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REV. HENRY POPE, JUN.,
*Ex-President of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island
Conference.*

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1875.

THE REV. HENRY POPE, JUNIOR.

BY D. D. CURRIE.

IN the year 1816 the British Methodist Conference published its first Missionary Report. By that Report it appears that Rev. Henry Pope, the father of the subject of this sketch, was stationed at Niagara, Canada. Mr. Pope, the senior, was the first missionary sent from England to that part of the British Provinces now known as the Province of Ontario. He was born in Plymouth, Devonshire; was received into the ministry in the year 1814; and came to Canada in 1816. Early in his ministry he was transferred to Prince Edward Island, and thence to the Province of Nova Scotia, where he has spent nearly all the years of his ministerial life, and where he still lives. He has been stationed on nearly all the more important circuits known to the Methodism of Nova Scotia a generation or more ago. On those old circuits in that Province his name, in Methodist circles, is still a household word. He has been a supernumerary minister for more than twenty years. During that period he has resided in Halifax; and has held, during all that time, or the greater part of it, the office of chaplain to the Provincial Penitentiary. And, although he is eighty and six years of age, he still discharges the duties of that office, and still possesses considerable physical and mental vigour,

and is also wonderfully buoyant and cheerful in disposition. He has been eminently useful in his day; and is respected and beloved by all who know him.

The Rev. Henry Pope, junior, is the worthy son of a worthy father. He was born, we think, at Three-Rivers, a small town on the Saint Lawrence, not many miles from the City of Quebec. He is probably about fifty years of age. He was favoured with excellent educational advantages in his earlier days; and is under-graduate of King's College, in Windsor, Nova Scotia. He was early converted to God, and soon after his conversion it was obvious, to those who knew him best, that he was called of God to do the work of an evangelist. He was received by the old Nova Scotia District Meeting, during the earlier Methodistic dispensation in these Provinces, as a probationer for the ministry in the year 1844. He has now, therefore, a standing of thirty-one years in the ministry. And although he appears to be in the prime of life, and is vigorous and effective, he is, nevertheless, one of the seniors of the Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. There are but two members of that Conference whose ministerial years outnumber his.

Mr. Pope was happily favoured, as it appears to us, in not having been thrust, during the earlier years of his ministry, for any great length of time, into the town and city circuit. During more recent years, however, he has had the superintendency of several of the more important circuits in the Eastern part of the work. He has frequently been elected Chairman of his District. He was President of the old Conference of Eastern British America, in the year 1871. He was the first President of the Conference of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. He was one of the representatives to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States in the year 1872. He was a member of the first General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada. And in his endeavours to discharge the duties appertaining to the superintendency of a circuit, or the duties peculiar to the several positions to which he was elected by his brethren, he has shown great versatility of talent, and admirable fitness for the work to which he was called.

Mr. Pope is physically a fine specimen of manhood. He has

a lofty brow, an expressive eye, a fine countenance, and a pleasing address. He is of medium size; stands about five feet nine or ten inches high; walks erect; has probably a healthy digestive apparatus; appears to have considerable power of endurance; and looks as if he would follow in his honoured father's footsteps until his years shall exceed the number of three score and ten.

His social qualities are greatly admired by those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance and friendship. He knows how, in social intercourse, to blend geniality, affability, dignity and gracefulness, pleasantly together. His smile, when he meets his brethren ever and anon, is as beautiful as the sunshine, and the grasp of his hand and the words that accompany it make glad the hearts of his friends. His conversational powers are good; his fund of wit is abundant; his readiness of repartee is superior; and his ability to tell a story is not often excelled; and yet, if we are not mistaken, it is only at rare intervals that he gives free rein to his strength in either of those directions.

Mr. Pope's intellectual attainments are of a high order. He has a sound mind, whose secret chambers appear to be well stored with carefully arranged facts and truths. His mental efforts show that he has given himself to pains-taking and long-continued preparation for the evangelistic work to which he has devoted his life. His mental organization is of that peculiar structure which will not willingly let him treat a subject superficially. What his mind finds to do, in the investigation of a subject upon which he is to speak, he prefers to do thoroughly. He is powerful as an argumentative and logical speaker, while, at the same time, his complete grasp of his theme and his desire to handle it efficiently, have a tendency to lead him into a somewhat lengthy treatment of his subject, and into the construction of sentences not only elaborate, but sometimes, perhaps, somewhat involved.

His sermons are generally prepared, we presume, with heads and divisions and sub-divisions, according to the custom that prevails among many English preachers, rather than according to the custom among American divines. His discourses abound with excellent thoughts. His illustrations are apt and telling. His facts are worthy of all consideration. His periods are made up of well-chosen words, and are eloquently rounded. His literary style is

not so concise and so direct as that of some of his contemporaries, and yet it is very forceful, and effective. And although his voice is not so musical and captivating as that of some other speakers of the day, it is, nevertheless, clear and manly and ringing, and is made to do noble work in proclaiming the gospel message.

In the recent session of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, of which Mr. Pope is now the ex-president, it was apparent that several of the senior ministers, now members of other Conferences, and by whose wise counsels we have been wont to be guided, are to meet with us, in our annual associations, no more. One of the results of the division of the old Conference of the East has been, to bring some of the younger men into greater prominence, and to lead the senior ministers, because of the unusual fewness of their numbers, to recognise their responsibilities more seriously than hitherto. Mr. Pope's long acquaintance with Conference proceedings; his familiarity with the requirements of the Discipline; his skill in detecting a fallacy; his ability in perceiving and clearly pointing out nice distinctions; his facility in determining what issues a debate will reach; and his readiness in preparing important documents, must keep him, we think, for many years, should his life be spared, among the foremost men of the Connexion.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

HEAVEN.

THERE is a land immortal,
 The beautiful of lands,
 And by its ancient portal
 A sentry grimly stands;
 He only can undo it,
 And open wide the door;
 And mortals who pass through it
 Are mortal evermore.

BARRY CORNWALL.

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS; OR, GLIMPSES OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

BY THE HON. S. L. SHANNON.

FIRST PAPER.

THE traveller to the Eternal City, whose mind has been imbued with classical recollections, finds, when he reaches it, a rich treat spread before him. As day after day he pursues his rounds, visiting at one time the remains of temple, amphitheatre, or triumphal arch; at another surveying the sweeping lines of the aqueducts as they span the Campagna, or penetrating the recesses of mausoleum or bath, he feels in the language of the poet:—

“ Where'er he treads 'tis haunted, holy ground.”

The present seems almost to sink before him, and the past with its illustrious dead to come to life, until in his imagination the city upon which he gazes appears no longer the capital of the Popes, but the metropolis of the Cæsars, and the mistress of the world. And if to his recollections of history there be added a taste for art, how does he love to linger in the museums, and to gaze upon those matchless forms which the skill of Phidias or Praxiteles, or their disciples, have bequeathed to us.

But the Christian traveller, while he is far from being insensible to all this, yet feels that for him Rome has even superior attractions. He recollects that her streets were once traversed by the footsteps of the Apostle of the Gentiles, that her colossal amphitheatre witnessed the martyrdom of the early Christians, and that in every direction there are traces of that great conflict which went on for nearly three centuries between light and darkness, between Pagan superstition and Gospel purity, until in the end the Cross triumphed, and that which had been hitherto the stigmatized instrument of the malefactor's death, became the standard under which a Christian emperor led his cohorts on to victory. The museum which he most loves to frequent is that which contains the memorials of the early Christians; and though the mere artist may turn with

contempt from the rude scratches and uncouth figures which decorate their tombs, yet he will see in them a loveliness far surpassing the breathing forms of the sculptor,—a moral beauty, which appeals not to the senses, but to the heart, and tells of the triumphs of faith, of the consolations of the Gospel, and of the assured expectation of eternal bliss. His wanderings will lead him often to visit the dark caverns where they lived, and suffered, and died, and in the contemplation of these scenes he will find his own faith strengthened, and his desires increased to be a follower of them, even as they also were followers of Christ.

It is to these scenes and records of the early Church that I would call attention, in the hope that we may find it neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to peruse a page of long-past history, and to ascertain whether there may not be lessons taught thereby which may apply even to our own times.

There is a square in Rome, called the Piazza di Spagna, just beneath the Pincian Hill, and where the English travellers most do congregate. As a consequence this is the principal cab-stand of the city. From this point I intend to take you in imagination on an excursion to the church of St. Sebastian, in which is the principal entrance now public to the Catacombs of Rome—there called the cemetery of San Calisto. It is, at the distance of some few miles from our starting point, and we therefore take a vehicle and drive to it. On our way we pass down into the principal street,—the Corso,—turning at right angles we drive straight along the Corso, past its lines of palaces and the Antonine column until we approach the Capitol. Here we wheel to the left, and threading our way through streets both dirty and crooked, we come out upon the Forum near the Mamertine prison, where tradition says that St. Paul was incarcerated. Here is the sacred spot for the classical tourist, who surveys with delight the few remains of its ancient glories; but our driver, though a Roman, has little regard for them; to him the place is but the *Campo Vaccino*, or the cattle market, for which purpose it is still used, and he will pass on as composedly as if Cicero were a fiction, and the Republic a fable. On we journey down the Via Sacra, and

under the brink of the Palatine Hill, covered with remains of Cæsar's palace, until we pass through the arch of Titus, catching glimpses as we thread it, of the bas-reliefs which record the destruction of Jerusalem. Immediately, the Coliseum is visible, but we pause not to examine it; and driving at once to the city walls, we go out at the gate of St. Sebastian, and find ourselves on the Appian Way.

Here a beautiful landscape meets the eye of the spectator. Before him is the wide Campagna, attractive in its very desolation, and rendered more picturesque by the broken arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, as they sweep over it. His eye traces the line of the Appian Way—the old street of the tombs—with its crumbling remains of the mausolea of the great, and looks away over the plain to the Alban Hill—the cradle of Rome—fresh and green as in the days of the early kings, and beyond it to the glittering Appenines, whose purple flanks and snowy crests, in the winter months, form a perfect back-ground to the picture. Above him are the bright sun and blue sky of Italy, and the whole forms a combination of attractions such as few spots on earth possess. And not the least of these to the Christian tourist is the recollection that the same landscape, as regards the work of God, but more perfect as regards the work of man, must have burst upon the Apostle Paul, though seen from the opposite point of view, when in company with his friends and the attendant centurion and those believers who went out to meet him; he journeyed on to the city from Apii Forum and the Three Taverns. But we hasten on our way, and at about two miles from the gate we reach the old church of St. Sebastian, standing alone upon the Campagna, and seldom visited except by those who are desirous of entering the Catacombs. Indeed, the spot is so exposed to the deadly malaria that it is unsafe to visit it after the heats of summer commence. We enter the sexton gets ready the lights for each visitor to carry, and we prepare to descend into the tombs below. But before we do so, it will be as well to pause and give a slight sketch of their history.

It has been established by recent investigations that the Catacombs are not of pagan origin, as was formerly supposed, but that

they were excavated by the Christians for the purpose of burial, on account of their rejection of the Roman mode of burning the dead. In process of time these subterranean recesses became very extensive, winding in a net-work or series of labyrinths around nearly the whole city, and having openings in different directions. From the nature of the excavations the secret clue to their windings was known to the Christians alone. And there was thus prepared by the providence of God an asylum for the Church in the days of her persecution, with which the persecutor was to a great extent unacquainted. The Christians took care to extend these subterranean hiding-places, and to make them more intricate by lateral branches, by blocking up some of the passages, and by excavating further lines of galleries both above and beneath them, so as, if possible, to baffle the pursuit of their enemies. Indeed the extent of these labyrinths is almost incredible: they have been traced to a distance of nearly twenty miles; and there is no doubt that to this day a great part of the ground in the vicinity of the city of Rome is completely honey-combed by these excavations. The Christians also made additions to the number of openings into them, so as to give a more ready access, and also made perforations in places not easily detected, so as to give air, and, to a limited extent, a few rays of light.

Thus was the Church of Christ prepared when the persecutions of the Emperors broke out. It was some time before she became the subject of remark, and during those days of peace, when she was gradually embracing among her followers men of all ranks until she became a great multitude, it is probable that the Catacombs were only used by the Christians for the purpose of burying their dead. But soon the scene was changed, and the flame of persecution commenced. Nero was the first who unsheathed his sword against the Christians, and from his time until the days of Constantine,—that is to say, for nearly three centuries,—there were comparatively few periods of rest for the Church. There was constant anxiety, even when the imperial edicts were not put in force, and on the first sign of danger recourse was had to those dark but protecting caverns. It is probable that those who were most exposed to the wrath of the

oppressor, such as the higher orders of the clergy, and the well-known leaders of the body, would be the first to avail themselves of this security, leaving the more obscure brethren to continue their ordinary avocations and to be the means of support to those who were forced to live in the tombs beneath them. But as the persecution grew in intensity, greater numbers would follow the example of their leaders, and take up their abodes and live and die and be buried in the Catacombs. As they thus became more the permanent habitations of the living as well as the receptacles of the dead, they were improved,—if such a term can be used,—or adapted to suit the wants of their inhabitants. Every here and there larger spaces were excavated for chapels, and here in these gloomy recesses, far from the rage of man, the pastors would assemble their flocks, open the blessed volume, and hold sweet communion with their Father in heaven.

But even here they were not always free from the footsteps of the pursuer. In the time of the celebrated Cyprian of Carthage, it is recorded that Xystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered martyrdom in the Catacombs, and Stephen, another Bishop of Rome, was traced by the heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel. They allowed him to conclude the service in which he was engaged, when he was thrust back into his chair and thus beheaded.

The incidents connected with such a sojourn would surpass in interest the fictions of romance, but few are recorded;—the great aim of the believers was not to seek for earthly fame, but to live the life and to die the death of the Christian; they wished not to be known of men, but steadfastly to run their race, “looking unto Jesus,” who would reward them with the crown of glory and the heavenly inheritance. Yet some few are mentioned by ecclesiastical writers, and are considered worthy of credence. It is said that Stephen, the first Roman Bishop of that name, was compelled to pass much of his time under ground, and that he used to send forth the priest Eusebius, and the deacon Marcellus, to invite the faithful to come to him for personal conference. There he assembled his clergy and collected the neophytes, instructed and baptized them. On one occasion,

a layman named Hippolytus, himself a refugee, applied to the Bishop for counsel in a matter which caused him much anxiety. His sister Paulina, and her husband Adrian, both Pagans, who were acquainted with his retreat, used to supply him with provisions by means of their two children, a boy of ten and a girl of thirteen years of age. Hippolytus, grieving that his relatives should continue in their heathen state, applied for advice on the subject, and Stephen counselled him to detain the children on their next visit, so that their alarmed parents might seek them, and thus an opportunity be afforded of explaining the Christian faith. This plan was put in execution, and every persuasion was used by the Bishop to induce the parents to change their religion, but all seemed in vain. In time, however, the result of this effort became apparent in the conversion of the parents and children, who all, together with Stephen and Hippolytus, in the end suffered martyrdom and were buried in the Catacombs. This story is found in all the writers on the subject to which I have had access, and is considered to be genuine.

Under the persecution of Diocletian, it is said that Caius lived eight years in the Catacombs, and at the termination of this long period suffered martyrdom. And Chrysostom, who lived near enough to these times to have heard of some of the incidents that occurred, in one of his addresses alludes to "a noble lady, unaccustomed to privation, trembling in a vault, apprehensive of the capture of her maid, upon whom she depends for her daily food."

Efforts were made from time to time to prevent the Christians from using these cemeteries, as they were called: edicts were issued for this purpose both under Valerian and Maximian, and in vain. To show how constant was the practice of using them, there is an edict of the Emperor Gallienus extant, published at the close of the Valerian persecution, authorizing the Christians to retain the privileges of the Catacombs, or in the language of the edict, "to recover what are called the cemeteries."

Such was the state of Rome in those days—the Pagan triumphing and revelling in his cruelties above ground, and the

Christian suffering and enduring below. To use the beautiful language of Lord Lindsay, as quoted by Bishop Kip from his work on Christian Art:—

“To our classic associations indeed, Rome was still, under Trajan and the Antonines, the city of the Cæsars, the metropolis of Pagan idolatry,—in the pages of her poets and historians we still linger among the triumphs of the Capitol, the shows of the Coliseum,—or if we read of a Christian being dragged before the tribunal, or exposed to the beasts, we think of him as one of a scattered community, few in number, spiritless in action, and politically insignificant. But all this while there was living beneath the visible, an invisible Rome—a population unheeded, unreckoned,—thought of vaguely, vaguely spoken of, and with the familiarity and indifference that men feel who live on a volcano, yet a population strong-hearted, of quick impulses, nerved alike to suffer or to die, and in numbers, resolution and physical force, sufficient to have hurled their oppressors from the throne of the world, had they not deemed it their duty to kiss the rod, to love their enemies, to bless those that cursed them, and to submit, for their Redeemer's sake, to the ‘powers that be.’ Here in the ‘dens and caves of the earth’ they lived: here they died—a ‘spectacle’ in their life-time to men and angels, and in their death’ a triumph to mankind—a triumph of which the echoes still float around the walls of Rome, and over the desolate Campagna, while those that once thrilled the Capitol are silenced, and the walls that returned them have long since crumbled into dust.”

But it pleased God at last to give rest to his Church from Pagan persecution. The Emperor Constantine became a professing Christian, and there was no longer a necessity for the use of the Catacombs as a place of refuge. They were still, however, used as a place of interment:—it was a pleasing thought to the son that his ashes should repose by the side of his martyred father, and thus the practice was continued. They were used also as a place of meditation; devout Christians would go there, and think over the past, and pray near the tombs of the departed saints, and endeavour to catch a portion of the martyr zeal and love. Jerome and Prudentius mention in their works that they were accustomed to resort to the Catacombs for such purposes. It was a dangerous practice, however, and it is not improbable that prayers to the saints, an error which very early crept in, might have been partly owing to this habit. Subsequently they used to ornament them; the inscriptions of the later Christians—that is to say, of the fourth and part of the fifth centuries—became more elaborate, they introduced sarcophagi

with bas-reliefs upon them, and also fitted up and painted portions of the chapels, and other parts. It is well to remember this, for it may serve to distinguish between the simpler memorials of the first ages, and the decorated remains of the period which had already become partially corrupted.

The Catacombs remained in this state until towards the close of the fifth century, when there poured over Italy hordes of northern barbarians, who seized upon and devastated the city of Rome. Then ceased the burials in these honoured cemeteries,—then ceased the Christians even to visit them; accumulations of rubbish blocked up their entrances, until to the generations following they became quite unknown, except in a few of the more exposed apertures, and even these for only short distances; and in the tumults of the middle ages such small portions as were accessible were used as lurking places for the midnight assassin, or the armed retainer of the feudal noble, rather than as burying-places for the dead.

A thousand years rolled away,—the dark night of the middle ages ceased; the dawn of civilization, of letters, of better hopes and of purer faith succeeded, and with them came the desire for the re-opening of the Catacombs. This desire was gratified towards the close of the sixteenth century, in the year 1590, under the pontificate of Sixtus V.

When they were opened, there was a rush made on the part of the curious of the different countries of Europe to obtain portions of their contents, which were borne away to different museums, both public and private. But it must be remembered that the tombs and sarcophagi which were first exposed, were generally of those who were buried after the fourth century, and therefore of inferior value. The relics of the early Christians were to be found in the more secret recesses, which were preserved from violation by the Government, and, finally, a large portion of them were removed and deposited in the Vatican with the greatest care. To them we shall have frequent occasion to advert hereafter. But large portions of the contents of the Catacombs still remain as they were originally deposited, and have never been disturbed by the few visitors who have been permitted from time to time to penetrate into the most remote and secluded chambers.

No sooner was this mine of ecclesiastical treasure made known than antiquarians availed themselves of opportunities to publish their contents, so far as they were able, with fac-similes of the inscriptions. The first in this field was Father Bosio, who spent more than thirty years, from 1567 to 1600, in his explorations. He wrote a work on the Catacombs which he did not live to publish, but it appeared after his death in Italian, and a translation of it into Latin, by Father Aringhi, is one of the standard works upon the subject. He was followed by other Italian writers, and subsequently by M. D'Agincourt, a Frenchman, who spent fifty years in collecting and arranging the materials for his work, which was also published after his death. And late public journals announce that a French *savant* who had spent many years in his researches in these tombs, has returned to Paris with an accumulated treasure of fac-similes of inscriptions, bas-reliefs, and other remains of the primitive Church. So early was the work of copying and publishing commenced, and so constantly has it been continued down to the present moment, and that too by authors of different nations, who have so carefully scrutinized the publications of their predecessors, that the genuineness of those published cannot be questioned.

Protestant writers were at first inclined to suppose that they had little interest in these remains, but by degrees it began to be ascertained that the rude mementoes of the first centuries of the Church exhibited a state of things much more in accordance with their views and principles than those which prevail in the Church of Rome, and consequently much more attention has been recently given to them, particularly since the excellent arrangement which has been made of the most valuable inscriptions in the Vatican. A large number of these were copied by permission of the Papal authorities in 1841 by Dr. Maitland, to whom I am indebted, among other things, for the inscriptions I shall hereafter refer to, although my recollections of them during my visits to the Vatican when in Rome have enabled me to verify many as corresponding with those which I saw when on the spot.

But I have detained my readers long from the tombs them-

selves, and I shall therefore without any further delay conduct them into these subterranean abodes. The lights are ready and we descend the stairs from the body of the church into the passages. All is dark, and we grope our way along by the aid of the light we carry, following the guide, and pausing every now and then to examine the scenes presented. I did not find the atmosphere unpleasant, although some writers complain of it as oppressive, and the passages appeared generally to be quite dry. They are from eight to ten feet in height, and from four to six feet wide, and at every step we find graves cut in the walls, most frequently in tiers one above another. In all those which I saw, the bodies and monumental slabs which covered the apertures had been removed, and there were only the cavities remaining where the bodies had been deposited. After passing on a short distance we come to lateral branches of the passages, which had been blocked up to prevent parties straying and becoming lost in the intricate windings, which indeed has several times occurred, and in one instance as late as the year 1837, it is said that a school of nearly thirty youths with their teacher descended into these very Catacombs and never reappeared. As we proceed, we come to steps which lead down to other tiers of galleries running along beneath, or up to similar passages above us, so ingeniously was everything contrived to afford security for those who dwelt here. Here and there the passages widen into larger spaces or apartments which are called chapels, because it is said they were used as places of worship. After following the guide for about half or three-quarters of a mile in distance, and observing no difference in the appearance of the walls and tombs, we think it time to return to the upper world, as it might be difficult to regain the entrance in case any accident should extinguish the lights. But before we retrace our steps it will be well to pause and allow our imagination to revert to the past.

