way of His flesh" or "the veil of His flesh," we must be determined by the unvarying tenor of Biblical teaching, by the context, and by the use of the words "way" and "veil" in relation to Christ. The latter word never means Christ, never can mean Him; the former does. Christ is never, in any one place or in any one sense, denoted as a veil of God, or as a veil of any one, or as a veil of anything; but throughout the whole Bible, without a solitary exception, He is denoted as the way to God, the only way, and now as the new and life-giving way. It was death to any one—except the high priest annually with blood, as a type of Christ—to enter the most holy place; but Christ, as the only true priest, with the true and only blood of atonement, having entered for us all, in the end of the Jewish age, the fulness of time, we are invited and enabled to enter with faith in His name, and find, not death but life. Let us speak no more of "the rent veil of the Saviour's flesh." There is no such thing; the expression is simply misapprehension and error. There is such a thing, blessed be God, as the way of the Saviour's flesh, though not the rent veil of His flesh, or a way through His flesh. Our blessed Lord is not the veil, or curtain, or concealment of God, or the middle wall among men, but the

adequate and glorious means of access to God. Since, in the estimation of such a Biblical scholar as Moses Stuart, the literal rendering of "through the veil, that is, of His flesh," or "through the veil of His flesh," which means a way through His flesh, involves an incongruous comparison, which only a distorted imagination can recognize with any degree of satisfaction, and also involves a confusion of conceptions; since bracketing the words, *δια του καταπηλασματος* (through the veil), and regarding *οδον* (way) as governing *σαξξ* (flesh) in the genitive, involves no grammatical difficulty whatever, but harmonizes the sense of the passage with itself and with the whole tenor of the Bible, and perfectly illuminates what else is dark and incongruous, let us hesitate no longer to read of "a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us (through the veil), that is to say, [the way] of His flesh." In so reading, we are supported by the sense of the passage itself, which never could mean "a way through His flesh," and therefore must mean the only alternative, "a way of His flesh;" and we are supported also by the whole weight of the *usus loquendi*, the whole force and tenor of Biblical teaching, and also, as we shall see, by the context.

Perhaps a transposition of the clauses (always legitimate in complex composition, when done fairly, and sometimes necessary, especially in translation), may be helpful to right apprehension: "By a new and living way, that is, of His flesh, which [way] He hath consecrated for us through the veil;" or, "By a new and living way (which he hath consecrated for us through the veil), that is, of His flesh." However we adjust these clauses to each other, in either Greek or English, the sense is the same; and it takes us into the full current of the epistle. "Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, that is to

say, of His flesh [or humanity, equivalent in sacrifice to that very blood of atonement], which He hath consecrated for us [by His self-devotion to the Father's pleasure in the redemption of the world,] [as a way] through the veil," a direct and perfect means of access and acceptance. Christ is the way to God, and is to be contra-distinguished from the veil, never identified with it on any account. His humanity is not removed for our salvation; but the veil that concealed God from us, as sinners, is both rent and removed, and removed by means of Christ's flesh. The Deity is symbolized no longer as Isis, whose veil no man had lifted or dared remove. God is with us (not veiled) for God is incarnate; God is manifested (not curtained or concealed) in the flesh of His Son; and so the Saviour's humanity, offered for us to God, is not a rent veil but a perforating way, a way through the veil, a way that nothing could obstruct, a way into the very presence of the Majesty on high, a way for every living sinner. Let us then draw near, with a true heart, in full assurance of faith,

having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.

There are other exegetical difficulties in the four verses, but none so great as in the twentieth. What is "the holiest" that we are invited to enter? What is "the house of God" and how is Christ "over" it? What is meant by "a true heart" and "full assurance of faith?" How is the heart "sprinkled from an evil conscience?" In what sense are "our bodies washed with pure water?" For the present we confine ourselves to the twentieth verse, and to the exegetical clause. If we have really occupied this citadel of the four verses, we may be able to push our way over the whole "fort," and to "hold" it with reverential and grateful faith, knowing that the Master Himself is "coming," whose words we dare not augment or diminish, and the meaning of whose teaching (personally or by inspiration) we cannot too laboriously and lovingly seek. "He that heareth my word and believeth on Him that sent me hath everlasting life."

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## THE DISCOVERER OF THE GREAT LAKES.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

IN the year 1567, in the little port of Brouage, on the stormy Bay of Biscay, a child was born whose name was to be indissolubly linked with the heroic early history of Canada. Grown to man's estate, Champlain's adventurous spirit led him to the Spanish Main, whose principal islands and coastline he explored and mapped; and subsequently the rocky islands and rugged coast of Norembegat and the Gulf and River St.

Lawrence. Undeterred by the disastrous failure and sufferings of the colonies of St. Croix, Mont Desert, and Port Royal—Champlain, in his thirtieth year, with a handful of companions, sailed up the lonely St. Lawrence in a solitary ship to essay the founding of a New France on this virgin continent.

On the 3rd of July, 1608, he reached Quebec,† and beneath the tall

\* *Pioneers of France in the New World.* By FRANCIS PARKMAN. Boston; Little, Brown and Co. 1874.

† The name given to what is now New England.

‡ The name Quebec, Champlain positively asserts, was the Indian designation of the narrows of the St. Lawrence at this point; the word signifying a strait.

Canada is the Indian word for a collection of huts, and enters into the composition of several native names.

cliffs of Cape Diamond laid the foundations of one of the most famous cities of the New World. A log fort was soon erected and land cleared for tillage. The colonists were soon comfortably housed, but before winter was over many of them had died of scurvy. The severe discipline observed by the Governor provoked a conspiracy for his murder. It was discovered, the ringleader hanged, and his fellow conspirators shipped in chains to France. Champlain maintained friendly relations with the Algonquin Indians in his neighbourhood, and in the spring yielded to their solicitations to join a war party against their hereditary foes, the Iroquois—a confederacy of five nations, occupying the region of central New York. They were the most ferocious and warlike of the northern Indians, and were long a thorn in the side of the French colony. With his savage allies Champlain advanced up the river Richelieu, and with a tiny fleet of twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors, glided forth upon the beautiful lake which bears his name. At its southern extremity they came upon the foe, whom the strange appearance of the armed Europeans—only three in number—and the novel terror of their death-dealing fire-arms soon put to flight. In spite of his remonstrance, Champlain was compelled to witness the torture of twelve of the enemy captured by the Algonquins. This was an unfortunate expedition, as the Iroquois became, for one hundred and fifty years, the implacable foes of the French, and terribly avenged, by many a murder and ambushade, the death of every Indian slain in this battle.

After the death, in this year, of Henry IV., through successive changes of patrons, Champlain continued to be the head of the colony; his valour, fidelity, and zeal commanding the confidence of them all. With the prescience of a founder of empire, he selected the island of

Montreal as the site of a fort, protecting the fur trade and commanding the two great waterways of the country, the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa. The commercial prosperity of the great city now extending along the river side is an ample vindication of his choice.

In order to verify the story of a great northern sea which would probably give access to China and India, he penetrated far up the rapid Ottawa, over rugged portages and through tangled forests. Failing in his object, he returned dissatisfied but undaunted to Quebec, and thence to France, to urge the fortunes of the colony.

With a desire for gain and for extending the dominions of France in the New World was blended also in the purposes of successive Viceroys of the colony a zeal for the conversion of the savages to the Catholic faith. In this purpose they were seconded by the piety of Champlain. On his return to Canada he brought, with the new company of colonists, four Recollet friars, the first of a heroic band of missionaries, who toiled amid the wilderness to win the wandering pagans to the doctrines of the cross.

On his arrival at Montreal, Champlain agreed to join a large party of Algonquin and Huron Indians, about to wage war against the Iroquois. First proceeding up the Ottawa and over almost countless portages, he reached, by way of Lake Nipissing and French River, the Georgian Bay; and, first of white men, beheld, stretching to the west, seemingly boundless as the ocean, the blue heaving billows of lake Huron, to which he gave the name *Mer Douce*—the Fresh Water Sea. Coasting down its rugged eastern shore and through its many thousands of rocky islands, he reached the inlet of the Matchadash bay, where Penetanguisnine now stands. This region, now the northern part of the county of Simcoe, was the country of the Huron Indians, a

nation of some thirty thousand souls, dwelling in palisaded towns with large and well built houses, and subsisting by agriculture as well as by the chase. Over a forest trail, Champlain and his companions passed to the appointed place of rendezvous, Cahiagua, on the narrows of lake Couchiching, near where the pretty village of Orillia now stands. Le Caron, one of the Recollet friars, with twelve Frenchmen had preceded him; and here, in the solitude of the primeval forest, for the first time, were chanted the *Te Deum* and offered the sacrifice of the mass.

At Cahiagua a large war party of two thousand plumed and painted braves was assembled, and several days were spent in feasting, war dances, and other savage pastimes. Sailing with several hundred canoes through Lake Simcoe and up the Talbot River, and traversing the picturesque Balsam, Sturgeon, Pigeon, and Rice Lakes with their intervening portages, they glided down the devious windings of the Otonabee and Trent Rivers, and reached the beautiful Bay of Quinte, now adorned with smiling villages and cheerful farmsteads. Emerging from the placid bay, the Huron fleet entered the broad and blue Ontario, dimpling in the autumnal sunlight. To this, Champlain gave the name, in honour of his sovereign, of Lac St. Louis. Boldly crossing the lake they reached the country of the Iroquois. Hiding their canoes in the forest, they pressed onward some thirty leagues to the Seneca towns near lake Canandaigua.

