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THE  
**Wesleyan Repository,**  
AND  
LITERARY RECORD.

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DECEMBER, 1860.

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Our Canadian Work and Ministry.

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SCRAPS OF METHODIST HISTORY.

1801.—*Samuel Draper*, served in Canada only one year, but continued in the work in his native country until his death in 1824. He was a useful preacher, and bore faithfully the heaviest labours of our cause in the day of its struggles. Among the first Methodist Preachers were the greatest evangelists, the greatest heroes, and the greatest wits of their day,—anomalous examples of the co-existence of self-sacrificing piety and habitual humour. In not a few instances this good nature degenerated into inveterate pleasantry, and impaired their usefulness. *Samuel Draper*, with his unquestionable piety, was an example of this infirmity. But it is added, “Whatever infirmities may have attached themselves to him as a *man*, as a minister hundreds will have cause to rejoice that they ever heard his voice.”

1801.—*Seth Crowel* commenced his itinerant life in the twentieth year of his age, and remained in Canada two years, sharing largely in the great revival of this time. *Dr. Bangs* says, “He was a young man of great zeal, and of most indefatigable industry, and possessed superior talents. He had done good and brave service in the itinerant field. He was a great sufferer from nervous disease, but, though his trials were very severe, he at length triumphed over them all, and departed into his final rest in peace, July 6th., 1826.

*James Aikins* returned to the States at the close of the year, and died in the work, 1824.

*John Robinson*, whose history is rather melancholy. He was well known to many of our senior brethren in the church and ministry,—held the office of Presiding Elder. Married and located in 1805, near the Bay of Quinte; afterwards became mentally deranged. Would remain for days in profound and gloomy silence, not uttering a word; then set out wandering through the Province, sometimes attempting to preach; then employ his time in writing what he called a book against Methodism. He had intellectual faculties of a superior order. In person he was tall and well formed; an oval face and broad forehead. He suffered his hair and beard to grow, when venerably white,—the former falling in graceful ringlets upon his shoulders, presenting, on the whole, a very singular and imposing appearance. We believe he has been dead some years, and hope he has gone safely home to heaven.

1801.—*Caleb Morris* travelled one year on the Ottawa Circuit, and located in the United States in 1808.

1802.—*Thomas Madden* held a very distinguished position in this and a later period of our history; was several times elected delegate to the General Conference, and served as Presiding Elder four years. Gentlemanly in dress and appearance. His sermons were short and well studied; full of pith and sound divinity. He was far longer in the regular Canadian work than any preacher of this period, except Rev. W. Case, extending to 1834, deducting therefrom four years in the States, from 1811 to 1814. His retirement from the active work, through failing health, was brief: died in August, 1834.

*Peter Vannest*. Of this active pioneer, the Rev. J. Carroll, in his "Pastand Present," says, "He wore no buttons on his coat, but fastened it with hooks-and-eyes, and bore hard on all who did not come up to his standard in plainness." As we admire his labours more than his dress, we shall give a few extracts from letters published by Mr. Vannest in the *Christian Advocate* some ten years ago. In reference to a circuit partly in Vermont and partly in Lower Canada, he writes, "We had a good time all round the circuit; I baptised by sprinkling, pouring, and immersion four hundred persons. My work required me to cross Missisquoi River. When winter came I was unable to get my horse over the river, on account of the boat being sunk. I therefore left him with a friend to bring him to St. Albans, a distance of seventeen miles. I got over the

river myself in a canoe amidst the drift-ice. I travelled about one hundred miles on foot, and most of the way through the woods and deep snow, without a track, sometimes stepping into spring holes up to my knees in the mud and water : the snow would wear off the mud, but did not dry my feet. Some part of the way was on the ice, which at that season covered the Bay, where I found the water three or four inches deep ; and being compelled to travel in shoes (having no boots), I had wet feet of course." He then gets his horse, but horse dies towards summer ; gets another, and at the close of the year starts on horseback to Conference, 400 miles, reports to Conference an accession to the Church of 125 members. His first circuit in Western Canada was the Oswegotchie. Some of his appointments had twenty miles of woods intervening. His colleague had a narrow escape from being devoured by wolves. On the Bay of Quinte Circuit, had carried oats in his saddle-bags to feed his horse in passing through 34 miles of woods. After a long and toilsome journey through the woods, and "by keeping a sharp look out," he arrives at his stopping place, and, on some meal his hostess had to borrow ; he has dinner and supper at 11 o'clock. Next we find him on the Niagara Circuit. A tavern-keeper invites him to take up an appointment at his house : he replies, "Sir, you do not want meeting in your house : there was no room for the Lord in the inn. You know you do not want it, and the Lord knows you do not want it." The man, on his way home, began to reflect. "I did not want meeting, but how did the man read my heart?" The interview led to his conversion, and the conversion of his six brothers and their wives. Mr. Vannest has recently deceased.