It is very difficult for the tourist, who wishes to recall the scenes of former ages, to do so in places where everything around speaks of the bustle and business of everyday life. But in the Catacombs, as in the silent streets of Pompeii, there is nothing to prevent meditation. All is silent,—and in the case of the Catacombs, all is dark, save where the flickering light throws

an uncertain ray upon some vacant tomb, or the receding wall; and we are free to recollect that those cavities in the walls once contained the bodies of those who were valiant soldiers of the cross, and of whom the world above them was not worthy. This is the place for self-examination. The Christian who penetrates to this point will find this question forced home upon him: Does my faith resemble that of the primitive followers of the Lord? Could I endure to forsake family, and friends, and the gladsome light of day, and the green earth, and the hopes and the feelings that cluster around me, and for the sake of my Lord and Master descend into these dark caverns and there remain subject to pain and suffering, and if it be His will, to death itself? It is a question which conscience presses upon the heart, but it is not so easily answered; and the visitor who feels the inward appeal can only trust that grace may be given him, and strength to enable him to stand in the evil day, if it should please his Master thus to try him. And yet the early Christians took joyfully the spoiling of their earthly goods, they were ready at all times to take up their cross, to leave family and friends, or with their families to desert their cheerful homes, and wonted occupations, and live and die in these dungeons. Who could separate them from the love of Christ? "Could tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?" No,—not even Cæsar on his imperial throne with all his legions. They "had trial of cruel mockings, and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment; they wandered in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth," but through all, and in all, they could say, as the apostle said in writing to this very Roman Church, "nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us; for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

But there is another view in which this trial of faith is to be considered. Were there no allurements of pleasure in the voluptuous city,—no "primrose paths" of sin to seduce the young believer? The inscriptions tell of a martyr, who was

a young military officer under the Emperor Adrian, and to whom we shall refer hereafter,—were there no fascinations in Rome for persons of his age and station? The answer is to be found in the pages of the poets and historians of the age with which the classical scholar is familiar, and which reveal a state of morals in striking contrast to the purity of the Christian character. But even if those authors were silent, we have preserved to us by the providence of God ancient cities with their contents, which give a far better view of the manners of the luxurious Greeks and Romans, and of the temptations which surrounded the believer. He who visits the Catacombs sees what may be considered to a great extent as the *positive* side of the Christian character,—the sufferings which he endured;—he who would desire to see the *negative* side,—the self-denial which he exercised—must go farther,—he must extend his excursion to the exhumed cities of Magna Græcia. Let him go to Pompeii;—let him walk up and down the silent streets of that city of the dead, and minutely mark the writings and characters on the walls;—let him enter the houses, and penetrate to the secret recesses—thence let him go to the Bourbonic Museum at Naples, where everything that was movable of the contents of the city is stored, and then he will have a true insight into the depravity of the human heart when left to itself. No language is too strong to denounce the gross licentiousness which prevailed amid all the elegancies and refinements of the arts in those days, and which betrays itself here in varied form to the eye of the spectator, penetrating and polluting even the boudoir of the lady. And if such was the state of Pompeii, a small provincial town, what must have been the tone of morals in imperial Rome itself? Was not the cup of pleasure then filled to the brim and presented to the Christian's lips? Were there not those among his heathen friends who would look upon him as absurdly singular, and would point out how easy it was to follow the tide, and to float gaily down life's stream, enjoying the sunshine that sparkled on its surface, and the roses which decked its margin, without troubling himself with a dark and mysterious future? Such were the Epicurean ideas then in vogue, and to which the heart

of man is too apt to respond at all times. But the Christian turned his back upon them all, no blandishments could allure him,—no frown could intimidate him,—he “had respect unto the recompense of reward,” and “esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures” of Rome, he chose “rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.”

We now return once more to the earth's surface, and gladly do we find ourselves on the door-step of the old church, prepared to retrace our journey back to the city. Again we drive along over the old stones of the Appian Way, along which many a poor Christian has been hurried, taken perhaps from the very Catacombs we have been visiting, and thrown to the lions in yonder Coliseum. Again we pass the battered memorials of ancient Rome, and at last reach the spot whence we set out.

Habifax, N. S.

THE SLEEP.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

“He giveth His beloved sleep.”—*Psalm cxxvii. 2.*

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
“He giveth His beloved, sleep!”

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
 A little faith all undisproved,
 A little dust to overweep,
 And bitter memories to make
 The whole earth blasted for our sake.
 He giveth His beloved, sleep.

“ Sleep soft, beloved ! ” we sometimes say,
 But have no tune to charm away
 Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
 But never doleful dream again
 Shall break the happy slumber when
 He giveth His beloved, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men, with wailing in your voices !
 O delved gold, the wailers heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His beloved, sleep.

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose,
 Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

And, friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, “ Not a tear must o'er her fall ;
 ‘ He giveth His beloved, sleep. ’ ”

A CHEQUERED LIFE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

THE story of almost any human life, if it be well told, cannot fail to be of deep, of thrilling interest. What momentous issues, what tremendous consequences of endless weal or woe, does it not involve! But there are some lives, which, by reason of their striking influence upon others, and their originative power for good or ill, especially deserve our thoughtful study. Such a life was that of Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, poet, skeptic, and Christian philosopher. Cooper has given us ample material for the investigation of his character in his admirable autobiography, one of the most remarkable books of recent times, of which we shall freely avail ourself.* Only in the England of the Chartist period, we think, could such a life be lived; for there, and there alone, did the social forces exist which could develop such a character.

Cooper's father was a Yorkshire Quaker, who after a voyage to India and back made his living as an itinerant dyer. His mother was Lincolnshire born, and from the period of her widowhood, which occurred when her son was four years old, dwelt in the pleasant town of Gainsborough, on the winding river Trent. Here young Cooper lived from his fourth to his twenty-ninth year. He was born in 1805, and is now a hale and vigorous man of over three score years and ten. Among his early comrades were Thomas Miller, who lightened a life of lowly toil with prose and poetical composition, subsequently addicting himself exclusively to literature; and our own Dr. Enoch Wood, to whom Cooper makes loving reference in his autobiography, who has won a better distinction as the efficient Superintendent and, in large part, organizer of Wesleyan Missions on this continent. The two boyhood friends whose lives have lain so far asunder, maintain in their later years an intimate correspondence and renew the memories of their youthful days beside the meandering Trent.

* *The Life of Thomas Cooper, Written by Himself.* Fifth Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton; Toronto: S. Rose. 12mo., pp. 400, steel portrait, \$1.

Cooper was indebted for much of his early religious instruction to the Gainsborough Methodist Sunday-school and chapel. Among his boyish recollections were those of the stirring victories of Cuidad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, and Vittoria; and the more sorrowful ones of the hard struggle of his widowed mother for a living, oppressed by the heavy war taxes and the high price of food. Bunyan's immortal dream, the grand old ballad of "Chevy Chase," and Byron's "Childe Harold" first awakened his literary taste; and he became a Chartist in sympathy at twelve, through reading the Radical press of the day. In his fourteenth year he became deeply convinced of sin through the street preaching of the Primitive Methodists, and joined the Society, but without experiencing the change of heart he sought. At fifteen he began to work at shoemaking, and for eight years devoted most of his waking hours to that employment, never earning more than ten shillings a week. But they were glorious years of mental toil, self-denial, and earnest self-improvement.

His Methodist associations helped to make a man of him; but the writings of Volney and Voltaire, for he was an omnivorous reader, poured their leprous distilment in his ear, and, for a time, tintured his mind with their specious skepticism. A settled plan of self-education now possessed his soul. About his twentieth year he began the study of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French without a master; rising at three or four in the morning, repeating his declensions and conjugations while working on his shoemaker's bench, not even pausing during his meals. He worked till eight or nine at night, and then studied till he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. Too poor to have a fire, he wrapped himself in his mother's cloak and kept shuffling his feet while he read, to keep off cold and drowsiness. He mastered the controversial works of Paley, Sherlock, Butler, Stillingfleet, and Warburton; completed an extensive course of historical and poetical reading; devoured the volumes of Scott and Irving as they came from the press; and had learned by heart the whole of "Hamlet" and four books of "Paradise Lost," when outraged nature revolted against the strain of excessive toil of body and mind on insufficient and

innutritious food, and the overwrought youth fell from his chair and for nine weeks lay in utter lassitude on his lowly couch of pain and poverty.

On his recovery Cooper started a school, devoting himself with the utmost enthusiasm to the work and often spending from five in the morning till nine at night in the school-room. Now came a critical era in his religious history. He attended sedulously the Independent chapel and the parish church, and partook of the Lord's Supper; but the peace of mind he sought for came not. He resolved to go to the Methodists and try if he could find among them a cure for his heart-ache. Four months of deep penitence passed away before he could rest upon the atonement of Christ. The "Life of Bramwell" kindled his soul into a flame to seek the blessing of entire sanctification. He read it on his knees at three o'clock in the morning. He studied the writings of Wesley and Fletcher, and Methodist biography—true *vite sanctorum* as pure and lofty as the world has ever seen. While on his knees in a cottage prayer-meeting, singing with rapt fervour the sublime hymn, "Come, O thou traveller unknown" he entered into the liberty of the higher Christian life. The example was infectious. Hundreds on the circuit sought and many found the like blessing. For months he walked in spiritual ecstasy, beneath the shadow of the Almighty's wing. He could conceive no higher beatitude in heaven itself. He had prayer in school four times a day, and for months never struck a lad; but tenderly and lovingly reprov'd the erring into wistful submission. One day, when weak in body and weary in mind, under great provocation he struck a disobedient boy. The school seemed horror-stricken, and gazed on him with astonished commiseration as if on a fallen angel. He was choking with tears and felt heart-broken. He tried to recover his lost holiness, but with only partial and transient success. He had been already employed as local preacher. He threw himself into the work with characteristic zeal, often walking home six or eight miles on Sunday night. Frequently shouts of praise and sobs and tears interrupted the service, and not a few attributed their conversion to his labours.

Cooper somewhat summarily dismisses the subject of his

courtship and marriage in fifteen lines. His new passion effloresced into poetry, which died almost with the hour that gave it birth; but his good Methodist wife proved a true helpmeet during his chequered career of forty years.

The active part taken by Cooper in opposing the return of an inefficient, not to say unworthy minister, led to what he considered his persecution by the latter, and to his estrangement from Methodism, and weak and wicked alienation from the faith of Christ. Thus from want of tact and conciliation a noble heart and mind were lost to the Church of his choice, and sent wandering into the mazes of infidelity.

He now threw himself into secular pursuits; studied with avidity French, Italian, German, chemistry, and music; and organized a choral society which rendered the principal oratorios as they were never before heard in the cathedral city of Lincoln, where he now lived.

About his thirtieth year Cooper formed his first connection with the press, which he was so largely to use during the rest of his busy life. His newspaper career, he confesses, became to him "the cause of real corruption of heart and hardening of the feelings." He became a sort of literary Bohemian and ardent politician. Throwing up a literary engagement worth £300 a year, he was drawn into the great vortex of London life. Here he spent two years eagerly scanning the daily advertisements for employment, copying in the British Museum, or cataloguing for the publishers, writing tales and sketches for the magazines, and keeping up his linguistic studies till every grammar, dictionary, and other book, and every spare article of apparel or furniture was pawned. Meantime he heard all the great London preachers, and used to visit *in the dusk* its parks and gardens.

He now moved to Leicester, where the miseries of the "stockingers," starving on four-and-sixpence a week, made him a Chartist. He espoused with enthusiasm the cause of the poor and oppressed, became the editor of the "Chartist Rushlight" at a salary of thirty shillings a week, and a political agent in their interest. During the stormy elections of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation he "drank the joy of battle with his peers"

in political contest. After one flaming speech he was ignominiously "snuffed out" by a huge tin extinguisher dropped over his head. With a good conscience apparently, he distributed the Tory gold, intended to bribe the electors, among the poor, starving, voteless stockingers.*

He organized a Chartist religious association, and a Sunday-school for men and boys, whose classes bore the heroic names of Sidney, Marvel, Hampden, Milton, Tell, Washington, Cobbett, and other historic lovers of liberty. He gave Sunday evening addresses and published a Chartist Hymn Book, partly of his own composition.† His schemes for the mental improvement of the poor weavers failed. "What do we care for reading."

* In the following touching lines Cooper records the death of his venerated mother, about the period now referred to:—

"I laid her near the dust
Of her oppressor; but no gilded verse
Tells how she toiled to win her child a crust,
And, fasting, still toiled on; no rhymes rehearse
How tenderly she strove to be the nurse
Of truth and nobleness in her loved boy,
Spite of his rags."

† The following are specimens of the often spirit-stirring hymns wrung from the hearts of free-born Englishmen by the hunger-pangs of wife and babes:—

"Britannia's sons, though slaves ye be,
God, your Creator, made you free;
He life and thought and being gave,
But never, never made a slave!"

"Sons of poverty assemble,
Ye whose hearts with woe are riven,
Let the guilty tyrants tremble,
Who your hearts such pain have given:
We will never from the shrine of truth be driven.

Rouse them from their silken slumbers,
Trouble them amidst their pride;
Swell your ranks, augment your numbers,
Spread the Charter far and wide:
Truth is for us: God Himself is on our side."

"God of the earth, and sea, and sky,
To Thee Thy mournful children cry;
Sadness and gloom pervade the land;
Death, famine, glare on either hand.

Father, our frames are sinking fast;
Hast Thou our names behind Thee cast?
Our sinless babes with hunger die;
Our hearts are hardening!—Hear our cry!"

they said, "if we can get nought to eat?" Five hundred starving men paraded the town, chanting a litany of sorrow and begging for bread. Babes died on their mothers' withered breasts, and men were nerved to desperation by hunger. "I wish they would hang me," said one, "for two days I have lived on cold potatoes, and to-day have eaten one raw."

"Let us be patient lads," said a pious stockinger, "surely God Almighty will help us soon."

"Don't talk about thy Goddle Mighty," was the sneering rejoinder, "there isn't any, or he wouldn't let us suffer as we do."

Cooper's Sunday evening discourses became more fierce and bitter. He drifted more and more toward Socialism. Let us not blame him too harshly. His soul yearned for the suffering poor. The workhouses were crowded with paupers, while the British Bread Tax, the hated Corn Laws enriched the landowners at the expense of the very flesh and blood of the British serfs. Cooper became a preacher of the People's Charter, the granting of which it was fondly hoped would bring political and social regeneration, and above all cheap bread to the starving multitudes. He was elected a delegate to the great Chartist Convention at Manchester in 1842. A "sacred month" was proclaimed, during which no work should be done, in the hope that the social cataclysm would wrest the Charter from the governing classes. The country was convulsed. Soon for fifty miles around Manchester not a loom was at work. The Staffordshire colliers were on strike. Wild torchlight processions and tumultuary gatherings made hideous the night; and in the agricultural counties the midnight glare of burning ricks told that the demon of destruction was abroad. Armed collisions between Chartists and the authorities took place. Cavalry and artillery patrolled the streets. A reign of terror prevailed. Many innocent persons were slain. Birmingham after a riot resembled a city sacked by a merciless foe.* A monster petition, bearing over three millions of signatures was carried on the shoulders of a dozen men,

* "The Duke of Wellington stated in his place in the House of Lords, that in all his military experience, he had never known a town taken by storm to be worse treated by the troops than Birmingham had been by the mob."—*Molesworth's History of England*. Vol. ii., pp. 280-281.

and presented to the House of Commons. Menacing processions were formed. Such at length was the terror that in 1848, when the throes of the French Revolution were shaking every throne in Europe, London was almost in a state of siege. Plans were formed for firing the city—conspiracies rivaling in atrocity the famous Rye House or Meal Tub plots. One hundred and seventy thousand special constables were sworn in. The Tower guns were mounted. The Bank of England and Post Office were filled with soldiers. Troops were posted, cannon planted, and barricades formed in the streets. By a merciful Providence an insurrection was averted, and the repeal of the odious Corn Laws brought peace and plenty and contentment to the famishing population.*

We return to the personal adventures of Cooper. He was implicated in the Haney riot, although taking no personal part in it. He was arrested, manacled, and with eight hundred others imprisoned in Stafford Gaol. He was tried for arson, a capital offence, but ably defended himself, and was acquitted and freed after eleven weeks' imprisonment.

Undaunted in his advocacy of the people's rights, he plunged again into Chartist agitation; and, his affairs being greatly involved, raised money for the expenses of his trial by a performance of the play "Hamlet," himself taking the title *role*,—a curious illustration of his versatility of talent. His second trial, before Judge Erskine and Sergeant Talfourd, lasted eight days, and his defence of himself occupied ten hours. He was found guilty of sedition and conspiracy, but escaped transportation, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Stafford Gaol. The whole story is a remarkable parallel to that of "Alton Locke" in Kingsley's tale, and is not a whit less fascinating, but it had doubtless numerous counterparts, for over three hundred Chartist editors or leaders were languishing in English prisons. Thrust

* The Anti-Corn Law League spent nearly a million of money in agitating the great Free Trade Reform which is the cause of England's present commercial greatness. At one meeting £60,000 were contributed, forty-eight persons giving £35,000. One bazaar resulted in £25,000. Cobden himself lost £20,000 in the advocacy of the Repeal; but he lives for ever in the memory of a grateful nation. It is by such efforts as these that great reforms are accomplished.— See *Molesworth, passim*.

into a narrow tomb-like vault, denied the privilege of communication with his sick wife, and supplied with innutritious food, Cooper's health failed; but his dogged English pertinacity enabled him to get a petition sent to the House of Commons which procured him better food, the use of his books and papers, the right of correspondence with his wife, and the privilege of receiving three visitors in two years. He had already composed and committed to memory above thirty Spencerean stanzas of his remarkable prison rhyme, "The Purgatory of Suicides," and now he applied himself to its completion; and also finished a romance, previously begun. He read thoroughly Gibbon, Prideaux, Milner, and in three months went through about two-thirds of his Hebrew Bible.

During his gaol-life his mind grew morbid, and his skeptical sentiments rapidly developed and were confirmed by Strauss's pernicious "Life of Christ." On his release from prison, impoverished and infirm, his poem and romance were all his stock in trade. Disraeli, Jerrold, and Dickens kindly aided in procuring him a publisher; but hope deferred often made his heart sick. His books at last saw the light, and procured him, if little money, at least high recognition and the friendship of Carlyle, Wordsworth, Howitt, Kingsley, De Quincy, Massey, Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and other distinguished writers.

Besides doing chance literary work, Cooper became a Socialist lecturer in London and throughout the kingdom. His range of subjects was very remarkable, comprising history, philosophy, poetry, painting, politics, science, religion, and criticism; but all were tinctured with his now prevailing skepticism. He also wrote during this period several successful novels.

Another turning point in this remarkable career was at hand. On one Sunday in January, 1856, he was to lecture in London on Sweden and the Swedes. But he could not utter a word. He looked pale as a ghost. When he recovered speech, he acknowledged to his audience his cardinal error in lecturing on morals while ignoring their true foundation, the existence of a Divine Moral Governor and our accountability to Him. A storm of infidel opposition was instantly raised. Cooper forthwith became the champion of that Christianity from which he had

been so long estranged, but of which he now felt the imperious need. Immediately, for conscience sake, he abandoned his lectureship, and, at the age of fifty-three, became a copyist in the cellar of the London Board of Health, at the rate of seventy words for a penny. His conviction of personal sin deepened to such an extent that he dared not pray. "For six months," said his wife, "he never smiled." "I told my dear friend Dr. Jobson," (the present Book-Steward of the Wesleyan Conference Office,) he writes, "who was ever trying to strengthen and help me, that I believed God would shut me up in judicial darkness; that He would never suffer me to live in the light of His countenance again, as a penalty for my great sin in deserting Him. 'No, no!' said my dear friend; 'I don't believe it; God will bring you to the light yet, and fill your soul with it.'" Under the guidance of Jobson, Charles Kingsley, and, above all, of the good Spirit of God, his wandering feet were led back to the solid ground of Christian faith and hope. He became a Baptist from conviction, and for fifteen years has been connected with that Church. He forthwith began peregrinating the kingdom as a preacher and lecturer on Christian Evidences. In eight years and a-half he preached 1169 times and lectured 2204 times—an average of about eight addresses per week. Under the strain his health gave way. Now, at the age of seventy years, he restricts himself to two sermons on Sunday and three or four lectures per week. He has recently published a valuable work on Christian Evidences, which has reached its ninth thousand; a volume of Sermons, and a Spencerian Poem, "The Paradise of Martyrs," a sort of palinodia to his "Purgatory of Suicides." Cooper's prose style is singularly pure, limpid, idiomatic, and vigorous Saxon. He has considerable sense of humour, but lacks, we think, the dramatic faculty necessary for a successful story writer. The chief value of his labour, we conceive, as he himself judges, will be in offering an antidote to the incipient skepticism in the minds of young men, often of religious families and regular attendants on public worship. In the present state of society this is a work of no ordinary importance. It is in some sort the bounden duty of those who, having themselves escaped the toils of skepticism, may help to extricate others who

are entangled by them. We have no space left, nor is there need, for comment. The lessons of this remarkable life lie on the surface. We have told its story to little purpose if they are not already impressed on the mind of every reader, and so striking are they that they can receive no additional weight from any enforcement of ours.

REAR-ADMIRAL FOOTE, U. S. N.*

BY GERVAS HOLMES.

“Wherever great deeds are the result of moral earnestness rather than of intellectual force, there the personal character always attracts a special and affectionate interest.”—*British Quarterly Review*, April, 1874.

AMONG the foremost volumes in the library of Miles Standish, celebrated by Longfellow in verse that never tires, was one on “Artillery Practice, designed for belligerent Christians.” In this practice, terribly improved by two centuries’ advance in science, Admiral Foote was an adept. The story of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, together with other kindred exploits, tells us how faithfully and well he served his country in the sad and arduous work of rectifying one of the greatest political mistakes ever recorded in history, made by men with any pretensions to statesmanship—a mistake which was at once a blunder and a crime. Foote was a true patriot, and as an able commander did good service in an uncongenial position; for he was a genuine seaman, and would greatly have preferred service on the wild waves of the Atlantic instead of on the shallow waters and narrow bounds of the Western rivers. His early training had, however, instilled habits of obedience, which were strengthened by professional discipline and, not less, by the influence of religious principles. It was always his practice to go uncomplainingly wherever he was sent by his official superiors, and do the duty

* *Life of Andrew Hull Foote*, Rear-Admiral United States Navy. By JAMES MASON HOPPIN, Professor in Yale College. With a Portrait and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1874.

set before him, however disagreeable it might be, fearlessly and energetically. His biographer tells us that "it was quite the custom of the Navy Department, instead of sending a reluctant officer, or of running the risk of an absolute refusal, to say, 'Why, send Foote, he will go.' When Foote did go, it was to do hard work, putting heart and soul into it."

Foote was, however, a "belligerent Christian" in a higher and nobler sense than the fulfilment of his duty as a naval officer in the service of the United States. Like Sir Henry Havelock, of precious memory in our own military service, and the noble-hearted Lord Collingwood, second in command at the battle of Trafalgar, he endured hardness "as a good soldier of Jesus Christ;" and it is chiefly because of his faithfulness in this capacity that his busy, toilsome life has been chosen as a subject for contemplation. He has long ago "finished his course;" let us see whether a hasty and imperfect survey of it may not in some degree serve to guide and encourage us who are "still toiling to make the blest shore." A complete biography, even in outline, is not to be looked for here; we seek merely to draw attention to a few salient points, and the lessons which they furnish.

Andrew Hull Foote was born in New Haven, Connecticut, Sept. 12, 1806. He came of a good old Puritan stock. In the same notable year (1630) which brought out from England John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, Nathaniel Foote also emigrated to Watertown, in the same colony; whence, five or six years afterwards, he departed with a company of others to settle on the Connecticut River. He was one of the original proprietors of Wethersfield, and died there in 1644. His son Robert (from whom Admiral Foote was lineally descended) afterwards moved to Branford, Conn. The family was afterwards widely spread, and gave Connecticut some of her noblest citizens.

Samuel A. Foote, the father of our hero, was a graduate of Yale, whose condition of health induced him to lay aside the study of law, for the more stirring and invigorating pursuits of a West Indian merchant. He was afterwards distinguished as a public man, serving a term of six years in the U. S. Senate, and a year as Governor of Connecticut. He was earnestly religious,

and to him his children were indebted for being brought up in principles of obedience, and recognition of the claims which God had upon them. The mother seems to have been a kindred spirit, but cast in a gentler mould, one who looked well to the ways of her household, and ruled wisely her children.