The Iroquois, attacked in the corn fields—for it was the time of the maize harvest—retired to their town, which was defended with four rows of palisades. The tumultuous onset of the Hurons was ineffective. They were soon thrown into disorder, and after an unsuccessful attempt to fire the town resolved to retreat. This movement was conducted with greater skill than the attack. The wound-

ed, bound on rude litters, were carried in the centre, while armed warriors formed front, rear, and flanking guards. Denied a promised escort down the St. Lawrence, Champlain, though severely wounded, was compelled to return through the wintry woods with his savage allies, with whom he remained six months, sharing their counsels, their feasts, and their hunts, and hearing strange tales of the vast lakes and rivers of the far West. His arrival at Quebec after a year's absence was greeted almost as a resurrection from the dead.

The same year Champlain brought out his youthful wife, who was received by the Indians with reverential homage as a being of superior origin, and who remained four years in the country. The impolicy of Champlain's Indian wars was soon manifested by the first of those Iroquois attacks which so often afterwards harassed the colony. To strengthen the defences of Quebec, the energetic Governor built a stone fort in the lower town, and on the magnificent heights overlooking the broad St. Lawrence, one of the noblest sites in the world, he began the erection of the castle of St. Louis, the residence of successive Governors of Canada down to 1834, when it was destroyed by fire.

A new misfortune now befell the colony. Charles I., King of England, had made an ineffectual attempt to relieve the heroic Huguenots besieged in Rochelle, and had declared war against France. The conquest of Canada was decreed, and the task was assigned to Sir David Kirk, a Huguenot refugee. In the summer of 1628 he reached the St. Lawrence, burned Tadousac, and sent a summons to Champlain to surrender, who returned a gallant defiance. Kirk, cruising in the gulf, captured the transports of the new company, laden with the colony's winter's provisions.

In consequence of this disaster the sufferings of the French were in-

tense. The crops of their few arable acres were unusually scanty. With the early spring the famishing population burrowed in the forest for edible roots. But the heroic spirit of Champlain sustained their courage. Still the summer wore away and the expected provision ships from France came not. At length, toward the end of July, hungry eyes discerned from the castle of St. Louis three vessels rounding the headland of Point Levi. They were English ships of war, commanded by two brothers of Admiral Kirk. The little garrison of sixteen famine-wasted men surrendered with the honours of war, and Louis Kirk, installed as Governor, saved from starvation the inhabitants of the town—less than one hundred in all.

As peace had been declared before the surrender of Quebec, by the treaty of Germain-en-Laye the whole of Canada, Cape Breton, and Acadia was restored to the French, and the red cross banner of England, after waving for three years from the castle of St. Louis, gave place to the lily flag of the Bourbons.

The following year Champlain returned to the colony as Governor, with two hundred immigrants and soldiers and an abundant supply of provisions, merchandise, and muni-

tions of war. But the labours of his busy life were drawing to a close. In October, 1635, he was smitten with his mortal illness. For ten weeks he lay in the castle of St. Louis, awaiting with resignation the Divine will. On Christmas Day the brave soul passed away, and the body of the honoured founder of Quebec was buried beneath the lofty cliff which overlooks the scene of his patriotic toil. His epitaph is written in the record of his active life. For thirty years he laboured without stint and against almost insuperable difficulties for the struggling colony. A score of times he crossed the Atlantic in the tardy, incommodious, and often scurvy-smitten vessels of the period, in order to advance its interests. His name is embalmed in the history of his adopted country, and still lives in the designation of the beautiful lake on which he, first of white men, sailed. His widow, originally a Huguenot, espoused her husband's faith and died a nun at Meaux, in 1654. His account of his voyage and his history of New France bear witness to his literary skill and powers of observation; and his summary of Christian doctrine, written for the native tribes, is a monument of his piety.

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## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### THE CONFERENCES.

THE three Annual Conferences formed out of what was formerly comprised in the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada, and that of the Methodist New Connexion, have held their several sessions. The London Conference met in Brantford, on the 2nd of June; the Toronto Conference in Picton, on the 9th; and the Montreal Conference in Kingston, on the 16th of the same month. This arrange-

ment gave the General Conference officers, and treasurers of the several funds, an opportunity to be present at each of them to represent the interests which have been severally committed to their care. It is matter of congratulation, and devout thankfulness to the Great Head of the Church, that these ecclesiastical gatherings have been attended with so much unanimity of action and cordial good feeling in every instance. Brethren who met together

for the first time wrought as harmoniously with one another as if they had never been connected with separate organizations. So far as the ministers are concerned, at least, the union is complete in spirit as it is in form; and though time may be required to completely heal the wounds which have been inflicted in particular neighbourhoods in former days, and to obliterate the memory of such a state of things, which happily exists no longer, the demonstration of the feasibility of the fusion of all the separated parts of our common Methodism into one homogeneous amalgam may be considered complete. There has been in each of the Conferences a gratifying increase in the membership of the Church, as compared with last year. The work of Church extension has been pushed forward with commendable zeal; and though in some few instances there has been a slight falling off in the funds, it is readily accounted for by the uncommon stringency of the money market, and the commercial depression which has prevailed throughout the country. Upon the whole, the year just closed has been marked by a gratifying degree of prosperity; and while, as a Church, we raise our stone of remembrance, and put upon it the inscription, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," we have a right to "thank God and take courage," in the confident assurance that "the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

#### PRESBYTERIAN UNION.

After years of earnest, and, we believe, prayerful deliberation and negotiation, the union between the "Canada Presbyterian Church" and the "Presbyterian Church of Canada" has at length become an accomplished fact. With the exception of possibly a dozen of congregations, connected with organizations in the United States, and a congregation or two heretofore connected with the "Auld kirk," who seem to be disposed to carry their opposition to union to the

extreme, Presbyterianism throughout the Dominion is one. Already this great and powerful Church has received, as it deserves, the congratulations of Protestant Christians of all denominations. Even the Anglican Synod, a body proverbially cautious about doing anything which would imply a recognition of any other Church than that which it represents, carried away by a generous enthusiasm, which every true Protestant cannot but admire, did itself the honour to adopt, by acclamation, a resolution expressive of the great pleasure with which it regarded the consummation of the union. Presbyterianism has set a noble example in this matter of union to the other denominations, and deserves their thanks as well as their congratulations. The Presbyterians were the first to enter, in an earnest and practical way, upon the work of healing the divisions existing among themselves, and they have been the first to arrive at complete unity. As Methodism has followed their example to the extent of not only taking one important step in the process of the unification of our own denomination, but has also entered upon preliminary negotiations which look to nothing less than uniting the *dissecta membra* of Methodism throughout the Dominion into one compact and powerful body, may wisdom and grace be given us to persevere until this grand consummation be reached.

#### DOMINION DAY.

The First of July, which we suppose is to be regarded as our national birth-day, was observed as a holiday throughout the Dominion; but whether the full significance of the event which we celebrate on that day has yet wrought itself into the minds of any very considerable part of the Canadian people is doubtful. It certainly has not produced any very remarkable degree of enthusiasm. The confederation of the Provinces, in which the foundation of our nationality has been laid, was



effected so noiselessly and peacefully and was attended with so little sacrifice or expense, we find it difficult to realize that anything of considerable importance has taken place. If it had cost us more, it would have probably been more highly prized. This may in part account for the apparent lack of enthusiasm in the celebration of Dominion Day; but we believe it to be susceptible of a far more satisfactory explanation. Our people are outgrowing the pitiable kind of sports with which holidays of this kind have been heretofore celebrated. "Grinning through a collar," "Climbing the greased pole," and similar relics of barbarism, may have a charm for people in an infantile or semi-barbarous condition, but they are scarcely the thing for intelligent Canadians. Nor is it easy to convince them that there is any very close connection between the sentiment of loyalty, or feeling of patriotism, and the explosion of large quantities of gunpowder, and the firing of squibs and fire-crackers. The more intelligent people become, as a rule, the quieter and less demonstrative do they become. At least so it is in this northern part of the new world. With us there may be strength of conviction and depth of feeling, with very little manifestation of enthusiasm. A people more thoroughly loyal to the government under which they live, or more patriotic, than the Canadians are, we do not believe exists on the earth; but they claim the right to determine for themselves how, and on what occasions, their sentiments may be most appropriately manifested.

#### PROSPECTS OF HARVEST.

The state of the crops, always a matter of interest to an agricultural people at this season of the year, is naturally enough matter of more than ordinary solicitude at present. A short crop this year would be no ordinary calamity. Upon the character of the harvest we are chiefly dependent for the revival of trade

which is so deeply depressed. If we have a really good harvest and fairly remunerative prices next autumn, the cloud which has rested upon us will be lifted, and the sun of prosperity will shine upon us again; but a light crop and low prices would be disastrous in the extreme. It is matter, therefore, of devout thankfulness to the bountiful Giver of all good that there is every indication at present of an abundant harvest. The spring was later by a fortnight than usual, and in some parts of the country, at least, the drought in May and the early part of June became alarming; but more recently the rain has fallen in abundance, and the prospect now is that crops generally will be above the average yield.