*Nathan Bangs.*—The well-known D. D., and one of the most prolific writers of the M. E. Church ; was editor of *Christian Advocate* ; *Methodist Magazine* ; author of *History of the M. E. Church*, and for a short time President of Wesleyan University. The venerable Nathan Bangs, D. D., was converted near Niagara Falls, through the instrumentality of Joseph Sawyer, and shortly afterwards commenced his ministerial career in Canada. We believe he was the first converted by means of a minister labouring in Canada who entered the itinerancy. His first field of labour was the Bay of Quinte and Home District, with Joseph Sawyer and Peter Vannest, their circuit extending from Kingston to Toronto, and the region beyond ; 1803, the same circuit with Thomas Madden in place of Peter Vannest ; 1804, St. Francis, L. C. ; 1805, Oswegotchie ;

1806, Quebec ; 1807, Niagara,—what a move ! and on horseback, we suppose. Then goes to the States ; once more in 1812 appointed to Montreal, but did not go in consequence of the war. Dr. Bangs has been residing for many years in the city of New York.

*N. U. Tompkins.* Travelled this year on the Ottawa circuit ; returned home at its close and located, 1809.

1803.—Samuel Merwin, Montreal, Eljah Chichester, and Laban Clark, missionaries to St. John's and Sorele. This latter mission appears not to have been successful, as no members were returned at the ensuing Conference, and the missionaries were withdrawn. Mr. Clark afterwards travelled the Fletcher circuit, embracing part of Vermont and a part of it in Lower Canada. He describes it as being like a figure 8, containing two week's appointments in each half or circle ; the whole distance around was 400 miles ; the Canada part embraced from the township of Sutton to Missisquoi Bay. After travelling nine months, he says, "I received three dollars, and that to repair my boots." The venerable missionary lived to serve the Church more than half a century as an itinerant.

*Reuben Harris,* Niagara and Long Point ; 1804, Bay of Quinte, then returned to Vermont ; after many years service in New England and New York, superannuated, 1839. Then removed with his family to Ohio, and served the Church as his remaining strength allowed. His brethren say of him, "Though of a peculiar mental temperament, he was uniformly pious ; a man of great patience and perseverance in labour. He died in peace and full assurance of hope, Feb. 15th., 1844.

*Luther Bishop,* Oswegotchie ; 1804, Niagara and Long Point ; 1806, Smiths Creek ; 1807, Bay of Quinte ; continued several subsequent years in the connexion in the United States. We are informed, however, that he was one of those in later years who formed the secession known as "Protestant Methodists."

1804.—*Martin Ruter,* was stationed this year in Montreal, at the early age of nineteen, and yet in the third year of his ministry. Many years after Book Steward at Cincinnati, then President of Augusta College, Kentucky, which office he resigned to undertake a mission to Texas, after its annexation to the United States. He was honoured with the titles of A. M. and D. D. Founded a Literary Institution in Texas, and died there May 16th., 1838, in great peace, and unshaken confidence in God.

1805.—*Gershom Pearce,* Niagara ; 1806, Oswegotchie ; 1807, Dunham, L. C.