When young Andrew was about six years of age, a severe illness of his father and the disturbance of his commercial pursuits by the war of 1812 induced a removal of the family to the beautiful inland village of Cheshire, where all Foote's education for the next nine years was accomplished. After attendance, for a time, upon the district school, he entered the Episcopal Academy, then under the care of an able and noted instructor, Dr. Tillotson Bronson. One of his schoolmates testifies that though the doctor was a rigid disciplinarian, he was unable to resist the winning frankness and affectionate manners of Foote, who was noted for his tact in getting out of the difficulties into which he had been led by his frolicsome disposition. He was never distinguished as a scholar, yet his success in passing his examinations, his manifest professional ability, together with various literary ventures, show that his attainments were more than respectable. He was not, however, so much a man of thought as of action. Moral earnestness rather than intellectual force was the source of his power, and in such cases, it has been well observed, "the personal character always attracts a special and affectionate interest." It certainly was true in the case of Foote, to whom real warm-hearted friends were never wanting from the beginning to the end of his life. He was at this time an active, high-spirited boy, who perhaps learned almost as much from his long rambles over the Connecticut hills and fishing explorations of every clear, sparkling trout stream for miles around his home, as from his well-thumbed treatises on algebra and geometry.

Gideon Welles, who, as Secretary of the Navy under President Lincoln, was afterwards Foote's official superior, was at this time his school-fellow, and doubtless shared many of his rambles and boyish speculations as to the future, for he was ever one of his warmest friends. Bright halcyon days were those, when in life's early spring-time they wandered and talked, or fished in silence

together. The grand old hemlocks and lady-birches listened to their young talk, but

"Never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine tops
A music of seas far away."

One thing at least is certain, that Foote early declared his determination to go to sea as soon as circumstances permitted. To this his mother was strongly opposed, and, as a sort of compromise, he was sent to the Military Academy of West Point. But something, unexplained, seems to have occurred in furtherance of Foote's resolution, for after only six months' stay at West Point he was, on the 4th of Dec., 1822, at the age of sixteen, appointed acting midshipman in the U. S. Navy.

The foregoing particulars respecting the ancestry, parentage, and boyhood of Foote, have been dwelt upon because of their influence in forming the character. To use Dr. Punshon's beautifully efflorescent development of Wordsworth's well-known line, "The child is father to the man":

"We lose not all our yesterdays—
The man hath something of the child.
Part of the past to all the present cleaves,
As the rose-odours linger e'en in fading leaves."

It is our firm belief that this influence of the past over the present in the formation of character is far more extended than is commonly supposed. On this interesting but very broad question we cannot now dwell, but we are satisfied that the life of Foote affords a good illustration of the fact.

After nearly four years and a half of service at sea Foote returned to New York, and successfully underwent his examination for "passed midshipman." This examination was prepared for in a characteristic manner. His friend Davis and himself got news of it together, and consulted "what books they had access to, but chiefly making practical observations, and reducing the science of their profession to a regular working system." The result was undoubtedly a firmer grasp of the scientific principles of his profession.

In spite of Foote's enthusiasm in the service, he departed reluctantly upon his next cruise, on August 26th, 1827, after

only four months on shore, a feeling which can readily be understood in the light of the fact that in June of the year following he was married to his first wife, Caroline, daughter of Mr. Bethnel Flagg, of Cheshire, Conn., the home of his boyhood. She was the cynosure of his life for ten years, when she was removed to a brighter sphere. The cruise referred to was short in duration, but it was a memorable one to the young midshipman. The great event of his life—the translation of his soul out of darkness into marvellous light, revealing, for the first time, the true proportions and relations of all things about him, took place during this voyage. It is observable that the evangelist in this case was a brother officer, and that the deck of his vessel, the place of his ordinary duties, was the place where his new and higher life began. The interesting circumstances of the great change so vitally important to every human being are thus detailed by Prof. Hoppin :

“After he had been at sea some six weeks or two months, his mother received a letter from him, in which are these words: ‘You may discharge your mind from anxiety about your wayward son.’ The letter then went on to relate that one of the lieutenants of the ship had spoken to him soon after joining the *Natchez* on religious subjects, and, as his expression was, he had “bluffed him off” by saying that he aimed to be honourable and honest in all things, and that would do for him. But after getting on the station, upon a beautiful moonlight night, while riding quietly at anchor, the same officer and himself being on duty, the lieutenant spoke to him again on the subject of religion, and with such earnestness that, as he said, ‘his knees for the first time bowed to his Maker,’ and as soon as he was released from duty he took his Bible and went into the steerage and read it under great agitation of mind. This he did for two weeks, when upon going on deck one day, he came to the resolution that, ‘henceforth, under all circumstances, he would act for God,’ upon which his mental anguish and trouble vanished.”

There is always something new and beautiful in the relation of any individual experience of the old story of “peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;” and to our mind, this simple narration is at once touching and sublime. The vanished trouble indicates the presence of the same Saviour who, when he was received, centuries before, into another ship upon the sea of Galilee, brought a wondrous calm with him.

“The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath his eye.”

Henceforth Foote was a new man—guided by a new and never-failing principle—the glory of God. His faith manifested itself in his daily life, sanctifying the natural pertinacity of his character. The Lord Jesus was his Captain all the way through life, and in His strength he was faithful to the solemn engagement thus made in the days of his earliest manhood. He was henceforth united by a golden link to his Puritan ancestors, whose principles he now for the first time fully understood and appreciated. With kindred faith and force he fought his way through the battle of life, never the sport of circumstances, but always prompt in turning knowledge and belief into action. As one in India once said of the first Sir Henry Havelock, we may say of Foote, that to him “there could be only one path—that of duty; and therefore he was never indecisive.”

Returned home from this memorable cruise, he laid before his father a doubt which had arisen in his mind, whether as a Christian man he could consistently remain in the Navy. His father asked him if he “did not suppose a Navy to be necessary, and, considering it to be necessary, if there should not be good men and Christian men in it.” This shrewd and sensible way of viewing the matter accorded entirely with the practical turn of mind which Foote inherited, and his scruples were at once and forever removed. He would surely be aided in the decision by a consideration of the fact that to the efforts of a fellow-officer of the Navy he owed his conversion to God. Our own naval and military records and memoirs bear ample witness to the fact that men can wear swords, and use them well when duty calls, and yet bear true allegiance to the King of kings.* The position may and generally does increase the difficulty of fulfilling the higher service; but the result of an earnest struggle to follow Christ under adverse circumstances—to maintain the consistency of a religious life in the midst of those who consider it a reproach

* The heroic Capt. Hedley Vicars, shortly before embarking for the Crimea, in 1854, wrote to a friend as follows:—“The Lord God has called me to eternal life in the army, and as a soldier I will die! Had I loved Jesus when I was seventeen, or rather had the love of Jesus been then made known to my soul, I should certainly not have been a soldier; but as it is, death alone shall ever make me leave my colours.”

—is to make Christ more precious and the life of faith in Him more vigorous and fruitful.

There is a wonderful potency in a consistent life, and of this Foote was quite aware. He also knew where strength according to his day was always to be found, as the following interesting paragraph from his private journal bears witness :

“I resolve to watch and pray, to bear in mind that the Christian life is a warfare, that one must be uncompromising in his principles. I resolve to guard my tongue from speaking injuriously of others, to avoid levity of manner on the one hand and moroseness on the other, to perform the executive duties of the ship with impartiality, feeling that my official acts will be closely criticised on account of my profession of Christian principles, to devote every day suitable time to meditation and prayer, letting no day pass without one hour being wholly spent in religious reading and devotion.”

Foote was naturally an energetic worker—one who thoroughly believed in the nobility of labour; and as religion never alters a man's natural gifts and faculties, but simply gives them a new bent, binding them back that they may regain the upward tendency, in conformity with their original constitution; so he continued all through life an indefatigable worker, adding constantly to his professional labours much business of his Heavenly Father, while *all* was done with an eye to His glory.

For the maintenance of such a life something more than the force of human will and strength is necessary, and whenever we see a continued outflow of good works we may be sure there is a secret flow of the oil of Divine grace into that soul. There is always an intimate connection between

“ Works of faith on man bestowed ”

and

“ Secret intercourse with God.”

In our hero's daily hour of meditation and prayer was found the “quietness and confidence” which gave him “strength,” not only to bear bravely and nobly his part as a true-hearted patriot, but also to do effectual service for his God. He was ever anxious to be useful, ever labouring earnestly for the spiritual good of all about him, especially of those who were under his immediate command.

“The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,” and the appointment of our hero to the Philadelphia Naval Asylum

appears to have been providentially designed to fit him for the great work of Temperance Reform in the Navy, a work in which he was one of the first and most prominent leaders, and which led, in some happy cases, as he hoped and prayed that it would, to a thorough change of heart. The Asylum, at the time of Foote's appointment in 1841, was a curious admixture, (evoked by the necessities of the service), consisting of a hospital for pensioners and a school for midshipmen. At first, Foote, who was a thorough master, theoretically as well as practically, of all that concerned his profession, was placed in charge of the education of the young naval cadets, but shortly succeeded to the command of the whole establishment. Up to this time Foote had held the opinion that as a naval officer, constantly meeting with men of all nations, to whose customs he wished to show deference, he "could not be a temperance man." But his earnest spirit was deeply stirred within him when, in the discharge of his duty, he was brought into close acquaintance with the thoughts and habits of the old sailors in the Asylum, and realized the fact of their complete bondage to the demon of strong drink. He soon discovered that the principle of total abstinence was the only one, apart from the converting grace of God, which could meet the necessities of the case. His own words to his brother John are impressive from their frank simplicity :

"When I came here I found these old sailors dreadful drunkards. Whenever I gave them any privileges they invariably got drunk. I could do nothing with them. At last I signed the pledge myself, and then they followed me."

Carlyle has well observed that "a man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly." It is also true that the faithful doing is the manifestation and proof of the belief to the minds of the many, without which it would fail to be reproductive. Even where abstract reasoning is clearly apprehended, the orator gives surer proof of the genuineness of his belief when he not only shadows it forth in words, but translates it into deeds. This was the constant aim of Foote, and the inflexible persistency with which he carried out his purpose sometimes gave offence. There was at times, doubtless, something of human infirmity in the angularity which showed itself in the character of the sturdy Connecticut Captain; but it was oftener only the presence of the

lance-timber, which was requisite to maintain the Christian firmness and consistency of his conduct. His opinions were oak-like in their growth and tenacity. They were formed slowly and carefully, but the conclusion was always definite, and his position once taken, immovable as a beaten anvil. Steady and true, his friends and acquaintances all knew just where to find him. The Foote-steps were all forward—none backward. He could not and would not “ask at every turn the world’s suffrage, and make his own suffrage serve.” Truly he who does so “is a poor eyeservant; the work committed to him will be mis-done.”*

Such was not Foote’s course. He did not, on the whole, misdo his work, for he wrought mostly

“As ever in his great Taskmaster’s eye.”

On his appointment, in 1843, as first lieutenant of the *Cumberland*, Commodore Joseph Smith’s flag-ship, he pursued a straight and consistent course in carrying out temperance reform in the U. S. Navy. Circumstances favoured him at the outset, serious trouble being caused by the intemperance of some of the men. He went to work at once to form a temperance society “beginning with the officers, and being sustained and encouraged by the Commodore.” But we will give the result in Prof. Hoppin’s own words with his beautiful comment on the martyr-ship of the war, whose heroic fame has been illuminated by the well-known patriotic poem of Longfellow :

“The movement became popular, and soon all the sailors but one consented to commute their grog-rations for money; and that solitary one coming up every day to receive his grog, became a laughing-stock, and was soon got rid of. The spirit-room was emptied of its contents, and the whole crew, with the exception of one veteran toper, joined the movement, so that the *Cumberland* became the first temperance ship in the United States Navy; and how interesting is this, when we think of the future fate of this vessel, selected to be the martyr-ship of our civil war; when, in the terrible fight with the iron-clad and iron-beaked *Merrimack*, with her flag flying and her crew cheering, she delivered her last fire at her country’s foes, and went down unconquered and unsullied in her pure renown.”

There exists abundant evidence of the usefulness of these labours in improved discipline as well as the improved moral conduct of the crew of the *Cumberland*, the one being the natural

* Carlyle.

sequence of the other. But Foote sought for more than bare morality and a high state of discipline. He laboured earnestly for the spiritual good of his men. They were more than "hands" to him, he pleaded with them as a brother, giving always

" Human nature reverence for the sake
Of One who bore it, making it divine,
With the ineffable tenderness of God ;"

and there is reason to believe that he was immediately instrumental in the conversion of very many.

On his second appointment to the Naval Asylum, in 1854, Foote held weekly prayer-meetings; and during the winter of 1859-60 he was a regular attendant on the nightly prayer-meeting established that season on board the receiving-ship *North Carolina*. He never separated the Christian from the officer and the gentleman, but constantly strove to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. He was a warrior of the old Ironside stamp, who used with equal ease and vigour the material arms of carnal warfare, and a certain effective weapon referred to by Bunyan—"All-prayer." To this potent weapon the world owes far more than it dreams, or will ever believe, of its boasted progress and civilization. This divine mystery is far outside the thoughts of most men.*

But when we know that victories have been wrestled for in prayer before the actual physical struggle to obtain them, it may help us to realize that sometimes the causes of things are more spiritual and profound than we are apt to conceive them. Certain it is that Foote wrote to his wife after the capture of Fort Henry, that he had "agonized in prayer for victory." He fought with the same earnestness—trusting in God and using his dry powder well—and, as all the world knows, *won*. After a victory thus striven for, there is little cause for wonder that in the absence of a minister he should, on the following Sunday, take the pulpit, and out of the fulness of a grateful heart, preach from "Let not your heart be troubled." We should like to have heard that sermon!

General Sherman has added his testimony to that of a host of

* " God keeps his holy mysteries
Just on the outside of man's dream."—*Mrs. Browning*.

others in regard to Foote's "extraordinary personal courage, that made him an example to all the commanders of vessels in his squadron." It is always so with such men. Fearing God, they know no other fear. They are "ready, aye, ready" for any contingency. It was eminently characteristic of the man that in the midst of a naval engagement, one Sunday morning, near Fort Pillow, he stopped the firing at the hour of divine worship, and read the usual service, then "after a short extemporaneous prayer, he set forth in clear and concise terms to the men that duty to one's country often called them to do something entirely opposed to the usual manner of observing the sacred day, and the reasons for this." Firing was then resumed. "Several shells burst over the ship during this remarkable service."

A few weeks after this Puritan fight, increased ill-health, the combined result of the severe wounds which Foote received at Fort Donelson, and the unremitting arduousness of his very responsible position, compelled the resignation of his Western command, which was reluctantly accepted by the Executive. Honours were freely bestowed upon him; among others the rank of Rear-Admiral, then newly instituted by Congress, and the presentation of a sword of honour by the citizens of Brooklyn. But the time was drawing near when earthly honours lose their attractiveness. For some time past he had had longings for rest—the rest that remaineth for the people of God. While yet at Cairo, he wrote to his wife: "If our 'house were put in order,' and our children older and doing well, what a relief it would be to quietly wait God's time, and joyfully leave this world for the glories of a blessed immortality." Three of these tenderly beloved children were provided for—removed by their Father in heaven nearer to Himself—to "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away," and then the message of rest came to the toil-worn father.

"Man proposes, God disposes." Admiral Foote had just attained the summit of his profession. The highest rank in the service was his, and, at last, his long-cherished desire to have a command again on the salt water—his "own blue sea" seemed about to be realized. In obedience to the peculiar exigencies of the case, and the call of the country, the Government had, on the

4th of June, 1863, appointed him to the command of the Atlantic blockading squadron, and he was preparing to go and attempt the reduction of Charleston, when he was suddenly arrested by his last illness. The necessary exertion and anxiety were too much for his enfeebled frame, and a complicated disorder soon assured him that his work on earth was done. He suffered greatly, but endured all most patiently, and was in all things perfectly resigned to the will of God: His great pain prevented much speaking, and in the last few days of his illness his mind wandered; but in its earlier stage he observed, "God is dealing gently with me. He may bring dark hours; but thus far it grows brighter and brighter with me." In a lucid interval at a later period, he said, "I thank God for all his goodness to me, for all his loving kindness to me." He passed quietly away on the night of June 26, 1863,

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."*

"After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell asleep," and if it be true that "the end of work is to enjoy rest," he certainly must be sleeping well. No one more fully enjoyed work than Foote, and no one more decidedly lost health and life in the exercise of "clear, brisk, conscious working" than he did. His whole existence was a cheerful echo of the last watchword given by the Emperor Severus, sounding mournfully enough as he murmured it from his dying bed at York, "*Laboremus*," we must work; or, rather, shall we not say of the grand utterance of Him, who had previously said in another province of the Empire: "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." It was Foote's endeavour to follow his Lord's example, though at an infinite distance, and with very unequal steps. He could at the close of his laborious life truly say:

"I have fought my way through,
I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do."

We heartily recommend a fuller investigation of these FOOTE-steps as traced in Prof. J. M. Hoppin's admirable and very inter-

* Bryant's "Thanatopsis." Only two months afterwards, his second wife, a finely cultured woman, followed him to "the land of the leal." Two of their sons yet survive.

esting biography. It has one characteristic as rare as it is valuable—the absence of all boastful eulogy and straining after effect. It tells the life of the brave sailor with a simplicity and directness worthy of the subject; and we believe the accuracy of its statements may be relied on in every particular. The book serves well to illustrate the memorable words of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that “nothing is denied to well-directed diligence.” Foote was no genius, but he had at least one important element of greatness—attention to details, little things. He neglected nothing that could contribute to the full attainment of any object he had in view, and was patient and persevering in all that he undertook. More than all, he did his daily duty, routine or otherwise, as his Master’s work, and in thus acting for Christ’s sake, he realized that in more than one sense—

“The path of duty is the way to glory.”

COBOURG, Ont.

CLOUD CASTLES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

DID you see the snowy castle
 Shining far off in the air?
 Did you mark its massy bulwarks
 And its gleaming turrets fair?

Deep and broad seemed its foundations,
 Stable as the solid rock,
 Braving in their stern defiance
 Tempest roar and battle shock.

And its huge and strong escarpment
 Rose sheer up into the sky,
 And above its sunset’s banners
 Streamed and waved right royally.

Hark! throughout that lordly castle,
Trumpets peal and lightnings glare,
And the thunder's haughty challenge
Shakes the wide domains of air.

Now before the rushing tempest,
All its cloudy pillars bend,
And the leven bolts of heaven
Smite its bastions deep and rend.

And the castle sways and totters;
A vast breach is in its walls;
Now its turrets sink and crumble,
And its lofty rampart falls.

So I've seen a gorgeous castle,
Built of hopes and visions bright,
Sink and disappear for ever,
Like a phantom of the night.

O the gay and glorious castles!
How we build them up again,
But to see them melt and vanish,
As the clouds dissolve in rain.

O my soul! look thou up higher,
Where the many mansions be,
To that bright and gloricus palace
That thy Lord hath built for thee,—

Gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
Streets of gold—and there doth roll
The river making glad for ever,
That bright palace of the soul.

Be it thine when earth shall vanish,
And its palaces dissolve,
There to dwell in joy for ever,
While eternal years revolve.

MODERN SCEPTICISM.

BY THE REV. NATHANIEL SMITH.

WHILE the modern sceptic is wont to charge the theologian with ignorant presumption and supercilious intolerance, whether he can sustain his charge or not, it is patent to all who are impartially watching the great religio-scientific controversy now engaging so much attention, that this same charge, with all its intrinsic odium, is being successfully urged against the original plaintiff, and that the verdict of an unbiased and intelligent public must ultimately be that a true bill has been found.

With many there is a disposition to regard the intelligence of the sceptic with unmerited respect, and to accept a contempt for everything which purports to be of a supernatural character as, *per se*, a proof of superior mental power. There is a lamentable tendency, even on the part of many religionists, unwittingly to set a premium, in the form of an undue estimate, on anything that assumes an aspect of intellectual hostility to revealed religion. This, perhaps, to some extent accounts for the undue attention that has been given to some of the recent utterances of scientific infidels, an attention to which they have not been entitled, considering their evident incompetency to deal intelligently with the subjects they have discussed. Eminently scholarly writers in both the religious and scientific world, and in both the Roman Catholic and Protestant communions, have shown conclusively that these anti-christian scientists have trenched upon domains, with regard to which their knowledge is of the most superficial character, and notwithstanding this, they have spoken with as great an air of superiority and assurance, as though they were perfectly conversant with those subjects of which they are manifestly so ignorant.

Brownson, in the January number of the *Quarterly* that bears his name, has very properly asked in his review of Tyndall's Belfast Address :

“Then who is this Professor Tyndall? What mighty claim has he to public consideration? In his own line, in some one or more of the special sciences, he

may have been a successful student ; but in this address he is not treating any one of the special sciences ; he is not in his own line of study, in which he has acquired whatever distinction he has attained in the scientific world, but trenches on the province of the theologian of which he knows nothing. Because he has a reputation in some of the physical sciences, and has invented a smoke respirator, has he thereby proved his ability to instruct in philosophy, in theology, theogony, cosmogony, or in sciences that lie entirely above his line, and on which his studies throw not a single ray of light ?”

Now whatever undue depreciation there may be in this estimate of the President of the British Association, and whatever may have been the animus which prompted the expression of this estimate, there is in it undoubtedly a large proportion of truth. In reference to the same address the same Reviewer says again :

“ We discover in it a passable rhetorician, but no logician ; no thinker, no scholar, nor even an ordinarily well informed gentleman, outside of certain of the special sciences, which he may have cultivated with more or less success. In regard to the subjects treated in this address, whatever he knows or thinks he knows, he has picked up at third or fourth hand ; and in reality he knows simply nothing, not even that he knows nothing of them. Yet John Tyndall is a great man, one of the demigods of the scientific world in this nineteenth century, the inventor of a smoke respirator !

“ We tell him very frankly that he is not a man sufficiently learned or distinguished to make his opinions on the topic he introduces worthy of the slightest consideration. He has never seriously studied one of them ; and his conclusions as given in his address, are in no instance the result of his own scientific investigation. He cannot be consulted as an expert on one of them.”

These quotations at least are curious, and will serve to show the opinion of a learned Roman Catholic writer in regard to the competency of one of the notorious sceptical scientists of the day to deal with the question he discusses ; and whether hyperbolic or not, this estimate is in the direction of the truth.

Mr. Tyndall assumes to speak oracularly in regard to the religious history of our race. His evident incompetence to do justice to the question, and the egregious errors into which he has fallen in the historical portion of his celebrated address, have been successfully exposed by Dr. Watts of Belfast, Professor Smyth of Aberdeen and Brownson of the above mentioned *Quarterly*. They conclusively show that all reliable history points to the fact that the primitive religion of mankind was a pure monotheism, and that any man who represents the primitive religions of our race as so many sys-

tems of fetichism and gross superstition, simply exposes his ignorance, and his consequent want of suitable qualification to speak authoritatively upon the question.

As to Mr. Herbert Spencer, he confesses that "he is not even a mere scientist in the ordinary acceptation of the term. He is not a chemist; he is not an astronomer; he is not a physiologist; he is not a molecular or atomic physicist; he does not profess to be a geologist or a botanist; but he nevertheless claims the right of judging of the conclusions arrived at by the foremost of the practical investigators in these departments of the wondrous phenomena of nature."* He ingenuously acknowledges that he is dependent on such men as Professor Owen and Huxley and Dr. Hooker for the facts with which he deals. He did not bring them to light himself, neither does he claim to have tested by personal investigation the accuracy of these scientific findings. He obtains his facts at second or third hand, and then proceeds to construct his theories or to draw his conclusions. Now with proper qualifications this method of procedure is justifiable, for no human intellect, however potent, no mental grasp, however comprehensive, is competent to deal with the whole range of truth. If the mind of man is ever to rear a comprehensive system of philosophical truth, different departments of nature's arcana must be explored and discovered for their fellow-men by different minds, and others who have the great generalizing faculty must take the well-established facts thus brought within the range of their cognizance, and by dealing with them according to the great inductive principle of classification, construct a philosophical system which shall endure the test of the ages. John S. Mill, in his essay on the "*Utility of Religion*," admits that the wisest men rely upon competent authority in regard to historical or scientific truths which they have not had the opportunity of examining themselves.