#### ELECTION TRIALS.

The trial of elections has of late imposed such an enormous amount of extra labour upon the judges that it has been suggested that the judiciary should be reinforced. If every election, with rare exceptions, as at present, is to be protested, it must inevitably come to this. There is a limit to even a judge's capacity for labour; and no thoughtful person can have read the daily papers of late without coming to the conclusion that that point must be pretty nearly reached. But is this kind of thing to go on for ever? After the humiliating revelations which have been made during the last few months, is there not enough virtue and patriotism left in the country to put down and crush out those corrupt practices which make these trials a necessity? If the moral and religious men of the community would only take their proper share in election contests, and if, with an intelligent apprehension of the enormous criminality which attaches to all bribery and corruption, they would set their faces as a flint against everything of the kind, and make aspirants to parliamentary honours know that they would not be parties to it themselves nor tolerate any one who was, election protests

would not long be as common as they now are. It is a matter of thankfulness that there does appear to have been an improved state of things of late. We are glad to observe that a few of the members petitioned against have run the gauntlet of a trial before a judge with impunity. At one time it was matter of doubt whether any of the men occupying seats in Parliament, except these elected by acclamation, had been duly elected; whether, in other words, if any election which had been decided at the polls were subjected to a searching judicial investigation it would not be declared void. Things are not, however, quite so bad at present. Whether it is to be attributed entirely to the fear of the judges or to the operation of some higher motive, there are certainly the indications of an improved state of things; and in these indications all good people and true patriots will rejoice.

#### THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The fact that the heroic element still exists in English society in spite of the enervating influence of enormous wealth, and of a materialistic and money-loving age, is demonstrated by the large number of men who offered themselves for a service which has perhaps fewer attractions, and which is beset with more dreary discouragement, than almost any other—a new expedition to the North Pole. Already the amount of suffering and the sacrifice of human life which has attended these fruitless attempts to reach “the top of the globe” have been enormous. And these things have not been done in a corner. Every schoolboy has read of these Arctic expeditions, and the sufferings and danger which are inseparable from them. And yet it is said, “The Admiralty could have filled twenty Arctic ships with volunteers had need been,” so deeply are the love of glory and the love of England planted in the hearts of Englishmen. We confess we are not sufficiently impressed with the

advantages which are likely to be conferred upon either science or civilization by this expedition to feel any great degree of enthusiasm about it. In fact, if the truth must be told, we are strongly inclined to the opinion, that, should these heroic men succeed in planting the union jack at the pole, whether it should prove to be a mass of ice or an open sea, the achievement would have cost vastly more than it is worth. But though we do not share to any very great extent in the enthusiasm which appears to be felt by so many in respect to the expedition itself, we can fully appreciate the heroic and indomitable spirit which leads men to engage in such enterprises. So long as Old England has plenty of such men—men who are prepared to embark in any undertaking however hazardous, in which, to their apprehension, the glory of their country is involved, she has nothing to fear. While she continues to be so ardently loved at home she will be sure to be respected abroad.

#### EARTHQUAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

Once in a while we get a glimpse at the immense forces which are pent up within the earth's crust, by which, apparently, it might be blown to atoms in an instant, if that nicely adjusted system of checks and balances by which their equilibrium is preserved were permitted to be seriously deranged. The earthquake at Curcuta on the 29th of May appears to have been one of the most terrible visitations of the kind which has occurred in modern times. Out of a population of ten thousand we are told that eight thousand were overwhelmed and perished in an instant. One of the almost invariable attendants of this class of phenomena is violent agitation of both the atmosphere and the ocean. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that on the coast of Chili there has been great loss of both shipping and life. Sometimes, when we contemplate the prevailing worldliness and forgetfulness of God which prevail around us, we tremble

for the ark of God ; but in occurrences of this kind we see how easily the great God, if He were but to arise and shake terribly the earth, could call back the mammon-loving multitudes to a consciousness of their obligation to Him, and compel them to feel the importance of securing to themselves something more enduring than the perishing things of this world.

#### THE BEECHER-TILTON TRIAL.

This miserable trial, which has attracted a larger share of attention, probably, than any other judicial investigation which has occurred during the present generation, after having "dragged its slow length along" through nearly six months, has come at last to a lame and impotent conclusion. The jury, failing to agree after eight weary days of anxious deliberation, has been discharged, and the question of the guilt or innocence of the great preacher has been thrown back upon the public. The fact is, the matter rests precisely where it did six months ago. Those who believed him guilty then have probably had that opinion confirmed ; while those who held the opposite view at that time have scarcely found cause in subsequent developments to change their minds. If the evidence produced against Mr. Beecher in the course of this trial had been brought against him twenty years ago, or if his early life had been stained by moral delinquency cognate to what

has been charged upon him in this instance, there can be little doubt that the public verdict would have been against him ; but the nobility of his character, the self-sacrificing devotion with which he has supported everything which tended to the elevation of man, and the spotless reputation which he has maintained during a lifetime spent largely in the eye of the public, have been a tower of strength to him in the day of his adversity and trial. It is impossible to forget the record of the last thirty-five or forty years—especially of the last twenty-five years, during which the name of Henry Ward Beecher has been as familiar to every reader of current literature "as household words"—it is impossible to forget all this even amid the din and clamour, "the rebuke and blasphemy" if you will, of the present hour. There are spots upon the sun, and this great man has had his weaknesses ; he has possessed through life an exuberance of spirit which has often caused him to act more like a great playful mischievous boy than a serious earnest man with a mind freighted with the weightiest thoughts. There might be a time to dwell upon his foibles, to criticise the peculiarities of some of his people, and to point out how much more prudently and wisely he might have acted in given instances of his career, but there are plenty ready to do that kind of work just now ; we shall therefore beg to be excused.

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## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

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#### THE IRISH CONFERENCE.

THIS important ecclesiastical gathering was held in Belfast, and was presided over by Dr. Punshon, who was accompanied by other noted Wesleyan Ministers from England. Dr. Curry, of the New York *Christian Advocate*, was also present as a

visitor. Great interest was felt in the proceedings of the Conference. The Mayor of the town gave a breakfast to the President and many of the members of the Conference. The membership of the Church suffers greatly from emigration—still an increase of 254, with 979 on trial,

was reported. Three new churches have been built during the year, five school-houses, and five parsonages. Some other churches are in course of erection, one of which is a magnificent one, built by Mr. Jas. Carlisle, as a memorial of his only son. Great attention is paid by the Conference to the subject of education. The proprietary school at Dublin and the college at Belfast are liberally sustained, and are both doing a good work. Extensive preparations were made for open air services on the Sabbath, but the heavy rains prevented their being held.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held at Dudley, which is a strong place of the Connexion. Great efforts are being made to increase the number of missionaries in China. One gentleman advocated that as Australia was now so well supplied by other Churches, the New Connexion should withdraw from that field and spend their resources on China. A college is about to be erected at Tientsin for the training of native preachers. More than \$15,000 have been contributed towards this object. The New Connexion, in proportion to their numbers, raise a large sum of money for Connexional purposes. They sustain a college at Sheffield for the education of their ministers.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held in Leicester, which is a town of great celebrity. It is not far from Lutterworth, where the famous Wickliffe lived and laboured. Cardinal Wolsey found a resting place here when Henry VIII. and the nobles discarded him. John Howe and other persons of celebrity hail from this place, which now contains more than 100,000 inhabitants. The Baptists are a strong denomination, and for many years the famous Robert Hall was the pastor of its principal church.

From an early day the Primitives have had a good position in the town, and the first magazine that the denomination ever issued was published in this place. As the Primitives in England have had an unusually prosperous year, there being an increase of about 5,000 members, the Conference was one of great interest. Rev. R. Smith was elected President. Eight ministers had died during the year; twenty others were compelled, through physical infirmities, to become superannuated; but forty-five young men were received on trial for the ministry. Some of the funds had a very large increase, especially the Missionary fund. The Book Room exhibited a very gratifying state of prosperity, the net profits for the year being no less than \$17,000, which were divided between Superannuation, Missionary, Theological, and Metropolitan Chapel funds. The first named received the largest share, viz., \$12,250. The Primitives in England have always been considered poor, but many of the people have now become wealthy and large sums are given for Connexional purposes. A Jubilee school for the education of boys, and a theological institution for the training of young men for the ministry have been in existence a few years and are both doing well. A school for girls is also about to be established near London; so that it is clear the Primitives are endeavouring to take their proper position in the work of education.

#### THE CONFERENCES IN CANADA.

We referred in our last number to the Conferences of the Episcopal Methodist and Primitive Methodist Churches. The six Annual Conferences of the Methodist Church were all held in the month of June. Considerable anxiety had been felt relative to the readjustment of the circuits, lest there should be an overplus of ministers in some of the western Conferences; but this matter was accomplished without any insuper-

able difficulty being encountered. The increase of the membership in the Conferences of Ontario will be in the neighbourhood of 8,000.

As the Annual Conferences do not legislate there is more time for routine business and for public meetings of various kinds. The Missionary, Sunday School, Educational, and Temperance meetings held in connection with the Conferences were seasons of hallowed enjoyment. Owing to the ample supply of ministers and the liberal manner in which it is anticipated that the Educational Society will be sustained, a large number of young men have been assigned to the theological schools. The Report of the Book Room presented a gratifying increase of sales of books of all descriptions; the circulation of the *GUARDIAN* is extending; and we were especially pleased with the favourable manner in which the *MAGAZINE* was spoken of. Notwithstanding the increased expense of the Book Room and the opening of a branch at Montreal, a grant of \$1,000 was awarded to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. As the profits of the Book Room are intended to be applied to the benefit of this fund, should not that fact cause the Methodist people to patronize the Book Room all in their power?

At the time of writing we have not received particulars of the Conferences in Eastern British America. Dr. Ryerson, President of the General Conference, visited both the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Conferences, and was received by our brethren there in a manner worthy of themselves and of their honoured guest. The Doctor was truly the old man eloquent. His sermons and addresses were accompanied by remarkable power. The Book Room at Halifax, N.S., is in a prosperous condition and has netted more than \$3000 during the past year. The Educational Institutions at Sackville, N.B., are doing a good work for the Church and country. Our brethren in the

East acted a little differently from us in the West, inasmuch as they elected new Presidents. They were very happy in their selections, and we are sure that Revs. A. W. Nicolson, D. D. Currie, and T. Hurriss, will be worthy successors of those who have so lately vacated the chief seats in their Conferences.

#### BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE.

This Conference was held at Bowmanville, which is one of the strongholds of the denomination in Canada. During the year there had been much discussion respecting the Connexional name, but the Conference resolved that there should be no change. For some time the denomination has been seriously embarrassed with financial burdens. A minister has been set apart to act as Financial Agent for one year, with the hope that the whole or the greater part of the debt—\$35,000—may be liquidated by next Conference.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

From the Annual Report just received we find that our brethren in the South have Domestic Missions, Indian Missions, German Missions, and Foreign Missions in China, Mexico, and Brazil. Many of the brethren on Domestic Missions perform a marvellous amount of labour and endure many privations. In the Indian Missions great efforts are put forth to educate the young and sustain manual labour schools. Among the Crees there has been a gratifying success. Thirty acres have been sown with wheat and seventy-five with corn.

There are twenty-two stations and missions among the Germans in Texas and Louisiana, only two of which are self-supporting; others would be, but that they have been divided, one part going with the Northern Church. Our brethren complain bitterly of the evils of division.

In China, considering the feeble manner in which the Church has been able to sustain the Mission, the work has been very successful. Bible women have been employed in Shanghai with great success. These are sustained by special friends in America. One of the missionaries commenced the publication of a magazine in 1868, which has done much good, and is highly commended not only by Methodists but also missionaries of other Churches. The Church has pressing demands for an increase of labourers in all its departments, particularly from the foreign fields; but the state of the Mission Treasury renders it impossible to yield to them.

#### THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The event of the year in connection with the Presbyterian Church has been the Union which has been effected in Canada. Four denominations which have hitherto acted separately have now become one; so that between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans there is only *one* Presbyterian Church, if we except a small number who have refused to give in their adhesion to the Union. The Church has thus become a powerful organization, and will be prepared to prosecute its various Mission schemes vigorously. Preparations are being made to work a Mission among the French in Quebec Province. Rev. C. Chiniquy, under whom it is said three hundred persons have recently withdrawn from the Roman Catholic Church in Montreal, is connected with the Mission and is likely to be very useful among his countrymen. There are also various Home Missions, and Foreign Missions in India, China, and New Hebrides. Knox's College is being rebuilt in Toronto. Houses for the Professors, are also contemplated. Queen's College in Kingston, the College in Montreal, and Dalhousie College in the maritime provinces, give the new Church a powerful educational machinery, which, we are sure, they will work with vigour.

Our Presbyterian brethren in England and Scotland are being baptized with the union spirit. The United Presbyterians, the Reformed Presbyterians, and the English Presbyterians are likely soon to amalgamate. The former has a membership which exceeds 182,000. The average stipend of the 600 ministers exceeds \$1,200. The Church supports eight Foreign Missions in Jamaica, Trinidad, Old Calabar, Caffraria, India, China, Spain, and Japan. There are seventy-two missionaries, besides native evangelists and teachers.

In ten years the Church has raised, for benevolent and missionary purposes, nearly \$15,000,000. The average contribution of each member has increased 46½ per cent. It now averages fifteen dollars per year.

Extensive preparations are being made for the meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which is to take place next year in London. Revs. Dr. Topp, Principal Snodgrass, and others have been appointed from Canada to attend the preliminary meeting; Dr. McCosh and Dr. Schaff have also been appointed by the churches in America for the same purpose. The Council will seek to help all weak and struggling Churches, to promote freedom of Church action, together and disseminate information concerning the Church at large, to commend the Presbyterian system as combining simplicity, efficiency, and adaptation to all times and conditions, and will entertain all subjects that are directly concerned with the work of evangelization.

#### LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The 81st Anniversary meeting was held in Exeter Hall on the 13th of May, from which we gather the following statistics.—

“The total number of missionaries in the service of the Society at the present time is 156, and there are 38 missionary students. The total income of the Society for the year was £103,553 14s. 8d. (\$517,768), and the

total expenditure £101,071 11s. 3d. (\$505,358)."

This Society recently dedicated the South Memorial Church of Madagascar. It is erected near a precipice where, twenty-five years ago, eighteen native Christians were burned, or in other ways put to death. According to the latest statistics of this Mission, it has now in Madagascar 31 English missionaries, 50 native pastors, 3,170 native teachers, 67,000 Church members, and 280,000 native adherents. It has also 864 stations and 576 schools. The Jesuits, also, have missionaries in Madagascar. The latter now claim seventy-four places of worship and forty-four priests.

#### CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

All lovers of evangelical doctrines regret the ritualism and other forms of error which unhappily prevail in the bosom of "the Church of England," but all must rejoice in the success of the Church Missionary Society, respecting the Anniversary meeting of which a contemporary says, "Amongst all the speeches of special interest delivered in the course of the May Meetings, none was more striking, better adapted to the times, or more enthusiastically received, than that delivered by the Bishop of Durham at the Church Missionary meeting. The thoroughly evangelical tone of his address; its warnings against all, even the least, concession to the ritualistic doctrines and spirit, now unhappily so prev-

alent; and the earnestness with which Dr. Baring insisted on the importance of missionaries, and all ministers of the Gospel, preaching the Gospel and the Gospel only, entitle his remarks to the most careful and serious consideration." The expenditure of the Society, though great, was more than met by the income. Grants have been made to Sierra Leone, the Niger territory. At Lagos (Yoruba), twenty-five years ago, its river was periodically worshipped with human sacrifices; and now from many lips comes the sound of Christian praise, which formerly offered homage to devils. Abeokuta is now permanently opened to the work of the Society. In Ceylon, the staff of missionaries had been weakened, but 112 adults had been baptized. In China, great good had been done among the two millions of inhabitants of Foochow. In Japan, there are four Missions and six missionaries. A reinforcement of three missionaries had been sent to North-West America, two of whom are labouring in the valley of the Saskatchewan. During the year the missions had increased to 157, the European missionaries had increased to 211, the native 20, and country-born to 154, total 365; besides various other agencies. The total number of communicants is 24,497.

Our limited space compels us to withhold notices, which we had prepared, respecting the Diocesan Synods of Canada.

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## BOOK NOTICE.

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*Queen Mary*; a Drama. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Canadian copyright edition. Toronto: James Campbell & Son; S. Rose, 1875. 12mo., pp. 201, price \$1.

This book has been awaited with

eagerness by the admirers of Tennyson. While an acknowledged master of the lyric muse, it remained to be seen if he were equally master in the tragic vein. His short swallow-flights of song are indeed exquisite, but many questioned whether he had

strength of wing for sustained flight in the keen and difficult air of historic drama. The poem gives us another illustration of the versatility of the author's talents. We doubt, however, if it will be as popular as most of his earlier works. It has not, of course, the lyric sweetness, like a rich strain of music, of *Maud*; nor the tender pathos and philosophic introspection of *In Memoriam*; nor the idyllic grace of the legends of King Arthur's court; but it is, nevertheless, a noble poem, of a graver and severer type than any of these.

It is in one sense to its disadvantage that it provokes comparison with the grand historic plays of the greatest dramatist of any age or tongue. But the fact is greatly to its advantage, that few poems could bear the comparison so well. We miss, it is true, those marvellously concentrated expressions, that flash like diamonds in settings of gold and become the proverbs of all time. Nor do we find those abyssmal revelations of the human heart, and intense outbursts of human passion which we meet in Shakespeare's page. But we do find that the poet invests the historic characters of three hundred years ago with living interest. He gives a vivid picture of that dim old past. He evokes our sympathy on behalf of the mournful, melancholy majesty of the hapless Queen, whose brow is cinctured for all time with the ensanguined name of "bloody Mary." The false, cold-hearted Philip, the wily foreign ambassadors, the supple papal legate, the bluff and sturdy English knights, the persecuting bishops and their martyr-victims live again, and re-enact for us the stirring drama of the time when the Papacy and Protestantism were brought into such sharp antagonism in England as they never were before or since.