But while there is nothing reprehensible in Mr. Spencer or any one else thus using the facts which have been ascertained by others, yet inasmuch as he, like theologians, has them at second hand, they have just as much right as he to judge as to what are the legitimate conclusions to which they lead. And yet Mr.

*See Dr. Watts' Examination of Biological Hypothesis.

Spencer assumes to speak as an oracle, and the mutual attitude of both teacher and taught in the New Philosophy has been fitly represented by the couplet:

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I'll give you something to make you wise."

There is just as much evidence of the existence of an *odium scientificum*, as there is of an *odium theologicum*. All must accept the *ipse dixit* of these would-be philosophical umpires or be aspersed as inimical to science. Dr. Beale, one of the first microscopists of the day, complains as follows :

"It is indeed significant, if, as seems to be the case at this time in England, an investigator cannot be allowed to remark that the facts which he has demonstrated and phenomena which he has observed render it impossible for him to assent at present to the dogma that life is a mode of ordinary force, without being held up by some who entertain opinions at variance with his own as a person who desires to stop or retard investigation, who disbelieves in the correlation of the physical forces, and in the established truths of physical science."

But proving the incompetency or the presumption of an antagonist, is not necessarily a refutation of his argument. Both justice and truth require that every argument, from whatever source it may proceed, shall receive a fair consideration, and be taken for what it is worth. The disposition to ask, "Who said it?" rather than, "What is said?" is too rife in the world. Let us then consider a few of the arguments of living sceptics, some of the engines by which they seek to demolish the beautiful and attractive temple of Christian truth, and to establish on its ruins the repulsive and gloomy edifice of sceptical philosophy.

There is nothing more characteristic of the present antagonism of modern scepticism to revealed religion than the persistency with which the doctrine of a personal self-existent First Cause is discarded. And there are few things more unaccountable than the fact that notwithstanding its repudiation by such men as Spencer, Tyndall and others, they nevertheless indignantly protest against the imputation to them of atheism. They claim to have a god, but this god, which they recognize, is impersonal, unknowable and unthinkable. Now is not such a god as this, without intelligence and without personality, at least to us, virtually no god at all. An impersonal god cannot be worshipped,

adored or loved. Nay, an unthinkable god is necessarily excluded from our very thoughts: Surely, then, if this god can have no place even in our thoughts it is all one as though there was no God at all, and we are consequently shut up to theoretical and practical atheism. Such a god can have no place in our theories nor be recognized in our practice. When men recoil from the logical consequences of their premises they should look upon those premises with suspicion.

One of the tritest and yet one of the most plausible arguments by which the doctrine of a personal self-existent First Cause has been assailed, is still produced as conclusive against the creed of the theist; viz., that although a supercosmic origin of the universe be conceived, you are thereby only removing the difficulty one step further back, and not explaining it at all. You have still to account for the extra-mundane cause. Mr. Spencer urges that, "Those who cannot conceive a self-existent universe, and who therefore assume a Creator of the universe, take for granted that they can conceive a self-existent Creator. The mystery which they recognize in this great fact surrounding them on every side, they transfer to an alleged source of this great fact, and then suppose that they have solved the mystery." Again he says, "Even suppose that the genesis of the universe could really be represented in thought as the result of an external agency, the mystery would be as great as ever; for there would arise the question, How came there to be an external agency?" B. P. Bowne, who has so successfully replied to the First Principles of Spencer's System of Philosophy, has met this plausible and fallacious reasoning as follows:

"These statements would have some force if the law of causation committed us to the absurdity of an infinite series. If everything must have a cause, then causes themselves must have causes, and so on in endless regression. In that case it would be as well to break the chain in one place as in another, and it would be strictly true that if there can be anything uncaused, there is no reason to assume a cause for anything. But the law of causation commits us to no such absurdity as an infinite series of causes.

"It is, not existence, as such, that demands a cause, but a changing existence. Could the universe be brought to a standstill so that all change should cease, the demand for a cause would never arise. It is exit and entrance only that give rise to this demand. Whatever manifests them must have its cause, whatever does not manifest them can dispense with a cause. Mr. Spencer's claim that 'Did

there exist nothing but an immeasurable void, explanation would be needed as much as now,' is a mistake. It is change that suggests causation, the changeless is independent and eternal. The dependent suggests the independent, and when the mind has reached that it rests."

In harmony with this criticism, is the following paragraph taken from Dr. Cocker's "*Christianity and Greek Philosophy*," page 184:

"The universe of sense perception and sensuous imagination is a phenomenal universe, a genesis, a perpetual becoming—an entrance into existence and an exit thence; the Theist is, therefore, perfectly justified in regarding it as disqualified for self-existence, and in passing behind it for the Supreme entity that needs no cause. Phenomena demand causation, entities dispense with it. No one asks for a cause of the space which contains the universe, or of the eternity on the bosom of which it floats. Everywhere the line is necessarily drawn upon the same principle: that entities *may* have self-existence, phenomena *must* have a cause."

Surely then it is not truthful to affirm, that to represent the universe as the product of a personal and intelligent Creator is simply removing the difficulty to a greater distance, inasmuch as this supercosmic agency demands an explanation. When the mind has reached the conception of that Being who has said, "I am the Lord, I change not," and "with whom there is no variableness nor shadow of turning," who is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," it has found its goal, rests satisfied, and seeks no further explanation.

It is quite true that the God of the Christian is not only the First Cause, but that He is also absolute and infinite. Mr. Spencer, with the assistance of Mr. Mansel, endeavours to prove that causation, absoluteness and infinity cannot be predicated of the same being, that they are incompatible with each other when thus attributed to the same subject. But the effort is a mere logomachy. He endeavours to demonstrate that neither can a cause be absolute, nor the absolute be a cause, inasmuch as a cause implies relationship, a relationship to the effect, but that the absolute precludes relationship, and that if by the introduction of the idea of succession in time we try to escape from the apparent contradiction; that is, if we say that God is the absolute first and afterwards a cause, we are checked by the conception of the infinite. How can the infinite become that which it was not from the first? If causation is a possible mode of existence, that which exists

without causing is not infinite; that which becomes a cause has passed beyond its former limits.

Now all this is mere mental jugglery, mere logical hocus-pocus. It is another of the innumerable instances, which the history of controversy affords, of setting up a man of straw and then demolishing it with a great flourish of trumpets. For such absoluteness and such infinitude, as are here shown to be incompatible with causation in the same Being, are not the absoluteness and infinitude of the God of the Christian *credenda*. God is absolute not in the sense of being necessarily out of all relation, but in the sense of possible existence out of all relationship. The absoluteness of God is His independence. Now to attribute independence or a possible existence out of all relationship to God is not incompatible with the doctrine that He is actually the Great First Cause sustaining the relationship of Creator to all other existences. There is no incongruity here.

The misapprehension with regard to the infinitude of God is equally great. These objectors to the Christian doctrine of God notoriously ignore the distinction between a Quantitative and a Qualitative infinite. To neglect this distinction necessarily leads to pantheism or materialism. Christianity does not predicate the former of these of God, but the latter. If Quantitative infinity were attributed to God, then the preceding objection of Spencer would have some weight. For this infinitude would of course comprehend all existences, and all modes of existence. Then without doubt Pope's

“ Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,”

would be accurately predicable of God. And not only would God be the sum total of all existences, but as causation is a possible mode of existence, God must have been a cause through all eternity, *a parte ante*. But that is not all; envy and malice are modes of existence, therefore such an infinite must be envious and malicious. Yea, such an infinite would comprehend all evil. Now it is not necessary to say that Christians do not worship such an imaginary infinite as this. The Qualitative infinity which is

predicated of God is synonymous with absolute perfection. God is not the totality of existence, but the infinitely perfect One. God is not metaphysically infinite. Special and temporal infinity are not analogues of the infinity of God. The difference between these infinities must be recognized. The only Infinite Being in whom there is any warrant whatever for believing, is one whose notice nothing can escape, whose power nothing can defy, whose years are eternal, and whose wisdom comprehends all being. An Infinite Being remote from the notion of quantity, exists, which does not include nor exclude finite existences. This Being of infinite perfection is not necessarily a cause, He may exist without being actually a cause. For if He is compelled to be an actual cause, He is in subjection, and cannot be infinite. As Bowne has said, "In spite of its infinite effort, it would be forced to take a back seat, and allow the compelling principle to take the throne." So that such an infinite would not be an infinite after all. But against the existence of such an infinite as we have mentioned and against the knowledge of such an infinite, not a word of valid argument can be presented.

These are a few specimens of the logic with which the modern Aristotles are assailing the great dogmas of religion. But if they have nothing more cogent than these to offer, and these are a fair sample of the whole, Christianity has little to fear, at least from her avowed enemies. While Christianity is the great patroness of all true scientific enquiry and all honest philosophical discussion, yet such pseudo-philosophers, as these modern sceptics manifest themselves to be, might profitably ponder the description of the infidel in the Day of Judgment by Pollock:—

“Blushing and dumb, that morning, too was seen
The mighty reasoner, he who deeply searched
The origin of things, and talked of good
And evil much, of causes and effects,
Of mind and matter, contradicting all
That went before him, and himself the while,
The laughing-stock of angels; diving far
Below his depth, to fetch reluctant proof
That he himself was mad and wicked too,
When, proud and ignorant man, he meant to prove
That God had made the universe amiss,
And sketched a better plan. Ah! foolish sage!

He could not trust the word of Heaven, nor see
 The light which from the Bible blazed--that lamp,
 Which God threw from His palace down to earth,
 To guide His wandering children home--yet leaned
 His cautious faith on speculations wild
 And visionary theories absurd,
 Prodigiously, deliriously absurd,
 Compared with which, the most erroneous flight
 That poet ever took when warm with wine,
 Was moderate conjecturing:--he saw,
 Weighed in the balance of eternity,
 His lore how light, and wished too late, that he
 Had staid at home, and learned to know himself,
 And done, what peasants did, disputed less,
 And more obeyed.

NAPANEE, Ont.

A CORNISH CLASS MEETING.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

PART I.

My old friend Daniel Quorm,—Brother Dan’el as he was always called—was the village shoemaker, the Methodist “Class-leader,” and the “Society-steward.” As hard-headed as the rounded lap-stone on which he hammered all day long, as sharp and quick as his shining awl, as obstinate in holding his own as his seasoned shoe-leather; yet, withal, Brother Dan’el had a heart so kind, so wise, so true, that like the hammer it only beat to do good, and like his awl and thread it was always trying to strengthen some poor soul that had got worn in the rough ways of life.

Brother Quorm had two Classes; and had altogether on his books more than half the Society at Penwinnin.

The larger and more popular Class met at eight o’clock on the Sunday morning. They met in what was called by courtesy, ‘the PARLOUR’—really the sanded front-kitchen—at Thomas Toms’. Next to the leader’s own name, was that of Sally Toms, or “Granny,” as everybody called her, who had her bed in the room,

and always lay there. An old woman bordering upon a hundred, she had been in the Society for eighty years, and declared that she should "take her death" if she "did'n go to meetin' regular," which was scarcely accurate, as the meeting always came to her. There she lay, with the thin withered fingers clasped on the clean white sheet; the face, with its clear ruddy complexion, bordered by the hair of such bleached softness, and framed by the cap that gathered round and set it off like a picture. Cut off as she was from all other services, this united singing and prayer, the faces of her old friends, and the talk about "good things," was her solace and strength. There was no doubt about it: it did her good, as she said, "body and soul, bless the Lord!—body and soul." And to those who came, it was as good as a sermon—better than some sermons perhaps—to look at her.

And how cosy and snug the place used to feel! A vestry has not any *homeliness* in it, somehow. You feel that folks don't live there, and you can't readily make yourself quite "at home" in it. There, at Thomas Toms', was the canary hanging in the window, that always began to sing when the hymn was given out, just as if he had been a regular member of the Class. But he was summarily expelled from Society by having an anti-macassar flung over the cage; an indignity against which he mildly protested by the utterance of an occasional mournful note. There, over the mantel-piece, were the shining brasses and pans; and on the walls figured the quaint old over-coloured drawings of Noah's Ark, and other scriptural subjects. And at the week-day Class were homelier touches that made men talk about religion in a simple, every-day tone, the like of which it is hard to get in a vestry. Why there was the pan of bread set down before the fire to "plumb;" or the savoury baking of "the pasties" proclaimed itself delicately from the oven; and on the hearth-rug lay a pair of little shoes and socks. Much of that strong social union to which Methodism has been so greatly indebted, and which in old times she so carefully fostered, came from the fact that people went from "house to house," the Class-meetings and the prayer-meetings were in the houses of the people, and the Church itself was not unfrequently a "Church in the house."

Dan'el used perpetually to clench his argument and point his

moral by reference to Granny. When young members began to talk of their fears and of hindrances, how his one sharp little eye would look towards the old saint, uttering a dozen notes of exclamation all at once.

"Hindrances!!! Hindrances!! Aw, my dear! Begin to talk about hindrances, and mother here'll tell a story about hindrances. Granny can mind hearin' 'em ring the church bells 'cause they clean drove the Methodists out o' the parish."

Granny would have confirmed it with words, but that Dan'el knew her habit of entering with much minuteness into the pedigree and circumstances of everybody concerned—so he only waited for her preliminary nod, and then hurried on again before she had time to begin.

"Hindrances, my dear. Why she can mind hearin' 'em talk of how a man down to Penzance was put to prison for blasphemy 'cause he said the Lord had forgiven his sins. Why, my dear, doan't let us go talkin' about it—we are goin' to heaven in silver slippers. Why, mother, you used to walk sixteen miles 'pon the Sunday."

"Rain or fine," said Granny with a nod.

"Iss, we be goin' in silver slippers," and then as a merry twinkle played about that sharp eye, and it rested a moment upon smart ribbons or flowered bonnets—"In *silver slippers!*—and that be the hindrance. We do make our own hindrances. It be easier to go barefoot than in tight shoes. And silver slippers is poor things for any journey, but most of all for going to the Celestial City. No wonder that we go limpin', and talk about making little progress and about our hindrances. Folks with tight shoes 'll get corns,—and serve 'em right, too,—and then every road is hard to travel, and every bit of a rise is a mountain. Rain now-a-days is a hindrance; but in mother's time it wasn't. For in the old time the big bonnets and long cloaks were like umbrella and everything else, and 'cats an' dogs' weren't a hindrance then. But now we go wearin' such fine feathers an' things, that a sprinkle of rain an' they're spoiled. And I wish they were all that was spoiled, for it wouldn't be any great matter if a good deal of 'em was washed away. But it spoils the temper, and it vexes and worries all the grace out of folks; and then ever

so much time goes in trying to get it right again. Talk about temptations an' hindrances! Why I don't see how it can be much other. The old enemy goes drivin' about like Jehu in his chariot, and he can see us in a minute with all this finery, and he comes poisonin' such folks with pride an' conceit. He's sent many, I'll warrant, to the dogs, like Jezebel, all through their tired heads and furbelows, who'd have been all right if they had just gone along plain and simple. O' course any one can put as much pride into old mother's cap here as into anything else.

"Seemin' to me 'tis best to go in what other folks 'll take least notice of either way; for then we shan't think much of ourselves, an' slippin' along in the crowd the enemy isn't so likely to single us out. I've seen it advertised very often in the papers—'tourists' suits.' Well, they may be very good; but for our journey I don't believe there's anything that's so good or so comfortable as what I've read of somewhere else—'tis homespun, and you can't buy it anywhere, so we must all learn to make it—*Be clothed with humility.*

"A hindrance it is, sure'nough, in a good many ways. Folks be kept so long a- 'tidivatin' o' theirselves that they're sure to get to meetin' ten minutes late; an' that's all the worse because they take so long a-gettin' ready that they're sure not to have a minute for a bit o' prayer afore they start. I've heard tell about a man who preached from them words—'*There appeared a great wonder in Heaven—a woman.*'* But he ought to ha' gone on an' finished it—'*a woman clothed with the sun and upon her head a crown of twelve stars.*' Now seemin' to me the wonder was that anybody dressed so shinin' an' glitterin' ever got to Heaven, and it will be a wonder if some folks manage to get there with their heads all covered over with feathers an' flowers an' all the rest of it.

"No, we hardly know what hindrances be now-a-days, and the few there are don't come from heaven 'above, or earth beneath; but they come out of our own pride and folly, or out of our neglect. They, too, are *home-made*, every one of 'em, *home-made.*"

*Dan'el had been unfortunate in his matrimonial experience, and used sometimes to express himself very heretically concerning the gentler sex, "Wives," he used to say, "be like pilchards; when they be good they be only middlin'; but when they be bad, they be bad, sure'nough."

Just inside the door of Thomas Toms' parlour sat Jim Tregoning—a well-meaning kind of a man, whom people spoke of as “poor fellow;” and said how unfortunate he was. He had tried everything, from driving a van to selling patent medicines and hawking books. There he sat with an unmeaning smile upon his face, and large eyes looking on one place all through the hour, but never seeming to see anything. He was perpetually folding his red cotton handkerchief into a large pad, with which he stroked his hair down over his forehead, and then began to remake the pad. When his turn came he spoke with a sigh.

“How was he gettin’ on? Well, he feared he was only a slow traveller heavenward. But there—he had many troubles and trials—fightin’s without and fears within—and he hoped that his motter was *slow an’ sure*; for the race wasn’t to the wise nor yet to the strong, but it were to the sure. If he couldn’t fly he must walk, and if he couldn’t walk he must creep; and if he wasn’t so fast a traveller as some folks, he hoped he were just as sure.”

Brother Quorm’s eye twinkled—and yet there was a tone of pain and grief in the reply.

“La, Jim, whatever do’ e mean! ‘Slow and sure, slow and sure.’ Always the same. Never no forwarder, never no backwarder, but always a stickin’ in the same place. I’ll tell ’e what, Jim. You ‘slow and sure’ folks be just like a faggot o’ green furze ’pon the fire. You don’t blaze nor burn; you do nothing but only steam, and fizz, and go fillin’ the house with smeach and smoke. Do ’e get out o’ this here way. *Strive* to enter in at the strait gate; but goin’ along so slow you’ll be sure not to get through un. *Slow an’ sure!* Iss, sure to be too late! ’Tis what the folks said when they was a comin’ to the Ark; but the floods came quick and sure ’pon them before they got to the Ark, and slow an’ sure was drowned. Serve him right, too. The virgins was slow and sure when they were a-gone to buy oil for their lamps, and when they come back *the door was shut*. *Slow an’ sure!* ’Tis damp powder that do burn like that there, Jim,—it’ll choke ’e all with smoke, but it won’t ever heave a rock in two, or do anybody a morsel o’ good.

“I’ve heard em’ say that horses that be stumblers be a’most sure to come down if you let em’ go along with a creepin’ kind

of a jog-trot. And that's how Christian folks fall in general; going along so slow an' sleepy, down they come all of a heap, knockin' theirselves all to bits a'most before they know where they are.

"An' then troubles an' trials—of course you do have them—heaps of 'em. What else can anybody expect? Slow and sure! Why, 'tis 'xactly like when I be walkin' to Redburn on a fair-day, and every yan and cart and lumberin' waggon, and donkeys, and all the riff-raff and sharpers—they do all overtake me. But when you get in the train you go whizzing over their heads, and leave em' behind, every one of 'em.

"Go creepin' along! Why of course there's never a trouble or trial but it comes up to you. Spread your wings, Jim, spread your wings out, and fly! *'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;'* and shall mount—mount, Jim;—*'they shall mount up with wings as eagles.'* Old care is a black-winged, croaking old raven; but his croakin' can't get up so high as the eagle, it's down, down ever so far below; down under the clouds; and the eagle is up above 'em all, in the floods o' sunshsine.

"'Slow an' sure'!—seem to me that everything be the other way about. The old Tempter, whatever other failin's he've got, ha'nt got that there—he do go about like a great roarin' lion, seekin' whom he may devour, an' if we go creepin' along he's sure to come springin' out 'pon us all unawares—an' serve us right, for we tempt 'en even if he could have had enough 'afore we come by. Time is swift and sure, Jim; and death is swift and sure. And then the love of Jesus is swift and sure. Ah! bless the Lord, how swift and sure that is you know, Jim, as well as the rest! *When he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran,—ran.*"—And Dan'el's voice spoke with a tenderness that brought the tears to every eye.—"No 'creepin' then, or walkin' either. He *'ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.'* Ah, bless the Lord; that's His way always—and His way be always best!"

One stormy night the wild west wind came sweeping round the house fierce and furious—now rattling at the window, and roaring in the chimney, then sinkin' into a low moan, whinin' at the key-hole as if its blustering had failed, and it had taken to en-

treaty instead ; then suddenly it grew enraged again, as if ashamed of its weakness, and seemed to make the very ground tremble as it roared and thundered away up the wild hill-side.

The meeting had opened quietly enough with a "trumpet metre," followed by a hearty prayer. Two or three had spoken, but it was not until Widow Pascoe's turn came that the memorable talk of that evening began. There she sat, in a huge bonnet of rusty black, and very capacious widow's cap gathered about a face which was always "in mourning." That mouth of itself rendered crape altogether superfluous,—the long thin lips drawn in at the corners, and tucked away under the wrinkles and furrows, as if to keep it in its place. The languidly-closed eyes, the solemn shake of the head, the deep sigh, and then the long-drawn melancholy words in which she told of her troubles and trials, were unfailling characteristics of her experience ; and to-night her favourite phrases kept coming in continually—"submit to His will," "done and suffered His will." No belief was ever more deeply wrought into any heart than this into the widow's—that it was the will of the Heavenly Father that she should be always in trouble ; to-day was given only that she might find in it some new sorrow ; each hour came only to lay another burden upon her, and to-morrow already hinted at some threatening evil. She would almost have doubted her religion if she could not find in everything something to sigh over. With her the truest sign of grace was "to walk mournfully." Heaven itself to her mind was a sort of compensation paid to those who endured the hurts and damages of religion in this life.

As the widow finished, Dan'el looked up at her almost fiercely with his one little eye. But immediately a sad expression crept over it. "'Submit to His will,' 'Suffer His will.' Is that all that the will of God is for, that we may endure it, and suffer it.!" And Dan'el sighed a great pitiful sigh.

Then he stopped suddenly as if a new idea had shot across his mind, and passing over the next two or three he turned to an old man who sat in the corner of the room by the fire.

It was dear old Frankey Vivian. There he sat in the ruddy glow of the firelight, with the deep shadows of the corner behind him. Very feeble, weakness had given him an appearance of age

much beyond his years; and as he leaned there upon his stick in this light, he looked like some old patriarch who had turned his back upon the shadows of the world, and was standing on the threshold of the celestial city, waiting only for the summons to come in. His case was too common in those mining districts before the recent improvements had been introduced. Climbing up the ladders by which men came from immense depths below; coming from the hot-air underground in wet clothes, and stepping at once into the keen winds that swept "up to grass," as the surface was called—poetically, for scarce a blade was to be found in all the stony waste of the mine;—these things had done their work upon a naturally weak constitution, and now he was in the last stage of asthmatic consumption. Unable to work, and having a large family to be cared for somehow, his was a sad story. He lived so near by that he could easily slip in "to the meetin'," and very rarely was his corner vacant even on such a night as this.

With a touch of tenderness, and with a very evident relief, Dan'el turned to him:

"The Lord bless thee, dear Frankey. Come, tell us what the Lord's will is to thee."