A brief outline of the poem and a few citations will better develop its character than any words of mere description.

The first Act depicts the condition

of England at the accession of Mary. The Romish priests were exulting at the restoration of Popery. The Protestant bishops were flying from the threatened storm of persecution. Cranmer speaks:

Our Bishops from their sees  
Are fled, they say, or flying. I shall be left  
alone.  
No! Hooper, Ridley, Latimer will not fly.  
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,  
The downfall of so many simple souls,  
I dare not leave my post. Let me die the death.  
I thank my God it is too late to fly.

The populace are exceedingly opposed to the projected Spanish marriage for which the Queen passionately prays:

Holy Virgin,  
Plead with thy blessed Son: grant me my  
prayer:  
Give me my Philip; and we two will lead  
The living waters of the Faith again  
Back thro' their widow'd channel here, and  
watch  
The parch'd banks rolling incense, as of old,  
To heaven, and kindled with the palms of  
Christ!

The second Act exhibits the popular insurrection against Queen Mary under Sir Thomas Wyatt. This is an episode which rather destroys the unity of the play, but historic accuracy demands its presentation. The appeal of the honest knight to the gallant men of Kent is in a vein of stirring patriotism. The Queen throws herself upon the loyalty of London, her Tudor courage kindling with the peril, and awakes a hearty response from the city. The rebellion is quenched in blood. "The tigress had unsheathed her nails at last." Elizabeth is thrown into the Tower, and the ill-omened Spanish marriage is consummated. The account of the death of the lovely Lady Jane Grey is exceedingly pathetic.\*

\* It had previously been reported to the Queen that the Lady Jane Grey had refused to bow to the "broaden god" of the Romish mass because "the baker made him." "Monstrous," exclaims the Queen, "blasphemous. She ought to burn. Her head shall fall."



Seventeen — and knew eight languages — in music

Peerless — her needle perfect, and her learning  
Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest  
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy  
Mismatch'd with her for policy! I have heard  
She would not take a last farewell of him,  
She fear'd it might unman him for his end;  
She could not be unman'd — no, nor out-  
woman'd —

Seventeen — a rose of grace!

She wrung her hands  
And trusted God would save her thro' the  
blood  
Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAFFORD.

Pray you go on.

BAOENHALL.

Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei —  
But all in English, mark you; rose again,  
And when the headsmen pray'd to be forgiven  
Said, "You will give me my true crown at last,  
But do it quickly;" then all wept but she,  
Who chang'd not colour, when she saw the  
block,

But ask'd him, childlike: "Will you take it off  
Before I lay me down?" "No, Madam," he said,  
Gasping; and when her innocent eyes were  
bound,

She, with her poor blind hands feeling — "where  
is it?"

Where is it?" — you must fancy that which  
follow'd,

If you have heart to do it?  
The "Thou shalt do no murder," which God's  
hand

Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out  
pale —

She could not make it white — and over that,  
Traced in the blackest text of hell — "Thou  
shalt!"

And sign'd it — Mary!

The character of Pole, the papal  
legate, a thorough churchman yet  
inclined to toleration, and rebuking  
the persecuting policy of the brutal  
Bonner, is well and clearly limned.  
He blasphemously attributes to the  
blood-stained Queen the salutation  
of the angel to the Blessed Virgin:

"Ave Maria, gratia plena, benedicta tu in  
mulieribus  
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui."

The marriage, upon which Mary  
had so passionately set her heart  
proves a joyless, loveless one. Philip  
is cold and faithless, and, as the un-  
happy Queen learns, actually hates  
her and finds her "resteringly fond"  
and irksome.

There comes, indeed, a gleam of  
joy in the anticipated birth of an  
heir to the vast domains of united  
Spain and England. In a burst of  
exultation she exclaims:

Oh, Philip, husband! now thy love to mine  
Will cling more close, and those bleak manners  
thaw,  
That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my  
love.

The second Prince of Peace —  
The great unborn Defender of the Faith,  
Who will avenge me of my enemies —  
He comes, and my star rises.

The stormy Wyatts and Northumberland's,  
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,  
And all her fiercest partisans — are pale  
Before my star!

The light of this new learning wanes and dies,  
The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade  
Into the deathless hell which is their doom  
Before my star!

His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind  
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down!  
His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,  
Like universal air and sunshine! Open,  
Ye everlasting gates! The King is here! —  
My star, my son!

Yet even this hope fades out of  
her firmament, and Philip can no  
longer be detained in England.

MARY.

Go! must you go, indeed — again — so soon?  
Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,  
That might live always in the sun's warm heart,  
Stays longer here in our poor north than you —  
Knows where he nested — ever comes again.

PHILIP.

And, Madam, so shall I.

MARY.

O, will you? will you?  
I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

PHILIP.

Ay, ay; but many voices call me hence.

MARY.

Voices — I hear unhappy rumours — nay,  
I say not, I believe. What voices call you  
Dearer than mine, that should be dearest to you?  
Alas, my Lord! What voices and how many?

PHILIP.

The voices of Castile and Aragon,  
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan —  
The voices of Franche-Comite and the Nether-  
lands,  
The voices of Peru and Mexico,  
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,  
And all the fair spice islands of the East.

MARY (*admiringly*).

You are the mightiest monarch upon earth,  
I but a little Queen; and so, indeed,  
Need you the more.

They hate me also for my love to you,  
My Philip; and these judgments on the land —  
Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague —

PHILIP.

The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake  
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.  
Burn more!

MARY.

I will, I will; and you will stay.  
What, not one day?

PHILIP.

You beat upon the rock.  
MARY.  
And I am broken there.

PHILIP.

Is this a place  
To wall in, Madam? what! a public hall.  
Go in, I pray you.

MARY.

Do not seem so changed.  
Say go; but only say it lovingly. . . .

PHILIP.

By St. James I do protest,  
Upon the faith and honour of a Spaniard,  
I am vastly grieved to leave your Majesty.  
Simon, is supper ready?

The argument in council on the  
extirpation of heresy is well con-  
ceived and reflects the very spirit of  
the times. Says Bishop Gardiner, --

There must be heat enough  
To scorch and wither heresy to the root,  
For what saith Christ? "Compel them to come  
in"  
And what saith St. Paul? "I would they were  
cut off  
That trouble you."

MARY.

If we could burn out heresy, my Lord,  
We reck not tho' we lost this crown of England—  
Ay! tho' it were ten Englands.

PAGER.

I am but of the laity, my Lord Bishop,  
And may not read your Bible, yet I found  
One day a wholesome scripture, "Little chil-  
dren,  
Love one another."

GARDINER.

Did you find a scripture,  
"I come not to bring peace but a sword?"

BONNER.

I am on fire until I see them flame.

GARDINER.

Ay, the psalm-singing weavers, cobblers, scum.

The fourth Act rises in heroic dig-  
nity and interest. It is occupied  
chiefly with the martyrdom of Cran-  
mer. To the nobles who come to  
intercede for his pardon, Mary ex-  
claims:

All your voices  
Are waves on flint. The heretic must burn.

THIRLBY.

O Madam, if you knew him  
As I do, ever gentle and so gracious,  
With all his learning—

MARY,

Yet a heretic still.  
His learning makes his burning the more just.

THIRLBY.

To do him any wrong was to beget  
A kindness from him, for his heart was rich,  
Of such fine mould that if you sowed therein  
The seed of Hate, it blossomed Charity.

MARY.

Enough, my Lords,  
It is God's will, the Holy-Father's will,  
And Philip's will and mine, that he should  
burn.

He is pronounced anathema.

HOWARD.

Farewell, Madam,

God grant you ampler mercy at your call  
Than you have shown to Cranmer.

Meanwhile Cranmer in his cell  
resists the arguments, the threats,  
the cajoleries of the emissaries of  
Rome; bitterly repents his swerving  
from the true faith; and thus com-  
munes with himself:

O higher, holier, earlier, purer Church,  
I have found thee and not leave thee any more.  
It is but a communion, not a mass,—  
No sacrifice, but a life-giving feast  
A holy supper not a sacrifice.  
No man can make his baker. (Writes.  
So, so; this I say—thus will I pray.

The brutal Bonner comes in and  
upbraids the meek and dove-like old  
man, and on his departure Cranmer  
makes the pungent remark,

This hard, coarse man of old hath crouched to  
me  
Till I myself was half ashamed of him.

Addressing his own "thin-skinned  
hand and jutting veins" with which  
he had signed his fatal recantation,  
he says, while shrinking as if he  
already felt the flames,

You shall burn too,  
Burn first when I am burnt.  
Fire—inch by inch to die in agony! Hooper  
burned  
Three quarters of an hour. Will my fags ots  
Be as wet as his were? It is a day of rain  
I will not muse upon it My fancy makes  
The fire seem even crueller than it is.  
No, I do not doubt that God will give me  
strength,  
Albeit I have denied him.