The pale, wasted face moved with deep feeling; the thin white hands passed to and fro over the handle of the stick nervously; the tears gathered in his eyes:

"The Lord's will!" gasped the old man. "Why this, my dear leader, this—'Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days o' my life; and I will dwell in the house o' the Lord for ever'! Bless His holy Name—that, nothing else but that. Why there was only last Saturday afternoon: I was very poorly; my cough shook me all to bits, and I was lying 'pon my bed. Yet my soul was full of praise to God for all His goodness. Bless His Name, I says, why this here shakin' cough be only like the jolting o' the van over the ruts and stones as it be a-carryin' us home. And some day it'll give the last jolt and stop right afore the door o' my Father's house, and, bless Him, He'll come out to take His child into His arms, and I shall be home for ever and ever. To think of it! *home!* ay, and with breath for to praise my Lord too. I was a sayin' over them words, 'Bless the Lord, ye His angels; that excel in strength.' *Excel in strength.* And I thought how I

would be a-flyin' in a little while, and how I would sweep the harp, and how swift I would go for my dear Lord, a sailin' along 'pon a pair o' glorious wings, how grand it would be! My soul was all full of it, when up come my wife, and she sat down at the foot o' the bed, and she flings her hands all helpless like down before her.

“‘Frankey,’ says she, a’most a chokin,’ ‘Frankey, whatever shall us do! There ben’t a bit o’ bread in the house agen the children come home.’

“‘What shall us do, my dear?’ I says. ‘Why, think of the Blessed Father who tells us to call upon Him in the day of trouble, and He will hear us. And He will too, I know.’

“‘Seemin’ to me He must have forgot us,’ says she, bursting out a-cryin’.

“‘Forgot us, wife!’ I says. ‘Forgot us! Bless His Holy Name, it *wouldn’t be like Him*. He don’t ever forget. He has been round and about us, our Friend and Helper, these twenty years, and it wouldn’t be like Him to leave us now, just when we want Him most. That isn’t the way He does.’ And I began to say over the hundred and forty-sixth Psalm that I do dearly love. ‘*While I live I will praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.* There, wife, isn’t that pretty music now? *Which keepeth truth for ever.* Hear that,’ I says. ‘Keepeth truth for ever. *Which giveth food to the hungry.* Bless Him, why it’s put there a-purpose for you and me.’

“‘Well,’ says she, wipin’ her eyes with her apron, ‘I s’pose it be the Lord’s will, and we must bear it.’

“The tears came in my eyes then. ‘Oh, my dear! Don’t ’e talk like that,’ I says, ‘don’t ’e talk like that there, now. It be no more the will of our blessed Father that our children should want bread than it be your will or mine. It do hurt me to hear folks talk like that about my Lord. *It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish,* that be the Lord’s will,’ I says.

“Well, just then there came a double knock to the door. It ben’t very often that we do have a letter, so the wife jumps up and runs down stairs. In a minute she shouts up to me:

“‘Frankey, here’s a letter from our boy in Australia.’ And

then in a minute more she comes runnin' up to me, and cries out — 'Why, there's a five-pound note in it. Bless his dear heart!' and tears of joy ran down our cheeks.

"'Ah, wife,' says I, holdin' up the note, 'look here; *that* be the Lord's will, and we must bear it. Bless His holy Name; He *keepeth truth for ever.*'"

Every eye was dimmed as Frankey finished his simple story. Dan'el now had a fair field, and all the gathering feelings and thoughts of the evening broke out with a triumph.

"Oh, don't let us always be a-talking about bearin' His will, and sufferin' His will. Let's talk about *enjoyin'* His will. When the baby is pinin' away and sickly, an' dyin', that be His will, perhaps: but that be His will, too, when the baby be a great big thumpin' boy, and thrives uncommon. It be God's will, perhaps — if it be n't our own carelessness — when the house be burnt down, and we escape with our lives. But it be the Lord's will, too, all the days that we come and go, and find all safe and sound. The Father's will isn't that we should be out in a far country perishin' with hunger. His will is the best robe and the fatted calf; the comin' home, and the being merry. "*My meditation of Him shall be sweet.*" You may say what you like about *sufferin'* the Lord's will; I shall talk about enjoying it, and delight in it."

"So will I, bless Him," said Frankey, and even Widow Pascoe looked as if a little light had come across her mourning face.

THE DEAD.

Why do we make our moan
 For losses which enrich us yet
 With upward yearnings of regret?
 Bleaker than unmossed stone
 Our lives were but for this immortal gain
 Of unstilled longing and inspiring pain
 For noble natures gone.

COUNT CAVOUR.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'CULLOUGH.

COUNT CAVOUR was a scion of a noble house, and the second son of an ancient and immensely wealthy patrician family, long known for its aristocratic hauteur, and for its warm support of the reactionary cause. He was born at Turin in 1810, during the French occupation of Italy; and his father must have been favourable to the French cause, for we learn that a sister of the great Napoleon, the Princess Maria Pauline Borgese, was one of the sponsors at his baptism, which was performed in great pomp and with much ceremony. His early advantages were of a most felicitous character, for his first tutor, up to the time of his fourteenth year, was the Abbe Fezet, who was known as the writer of the French History of the House of Savoy, from which province the ancient patrician house of Cavour is believed to have originally descended. Young Cavour was soon destined for the army by a proud father, according to Italian custom, being the second son of the family. He was accordingly sent to the Royal Military Academy at Turin, where he early distinguished himself by his industry and diligence, his fine military, aristocratic bearing, and the uncommon progress that he made in every branch of study to which he directed his noble and logical mind. At this youthful age he was warmly recommended by his superiors at the Royal Academy to the Count Charles Felix, as a page to wait upon the King. His friends were elated at the bright future that appeared thus early to loom up before him. But he was soon found to be far in advance of his years, and superior to his position, for his proud spirit would not permit him to submit to be a lackey, even to a king; and to the unspeakable regret of all his friends, and the infinite chargin of his proud father, who thought his pathway to glory and honour was now forever cut off, he was dismissed in disgrace. He immediately returned to the Royal Academy and resumed his studies, a pursuit more congenial to his taste and feelings than waiting upon a haughty prince. His own words, when he rejoined his young friends at the Academy, were, "Thank God, I have flung off that mule from my back."

He now redoubled his diligence at his studies, but in vain he endeavoured to regain the good opinion of his family and his friends. They felt themselves disgraced. He was now placed under the immediate care of that famous astronomer Plana, under whom he studied mathematics with great success, and who said he never had so gifted a pupil. But strange to say, his relations despised him the more, as an incorrigible book-worm, insensible of his high position, and the position of his family. They would have preferred the luxury and flattery of Court influence, and would sooner have seen him a liveried page to a priest-ridden prince than a scholar of the highest merit and of the greatest renown. But they had little thought they were soon to be doomed to a still greater mortification, and their family and name to be tarnished in consequence of the liberal views of the young and very promising cadet, and the party to which he showed signs of special preference. He had early risen to the rank of lieutenant in the army; but his scholarly mind, his free and liberal principles, and his ready utterance of them, entirely unfitted him for the trappings and gaieties of the mess-room, and made him some enemies. Such was his extreme aversion to the army, that his father felt constrained to yield to his importunities and consent to his leaving the service. As he was heir to an ample and princely fortune—over one million pounds sterling—he could command admission into the highest circles of society, and was surrounded with every facility to forward the designs early formed in his young and fruitful mind, namely, to raise his country from being a priest-ridden and dependent province, to become one of the great powers of Europe. And he lived to see the consummation of his matured plans and most ardent and sincere desires.

England and the English Constitution had been studied and long admired by Cavour, and the writings and political addresses of her great statesmen had been the subject of his meditation and reflections, and had made a deep impression upon his mind. He longed to witness the working of liberal and enlightened principles, and to make himself conversant with the practical application of the great principles embodied in the British Constitution. At length the eventful scenes and stirring times of 1831, and the *razzia* that followed against everything like free opinions made

him resolve on leaving his own country for a time and visiting England, and making the acquaintance of those great men whom he admired, and whose political career he had studied with so much interest to himself, and as the sequel showed, with so much benefit to his country. He accordingly landed at Dover, and no sooner had he stepped on shore than he felt like a bird escaped from its cage, and was in no great hurry to return again to the land of priestcraft—the land that forbade freedom of thought and of expression and wished to crush the liberty of the press. He made his way to London, the vast theatre of trade and commerce, the world in miniature; he saw the Thames, with its forest of masts and floating castles, and its magnificent bridges and wharves groaning with the products of all nations of the earth,—what a striking and mortifying contrast to his lonely and much loved Torino, a sort of Islington asleep, and the still more sluggish and sleepy Po. There were to be seen, too, the men of the age, of every grade of society, of every rank in life, and in all the varying circumstances of men who were free and free-born; many of the self-made men of the time—men who were the architects of their own fortune, as well as those who were born stars of the first magnitude.

At first his intention was that his stay should be but short, and that he would soon again take some prominent part in the struggles of his country to rise above a spiritual bondage. But he could not leave; he was on the *qui vive* to add to his stock of information and practical knowledge; and probably a closer observer of English manners and customs, from the time of Peter the Great of Russia, never visited the sea-girt isle. His noble birth, his immense fortune, his refined manners, his brilliant wit and conversation, rendered his presence and company acceptable wherever he went, and were an easy passport to any company, and even to the most refined circles of society. But scenes of amusement and folly were not courted by him, but studiously shunned; and he was more frequently found in the libraries of great men, and in the museum of the British nation. He visited Manchester, Liverpool, Macclesfield, Birmingham, Sheffield, and the Staffordshire coal fields, as well as the docks of Liverpool and Plymouth; and here he wondered, and here he studied the stupendous works of human

genius and human industry. He visited the shores of England for information, and he obtained it, and made a good use of it for the benefit of his countrymen, and for the improvement of his country.

He could not have visited England at a better time, nor a more opportune period. It was at the period of the anti-Corn-Law struggle and the Free Trade contest, and he sat at the feet of Cobden and Bright, and was taught in that school the lesson of free trade principles. He sat in the Speaker's gallery during the great tariff debate on the 11th March, 1842, when Sir Robert Peel combated the great principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. But even Sir Robert Peel soon changed his views and came over to the side of Free Trade.

Cavour listened with profound attention to all the arguments in the great controversy, and he studied them and understood them, and finally introduced them into the liberal commercial code of his own country. He was an apt and a "Bright" scholar, and he was taught in a fine school, learning more in the few years that he spent in England than he could possibly have learned in half a century in the priest-ridden Court of Carlo Alberto.

An opportunity soon offered itself of showing that he was not an idle spectator of what he witnessed; for no sooner did he return to his native country than he entered at once upon a career of agricultural improvement, even amidst the heaviest cares of state, which he never relinquished. He was educated an aristocrat, and he felt as an aristocrat, but he was never above work, diligent in business—sometimes in the fields, sometimes in the workshop, sometimes with the merchant, and sometimes with the humble artizan, as well as in the cabinet of his country. He returned to his own country with his mind enriched with valuable information upon all subjects, and especially upon subjects most useful to a statesman. But his great study was the English Constitution, one analogous to which he hoped one day to see introduced into his own much-loved Italy.

While he was in England some very important changes had taken place in Piedmont, and Carlo Alberto was strongly suspected of favouring the views of those of more liberal sentiments than the priests of Rome. Rome was scarcely as much under the influence and dominion of these living corpses as was the Subal-

pine Kingdom. But the priests had their day, and the power of Rome and the tyranny of the Papacy were fast coming to an end. The ball was in motion, and could not be stopped. And England and her great statesmen had schooled a man who was made for the times, and who was made for the Court—and that man was Count Cavour. Soon after his return from England he founded, with the assistance of some noble friends, of the same stamp, and of the same enlightened and moral principles, the Royal Agricultural Society of Sardinia, which became very popular, and soon numbered more than 2,000 members. The reforms of the Pope, and the troubles in Tuscany, aided the liberal party in the noble career of useful improvement, and Carlo Alberto, relaxing the restrictions on the press, gave out that he was not opposed to still more important concessions. But the clergy were in the way of all improvement, and stood as a formidable phalanx, allied as they were with the feudal aristocracy, many of whose members were leading Jesuits. It was necessary to rout and annihilate them if possible. Cavour was just the man for the times, for he was strongly opposed to the clerico-aristocratic *regime*, and yet strongly opposed also to all revolutionary violence and indiscretion, and he felt the importance of avoiding too stormy a collision, by securing a hearing for the opinions of temperate, though earnest reformers. A daily paper was immediately started called *Il Risorgimento* and although it was conducted by a most aristocratic staff of officials, yet it soon became the organ of the middle classes. It was the *Times* of Turin. In its columns the English Constitution was fully and freely discussed, and by this means the nation at large became acquainted with it, and through the powerful pen of Cavour, the people were soon prepared to adopt it. Carlo Alberto favoured the design. The great reform urged and recommended by Cavour was a Constitution, and although the Ministers of the Crown and the aristocracy of the land were strongly opposed to it, yet he had the satisfaction of seeing announced by the King, in a manifesto to his much delighted subjects, Sardinia's accession to the ranks of the constitutional States of Europe. This was a noble triumph. The new election law was the product of the mighty mind of Cavour, undertaken at the request of the ministry, and in

the following May the Turin Parliament met for the first time, and he was one of its members, and one of its leading spirits.

Cavour was well qualified for the position he now occupied. He had listened to the debates in the English House of Commons, and had conceived an idea rather novel but truly characteristic. He did not see why a man is bound to keep the same side of the house at all times, provided he is loyal and patriotic. He saw no objection to a man being a Radical at one time and a Tory at another time, so long as he had the good of his country in view and was consistently and persistently patriotic to the Crown. He did not see why a man should not change sides if necessary, when changing sides would accomplish a greater amount of good for the people. His theory seems to have been that if the political vessel in which he sailed was likely to capsize to the starboard, he would then take the larboard side of the craft, and if it were likely to capsize to the larboard, he would then take the starboard side; in this way of changing sides he manifested his profound wisdom, his extensive knowledge of human nature, and his eminent qualifications for the times in which he lived. A "coalition" of the leading men of both parties seems to have been his motto, for he sees no reason why the political bark should change its captain because one day it would require more sail and another day more ballast. He would mould Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston and Earl Derby into one, and would appoint men differing on theoretical questions to guide the ship of State. But some men would let the ship of State go to the bottom sooner than steady it by taking an opposite direction. This was not the policy of Cavour, for had it been, that goodly vessel would have been a wreck long ago, whereas she now carries sail, hoists her flag of liberty, and proudly cuts the wave. He was no party to the Peace of Villafranca; for on the ratification of that Peace he at once resigned office, and his retirement caused an immediate fall in the English and Continental funds. He never lost sight of the improvement and welfare of his much-loved country. But strange events were now transpiring, and changes were now about to take place, that would exert a powerful influence upon the affairs of Italy.

The King, Carlo Alberto, was strongly opposed by the priesthood, and these were assisted in their opposition to progres-

sive measures by a majority of the aristocracy of the country; for it was known that the King sympathized with the liberal party. So strong was the opposition that the King was forced to abdicate, and on his resignation the Parliament was dissolved, and Victor Emmanuel was called to the throne and immediately took hold of the reins of Government and summoned a new Parliament. Cavour was returned by a large majority, and soon became the soul and leading spirit of a Cabinet whose power would be felt by Austria and was destined to humble the Papacy, and elevate Rome as a power among the nations. He held office for about fifteen years, sometimes only a member of the Cabinet, and sometimes the leader of it. But whether in office or out of it, whether in power or retirement, whether attending to his model farm, or directing the affairs of State, he always aimed at the stability of the throne, the unification of the nation, the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope, and the welfare of the people. He was an original man and a safe leader. The new King, Victor Emmanuel, found in him a wise and a judicious adviser, and a safe guide; and Cavour found in the King one upon whom he could depend, to favour his designs, and to assist him in carrying out all those measures of reform that were calculated to benefit and elevate his much-loved country. His measures, principles, and his whole life tended more to the unification of the Kingdom of Italy than the labours of any other man. He died in the year 1861, universally honoured and universally regretted.

GRAFTON, Ont.,

HEAVEN.

Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
 From world to luminous world, as far
 As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
 Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
 And multiply each by endless years—
 One minute of heaven is worth them all.

—MOORE.

EDITORIAL.

THE LESSONS OF THE HARVEST.

NOTHING so impresses one with the teeming fertility of the earth as the ingathering of the harvest. Not the bursting of the bud, the sprouting of the grass, and all the verdurous beauty of the spring; not the wealth of foliage and the rich luxuriance of summer attest so plainly the inexhaustible resources of nature, as the ripening of the grain in autumn. It speaks also of the paternal goodness of God in supplying the wants of every living thing: "That thou givest them they gather; thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good."

By the wondrous chemic influences of the great laboratory of Nature—the sunshine and the shower—her inorganic elements become endowed with life and clothed with beauty; they wave in glistening grain, or blush in purple grape, or glow like the golden fruit of the Hesperides, in our orchards and gardens. The miracle of changing water into wine is repeated upon a million vines; God, indeed, commandeth stones, and they become bread.

The magnitude and importance of the cereal harvest of the world are with difficulty apprehended. The waving crops of the fertile acres of our own land, of the vast prairies of the Far West, of the wide steppes of the Ukraine and Poland, of the rich plains of the Danube, the Dnieper and the Don, of the fertile vales of Western Europe, and of nearly all the grain-producing countries of the world, are now reaped, and another year's supply of food is secured. Were a universal blight to destroy the harvest of the world for a single year, without some such miraculous provision as preceded the Egyptian famine under the Pharaohs, every one of its inhabitants would probably perish. The aggregate harvest of the world varies little, year by year, and very slightly exceeds the consumption of the year. The great traffic in breadstuffs merely distributes the superabundant supply of the great grain-growing regions of the

earth to those which are less fertile or more populous. A failure of the crops in Iowa or on the plains of the Volga, immediately raises the price of grain at the Mark Lane Corn Exchange, the great commercial barometer by which the cereal markets of the world are regulated. No system of corn laws could avert the awful calamity which a single year of universal failure would produce, for there is no annual surplus that would be at all adequate to feed the hunger of the world.

We see, therefore, on what contingencies the bread supply of the nations depends. Let the late spring, the dry summer, or the wet harvest, which are often locally experienced, become universal, and the peoples of the earth, like the inhabitants of a beleaguered city, would speedily perish with hunger; for in universal starvation would become realized Dante's awful vision of the agonies of Count Ugolino and his children in the Tower of Famine.*

There is, therefore, a depth of significance often little apprehended in that petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." Every ear of wheat speaks to us of the universal providence of God; His care is over all his works, "He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man; that He may bring forth fruit out of the earth."

But such a dreadful catastrophe as we have imagined can never, or rather shall never occur, till the voice of the mighty angel shall echo through heaven's dome—"Thrust in thy sickle and reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe." For, notwithstanding local famine or distress, the promise holds good, that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." "He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest."

But what immense expenditure of labour is required to feed the world! What toil and travail it costs to plough the glebe, and sow the seed, and reap and grind the grain. How vast the trade in

* "Both hands for very anguish did I gnaw.

They, thinking that I tore them through desire

Of food, rose sudden from their dungeon straw,

And spake: 'Less grief it were, of us, O Sire!

If thou shouldst eat.—These limbs, thou by our birth

Didst clothe.—Despoil them now, if need require.'"

—*Inferno*, Canto xxxiii.

breadstuffs. How many millions are engaged in their carriage, by sea and land, and how many more in constructing means of transit. How many are the wheels of industry which the constantly recurring wants of our body set in motion. But while the great question of the millions of mankind is, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink?"—to the answering of which all their energies are bent—how awfully prevalent is indifference to their spiritual wants. How relatively few there are who, in the language of Carlyle, while "toiling outwardly for the lowest of men's wants, the bread that perisheth, are toiling inwardly for the highest, the bread of life." How many, while pampering the appetites of the body, make no effort to supply the hunger and thirst of the soul; and starve their spirit or vainly strive to appease its immortal yearnings with the deathless husks of this world—the things of time and sense, that perish with the using.

The ingathering of the harvest is naturally a season of rejoicing and thanksgiving. Most beautiful was the olden custom of the Harvest Home, of bringing in in triumph, crowned with flowers and accompanied by mirth and music, the last load or sheaf from the field. A deep significance was there, also, in the ancient classic usage of offering up to the household gods, the Lares and Penates, and to the deities of the fields and orchards, Ceres and Pomona, the choicest of the first fruits of the earth. Still more solemn was the Divine injunction from Mount Sinai—"Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits unto Me."

Most benign were the requirements of the Jewish law concerning the harvest and the vintage. "And when ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and stranger; I am the Lord your God."

Shall not Christian men, therefore, at least equal in devout gratitude to God, and in beneficence to their fellow men, the subjects of an earlier dispensation and of a dimmer faith than theirs? Let them consecrate to Him the first fruits of their increase in recognition of His universal sovereignty, nor rob God in tithes and offerings, for it is only of His own that they can give unto Him, and He will pour out blessings on the land. Let them remember

that unto them is committed the care of God's great family of the poor, which shall never cease out of the land; and that while ministering unto the needy, whom we have always with us, we may minister unto Him whom we have with us no more.

Some thoughts of graver import, also, the season suggests. All things around us are ripening and maturing for the ingathering into the garner. Are we? Are we riper in piety and more mature in holiness? Are we waiting like a ripe sheaf, ready to be gathered home? We, too, have our harvest. Shall it be of joy or of sorrow? Shall our sowing be to the flesh to reap corruption, or to the Spirit to reap life everlasting? Shall we exult when Death, the mighty reaper, shall cut short our lives, or shall we take up the fearful dirge—"The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and we are not saved!" Do our lives abound in fruit, or are they withered and bare? Must we say,

"Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves
Over a wasted life!
Sins committed while conscience slept,
Promises made but never kept;
Battle, and hatred, and strife!

"Nothing but leaves! No garnered sheaves
Of life's fair, ripened grain!
Words, idle words, for earnest deeds.
We sow our seed; lo! tares and weeds
We reap with toil and pain.

"And shall we meet the Master so?
Bearing our withered leaves?
The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;
We stand before Him, humble, mute,
Waiting the word He breathes."

Ah! not so, not so! but let us rather redeem the time and bring forth much fruit to the honour and glory of our Heavenly Father.

THE PRESENT MONETARY STRINGENCY.

BY WARRING KENNEDY, ESQ.

It may not be out of place at this moment to inquire a little into the cause of the present hard times. Complaints are heard everywhere—on the street cars and steamboats, and in all branches of trade. Politicians, in opposition, blame the Government for increasing the pressure, by the recent demand of the Finance Minister upon the banks, as though the Government can neglect to meet its own liabilities.

The question is a debateable one, as to whether Government deposits in our Banks, bearing interest, are a benefit, or an injury to the mercantile community. We cannot say that the present pressure is the result of a fatality over which we have no control, nor is it the result of a Providential visitation. No scourge has fallen upon us, as blight, mildew, fire, or flood—such as have recently visited many places in the Old World, and the Western and Southern States of the Union. Crops for years have been good. Why then these hard times? Among many causes we enumerate a few.

1st. The steadily accumulating stocks of lumber held, on which the banks have made advances, and thus locked up their capital to the extent of twenty millions of dollars, (this is considered a fair estimate,) for an uncertain period, pending the revival of business in the United States, South America, and the West Indies. An idea may be formed of the disastrous result to the country of a stagnation in the lumber trade, when it is known that our exports of lumber amounted in former years to one-half the amount of our total exports.

2nd. The large proportion of last year's wheat crop, (say one-third,) still in the hands of growers. To illustrate this we have reliable data

that, on the 1st August, the growers residing in the counties of South Ontario and West Durham held over 200,000 bushels of wheat and barley, which means a quarter of a million of dollars. If so much was held by two counties, an idea can be formed of the immense quantity over the whole country, not marketed, and the consequent lock up of capital. The wealth of the farmers has, in this instance, proved an evil. Their ability to hold over their produce has operated as a powerful brake, in arresting the wheels of commerce.