He afterwards publicly recants his  
recantation, casts himself on the  
mercy of Christ alone, and renounces  
all the figments of popery.

As for the Pope, I count him Anti-christ,  
With all his devil's doctrines: and refuse,  
Reject, abhor him. I have said.

(Cries on all sides.

"Pull him down! Away with him."

The following is the description of  
his martyrdom:

Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm  
Stoers, ever looking to the happy haven  
Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death;  
And I could see that many silent hands  
Came from the crowd and met his own: and  
thus,  
When we had come where Ridley burnt with  
Latimer,

He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind  
Is all made up, in haste put off the rage  
They had mocked his misery with, and all in  
white,

His long white beard which he had never shaven  
Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the  
c.ain

Where with they bound him to the stake, he  
stood,

More like an ancient Father of the Church  
Than heretic of these times; and still the friars  
Lifted his head, but Cranmer only shook his head,  
Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;  
Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry:  
"Make short! make short!" and so they lit the  
wood.

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,  
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;  
And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,  
"This hath offended—this unworthy hand!"

So held it till it all was burn'd, before  
The flame had reached his body; I stood near—  
Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain:  
He never stirr'd or writhed, but like a statue,  
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,  
Gave up the ghost; and so passed martyr-like.

Joan and Tib, two country wives,  
thus moralize on the "burnin'":

"TIB—'Eh, the wind and the wet! What a  
day, what a day! Nigh upo' judgment dayy  
loike. Pwoaps Popes] be pretty things, Joan,  
b it they wunt sit in the Lord's cheer o' that  
dayy."

"JOAN—'Eh, my rheumatizy be that bad,  
how wv'r be I to win to the burnin'!"

"TIB—'I should say twur ower by now. . . .  
My owd d man wur up and awasy betoimes wi'  
drec hard eggs for a good pleace at the burnin'  
. . . . A-burnin' and a-burnin', and a-makin' o'  
volk madder and madder; but tak my word  
vor't, Joan, the burnin' o' the owld Archbishop  
[Cranmer, 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere  
lan] for ivir and ivir."

In the fifth Act the tragedy darkens towards its sombre close. Plague, famine, distress, consume the land. Calais, where for two hundred years the English leopards had ramped on the fluttering folds of the royal standard, was wrested from the grasp of Mary. Wasting disease, and hope deferred, and heart-breaking disappointment had brought her to the borders of the grave. Abandoned by the faithless Philip, who in cold-blooded speculation on her anticipated death, caused advances, with a view to marriage, to be made to her younger, fairer, and heretic sister Elizabeth; hated by her people and haunted by remorse—not that she had burned many, but that she had not burned more—the utterly desolate and forlorn condition of the un-

happy Queen cannot fail to awaken commiseration in the most stoical bosom. For a moment the undaunted Tudor spirit is aroused as she issues sudden orders for the recovery of Calais.

Send out, let England as of old  
Rise lion-like, strike hard and deep into  
The prey they are rending from her—ay, and  
rend  
The renders too. . . . Oh, would I were  
My father for an hour.

But soon she sinks into deep despondency:

I am a by-word. Heretic and rebel  
Point at me, and make merry. Philip gone!  
And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too!  
My people hate me and desire my death.  
My husband hates me and desires my death.  
I hate myself—and I desire my death.\* . . .

She repels the offer of her attendant to arrange her disheveled hair. .

No, no, what matters,  
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn,

and seizing a lute she sings a melancholy plaint:

Hapless doom of woman happy in bethrothing!  
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in  
loathing!  
Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the  
world is nothing—  
Low, lute, low!  
Love will hover round the flowers when they  
first awaken;

\* Hers seems to have been a heritage of hatred. She had previously said:

My hard father hated me;  
My brother rather hated me than loved;  
My sister cowers and hates me.

"A happy morning to your Majesty," said the foreign ambassador. "And I should some time have a happy morning," she replied. "I have had none yet."

Contrast this same poet's apostrophe to the happier occupant of the same august throne, although herself not untouched by sorrow—our own beloved and widowed Queen:

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;  
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure. . .  
May all love,  
His love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,  
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
Till God's love set thee by his side again!

Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be over-  
taken ;  
Low, my lute ! oh low, my lute ! we fade and  
are forsaken—

Low, dear lute, low !

Take it away ! not low enough for me !

ALICE.

Your Grace hath a low voice.

MARY.

How dare you say it ?

Even for that he hates me. A low voice  
Lost in a wilderness where none can hear !  
A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea !  
A low voice from the dust and from the grave  
(*Sitting on the ground*).

There, am I low enough now ?

ALICE.

Good Lord ! how grim and ghastly looks Her  
Grace,

With both her knees drawn upward to her chin.  
There was an old-world tomb beside my father's,  
And this was opened, and the dead were found  
Sitting, and in this fashion ; she looks a corpse.

When a messenger from Philip is  
announced, she instantly starts up  
from her reverie, exclaiming :

Philip ! quick ! loop up my hair !  
Throw cushions on that seat and make it  
throne-like,  
Arrange my dress—the gorgeous Indian shawl  
That Philip brought me in our happy days !—  
That covers all. So—am I somewhat queen-  
like,

Bride of the mightiest sovereign upon earth ?

LADY CLARENCE.

Ay, so your Grace would bide a moment yet.

MARY.

No, no, he brings a letter. I may die  
Before I read it. Let me see him at once.

*Enter COUNT DE FERIA (kneels).*

FERIA.

I trust your Grace is well. (*Aside*) How her  
hand burns.

MARY.

I am not well, but it will better me,  
Sir Count, to read the letter which you bring.

FERIA.

Madam, I bring no letter.

MARY.

How ! no letter ?

FERIA.

His Highness is so vexed with strange affairs—

MARY.

That his own wife is no affair of his.

FERIA.

Nay, Madam, nay ! he sends his veriest love,  
And says he will come quickly.

MARY.

Doth he, indeed ?

You, sir, do you remember what you said  
When last you came to England ?  
You said he would come quickly. I had horses  
On all the road from Dover, day and night ;  
On all the road from Harwich, night and day :  
But the child came not, and the husband came  
not.

And yet he will come quickly. . . . Return,  
And tell him that I know he comes no more,  
Tell him at last I know his love is dead.  
Thou art commissioned to Elizabeth,  
Tell her to come and close my dying eyes,  
And wear my crown, and dance upon my grave.

In the last scene the Queen is

restlessly pacing up and down a  
gallery, occasionally writing at a  
table.

LADY CLARENCE.

Mine eyes are dim ; what has she written ? read.

ALICE.

"I am dying ; Philip, come to me."

LADY MAGDALEN.

There—up and down, poor lady, up and down.  
(*Queen writes again.*)

LADY CLARENCE.

What hath she written now ?

ALICE.

Nothing but "come, come, come," and all  
abwry

And blotted by her tears. This cannot last.

MARY.

I whistle to the bird has broken cage.  
And all in vain. (*Sitting down.*)

Calais gone—Guisnes gone too—and Philip  
gone !

He never loved me—nay, he could not love me.  
(*Weeps.*)

LADY CLARENCE.

Nay, dearest Lady, see your good physician.

MARY.

Drugs—but he knows they cannot help me—  
says

That rest is all—tells me I must not think—  
That I must rest—I shall rest by-and-by.

Catch the wild-cat, cage him, and when he  
springs

And maims himself against the bars, say  
"rest ;"

Why, you must kill him if you would have him  
rest—

Dead or alive you cannot make him happy. . . .  
"O God ! I have been too slack, too slack ;

There are Hot Gospellers even among our  
guards—

Nobles we dared not touch. We have but burnt  
The heretic priest, workmen, and women and  
children.

Wet, famine, ague, fever, storm, wreck, wrath,—  
We have so played the coward ; but by God's

grace,

We'll follow Philip's leading, and set up  
The Holy Office here—gather the wheat,  
And burn the tares with unquenchable fire !

Burn !—

Fie, what a savour ! tell the cooks to close  
The doors of all the offices below,

Latimer !

(*Sees visions of Latimer and Cranmer.*)

Sir, we are private with our women here—  
Ever a rough, blunt, and uncouth fellow—

Thou light a torch that never will go out !  
'Tis out mine flames. . . . .

Ah, weak and meek old man,  
Sevenfold dishonour'd even in the sight

Of thine own sectaries—No, no. No pardon !—  
Why that was false ; there is the right haud still

Beekons me hence.

Sir, you were burned for heresy, not for treason,  
Remember that ! 'twas I and Bonner did it,

And Pole ; we are three to one—Have you found  
mercy there ?

Grant it me here : and see he smiles and goes,  
Gentle as in life.

ALICE.

Madam, who goes ? King Philip ?

MARY.

No, Philip comes and goes, but never goes.  
Women, when I am dead,  
Open my heart, and there you will find written

wo names, Philip and Calais ; open his,—  
So that he have one,—  
You will find Philip only, polley, polley,—  
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me !  
Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice !  
Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.  
Hast thou a knife ?