3rd. The permanent investment of the business capital of the country, and large sums borrowed from abroad, in costly residences and warehouses, (notably in Toronto and Montreal,) repayments of which are now maturing. One of the greatest evils, the effects of which we all now share, is the love of show and luxury so prevalent among all classes from "prince to plebeian." Men become dissatisfied with comfortable homes, and hasten to squander large sums in costly residences and furniture, which entail corresponding extravagance in living and dress. We know some who are now paying one hundred and twenty dollars per month interest on money borrowed to build stately mansions, when at the same time, to all appearance, the extent of their business operations would not justify an annual outlay of rental over \$400 per year. We are aware, again, of others who, since this crisis has overtaken us, have been obliged to give liens to their bankers, on their beautiful residences, in order to obtain increased lines of discount. Would not the money sunk in costly residences, or the interest on money borrowed, be much better employed in their business to-day?

4th. The continued over importation of foreign goods, drawing heavily upon our coin resources to cancel the balance of trade against us in England and the United States, producing displacement of home manufactures, with loss of employment to the artisan class therein engaged. The excessive importations of dry goods alone would go far in solving the cause of the present pressure. The imports of the last two years are largely represented by unsold stocks of merchants and retailers. This process of accumulating stocks must have a limit. Banks have been carrying too large an amount of unsold imports, and one cause of the stringency is, that pay day has come. Money is now demanded to square up the balance against us. Let us bear in mind that it is money, actual money, that is available in any market in the world. Not only must the Government have money to meet its necessary expenditure, but merchants must have exchange to meet their indebtedness, and if there are no shipments of produce, lumber, etc., from this country, to draw against, it must be covered with gold. Our imports have been so much in excess of our exports that there is now a drain of gold to meet the balance against us. Specie is fast going out of the Dominion both to England and the United States, and no country can long bear such a drain upon its capital resources. Our past prosperity has had much to do with the present crisis. Too many have gone into business, tempted by the success of others, and this, to some extent, has injured the whole by over production or excessive imports. Prosperity has brought along with it the desire to be still more prosperous, and the fact of having done a profitably large business is looked upon only as a reason why this should be made a fresh starting point for future successes. What has been the result? The importations have mounted up to a figure far beyond the legitimate demands

of the country, even when the widest margin is given. Goods have had to be sold at unremunerative prices, tempting consumers to spend more than their circumstances justify, and the result has been, to both importer and consumer, a destruction of capital.

5th. A total extinction of the tourist and smuggling trade of the United States with us, which brought us custom for fancy goods, rich silks and gloves, jewellery, etc., at numerous points on the border and route of travel.

6th. The withdrawal of the vast amount of American silver from circulation; the vacuum created by the removal of which the banks have not the requisite capital to replace—the number of dollars in circulation in Canada being less than one-half per head than in the United States.

7th. The displacement of wood as fuel by coal, the adoption of which along the whole frontier by private consumers and railroad companies has begun to withdraw and export the money formerly expended at home. In one town in Ontario, eight years ago, where manufacturing interests are being fostered, the import of coal for family use was ten tons, and for factory purposes about five hundred tons annually; now the total import is nearly 10,000 tons.

8th. The withdrawal of Government deposits, which must necessarily cause a curtailment of the loanable funds of the banks. Large sums of money required to be reserved for specific purposes by the Government, ought never to be deposited in the banks specially at interest, as that necessitates that it should be employed in the usual course of trade. It may be argued that the money belonging to the Government has been lodged with the banks so as to be ready whenever required. The time when it is required is now come. But the banks have been using that money, and they are now endeavouring to raise their reserves so as to be able to meet the call. The result is a curtailment of dis-

counts, a refusing of new business, and a consequent contraction of note circulation to the extent of ten millions of dollars during the past four months. This is what makes money scarce. It is true the money is needed for the payment of large public works now in progress, and will, of course, return in time to the banks, after having helped on the business of the country, but in the meantime its withdrawal has produced a wrench which has been severely felt.

9th. Without referring to the question as to whether a protective or a mere revenue tariff conduces most to the general prosperity of the country, we cannot overlook the fact that our manufacturing interests are now in a very prostrate condition. The cause is not far to seek. The United States is overstocked with goods. Our low tariff permits American manufacturers to flood our market with goods. This they are doing, and Canadian manufacturers are in a paralyzed state. How long this will continue it is difficult to say. The *New York Tribune* states that the exports of manufactured articles from the United States to Canada, in 1874, amounted to near nine millions of dollars. And business men know that the influx of American goods into Canada is much heavier the present year than in 1874. Our boot and shoe factories are all running on short time. One factory in Toronto, which at this period last year paid out weekly for wages the sum of \$1,500, is at present paying only between \$300 and \$400 weekly. The balance goes to the United States for stock which is imported much cheaper than it can be produced here. The same remark applies to furniture. This branch of manufacture has received a terrible blow lately from the same cause. So has plumbing and brass finishing—many hands have been discharged. Finished brasses of various descriptions can be laid down here at lower

prices than the casting would cost, and the money formerly paid to workmen for wages is now sent over to the United States to purchase stock. The felt and roofing business is almost destroyed. The Montreal Rubber Company has shut down altogether, leaving one thousand hands idle. These are only glimpses of the present condition of affairs.—American producers are at present making Canada a slaughter house for their surplus stock. Will any of our statesmen propound a remedy?

10th. The low price of our farm products has prevented as much money from being made as in former years. Wheat, butter and cheese have all through the season sold at low prices. It is true the price of pork ruled high, but as we export very little pork, it consequently brings a small amount of money into the country.

What is the remedy, and when may we expect it?

1st. Let us not expect it speedily. There are slight indications of revival in the lumber trade. We are informed that stocks at the mills on the Ottawa have run down, and at Albany the demand has considerably improved.

2nd. The recent rise in price of grain has brought large quantities to the market, the effect of which ought soon to be realized in an increased circulation of money.

3rd. If the present prices continue, this year's crop will likely be marketed early, and money, consequently, will soon change hands, and find its way into the different channels of commerce, to the benefit of all who touch it.

Lastly. Reduced imports this fall, and a retrenchment of expenditure on the part of those who are living extravagantly, may enable us to see an improved condition of affairs by next Christmas.

TORONTO, Aug. 13th.

PAUL, AND HIS PLACE IN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.*

BY JOHN CARROLL.

THE history of a movement, an enterprise, a Church, a community, a nation, nay, of the world at large, if we knew in all cases how to analyze it, might be resolved into a congeries of personal biographies. History is a drama, and warriors, kings, merchants, philanthropists, statesmen, preachers, and writers (to mention no more) are the actors. It is, therefore, interesting to contemplate the use, the character and career of men who originated movements of thought, or action, which have influenced the opinions, morals, social habits, commercial enterprises, material condition, civil status, and religious practices of mankind. And that the rather, as men have arisen, who, being diametrically opposed to each other in their aims and endeavours, have combined, like the resolution of forces in mechanics, to impel human society to a course of action different from what either of them contemplated.

And if those influential minds and agents lived in the far distant past, and their influence is felt down to the present time, in the habits of thought, forms of speech, and doings of large portions of mankind, it becomes still more interesting to avail ourselves of the light shed by any antiquarian investigator, or philosophic inquirer, to contemplate the native idiosyncrasy, the gradual development of thought and action, the questionings and final decisions, the struggles and triumphs of those impelling and regnant master minds.

How captivating to the curious and thoughtful are such inquiries and disclosures, relative to such men as Aristotle, Plato, Erasmus, Des

Cartes, Newton, Bacon, Shakespeare, Cromwell, Bonaparte, and others.

But if we are curious to know all about scientists, literateurs, statesmen and rulers—to those who are awake to the prodigious influence of religious beliefs and practices on mankind, for weal or woe, the mental and outward history and doings of such men as Augustin, Luther, Calvin, Wesley, or Edwards, are still more interesting. Yet, how completely all those enumerated are dwarfed in comparison with that one man, to whose writings they were all under obligations for whatever was truly evangelical in their teachings, and by whose example they were prompted to whatever was heroic in their lives—we refer to PAUL OF TARSUS. "The influence which St. Paul has exercised on Christianity, which completely leavens modern civilization, is wider and more lasting than that which has been wielded by any other man."

We are apt to think there could not be much to learn from men who lived before many of our present special advantages were enjoyed; when there were no printed books; before the discovery of the mariner's compass, of electricity, of the circulation of the blood, of the globular form of the earth; before the birth of modern astronomy, chemistry, geology, the science of language, and a world of other knowledge which characterizes a century which has made more progress than the twenty centuries that preceded it. Yet, we are now called upon to contemplate a man who lived eighteen hundred and fifty years ago, a man brought up in the opinions and prejudices of a narrow

Jewish sect, a man who never passed through the wide curriculum of one of our modern Universities, and never enjoyed the liberalizing influence of our occidental civilization, who, nevertheless, has revolved in mind and pronounced on questions of the highest moment to mankind, both for this life and the life to come: such as, sin and holiness, reconciliation and peace with God; questions concerning inviolable obligations to God, to man, and ourselves; questions concerning the true essence of religion; and inquiries and disclosures concerning the soul, the intermediate and the final states of man; questions which have never been so well handled, and so wisely and satisfactorily resolved, as by himself.

Paul was a man who, with some personal disadvantages, owed his mental character and complexion to several concurrent influences. His "bodily presence was weak." He had not those advantages of port and presence, of voice and elocution, which take in an age of show, such as the one in which he lived, when Greek sophistry and declamation went for so very much, just as rhetoric and clap-trap do in our day. His "speech" was "contemptible;" or, as it has been rendered, "nothing to speak of." He "came not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring" to the people "the testimony of God." That is, there was nothing in his person, or so persuasive and fascinating in his speech, as to carry his audiences away, irrespective of the weight and absorbing importance of what he had to say, as to its matter. Our best sources of information make him low in stature, bow-legged, hook-nosed, and, I think, bald-headed. His voice was not over pleasant and commanding; his utterance was very rapid, and somewhat cluttered, and his action ungraceful. But to earnest inquirers after truth, and attentive listeners, there were excellences which overbalanced all these defects. There was his benignant countenance, his

courteous bearing, great earnestness of manner, force of diction, masterly natural logic, and pregnancy of thought, joined to something higher than all these, namely, *unction*, a power and authority arising from a persuasion of the divineness of his mission, and the truthfulness of what he taught. We have examples of men ungifted with his plenary inspiration, in whom similar obstacles were neutralized by similar excellences. Take the cases of Joseph Benson, James Parsons, Joseph Beaumont, and, if we may come to America, Russel Bigelow and Henry Wilkinson. Reference was made to the influence of his antecedents and early surroundings on the type of his mind and peculiarity of his writings. His religious education in childhood took place in his "Hebrew" home in Tarsus, and then "at the feet" of the learned Rabbi Gamaliel, in the sacred city Jerusalem itself; and comprehended a thorough acquaintance with the text of the Old Testament Scriptures, and with the most orthodox exposition of them, current in the latter times of the Jewish polity and the Israelitish Church in Palestine, embracing the spiritual views and strict observances of the sect of the Pharisees. His Jewish narrowness was counteracted, as far as it could be by such means, by his Roman citizenship, and his Greek learning, comprising an acquaintance with its writers and living manners.

His first acquaintance with Christianity awakened his prejudice and hostility, and led him with all the energy of his ardent nature to persecute its adherents. He took Christ to be a blasphemer, and his religion a revolt against the teachers and authorities of the Mosaic Church. Perhaps a member of the Sanhedrim itself, and certainly its commissioner, he went armed with official letters "unto strange cities," to bring the hapless followers of Jesus "to Jerusalem to be punished." His conversion to Christianity on the road to

Damascus, while prosecuting this mission of cruel hatred, showed its preternatural character, and stood the first, as it was by far the most extraordinary, of that long list of remarkable conversions, which includes a Luther, a Bunyan, a Rochester, a Gardner, and many more, each of which attests the power of sovereign, saving grace.

Paul started on his career of apostleship, we will not say without the advantages,—for, perhaps, as the “apostle of the Gentiles,” and the great planter of Christianity as a religion beyond the restraints of a mere Jewish sect, it was the will of Christ that he should not have them,—but without the conditions under which those who “were apostles before him” were trained for their work: namely, the personal teaching and the companionship of Christ, the witnessing of his miracles, his example and the deliberations of the Apostolic College, and the conversation and recollection of those who had “compared with Jesus from the beginning.” He preached Christ in Arabia and Damascus before he ever went to Jerusalem. He had been a preacher three years, (see Epistle to the Galatians,) before he visited that mother Church at all, and saw Peter, with whom he “abode fifteen days, but saw none other of the apostles, save James, the Lord’s brother,” who was the immediate and special pastor of the Jerusalem Church. And he preached another fourteen years “in the regions of Syria and Cilicia” before he made another visit. So true was it, that he not only did not receive commission or authentication from the College of Apostles, but neither did he derive the doctrine he taught from them; for he could boldly declare that his doctrine was not “after man,” that he “received it not from man, neither by man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.” Yet, he maintained that he *was* an *apostle*, and “free” to act on his own discretion, as one who had “seen Jesus Christ our Lord,” and had “all

the signs of an apostle in himself, in mighty signs and wonders, and gifts of the Holy Ghost.” And as he “laboured more abundantly than they all,” so there were vast numbers to whom he could confidently appeal and say, “If I be not an apostle unto others, yet doubtless I am to you, and for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord.” Nor would he allow any ascendancy to be exercised over him, as to the government of the churches he had planted, even by those “who seemed to be somewhat in conference, to whom he gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour,” knowing that even their approval and authentication “could add nothing to him.”

There was evidently considerable diversity and isolation from each other in the various sections of the Apostolic Church, approaching almost to our modern denominationalism, which breathes catholicity and fraternity on the platform, and, too often, falsifies it in general action. Or, at least, it was not unlike existing Methodism, which in one country, or section of itself, is Presbyterian, and in another Episcopal; and which in one place exaggerates one non-essential feature, (aside from the only three essentials, the characteristics, the doctrines of Methodism, its social means of grace, and its united, rotating, itinerant pastorate,) and some other such feature in another. The early Christians of Palestine conformed, at least till the overthrow of the Jewish capital and government, to the Mosaic worship and ritual, while they had much that was peculiar and secret to themselves; among them, furthermore, there were vehement Judaizers, who contended that conformity to Judaism was to continue, and that the converts from the Gentiles, (whose very admission to baptism they at the first opposed, or at least challenged,) “must needs be circumcised and keep the laws of Moses.” But the Apostle Paul, from the first, asked no such conformity of his converts.

He also won from the first Christian Council at Jerusalem the concession that, if those converts, as to ceremonials, barely "kept themselves from fornication," (which seemed to mean from complicity with idolatrous customs,) "from things strangled, and from blood, they should do well," and "that no other burden" should be laid upon them.

The College of Apostles at Jerusalem, with other large-minded persons of Hebrew education and bias, while they winked at conformity to Judaism for the present, out of deference to invincible prejudice, and from considerations of policy, could not help foreseeing that the Old Testament ritual was to be superseded by that more vital system, of which it was only the symbol and the shadow. But lesser men, with the positiveness and pertinacity which characterizes narrow but conscientious minds, clung to the idea of the perpetuity of Jewish ceremonials, and would fain have imposed that "yoke of bondage" on all possessed of "the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free," to accomplish which they denied apostolic authority to Paul, "who had begotten them through the Gospel," thus causing a great deal of anxiety and even schism, if not downright division, wherever they went. Estrangement and separate organization were no doubt, the result to a considerable extent in many places.

Evidences are not wanting of this from the Acts of the Apostles, although the author to whom we are about to refer, thinks, not without some warrant, that the book that goes by that name is only a small part of a much larger collection of apostolic annals, now lost, the present being a sort of abridgement, compiled in such a way as to form an eirenicon, or harmonizer, of the Jewish and Gentile sections of the Christian Church. But it is in the pastoral epistles of Paul, especially those to the Romans and Galatians, particularly the latter, that the diver-

gence, happily afterwards harmonized, fully appears. It is in the Epistle to the Galatians particularly, that the efforts of the Judaizers fully come to light, whom Paul resolutely and ably, not to say vehemently, withstood; showing their inconsistency and the subversive tendency of their meanness to all that was vital to real Christianity.

Humanly speaking, had not this single-minded and fearless man taken the unflinching stand he did take, Christianity would have dwindled down to a mere Jewish sect, and Judaism, which had been its cradle, would have been its grave. Providence favoured, (a few years after his death,) the protest Paul had preferred. A well organized and widely ramified revolt on the part of the Jews against the Roman authority, throughout all parts of the empire, attended by deeds of the greatest atrocity, so exasperated all against whom it was directed, as to lead to an exterminating recoil against the Jews themselves, which issued in the slaughter of myriads of them, and the proscription of the survivors. This shocked their Christian fellow-countrymen, made Judaism generally unpopular, and induced the Judaizing Christians to regard their Christian brethren of Gentile origin, and those opposed to circumcision, with charity and favour. Indeed, for a time at least, in some places circumcision was prohibited by civil authority. Gradually and generally the two sections of the Church became one, and new questions arose to divert attention from the old vexation, and to bring St. Paul's writings into notice, being the most explicit and logical of all the apostolic Scriptures, and the widest in their range of subjects, as a standard of appeal by which those questions relating to gnosticism and other things were to be determined. We need not say how triumphantly the doctrine of salvation by grace through faith, which is found to be the only system the teaching of which pro-

duces conversions and promotes revivals in our own day, is sustained by the writings of this great preacher and writer. There is a vast deal more to be said in connection with the name of Paul, which want of space inexorably forbids.

We have been led into this train of thought and line of remark by the perusal of the book, whose title is given in a foot note. The author to us is a "great unknown." A work of confessed ability, written anonymously, awakens a curiosity and excites an interest easier felt than described. The author merely proclaims himself "A Graduate;" further than this, is not known to his present reviewer, whether known to others or not. We do not remember reading even the shortest notice of the book, and, therefore, cannot surmise whether our opinions of the performance will be pronounced orthodox and safe, or not. Still, we venture to pronounce him a learned man, free from pedantry, who could avail himself of Conybear and Howson's translations of St Paul's writings, if he did not make similar ones for himself; a man of almost universal information, essentially orthodox and conversant with divine truth, and truly evangelical, yet, one who seems to approach the subject with an unbiased mind, and takes a layman's views of Christianity; at least there is no appearance of professional warp or narrowness. He does not deny inspiration to the writings of St. Paul, but he uses them as he would any other authentic writing, whether inspired or not. He admits the authenticity of all usually ascribed

to St. Paul, excepting the Epistle to the Hebrews, which, for reasons which we have not time to detail, he ascribes to another—probably Apollos. He also admits and proves the authenticity of the four Gospels—John's as well as the synoptical ones.

We are not prepared to endorse all our author's advances: first, because we are not sure, on so slight a perusal, that we understand him in all cases; also, because in his candour, he makes concessions to those who dislike some points of standard orthodoxy, (not, indeed, on fundamental matters,) which the teachings of Paul do not require. The style of this book is easy and readable, and the subjects discussed, and their mode of handling, cannot fail to interest an ingeniously inquiring mind.

The author's proposed subject of inquiry was, "a survey of the times in which Paul lived, the religious systems with which he was brought into contact, the doctrines he taught, and the work he ultimately achieved." Or, again, "The social condition of the world in which St. Paul lived, and what it was he sought to teach." In the method of handling these and kindred questions adopted by him, we cannot but think that, just at this time, this book is adapted to do good service to the cause of Christianity and, therefore, to mankind; for while it candidly corrects things untenable, it must produce and strengthen belief in Him, and His teaching, on whom the salvation and happiness of mankind depend—even Jesus, the Incarnate Son of God.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

PAN-BRITANNIC FEDERATION.

ONE of the most marked tendencies of the times is that toward in-

tegration, both in religious and political communities. The time for breaking down seems to have passed away, and the time for building up

to have come. The unification of Italy and Germany, and the conservation of the American Union, are illustrations of this tendency. The unifying of the British Empire would give it its grandest exemplification. The relations of the colonies to Great Britain, however unwilling we may be to recognize the fact, may require readjustment in order to harmonize the antagonistic interests which exist. The numerous and noble progeny that Britain, the great mother of nations, has nourished and brought up, should begin to bear their part in the maintenance of national defence and the support of the national dignity. The cost of the West Indian and Pacific squadrons and of the numerous British garrisons that belt the globe, should not be borne disproportionately by the over-taxed peasants of Dorset and Devon, of Tipperary and Inverness. The wealthy colonies of Canada and Australia, New Zealand and Ceylon, and their fair and flourishing sisters around the world, should contribute equitably to the maintenance of that protection which they enjoy no less than those who live beneath the guns of Chatham and Plymouth. The dignity of the Empire demands its integrity; and Britain would as haughtily resent the attempt to wrest from her her smallest dependency, a Heligoland or St. Helena, as she would an invasion of Kent or Middlesex.

But if we are to take part in the national actions of Great Britain we should also share her councils. If we are to be taxed, we should also be represented. Already our interests have suffered on account of our lack of influence on Imperial state-craft. If a Canadian had sat on the Government benches in St. Stephen's palace, would our Fisheries have been bartered away as they were? or our land invaded and our young men slain by a foreign foe, without the exaction of any compensation? Would not questions of international copyright, of duties, revenue, and

even of foreign treaties, and of peace or war, which might gravely affect our interests, be more easily and equitably adjusted than at present?

There are doubtless grave problems of state-craft to be solved before all the alien interests of so many diverse peoples can be harmonized; but the grandeur of the object is an inspiration to the effort, and the difficulty of the task but enhances the glory of its achievement. Indeed, so feasible does the scheme appear, that we are informed that Mr. Disraeli, at the late Mansion House banquet advocated the consolidation of the colonies with the mother country, and said, were this carried out, they would prove a source of increased strength to the Empire. Never was there nobler field for statesmanship, nor sublimer reward for the man who, not by "blood and iron," but by peaceful diplomacy, shall weld into indissoluble national unity all the British colonies throughout the world. There have been several amateur contributions to the discussion of this problem, one of the very best of which, that we have seen is that of Mr. Jehu Mathews, of this city. It is summarized by himself as follows, in the last number of the *Canadian Monthly* :

"1. That a Federal Legislature, consisting of two chambers, should be formed, the Lower House to consist of representatives returned on one uniform system by the British Islands and the colonies; and that provision should be made for colonial representation in the Upper House also.

"2. That the colonies—meaning thereby British America, the West Indies, South Africa, and Australasia—should be left in possession of the systems of local self-government at present enjoyed by them, and that means be taken to secure the same privilege to the British Islands.

"3. That the revenue required to meet the expenditure of the Federal Government should be raised on a uniform rate of taxation, though not necessarily on a uniform system, all over the Federation, and that the inhabitants of it should be equally liable to military and naval service.

"4. That the Federal Legislature should succeed to all the prerogatives now enjoyed by the Imperial Parliament, excepting those only granted to the body or bodies appointed to legislate for the local government of the British Islands, and should also enjoy the right of taxation all over the Federation."

For the elucidation of these views we would refer our readers to Mr. Mathews' able work on Imperial Federation, which has elicited very high commendation from the British press.

By some such scheme as this, local legislation might be given to Scotland and Ireland as well as to England; which would gratify the Irish Home-Rulers, develop local political interest, and enable the noblest legislative assembly the world has ever seen, reinforced by fresh colonial blood, to devote its energies to schemes of broad statesmanship, instead of wasting them on "sewage and gas bills." Such a Confederated Empire would be the pledge of peace and the bulwark of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. It could defy the combined power of all its foes, would become the umpire for the settlement of all international disputes, and would render possible the general disarmament of nations. It would surpass in territorial extent and power all the empires of antiquity, would open to its sons a career of splendid and honourable ambition, and make the proud "*Civis Romanus sum*" pale into faded splendour van before the grander boast, "I am a British subject," and would speed the world on a plane of higher progress and loftier civilization than ever seen before.

A less radical measure that has been proposed is that of a "General Council sitting at Westminster, in which the United Kingdom and the colonies would be represented, each section retaining its present constitution practically unaltered, and imposing its own customs' duties, and appropriating its own revenues; and the Council having only powers affecting the general interests of the different sections in their relation to one another and to the empire, and the interests of the empire in its relations to foreign powers."

Unless some such federation take place, in less than a hundred years the grand old mother of nations will

be dwarfed into insignificance by the prodigious growth of her stalwart offspring. She who so long led the van of the world's progress will falter a laggard in the race, and this great and noble empire be broken up into separate and perhaps estranged and antagonistic though kindred peoples. Rather, as her far off and innumerable children rally in undying affection around the dear old mother of us all, renewing her youth in their unfading prime, let them say,

"The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee."

PAN-PRESBYTERIANISM.

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council, whose organization has been so happily effected in London, following so soon the previous Presbyterian Unions in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada, is but another and striking illustration of the tendency in religious communities to closer integration. It cannot fail to give greater unity and impetus to the religious operations of this great Church, to enable it to strengthen weak departments, to project wider schemes of usefulness, and to carry them out to more distinguished success. We believe that Methodism offers still greater facilities for a Ecumenical Conference than Presbyterianism, and that such a gathering would be attended with most beneficent results. The latter represents some 20,000 congregations. Methodism in the United States alone numbers as many. What a mighty phalanx a Pan-Methodist, or Catholic Methodist Conference, as Dr. Whedon prefers calling it, would bring into line. It would hasten, we doubt not, the more intimate union of its separate parts, and especially in the arrangement of fields of missionary operation, prevent profitless duplication of agencies and clashing of interests, and greatly promote economy of men and means. Indeed a Missionary Council of all the Churches would be a grand concep-

tion. It could lay plans and organize agencies for the evangelization of the world, in a manner that could be done by no other means.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

THE occasion of Messrs. Moody and Sankey's taking leave of their London friends, after their unprecedented Christian campaign in that city, was one of remarkable interest. Never, probably, were so many Christian ministers of various denominations, including some hundreds of the clergy of the Established Church, assembled for any purpose as were there met to do honour to two simple, unassuming laymen, whose labours for His glory God had so marvellously blessed. The utter magnanimity of these evangelists is beyond all praise. The very suggestion of some permanent testimonial from their admirers was earnestly deprecated as a thing painful for them to contemplate. Mr. Moody also declined, says the *London Methodist*, the offer of £1,000 for a photographic negative. The current portraits of him are from a sketch surreptitiously taken, and are said to be sheer caricatures. He also declined to accept the donation of £1,000 prompted by the generosity of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. There is no self-seeking about this man.

What a contrast is the reception of these modern evangelists to that which a hundred years ago greeted the Wesleys. Who will say that the world is not better? that "The former times were better than these"? Another significant indication of the growth of vital godliness is the late Brighton Convention for the promotion of the Higher Christian Life. At its close, in holy, catholic communion, three thousand fellow Christians of different Churches partook together of the Supper of their common Lord. In tender regard for the conscientious scruples of any of the participants, the wine employed on this occasion was void of any alcoholic principle. A similar prac-

tice, we conceive, might with great advantage be more generally adopted.

DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.

THE *London Methodist* gives the following statement of the exceedingly vast disbursement of funds belonging to the nation for the day-schools of the country.—

"Out of the exchequer formed by the general taxation of the people of England and Wales, about one-half of whom are declared Nonconformists, and only a fraction of the other half anything but nominal Churchmen, only £288,805 was received by the former, while £757,859 went into the hands of the latter. It should be further remarked that, out of the £288,705 paid to schools other than those of the Church of England, £58,928 went into the hands of the Roman Catholics. So that only £229,877 out of the £1,046,664 became available for Nonconformist schools of this country; and of this amount the Wesleyan share was £71,958—a sum less than one-tenth of that paid by the English Government towards the maintenance of schools in connection with the Church of England. It will be further seen, when the particulars of the thirty-four years intervening between 1839 and 1873 are looked at, that during that period 4,888 Church of England schools were built, and only 138 Wesleyan schools. That is, of the upwards of eight hundred Wesleyan day-schools now existing, the 138 of these built between the years 1839 and 1873 alone received Government grants to aid in their erection, whereas nearly 5,000 Church schools obtained such aid."

We fail to understand the exceeding tenderness of our English friends towards the intolerant Establishment which treats them with such manifest injustice. We cannot too highly prize the perfect religious equality which we here enjoy, and our unrivalled system of undenominational

education, the glory of our own and the envy of other lands; both of which, by a remarkable coincidence, we owe to the valiant pen and brain of him, who, in youth the Achilles of Methodism as in age he is its Nestor, now presides over its highest assembly.

MUNICIPAL EXPENDITURE.

WE observe from the public prints that Alderman Withrow has given notice of motion in the Toronto City Council for the appointment of a committee to investigate the manner in which the operations under the control of the Board of Works are carried on. We are inclined to think that such an inquiry is exceedingly necessary. We think that in all our cities public expenditure should be put under more efficient control. It cannot be expected that men elected to a civic office to which no emolument attaches, should devote that time and trouble to the careful supervision of public works that their importance demands; and the possession of a large amount of patronage, in the form of contracts, appointments, salaries, etc., offers the opportunity and temptation to recoup themselves indirectly for their trouble, by the acceptance of commissions, perquisites, and—presents, let us say. Moreover, public improvements are often made in a fragmentary and haphazard way, and have often to be altered or reconstructed at great cost, for the lack of such efficient control.

The intelligent and careful supervision of permanent officials is also almost impossible to a Board whose constitution is continually changing, and thus opportunities of fraud and speculation occur. By far the better system, it seems to us, would be the popular election of a Board of thoroughly capable Commissioners, to hold office for a term of years, like the present Toronto Water Works Commissioners, to whom a reasonable salary should be paid. These men could frame some com-

prehensive plan of city improvement, and see it efficiently carried out, calling to their aid whatever professional assistance they might require, but being held responsible to the citizens for the careful oversight and honest management of affairs. We are persuaded that such a system would be more economical and effective than the method of amateur city building at present in vogue. A man may be a good lawyer or merchant, and very worthily sustain aldermanic dignity, and yet not be fit to be intrusted with the important interests devolving upon a Board of Works; whereas the salaried Commissioners would be expected to possess, from professional status, or practical experience, some special aptness for discharging the duties of their office.

THE O'CONNELL CENTENNIAL.

THIS anniversary has been celebrated with great *eclat* throughout the world, where Irishmen are to be found, and where are they not?—*Quae regio in terris non plena laboris?* We have heard of no breach of the peace, save, much to our surprise, in the staid Scotch city of Glasgow. In Canada the celebration was marred by the rain, although, our Hibernian friends did not allow that much to damp their enthusiasm, however it drenched themselves. We have far more sympathy with a patriotic anniversary of this sort, in which both Protestants and Roman Catholics may take part, than in one which commemorates a bloody strife, the memory of which excites bitterness and heart-burnings in the bosoms of a large number of our fellow citizens, whose loyalty no one impeaches except on a certain day in the year. Certainly no blood has been poured more freely for the honour of Britain on many a hard-fought field, from Blenheim and Ramillies to Alma and Inkerman, than that of her brave Irish Catholic soldiers; and in spite of Ultramontane theories, none would more valiantly fight to the death for our good Protestant

Queen than they. We earnestly deprecate, in the interests of religion, morality, and true patriotism, the reviving on the virgin soil of this new country of the bitter memories of the dead past, which had better be buried in oblivion forever.

Whatever may have been O'Connell's faults, and he was not without them, he was a true lover of his country. In passing the Catholic Emancipation Bill, of which he was the chief promoter, the British Parliament did but an act of tardy justice to Ireland, which scarcely the most intolerant fanatic, even Mr. Whalley himself, would wish to see undone. Political justice, moral integrity, and Christian conciliation are far more potent influences in appeasing strife and bitterness, than domination, repression and insolence.

INCIDENTS OF THE FRENCH FLOODS.

THE late disastrous floods in Southern France have revealed an aspect of French character much more noble than the national frivolity generally attributed to that light-hearted race. The gay city of Paris seemed stirred to its core. A system for the relief of the sufferers was promptly organized. The wife of Marshal McMahon made an appeal for assistance, and a magnificent outburst of spontaneous charity was the response. During the flood many deeds of noble heroism were performed that irradiate with gleams of glory the horror of the scene. In many cases class distinctions were fused in the fervid glow of humanity, and the titled and wealthy imperiled their lives to save their fellow-beings.

"I forbid you," said a gendarme, to one of these, "to get into this boat. The danger is too great."

"I am the Marquis d'Hautpoul," was the reply, "and I have come to try and save those who are in danger."

"Since you will have it so, M. le Marquis, jump in," and he went bravely to his death.

It sickens our hearts to think how ungrateful and embruted men may be toward their benefactors, as we further read that when his lifeless body was washed ashore, it was stripped by wreckers, and a finger hacked from his hand in order to rob it of the diamond ring it bore.

One of the most touching incidents of the flood was the following:

At St. Gaudens a Newfoundland dog saved in succession twelve persons, dashing into the rushing torrent bravely, but making the attempt the thirteenth time, the poor animal was drowned.

Between the nobility of character of this generous creature, and the inhumanity of those vile wreckers, there is absolutely no comparison. The brute often puts the man to shame. Where was ever seen greater fidelity and friendship than in "Grey Friars Bobby," immortalized in marble effigy by Miss Burdett Coutts, sleeping nightly for ten long years upon his master's grave.

The economical lesson of the French floods seems to be, the imprudence of denuding a country of its forest trees, as causing both drought and freshet, — a lesson applicable to this country as well as to France. Greed often brings its own punishment. The latest illustration of this is the plague of grasshoppers in the West, caused, it is said, by the wanton destruction of the prairie-fowl by which they were kept in check. The destruction of small birds among ourselves has been followed by the multiplication of destructive insects.

MR. PLIMSOLL AND THE SHIPPING BILL.

THE generous indignation of Mr. Plimsoll, which hurried him beyond the limits of conventional parliamentary decorum, reminding us somewhat of Cicero's vehement "*Quousque abutere nostra patientia*," has not been without its very salutary result. Mr. Plimsoll, like a frank, honest gentleman as he is, apolo- gised

for the improprieties of his passionate outburst. But Mr. Disraeli has apologised to the British nation and to the world, for what was a manifest dereliction of duty, by introducing an interim Act in place of the Merchant Shipping Bill which he had dropped. Had he not done so, public opinion, as well as the impassioned protest of Mr. Plimsoll, would have laid upon his head "the blood of all who should perish next winter from preventable causes." No premier, however popular, no Government, however powerful, could venture to call down such a malediction. The heart of the British nation beats in warmest sympathy with Mr. Plimsoll, and subsequent events have shown the need of prompt and energetic legislative interference with the greed of inhuman ship-owners, who would recklessly consign their fellow-men to almost certain death. Many a storm-tossed sailor, on his wave-swept vessel, will rejoice at the thought that in the great Council of the nation he has such a firm true friend as the warm-hearted member for Derby. It is only by such generous enthusiasm that great reforms are accomplished. Would that the sympathy of the nation were as intensely awakened for the myriad victims of a still more terrible evil, and that the moral indignation of the Christian people of Great Britain and of the world would sweep away the cursed liquor traffic, the fruitful source of more human suffering and sorrow, misery and death, than any other cause whatsoever.

RECENT DEATHS.

AMONG the distinguished dead of the last month are Ex-President Johnson, Ex-Governor Head, and Hans Christian Andersen. Andrew Johnson was a remarkable example of the results of energy of character and the possession of a good wife. He was an orphan at four years of age, and never went to school a day in his life. He became a travelling

tailor and was taught by his wife to write and cipher. He entered into local politics, became member of Congress, Governor of Tennessee, and Vice President of the United States. On the tragical death of President Lincoln, Johnson was thrust into a position for which he was utterly unfitted. His Southern sympathies brought him into collision with a Republican Congress, which, after over-riding his veto on its acts, sought his impeachment for malfeasance of office. In 1869 he retired into the obscurity of private life, often happier than any public career. His name again emerged into prominence only in connection with his funeral obsequies.

The name of Sir Francis Bond Head is unhappily associated with some of the most painful memories of the Canadian Rebellion. His military training rather unfitted him for the performance of the civil duties which the critical relations of political parties in the province made necessary. With more of the tact and conciliation which distinguished Lord Elgin, much of the bloodshed that stained the annals of our own country might have been avoided. In 1838 Governor Head was recalled, and devoted himself largely to literature, in which he was remarkably successful. His best book, perhaps, is his "Rough Notes of a Ride over the Pampas," which recounts his adventures in a four times repeated solitary journey between Buenos Ayres and the Andes, for the inspection of mines.

Pleasanter associations cluster around the memory of the genial Danish story-teller than those of civic dignity or power. His name is whispered softly now as "the household name of one whom God hath taken." He had a wider constituency of juvenile readers in many lands and in many tongues than any other writer. Many a bright eye will be dimmed and many a fair young head bowed in heartfelt sorrow at the tidings that dear Hans Andersen is dead. More than seventy years ago

the family of a humble Danish shoemaker was gladdened by the birth of the child who was to gladden the heart of childhood the world over. And now full of years and of honours, after a guileless, happy life, his child-like spirit has departed from the world which he made so much the happier by his presence. The King and Queen of Denmark were present at his funeral, and floral wreaths were sent from distant lands to deck his grave. His charming books have been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and even into that of Greenland.

PUBLIC HOLIDAYS.

ONE of the characteristics of our modern civilization is the overstrain of body and mind which its weary workers undergo. Anything, therefore, which brings innocent relaxation and recreation to the masses of our cities, confined month after month in shop or factory, is greatly to be commended. We sympathise, therefore, with the growing custom in most of our towns and cities of giving Public Holidays; when loom and mill, forge and factory, for a time cease their din, and by means of cheap excursions, the toiling multitudes have an opportunity of breathing the fresh air, and looking on the fair face of rural nature and being gladdened by her genial influence. For the benefit of the many who cannot leave the city—weary mothers with their children and the poor who cannot spare the means—our Civic Fathers, we think, should provide a free concert in the public parks or gardens which are growing up in most of our towns. The beauty of tree and flower, the charm of music, and the cultivation of the social affections cannot fail to have a humanizing and elevating influence on society. Patriotic speeches by local orators would furnish a stimulus to the intellect and to the patriotism of the multitude. Such gatherings would also facilitate the acquaintance under innocent auspices of the young

people of opposite sexes. They have too few such opportunities. God ordained the family life. It is the bulwark of national and social virtue. The sexes are designed to exert an ennobling, inspiring, purifying influence each on the other. The social philosopher, therefore, will rejoice at the exercise of this grand educative influence, which is so often lost by the separation of the sexes. He will recognize the profound wisdom of the words of Britain's "Flower of Kings," on the potent influence of true womanhood, the converse of which is equally true of that of noble manhood:

"For indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought and amiable words
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man."

THE OLD CATHOLICS.

AN important Conference of Old Catholics, at which representatives of the Greek Church and of English and American Churches were in attendance, has been held during the month of August in the City of Bonn, Germany. A common confession of cardinal doctrines was adopted, allowing members of either the Greek or the Old Catholic Churches to enjoy the privileges of each other's services without subscribing to a retraction of the particular doctrines of their Mother Church. Such a union, it seems to us, must be vague and ineffective for practical benefit.

We would call special attention to the very timely and instructive article on "The Present Monetary Stringency," prepared at our request, by Warring Kennedy, Esq., one of our most successful and enterprising Toronto merchants. We hope also to be able to enrich our pages with professional opinions on some of the more important topics of the day. We desire that this department may reflect current opinion on the leading subjects of thought, so as to make it of permanent value as a historic record of passing events.

We wish also to open a department called "Friends in Council," for the interchange of ministerial opinion as to the best method of promoting the work of God on the Circuits, somewhat after the manner of that delightful and profitable

Saturday evening meeting at the late Brantford Conference. Some of our most successful Christian workers have promised contributions, and we invite brief paragraphs of experience or suggestion on this important subject.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

THE ENGLISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

The time-honoured Mother Church of Methodism held its one hundred and thirty-second Conference, in the town of Sheffield, beginning on the 28th of July. About eight hundred ministers were present. By a cable despatch, forwarded to the *Guardian and Witness*, by Dr. Lachlan Taylor, we were informed on the first day of its session, that the Rev. Gervase Smith, M.A. was elected President. His inaugural speech was a frank, genial utterance characteristic of the man. He pronounced a ringing protest against the bigotry of the dominant Church, which had branded as schismatics some of his brethren. He bespoke the aid of the Conference in effecting its closer identity with the great Temperance Reform, and in discussing the important question of lay representation. This question is one that demands early adjustment, and during the year had attracted great attention in the District Meetings and throughout the Connexion. In the Committee of Review, composed of leading ministers and laymen, which met just before the Conference, it was temperately and judiciously discussed, and after various suggestions, it was ultimately decided to recommend the Conference to appoint a mixed committee to consider the whole question.

Dr. Punshon's year of Presidential duty has been one of great labour and of great success, and no one could rejoice more heartily than he

at the elevation to the same dignity of his old schoolmate and life-long friend, Gervase Smith.

A correspondent of the London *Methodist* suggests that the problem of the introduction of lay delegation into the English Conference might be solved in the following manner:

"Let there be established two separate but co-ordinate chambers—one to be elected, the other somewhat after the model of the present Conference. Let nothing become law which does not receive the assent of both these bodies; and let it be an *understanding* that all financial measures must originate with the elected body, and suffer no alteration at the hands of the other chamber. Ministers might then hand over to the representatives of this new body those of their duties which are purely matters of business and finance, and which are now *nothing short of a nuisance* to them."

The project seems to us an eminently feasible one, and more likely to meet the necessities of our English brethren than our own General and Annual Conferences.

We go to press too early to record further intelligence, but in our next number a condensed account will be given.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

MANY of our readers will remember the "Life of Mrs. Cryer," by Rev. Alfred Barrett. She was the wife of the Rev. T. Cryer, and in connection with her husband, turned many of the natives of India to righteousness.

After labouring eight years, this noble woman died, and her lonely husband had to follow the corpse thirty miles through rice fields, in the rainy season, to the place of sepulchre. The missionary laboured hard, but apparently to very little purpose; but, after thirty-five years the fruit appears, and the station has become an important centre, where the day schools are attended by eight hundred children. Two hundred girls belonging to high caste families are also instructed. A memorial place of worship is about to be erected, to bear the honoured name of Cryer, the founder of the mission. The Methodists of England will, no doubt, contribute the amount required, \$5,000, towards perpetuating the name of one of their noblest missionaries.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND CONFERENCE.

SINCE our last issue, we have received intelligence respecting this Conference, which, it will be remembered, is just outside the Dominion, but we hope it will soon be united to Canada. Probably it occurs more real missionary ground than any of the other Annual Conferences. Our brethren have had a prosperous year, and are laying the foundations of the Church broad and deep. According to statistics, in five years the Methodists have increased twenty-one per cent. The Free Church Presbyterians have also increased at the same ratio, but the Church of England and the Church of Rome have only increased at the rate of five per cent.

The Conference recommends the Central Board to appoint the Rev. G. S. Milligan, M.A., General Superintendent of Missions within the bounds of the Conference. Two years ago the Conference only consisted of twenty-nine ministers, but now there are forty-five, and more are expected from England. It is recommended that a Book Room be established at St. John's, and a com-

mittee of ministers and laymen has been appointed for that purpose. A permanent missionary is asked for to labour at Labrador, where there is an opening, not only among the fishermen, but also among the Esquimaux. Our brethren held a Holiness meeting in connection with their Conference, which was a season of great power.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES.

FROM the Minutes of the Annual Conference of 1874, we make the following extracts. The membership increased 99,494, or 1,913 weekly. Total number, 1,563,521. The ministers increased 274, making a total of 10,845. Four Annual Conferences were formed, making a total of eight. The Sabbath Schools increased 927, or 18 for each Sabbath, making a total of 1,8958, with 1,383-227 scholars.

The General Missionary Report does not exhibit such an amount of encouragement as is desirable, seeing that the amount of income is \$100,000 less than the expenditure, while there is a debt of \$150,000. \$700,000 were appropriated, being \$100,000 less than last year. Missionaries' appropriations on Foreign missions were reduced eight per cent., and those on Domestic missions twenty-five per cent. A gentleman agrees to give \$1,000 towards reducing the debt, if ninety-nine others will do the same. A Wyandott Chief agrees to give \$1,500 towards a church for his people.

The Church Extension Fund is doing a noble work. In nine years it has collected \$804,763 94; aided 1,385 churches; 5,000 churches have been erected in that time, making a total of 15,000. If the aided churches were put side by side, sixty feet front to each, they would extend fifteen and a half miles. If they were put three miles apart they would extend across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and far towards Alaska.

The Freedmen's Aid Society,—mainly under the care of Bishop Haven and Dr. Rust,—is doing a great work among the Freedmen in respect to education, church building, etc. Quite recently the Bishop said he must have three thousand dollars to meet an exigency, and Dr. Rush collected it and sent a draft for the amount by the next mail.

The Mission in Mexico has made an attack on Pueblo de los Angeles, which is a city where Popish bigotry was more firmly entrenched than at any other point in the country. It is the ecclesiastical capital of Mexico. The natives have a conceit that when their cathedral was in course of construction, the angels came down from heaven every night and built up the walls to a height corresponding to the work that had been done during the day. The Society has bought a part of the old convent of Santo Domingo, which once sheltered the dreaded tribunal of the Inquisition, and through whose long covered way, now thrown open to the light, were conducted the victims of Popish bigotry to their dark cells. Here a boys' orphanage is being established, and a great and effectual door is opened for the heralds of truth.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

A Missionary has lately been appointed to Brazil, who has sent a graphic description of the country and the prospect of evangelization. There are 12,000,000 of people, about half of whom are of purely European descent. There are 1,500,000 slaves. Some of the towns contain 15,000 inhabitants, many of whom are Germans. The state of morals is about what might be expected, considering that the Gospel is but seldom preached in its purity. As education advances, great numbers leave Romanism and sink into infidelity. The Government guarantees full toleration to Protestantism. The Church is calling for special subscriptions, and volunteers to enter upon this

new field of missionary toil. Some favourable responses have been made both in respect of money and men.

The Indian Mission Conference.—Everything relating to the evangelization of the aborigines of America should interest Christians. Our brethren in the South have a Conference in the Indian Territory, west of the Mississippi River, which embraces four nations, viz., the Cherckees, Chocktaws, Chickasaws and Creeks. There are also scattered fragments of other tribes, some of whom are numbered among the converts to Christ. There are in this Conference twenty-five preachers, white, Indian and coloured. Total white members, 397; Indians, 6,314; coloured, 360; local preachers, 69. During the past year there were baptized, infants, 409; adults, 434. There are 33 Sunday schools, 103 teachers, and 778 scholars.

The following Indian view of the Trinity may be new to some of our readers. A missionary was explaining the subject, when a poor Indian said, "I believe I understand you. The Trinity is just like water, ice and snow. The water is one, the ice is another, and the snow is another, and yet they are all water."

An English Captain, on a recruiting mission, asked a Moravian Indian, "whether he had a mind to be a soldier?" "No," he replied, "I am already engaged." "Who is your captain?" asked the officer. "I have a very brave and excellent captain," was the Indian's reply, "his name is Jesus Christ; him will I serve as long as I live; my life is at his disposal." He was allowed to pass unmolested.