ALICE.

Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—

MARY.

Fool, think'st thou I would perill my own soul  
By slaughter of the body ? I could not, girl,  
Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,  
Unwoundable. Thy knife !

This Philip shall not

Stare in upon me in my haggardness ;  
Old, miserable, diseased,  
Incapable of children. Come thou down.  
[Cuts out the portrait of Philip from the  
wall and throws it down.]  
Lie there. (Wails.) O God, I have killed my  
Philip.

ALICE.

No,

Madam, you have but cut the canvas out ;  
We can replace it.

MARY.

All is well then ; rest—  
I will to rest ; he said, I must have rest.

[Cries of "ELIZABETH" in the street.]

A cry ! What's that ? Elizabeth ? revolt ?  
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt ?  
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave,

LADY CLARENCE.

Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

MARY.

I will not see her.  
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister ?  
I will see none except the priest. Your arm.

[To LADY CLARENCE.

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile,  
Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me hence.

[Exeunt.

[The Priest passes.

Enter ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH.

The Queen is dead.

CECIL.

Then here she stands ! my homage.

ELIZABETH.

Peace is with the dead.  
Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt ;  
And she loved much : pray God she be forgiven.

LORDS.

God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England !

BAGENHALL.

God save the Crown ; the Papacy is no more.

ACCLAMATION.

God save the Queen. [Curtain falls.

We have said that there are comparatively few lines that fix themselves in the memory like the barbed phrases of Shakespeare. But there are some such : as where the Lady Magdalen Dacres says of the coarse and profligate Philip :

"It is the low man thinks the woman low ;"

and where the princess Elizabeth replies to young Courtenay,

"My Lord, the hatred of another to us  
Is no true bond of friendship."

Apologizing to her jailor for her complaints of the closeness of her prison she exclaims :

"It is the heat and narrowness of the cage  
That makes the captive testy ; with free wing  
The world were all one Araby."

See also Thirlby's characterization of Cranmer, and Cranmer's of Bonner, previously quoted. Howard's account of the prison sufferings of the martyrs is too horrible to quote in full :

"Fed with rank bread that crawled upon the  
tongue,  
And putrid water, every drop a worm—  
Until they died of rotted limbs, and then  
Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit  
With hate and horror."

The supple sycophancy of the Spanish ambassador is photographed in the single line of his reply to Philip's brutal comment on the waning beauty and "doubly aged" appearance of his Queen :

"Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I."

Philip tersely indicates Elizabeth's fondness of flattery in the line,

"She is none of those that loathe the honeycomb."

To a waiting woman who said, "It was never merry world in England since the Bible came among us," Ceci with the wise prescience of a Protestant statesman, replies :

"It never *will* be merry world, in England,  
Till all men have their Bibles, rich and poor."

The metonymy and metaphor in the following despairing utterance of the unhappy Mary are worthy of Shakespeare's self.—

"Clarence, they hate me ; even while I speak  
There lurks a silent dagger, listening  
In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,  
And panting for my blood as I go by."

Some of the similes are admirable : as the following of the Church and its shadow, which is almost an allegory in brief. Pole is pleading for toleration :

"To persecute  
Makes a faith hated, and is furthermore  
No perfect witness of a perfect faith  
In him who persecutes . . . Who lights the  
faggot?  
Not the full faith, no, but the lurking doubt.  
Old Rome, that first made martyrs in the Church,  
Trembled for her own gods, for these were  
trembling—

But when did our Rome tremble?

PAGEZ.

Did she not  
In Henry's time and Edward's?

POLE.

What, my Lord!  
The Church on Peter's rock? Never! I have  
seen

A pine in Italy that cast its shadow  
Athwart a cataract; firm stood the pine—  
The cataract shook the shadow. To my mind,  
The cataract typed the hadlong plunge and fall  
Of heresy to the pit; the pine was Rome.  
You see, my Lords,  
It was the shadow of the Church that trembled;  
Your Church was but the shadow of a Church,  
Wanting the triple mitre."

We have, in the following song,  
one of those gushes of lyric melody  
so common in Shakespeare and the  
Elizabethan dramatists, which pal-  
pitate with music to their core like  
the song of the heaven-soaring lark  
that cannot help but sing for the  
rapture throbbing at its heart. Queen  
Elizabeth, in her prison, hears a  
milkmaid singing without:

"Shame upon you, Robin,  
Shame upon you now!  
Kiss me would you! with my hands  
Milking the cow?"

Daisies grow again,  
Kingscups blow again,  
And you come and kiss me milking the cow.

Come Robin, Robin,  
Come and kiss me now;  
Help it can I? with my hands  
Milking the cow?  
Ringdoves coo again,  
All things woo again,  
Come behind and kiss me milking the cow.

ELIZABETH.

I would I were a milkmaid,  
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake and dye.  
I never lay my head upon the pillow  
But that I think 'Wilt thou be there to-  
morrow?'

How oft the falling axe, that never fell,  
Hath shocked me back into the daylight truth  
That it may fall to-day!"

The foil offered by the sad, imprison-  
ed princess to the free and happy  
milkmaid is the very perfection of  
poetic art. But we must forbear  
quotation. Our limits of space are  
exhausted. To enjoy the poem  
properly, our readers must study it  
carefully for themselves; and it is  
one of the few poems of recent times  
that will stand the test of careful  
study—another proof of its intrinsic  
excellence and an augury of its per-  
manent place in our literature. The  
Canadian copyright edition is well  
printed on toned paper and hand-  
somerly bound in cloth, with beveled  
boards, and is sold much below the  
English edition.

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## MINISTERIAL OBITUARY.

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### THE REV. DANIEL McMULLEN.

THE subject of this sketch was  
born at Digby, Nova Scotia, April  
14th, 1799. He was one of the  
younger members of a large family,  
most of whom lived to mature years.  
His father and mother had left the  
United States at the close of the  
Revolutionary war, and, with other  
loyalists, settled in Nova Scotia,  
where nearly all their children were  
born. In 1811 his mother and the  
greater part of the family, some of  
whom were already married, came to  
Canada, the others expecting to follow

the next year. The breaking out of  
the war of 1812 delayed the emigra-  
tion of the rest of the family, and  
those of them who eventually came  
did not reach Canada until 1815.  
Two of the sons remained in Nova  
Scotia, one of whom, James McMul-  
len, Esq., of Yarmouth, is still living  
at the advanced age of eighty-two  
years. Daniel was twelve years of  
age when the family reached York,  
now Toronto, which was then a  
small village. The trip from Nova  
Scotia was through New York, up the

Hudson to Albany, and then across to Lake Ontario or Niagara River. He used often to relate incidents of the trip, which was in a small schooner and then in *bateaux*. After reaching Canada he lived for brief periods at Yonge Street, Queenston Heights, Ancaster, and Mount Pleasant, near Brantford where others of the family settled, and where his only surviving sister, Mrs. Perrin, still resides.

He was converted about the year 1820, while working at his trade of carpenter. He had been a strong opponent of the Methodists, and severely censured a sister who had joined them. The very severity of his reproof induced him to look more closely into the matter, and as he was immoveably conscientious, joined them at once on being convinced of his error. No sooner had he united with them in Church fellowship than he desired to do something for others. At once the thought of becoming a preacher assumed prominence in his mind. But the Methodist ministry was at that time a particularly uninviting field, in a material point of view, and in order to provide for his aged parents, he was obliged to postpone, for a year or two, his ultimate intention, and endeavour to earn some money by his trade. In 1824 he felt free to undertake what he proposed should be the real work of his life. He preached a portion of that year, and was admitted on probation at the Saltfleet Conference, September 14th, 1825. Only one or two of those who started so early survive him. The names of those admitted on probation that year are as follows:—James Richardson, Timothy Martin, Egerton Ryerson, Daniel McMullen, John Black and Anson Green. During his itinerancy, which continued until 1836, he suffered severely in his health, and was finally obliged to withdraw from the active work altogether. Some time ago he gave an account of the physical trials he

endured in the heavy work assigned him. Fortunately this is in existence, and the following extracts will give an insight into his life from 1825 to 1836:—"At the close of my first year of probation on the Thames Circuit, I suffered severely from Western fever and relapse that followed. Not being able to supply the circuit to which I was appointed, I was left at home on Long Point to supply the place of Edward Heyland, lately deceased. So soon as I was able to resume my work, on the opening of spring, I was attacked by ague and fever, of a severe kind, and this, in summer, was followed by a severe turn of inflammation, brought on by a long ride in hot weather, to overtake my appointments. The effects of this compelled me to desist from labour. At the Hamilton Conference of 1827, which soon followed, I was received into full connection, ordained a deacon, and advised by the Conference to locate until my health was sufficiently restored to resume my labours, which I then determined not to do until I had spent a year or two at some literary institution to improve my slender education. Rest from itinerant work and light labour with my hands soon began to recruit my health and strength, enabling me to take some share of local work. At the end of some three months the presiding elder, John Ryerson, called on me, and thinking my health sufficiently restored to warrant it, pressed me to go to the Westminister Circuit, then destitute of one preacher, and suffering for want of help. I told him my intention of going to school a while, somewhere, and as I had been diverted from that purpose in going to the Toronto Circuit, and had spent my money to buy an-outfit for travelling, I thought I ought not to be again diverted from an object so important and necessary to me.