Monumental Church, Savannah, Ga.—It is well known to all who are familiar with the early history of John Wesley, that he spent some time as a missionary in Georgia. The Methodists there are desirous to erect

a monumental church in honour of the founder of Methodism, and have appointed an agent to raise funds for that object. The agent visited Round Lake camp meeting, where the Rev. Dr. Ives made a call for \$1,000 for the said church, and he got \$1,500. In addition to this a lady promised hymn books for the church; another promised a Bible worth fifty dollars; another, the communion service; and yet another promised to furnish the church with carpets, chandeliers, and the upholstering. A gentleman also promised the altar rail. Altogether the collection will not be less than seven thousand dollars. We are glad to record such evidences of fraternity, which will do much to strengthen the bonds of unity between the North and the South.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The attention of the Churches is everywhere directed to the Union movement, now prospering so admirably in the Presbyterian denomination. In all parts of the world they have been reuniting, thus setting an admirable example to all the Churches. The old and new schools have become one in the United States, in New South Wales, South Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. In England and Scotland, the same delightful work has made noble progress, and it is believed that, in a year or two, the union of the North and South Churches of America will have been accomplished.

The Alliance or Conference just held in London was attended by two hundred delegates, who represented no less than forty-eight Presbyterian bodies, comprising twenty thousand congregations. Some of the delegates came from the Waldensian Valley, others from Spain, Holland, Geneva, and France. England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, America and Canada were all well represented. The preliminary meetings were characterized by great unanimity. The Christians of London bade the delegates welcome to their churches

and homes. At the invitation of Dean Stanley, the members of the Conference visited the historic Jerusalem chamber, where the Westminster assembly of Divines held their sessions.

The General Assembly of the Established Church of Scotland, at its late meeting, had interesting reports respecting the work of God in Sabbath schools, also among the Jews, in the Foreign Mission field. In India there are eleven European missionaries, four native pastors, twenty-one preachers and catechists, and one hundred and thirty-three teachers. The total amount raised for all purposes exceeds \$1,414,170. The Assembly bade God speed to the union movement of Canada, but regretted that it should be marred by any dissension.

The General Assembly of the Free Church met in Edinburgh. The income of the sustentation fund exceeded all former years, by more than \$60,000, which enabled the committee to give an equal dividend of \$785. During the year, ten missionary agents had been added to the staff, five missionary artisans had been sent to Kaffraria, and three others were about to go. There are now fifty-two central and branch stations in India, and thirty-seven in South Africa. The income exceeds \$294,420. There are 2,387 communicants, and 1,936 adherents. In 159 schools there are 11,303 scholars.

The General assembly of the Presbyterian Church, United States, met at Cleveland, Ohio. In respect to Foreign Missions, there are 134 ordained American missionaries, with 77 ordained native missionaries, and 34 licentiates. In the schools there are 167 American teachers, 160 of whom are women, and also 391 native teachers. These labourers are working at 240 different points in heathen and Papal lands. There are 7,000 communicants, and 12,000 pupils. The receipts were \$7,000 less than last year.

The General Assembly of the

Southern Church met at ¹St. Louis, and was attended by sixty-eight ministers and sixty-five elders. The Foreign Mission Committee closed the year with a debt of \$38,000. No enlargement could be made for want of funds. Addresses were delivered by returned missionaries from China, Japan, India, and Persia.

The United Presbyterians are said to exceed all other Presbyterians for missionary zeal. They have erected a missionary hospital at Cheefoo, China, which accommodates sixty-five patients, and is well adapted for the purpose intended. In Egypt they have seventeen stations, including Cairo, Alexandria and ¹Osiont, (where is a college with one hundred and five students,) worked by ten male and seven female foreign missionaries, and about sixty native preachers and teachers. There are six native congregations prepared to sustain their own pastors. The Government oppose the building of churches. A Protestant community, consisting of five hundred persons, at Moteah, near Osiont, have been waiting three years to build, but they cannot obtain permission. Also at Koos, fifteen miles from ancient Thebes, three hundred Protestants have petitioned for leave to build, but the answer, so far from being favourable, even forbids three Protestants to meet anywhere for worship. The mission colporteur was driven away by Government officers, in a most cruel manner.

As Canadians, we feel specially interested in the union of the four Presbyterian bodies in the Dominion, which now consists of 1,008 congregations, 90,653 communicants, 634 ministers, 73,396 Sabbath school scholars, and 7,471 teachers.

There will be one General Assembly, and eleven Synods, and several Presbyteries. On six Sabbaths in each year, collections will be taken in all the congregations for the schemes of the Church. The missions of the Church are established among the French, where there are

nine ministers, three licentiates, and sixteen students, who act as colporteurs. There are five French congregations, and two in which English and French are preached. There are eight mission fields, six schools, and three large districts occupied by colporteurs. Father Chiniquy is engaged to preach in Montreal to French Canadians, at a salary of \$2,500.

There are Foreign missions in China, India and New Hebrides, from all of which interesting accounts are received. Mr. McKay and Dr. Fraser, two Canadian missionaries, are labouring in the island of Formosa, and are the only missionaries in that part of China. The Doctor is much employed in prescribing for the sick. Mr. McKay is a real evangelist, and his earnest appeals to the young men of Knox College will not, we hope, be in vain.

The Home Missions, or as Methodists would say, Domestic Missions, are being prosecuted with great vigour by the various Presbyteries, who send young men, during college vacation, to supply vacant pulpits and catechise in the families. Occasionally some of the stationed ministers visit the vacant churches and administer the sacraments. The missionaries among the lumbermen are especially deserving of commendation. All the congregations, however small, give some remuneration for ministerial services, and, as churches are formed and ministers are settled, the amount of stipend guaranteed is generally creditable. It will exceed that of many with which we are acquainted.

A gentleman in Halifax, N. S., has bequeathed \$50,000 for the formation of a fund for building churches.

Magnificent collegiate buildings are being erected at Toronto for the use of Knox College. Houses for Professors are also contemplated. Funds, both for the erection and endowment of the college, are now being collected, and it is hoped that the building will be formally opened

in October, when Dr. John Hall, Dr. Hodge, and other eminent ministers, are expected to take part in the exercises. The zeal and liberality of our Presbyterian friends is very creditable, and should stimulate others to increased liberality.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Steere, a missionary bishop, of the Diocese of Zanzibar, is reported as doing a great amount of good on the shores of the Nyassa. He is endeavouring to erect a school, a church and a hospital in Zanzibar, on the site of the slave market, with a view to educate and care for the released slaves.

Recently an interesting event occurred at Sault St Marie, in the Algoma Diocese, Canada, namely, the opening of the Shingwauk Home. The Bishops of Huron and Algoma, and a great number of the friends of the mission were present. This is the second building of the kind that has been erected on this site. The first was destroyed by fire, six days after its completion. The object, of course, is to train young Indians to a Christian and civilized life. The Bishop of Huron said he conceived that the hope of the Indian race was in their Christian education. At present there are forty-one children at the Home, and more are expected. It was evident that the children loved the Home, inasmuch as they had all gladly returned from visiting their friends; though some of them had been 300 miles away, yet they had returned unsolicited. No servants are kept at the Home, but every child is appointed to some particular work, which they perform cheerfully.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

The labours of these devoted men in Britain have been brought to a close. They have been four months in London, during which they held sixty meetings in Chamberwell, attended by 480,000 people; forty-five in Victoria Hall, attended by 400,000; in the Opera House, sixty meet-

ings, attended by 600,000; and in the Agricultural Hall, sixty meetings, attended by 720,000; in all, two hundred and twenty-five meetings, attended by 2,200,000. The amount expended for building, printing, stewards, etc., was \$140,000.

As to the results, the Churches have been greatly quickened; the presence, power, and love of the Saviour have been realised in a very remarkable degree. All sections of the Church of Christ have worked together with much harmony and love; misgivings and petty jealousies have been dying out; the "one accord of brethren" has been all but attained; and the consequence has been a wonderful demonstration of the power of earnest, heart-felt prayer. Multitudes have been added to the Church, both of men and women, of such as shall be saved.

MANITOBA.

The Rev. Dr. Wood, our venerable senior Missionary Secretary, has just returned from a visit to Manitoba, whither he was called by his official duty, as President of the Toronto Conference, in order to ordain one of the young ministers, who had successfully completed his four years' probation. The Doctor was absent just three weeks, during which time he travelled over four thousand miles—pretty good for a veteran of over seventy. The question arises whether the General Conference should not so far modify the constitution of the Church as to empower Chairmen of Districts, on mission fields, to ordain men under such circumstances. Of course this is a constitutional change which only the General Conference can effect. In the mean time, as the exigency may arise, our old rules must be observed. Among Dr. Wood's travelling companions were Rev. George McDougall and family. Mr. McDougall has been requested by the Dominion Government to endeavour to appease the hostility of the wild Crees of the Saskatchewan, who have forcibly interrupted the

telegraph construction party on the plains. For this important task his extensive acquaintance with the native tribes, and established character among them, will give him especial qualifications. Religious services of great interest were held on the Sundays the travellers were on the water. The Dr. reports that notwithstanding the grasshopper plague the people are buoyant, and the prospects of the country are hopeful.

The missionary expedition to Lake Nyassa has sailed from the London Docks. This expedition, which is sent out by the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches, is under the leadership of Mr. E. D. Young, R.N. The Rev. Dr. Robert Laws, a medical missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, is second in command. The agent of the Established Church is Mr. Henry Henderson, and attached to the party are five men, whose assistance in forming such a settlement would be indis-

pensable. Her Majesty's Government entirely sympathise with the expedition, and should a settlement be successfully formed, so as to require the presence of consular authority, Earl Derby, in a letter, says he considers Mr. Young is in every way a fit person for the office.

Two members of the Presbyterian Church in Australia have just contributed, one £20,000, and the other £30,000, toward the founding of a university in Adelaide.

Something like a schism is threatening in Ireland. Dr. Lee, the Archdeacon of Dublin, has withdrawn altogether from the Synod. Dr. Trench, the Archbishop, hints he will have to follow; and, to throw in a fresh element of discord, Dr. Pusey writes to offer £50 toward a church in Dublin where the "old, unaltered Prayer Book" will be in use. Many of the leading noblemen and landowners of Ireland seem to be on the side of this party, led by Archdeacon Lee.

BOOK NOTICES.

Troy and its Remains; A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries made on the Site of Ilium, and in the Trojan Plain. By DR. HENRY SCHLIEMANN. Edited by PHILIP SMITH, B.A., author of "History of the Ancient World" and of the "Student's Ancient History of the East." With Maps, Plans, Views and Cuts, representing 500 Objects of Antiquity discovered on the Site. 8vo., pp. lv. 392. London: John Murray, 1875.

THROUGH the kindness of the Rev. Dr. McCaul, of Toronto University, we have been favoured with the perusal of an early copy of Dr. Schliemann's magnificent and costly work. We shall endeavour in brief to give a *resume* of his astounding discoveries. Not the least fascinating part of the volume is that which records Dr. Schliemann's own remarkable

career. He was born in Mecklenberg-Schwerin, in 1822, and heard from his father's lips the stirring tale of Homer's heroes. From his fourteenth to nearly his twentieth year he was employed in retailing herrings and grinding potatoes for a still, from five in the morning to eleven at night. He heard Homer recited by a drunken student, and prayed God that by His grace he might learn Greek. In lifting a cask he hurt his chest, became unable to work, and shipped as cabin boy for Venezuela. He was wrecked off Texel, and for a time lived on public alms. He obtained a clerkship at £32 a year, half of which sum he spent on his studies. He shivered in a wretched garret without a fire in winter, and his dinner never cost more than a penny farthing. He read on the streets, in the post-office, everywhere. In six

months he mastered English; French in six months more; and Dutch, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese and Russian in six weeks each. He went as an agent to St. Petersburg, established a house of his own, and in eighteen years amassed a fortune.

In his thirty-fourth year he began the study of modern and ancient Greek, having previously learned Swedish and Polish. He travelled in Sweden, Italy, Egypt and Syria, learning Arabic *en route*. In 1864-65, he visited India, China and Japan, returning by way of America. He settled at Paris and devoted himself to classical studies. The years 1871-73, he spent in excavating the ruins of Troy, accompanied by his devoted wife, an enthusiastic Greek lady; residing during the winters in Athens. He expended £10,000 sterling in this self-imposed task, exhumed 100,000 objects of archæological interest, and had 4,000 of them photographed. He had no official aid, but experienced much opposition from the Turkish Government, with which he has had a tedious lawsuit. He bought the site of Troy, and now pays the Turks for the treasures found, and is to dig four months for the benefit of the Museum of Constantinople. He employed, most of the time, from 150 to 200 labourers, and lived with his equally enthusiastic wife in a wooden house, upon the wind-swept hill of Ilium. They were exposed to piercing cold, parching heat, venomous reptiles, and pestilential malaria. The Dr. won a distinguished medical reputation among the natives by his unvarying prescriptions of quinine, arnica and sea bathing.

Let us briefly note the result of his excavations. They are of a most astounding character, and have laid the literary world under the greatest obligation to this indefatigable explorer.

For more than fifteen hundred years the bare, blasted, rain-furrowed hill-plateau of Hissarlik, rising about one hundred feet above the Trojan plain, has been regarded as the tra-

ditional site of the myth-haunted city of Ilium. In the sluggish streams around, pilgrims to this scene of Homer's immortal song have sought to recognize Scamander's flood and Simois; and in the neighbouring hills the great features of the Homeric landscape, which is so indelibly photographed on the world's mind by the spell of the Chian bard's undying poetry. To demonstrate this fact "Schliemann appealed to the logic, not of the pen, but of the pickaxe and spadé. He dug his way to the truth." He excavated two-thirds of the plateau, in many places to the solid rock, a depth of over fifty feet. He unearthed five towns in succession. First were the remains of the historic Greek colony which lasted a thousand years, from 700 B.C. to 300 A.D. Its population numbered 100,000, spreading far over the plain. The stage of its theatre was 197 feet across. Then followed two prehistoric towns of slight construction, one of which Schliemann calls the "Wooden Ilium." These were of an inferior civilization, abounding in stone implements and weapons; a circumstance which led for a time to the disappointing conclusion that they were the primitive towns, and that the Homeric Troy must be sought elsewhere. But, in remarkable refutation of the fashionable theories of the day as to the invariable sequence of the "stone" and "bronze" ages, *below* this stratum was found another, reaching from a depth of 33 to 46 feet, which was unquestionably the ruins of the City of Priam, and containing the wonderful relics to be described. Below this again was the town of the primitive inhabitants of this hill-fortress. Nowhere else, save on the site of Jerusalem, is there known such an accumulation of the *debris* of former civilizations. Profusely strewn through all these strata are images or symbols of the "owl-faced goddess Athene" —for thus Schliemann translates the *thea glaukopis Athene* of Homer—and, in strange persistence of type,

her image is still impressed on the pottery of local manufacture as it was 3000 years ago.

In the lowest stratum but one Schliemann exhumed the long-sought Troy. Homer's Iliad might serve as a guide book through its streets. Here is the "Great Tower of Ilium" from which the faithful Andromache and the fair, false Helen, viewed the storm of battle raging on the plain. Here, "blackened with fire," as Agamemnon threatened would be its doom, is Priam's lofty Palace, where the aged monarch kept his state, and sad Hecuba among her maidens wept the fatal fortunes of her house. Here is the Wall where sate the elders, too feeble to engage in fight; and here the battlement behind which the archers lurked. Here is the street through which the fiery Hector, after his parting with Andromache, hastened down into the field. Here are the double portals of the Scæan Gate through which the Trojan warriors defiled—in structure and position, as figured by Schliemann, very like the late Prescott Gate at Quebec. There is the martial plain on which the tide of battle ebbed and flowed, and the Simois which ran red with the blood of heroes, and cool Scamander and snowy Ida. There lay the Grecian camp and fleet, there are the verdurous tombs of Achilles and Patroclus, and there afar shines fair Tenedos and gleam the sunny waters of the bright Ægean Sea.

But the most wonderful discovery is yet to come. One day in June, 1873, Schliemann noticed in the *debris* upon the palace wall, the gleam of gold, and with his own hand dug out, and his wife received in her shawl, what he calls "the Treasures of Priam." They consisted of a large copper shield like that of Ajax, described by Homer; a bottle and two cups of pure gold, about three pounds weight; silver cups, vases, dishes and talents; copper daggers and other weapons; two splendid gold diadems or fillets, elaborately wrought with

gold chain pendants, such as Homer describes as worn by the goddess Venus; six bracelets, sixty gold earrings, two necklaces composed of 8750 wrought gold beads; pins, studs, and many other articles. These were probably being carried off in a chest when the fire, by which we know the palace of Priam was consumed, or the Grecian foe, overtook the bearers; for a large copper key "like that of a bank safe," says Schliemann, and a large copper plate, bent like the hasp of a chest, were found with the treasure, the whole covered several feet deep with the red ashes and calcined stones of the palace. In the magnificent Cesnola collection of classical antiquities at New York, we have seen treasures strikingly corresponding to those described by Schliemann. Curiously enough, Homer, in the Iliad, describes the treasure chests of Priam, of which this may have been one; his account of the contents of which reads like an inventory of the treasure found by Schliemann. The coincidences are so remarkable as to seem almost incredible, and one has almost to rub his eyes to make sure that he is not dreaming. Schliemann may be somewhat visionary in calling this the Treasure of Priam, but the supposition that it was seems, at least, as probable as any other. Many have regarded the whole story of the siege of Troy as a poetic myth; and Homer's use of supernatural machinery, gods and goddesses, has confirmed the opinion; but here we have strong corroboration, if not absolute proof of its historic truth, although the incidents are embellished and perhaps exaggerated. Schliemann, for instance, concludes, from the area of the city, that its population cannot have exceeded 5,000, with 500 fighting men, while Homer certainly gives a much more magnificent conception. But its vast wealth would enable it to exert great political and military influence, like the tiny mediæval republics of Amalfi and Modena. These discoveries are among

the most ancient relics of civilization extant; carrying us back beyond the establishment of the Jewish monarchy, and even beyond the birth of Samuel, the last of the Judges of Israel. Schliemann has unquestionably conferred great obligation on the literary world, although his natural impetuosity, which makes him such a brilliant discoverer, rather unfits him for the critical investigation of his discoveries.

The Class Leader; His Work, and How to do it; With Illustrations of Principles, Deeds, Methods and Results. By JOHN ATKINSON, M.A. Toronto: S. Rose; Halifax: A. W. Nicolson. 12mo, pp 172, price 60 cents.

THE Class Meeting is the peculiar glory of Methodism. No other Church has anything like it. The weekly gathering of its membership together for spiritual oversight and instruction in holy things by experienced and godly men, is in no slight degree the secret of its conserving and aggressive force. Yet no one will deny that this valuable agency may be greatly increased in efficiency and success, and none are more conscious of this fact than Class Leaders themselves. The purpose of this work is to furnish an aid to this important class of Christian workers, for the improvement of their ministrations. Mr. Atkinson has deeply pondered the subject. He gives us the results of wide observation and long experience. He brings to his aid the experience, also, of veteran and skilful Class Leaders. They describe their most successful methods, and discuss difficulties and the best means of overcoming them. Among others, the following important themes are treated: Reclaiming Wanderers, The Stranger, The Poor, The Leader in the Sick-Room, The Troubled, Hindrances to Class-Meetings, How to Lead a Class, Different Methods of Leading Class, The Pastor, Revivals, The Care of Converts, Children and Children's Classes, Train-

ing Christian Workers, etc. On each of these subjects, wise counsels and valuable suggestions are given, such as cannot fail to be of great practical benefit to all who thoughtfully ponder them. No Class Leader should be without this book. No one who rightly appreciates the importance of his office and the weight of his responsibility, will neglect to avail himself of every help within his reach; and one of the most valuable of these, we hesitate not to affirm, is Mr. Atkinson's book. It is written in a lively style, abounds in illustrative incident and racy anecdote, is inspired by a glowing love for souls, and is suffused with intense earnestness of spirit. The Canadian edition is elegant in style, well printed, strongly bound, and furnished at such a price as to be within the ability of every one desiring to obtain a copy of the book.

FROM the "World's Dispensary" Printing Office, Buffalo, N. Y., we have received *The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser in plain English, or Medicine Simplified.* By R. V. PIERCE, M.D., counselor-in-chief of the Board of Physicians and Surgeons at the World's Dispensary. The book is a bulky 12mo, of nearly nine hundred pages, with over two hundred and fifty engravings, is well bound, and sells for the low price of a dollar and a half. It treats in a lucid manner the important subjects of Physiology, Hygiene, Food, Sleep, Ventilation, the Nursing of the Sick, the Cure of Disease, and cognate topics. The diffusion of popular information on the more common causes of disease, especially those arising from improper physical and mental habitudes, will greatly tend to the conservation of health. Dr. Pierce lifts a faithful voice of warning against some of the pernicious influences which tend to sap the foundations of moral and physical well-being in the community. The Board of Physicians of the Dispensary, from whose printing and publishing establishment this volume

issues, receives very high commendation from the religious and secular press of the United States, and seeks to bring to bear on the treatment of disease the concentration of the best talent and experience available.

WE have received from the author, the Rev. JOHN CARROLL, a pamphlet written in his own vigorous and incisive style, entitled, "*A Humble Overture for Methodist Unification in the Dominion of Canada.*" He suggests certain proposals, chiefly in the way of each Church adopting

some of the best features of the others, which would prepare the way for the final unification of them all—a consummation devoutly to be wished. Whether one may agree or not with all Mr. Carroll's suggestions, he cannot help acknowledging the great practical value of most of them and the force of his arguments. All who are interested in the important subjects discussed—and what Methodist is not?—should not fail to read Mr. Carroll's excellent pamphlet. It may be obtained from the author, or at the Methodist Book Rooms.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE.	DATE.
John T. Argue	Goulbourn	Arnprior, O.	46	May 27, 1875
Phebe E. Gibbons	St. Catharines	St. Catharines	22	" 14, "
W. W. Austen	Townsend	Port Dover, O.	43	" 14, "
James Bugess	Vaughan	Kleinberg, O.	65	" 20, "
Charles Hambley	King	Kleinberg, O.	27	" 21, "
George Parkinson	London	London, North	76	" 21, "
Jane Snider		Meaford South	61	" 22, "
Ann Chisholm	Napanee	Napanee, O.	81	" 27, "
Jean Cassidy	Lakeville	Lakeville, N.B.	77	June 7, "
Adam Millar	Toronto	Toronto 3rd, O.	64	" 11, "
Helen A. Miner	Woolford	Woolford, O.	17	" 10, "
Margaret McKenzie	Cape Ozo	Gaspe, P.Q.	59	" 16, "
Susanna R. Horton	East Wallace		82	" 17, "
Eleanor Leard	Montrose	Montrose, P.E.I.	32	" 22, "
J. W. Simpson	Sharon	Bradford, O.	33	" 27, "
Jane Jackson	York	Yonge St. South	68	" 28, "
William Dibb	Petrolia	Petrolia, O.	49	July 2, "
Margaret M. Hocking	Montrose	Montrose, P.E.I.	38	" 2, "
Henry W. Alcerly	Moredon	King's County	73	" 4, "
Mary C. Anthony	Low'r Granville	Margate, P.E.I.	26	" 9, "
George Leonard	Upper Keswick	Upper Keswick	20	" 8, "
James Black, Esq.	Pugwash	Halifax, N.S.	86	" 16, "
Hattie E. Taylor	Carbonnear	Carbonnear, N.	17	" 23, "
Harris F. Hennigar	Bear River	Bear River	27	" 26, "
Margaret G. McLauren	Montreal	Montreal 3rd, Q.	27	" 31, "

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