"He urged that in being associated with advanced students, and some of them irreligious, I would find my

condition often humiliating and very unpleasant sometimes, perhaps looked down upon, and perhaps, taunted with deficiencies; and besides, while I was improving my education souls might perish. This latter was an appeal that was hard for me to resist. After thinking and praying over the matter I reluctantly came to the conclusion to comply, a decision I have always since regretted. I concluded to do the best I could to recruit my health until the Conference of 1828, and then re-enter the Conference and do the best I could for the remainder of life, abandoning my hope for an improved education at that time.

"In 1828 I was sent to Yonge Street; in 1829 to Cavan and Rice Lake Mission; in 1830 to Cobourg; in 1831 to Halliwell; in 1832 I went again to Rice and Mud Lake Missions and Cavan, where I was two years; in 1834 I was sent to Murray, where in the labours of a heavy circuit, a very successful protracted meeting, and the lingering sickness of a dying wife, I had a severe year of it. When the Chairman at the next Conference privately announced to me that the old Bay Circuit was to be my next appointment, I told him plainly that though I would go if appointed there, yet I was persuaded that the appointment would end my labours in the active work; and so it turned out. Before the year was ended an acute inflammation of the chest, which was only checked by a severe and long-continued process of counter-irritation, compelled a total cessation from all ministerial labour."

On several of these circuits Mr. McMullen's labours were attended with most abundant fruits. This was especially so at Picton (then Halliwell) in the great revival of 1832. The prevailing influence of Methodism in Prince Edward County may be really dated from that time. Over one hundred were converted, and during his subsequent residence of thirty-eight years in the County he attended the last rites of many

who happily passed to eternal life, dating all their joy from the meeting referred to. He followed the lives of many of them with special interest, and used often to remark that he hardly knew a backslider in all the list. Among the Indians at Rice Lake, and on the Murray and other circuits, similar success attended his efforts, but he had not the happiness, as at Picton, of following with personal observation the lives of those who ascribed their conversion to his ministry, and knowing that the consolations of religion supported them in the dread hour when all things earthly fade from view.

Mr. McMullen was twice married—first in 1831, to Miss Rebecca Ballard, who died at the Carrying Place in 1835, leaving one child, now Mrs. R. W. Patterson, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; secondly, in 1836, to Miss Eliza B. Conger, who survives him, and by whom he left eleven children. After the failure of his health in 1836, he settled in the Township of Hillier, Prince Edward County, on a new farm. No doubt the active life of labour he then undertook saved him from a premature grave. He cleared up a greater part of this large farm, and, for eleven years, toiled as only those who endeavour to gain a livelihood in a new clearing are obliged to. In 1847 he removed to Picton and opened a Ladies' Academy, and for a part of the time a school for boys. Both were too far in advance of the times to be remunerative, and while they afforded the basis of an excellent training to many who frequently express their gratitude therefor, they were a serious financial loss to him, and in 1851 he rented the buildings to others and removed to a farm near Picton, where he resided for five years. In 1856 he returned to Picton, which town continued to be his residence until his death. He always preached, and for many years, when during the week, wearied with physical efforts, he would nevertheless devote



his Sabbaths to the spiritual welfare of those around him. His life was one of constant toil and self-sacrifice. He never seemed to expect ease or rest. He had a large family, most or all of whom were too young to aid him, and his struggles to provide for their necessary wants as well as give the advantages of better education than he himself possessed, afford an unwritten tale that only those who witnessed it can appreciate. During his whole life the cause of temperance and that of popular education were very near his heart, and every possible occasion was improved in their behalf, and whatever seemed calculated to advance or elevate the mental or material interests of humanity found in him an ardent sympathy. His attachment to Methodism was an absorbing topic in all his career, and no matter how weighed down by the cares of every day life, and he had more than usually fall to the lot of man, he was ever in active sympathy with what he believed for the best interest of the Church. In his later life he diverged in opinion from his old associates of the Wesleyan body on the question of Church government. He had been received and ordained while the connection of the Methodists in Canada and the United States still existed, and he had an old fondness for the order of Bishops. Several visits to the United States, and intercourse with prominent ministers there, added weight to his convictions, and his desire to see Methodism in Canada return to the Episcopal form of government became very strong. Seeing that his opinions were not shared by the Wesleyans to such an extent as to make the change probable, he severed his connection with the body of which he had so long been a member, and joined the Conference and communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada, in May, 1874, a few months before his death.

Mr. McMullen, after his recovery

from his sickness in 1836, enjoyed very good health, and with the exception of several physical injuries, was at the age of seventy, a hale, hearty man. His old throat weakness, however, exhibited itself whenever he preached too frequently. In 1871 he made a journey to Nova Scotia to see his brother living at Yarmouth. He had never revisited his native land since his departure, sixty years before, and the occasion was one of great gratification to him. Few landmarks and fewer acquaintances had survived the intervening sixty years, but the old scenes, revisited under the most pleasant auspices, afforded him a sight he had often longed for. Two years before (in 1869) he and Mrs. McMullen paid a visit to their sons in Chicago, and he made a subsequent visit to Chicago in the fall of 1872.

On the return trip from Nova Scotia he suffered an unfortunate accident. He fell down a stairway on the steamer at Portland and fractured his shoulder blade. This mishap and one which he subsequently suffered by a fall from some scaffolding seemed to weaken him and impair seriously his general health. During the year 1874 it became evident to those watching him narrowly, that seventy-five years of almost ceaseless activity were wearing out the once vigorous body, and he had several slight attacks of what appeared to be paralysis. Still he was almost as active as usual. He attended the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in May, and was received into formal membership with that body. He preached frequently, and in every way showed more activity than is usual with men at his advanced age. His last absence from home was to attend the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held at Nanpaw, during August, 1874. He greatly enjoyed the services, and many old acquaintances who heard him speak at the Lovefeast on the Sabbath, said that his testimony was

more forcible and heart-touching than they had ever heard before. On his return home he seemed in unusual peace of mind, and apparently in better health than at some times preceding. He spoke of his trip as one of great pleasure, and kept his family until midnight telling what had transpired. These were his last coherent words. He died as he had often wished—in the midst of activity. He frequently expressed his fear of long sickness, and hoped with the poet:—

"My body with my charge lay down,  
And cease at once to work and live."

He awoke the next morning and got up. Mrs. McMullen noticed something unusual in his manner, and soon discovered that while able

to walk about he was almost speechless, and evidently much confused mentally. He sat down and soon went to the bed from which he never arose. He became utterly speechless at once and his consciousness appeared to gradually fade. He lingered from Tuesday morning until Friday, September 4th, 1874, at midnight, when he breathed his last, and a smile of rest and peace came over the features of one who, from a life of toil and tribulation, was transplanted to a world where sorrow and sighing never come.

Funeral services were held in the Methodist Church, Picton, on the 8th of Sept., the Rev. E. Clement preaching, and the Rev. Mr. Stratton, M. E. minister, reading a brief obituary.

## Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Edward Taber.....	Farmersville..	Farmersville, O.	33	Feb. 6, 1875
Benjamin Everiss....	Leslieville....	Leslieville, O...	70	May 5, "
Sarah McLeod Pace..	Bruce.....	Tiverton, O.....	71	April 28, "
E. H. Hurlburt Stafford	Montreal.....	Montreal 4th Q.	..	June 19, "
E. Hadwin Edwards..	Belmont.....	Belmont, O.....	..	" 20, "
Fanny Stotesbury ...	Uxbridge.....	Prince Albert, O.	30	May 27, "
Rev. Joel Briggs.....	Toronto.....	Toronto 1st....	47	" 17, "
Charlotte McDougall } Trenaman..... }	Three Rivers..	Three Rivers, Q.	30	June 8, "
William Willmott ...	Toronto.....	Toronto 1st....	69	
Mrs. N. Mosher.....	Avondale.....	Avondale, N.S..	84	May 27, "
Mrs. Outerbridge....	St. George....	Bermuda.....	42	" 10, "
William Wright.....	Piywash.....	Piywash, P.E.I.	82	" 23, "
John H. Peers.....	Wallace Bay..	.....	68	" 22, "
Lucretia Hefferman..	Guysborough..	Guysborough ..	60	June 9, "
Henry Gaetz.....	Musquodoboit..	Musquodoboit..	52	May 20, "
James Halliday.....	Berwick.....	Berwick, N.S....	71	April 25, "
Samuel Avery, Esq....	Lower Horton..	Horton, N.S....	87	May 31, "
Rev. C. DeWolfe, D.D.	.....	Halifax, N.S. .	..	June 2, "
J. Roger Smith.....	Halifax.....	Halifax, N.S. .	30	" 12, "
Emma Frances Ingram	Moose Brook..	.....	..	" 18, "
Elizabeth Amriss....	Zion.....	Darlington, O..	66	" 12, "
Sarah Augusta Bradley	Ottawa.....	Ottawa Centre..	16	" 30, "