*Henry Ryan* was a native of Ireland, entered the ministry in Ver-

mont in 1800. His first circuit in Canada was the Bay of Quinte, two years; 1807, Long Point; 1808-9, Niagara; and from 1810 to 1824, when Canada became a separate Conference, held the office of Presiding Elder. Dr. Abel Stevens writes of him, "He was a man of inextinguishable zeal and unflinching energy. Neither the comforts or courtesies of life ever delayed him. When on Fletcher Circuit, Vermont, with Elijah Hedding, in 1802, their routes intersected at the junction of two roads, where they met. Ryan's usual salutation was, "Drive on, Brother; drive on! let us drive the devil out of the country!" In Canada his labours were herculean; he achieved the work of half a score of men; he also suffered heroically, from want, fatigue, and bad roads. With his indomitable energy was combined an erratic disposition; and in 1827 withdrew, and formed the sect of the "Ryanites." The Province still abounds with anecdotes of him. Of his strong arm and robust form, and thundering voice, and also of his singular sayings. One of his preachers having behaved very improperly, criminally so, when he heard of it, went in pursuit of him, and continued the pursuit for more than a hundred miles, without success,—“Well,” says he, “there is no use in having a devil at all if he does not take that man!”

*William Case* came the same year with Henry Ryan, and was appointed to the same circuit. We hope some able pen will yet be employed in writing his Biography: we append only a passing note. For the long term of 50 years, 6 of which he laboured in the States, and 44 in Canada,—the longest any man has yet spent in our itinerant work,—he was a faithful minister of the Gospel. Singularly enough, he travelled only six years on circuits. He was Presiding Elder 18 years continuously in Canada and United States. Was President of Conference after we became an independent Church. The father of our Indian Missions,—the latter half of his ministerial life being almost exclusively devoted to that service. Respectable in appearance; sweet, melodious voice; good sense; plain, useful education; affectionate and kind; had considerable knowledge of human nature, yet was sometimes imposed upon; had his preferences, which almost degenerated into partiality. We might multiply anecdotes of him, but we give only one. Preaching at a Quarterly Meeting, at the old Elizabethtown Chapel, and when midway in his sermon, and warm with his theme, it suddenly occurred to him that he had preached the same sermon, in the same pulpit, three months before. It disconcerted him not, however, but leaving his subject, he went on to tell the people how treacherous were their memories, and how

inattentive they were to hear and treasure up Divine Truth; and in proof of it, he added, "Although I preached this same sermon to you here three months ago, how few among you recollect the text, much less the sermon." The Presiding Elders of those days were really a singular though powerful race of men; they said many strange things, and effected much good. Joseph Jewell, one of the old school,—in what we may call, with our Presbyterian brethren, fencing the tables, or rather love-feast,—thus delivered himself, on a Saturday, in a barn, before the era of meeting-houses:—"Love-feast will be held to-morrow in this barn. We don't want any *swearing* Universalists here, nor *drunken* Baptists, nor *lying* Presbyterians; we have enough of this sort of people ourselves, and we don't need to import any."

1806.—*Robert Perry*, Ottawa; 1806, Niagara; 1807, Smith's Creek; 1808, Yonge Street; 1809, Niagara; 1810, Long Point. Located near the Bay of Quinte, and died a few years ago at an advanced age. Became the founder, in that part of the country, of a party called Reformed Methodists, or some such name. The sect did not succeed, and Mr. Perry returned to the Church of his early labours.

*Thomas Whitehead*.—This name appears in the English as well as the American Minutes, as early as 1791, the year of Mr. Wesley's death, as stationed in Liverpool, Nova Scotia. After labouring in that province some years, he returned to New York, and was sent as a missionary to Canada, in 1806. He continued in the regular, effective work ten years, and superannuated in 1816, and settled in Burford, where he died in 1845, at the age of 83 years. During his long superannuation he, however, travelled extensively through the Province. For his day and opportunities he read a good deal, and was popular and instructive as a preacher, abounding in quotations from Young's Night Thoughts. Tall, strong bodily frame, respectable in appearance, very communicative, mind well stored with anecdotes and incidents of early times. Presided at the Special Conference of 1840. The first camp-meeting in Canada was held on or near his farm, 1806.

1806.—*Andrew Prindle*. No small mark among his contemporaries, either physically or mentally, being the largest man ever engaged in itinerant life in Canada. An able disputant on knotty and complex doctrines. Voice like thunder, of which he made a good use in the pulpit, and at camp-meetings. When he had "a good time," was overwhelming in his reasoning and his appeals. He travelled most of our Canadian Circuits, besides several in the

United States. He located in 1828, resumed the work again, superannuated in 1833, and died in Ancaster, 1855.

*William Snyder*, missionary to the French; 1803, Ottawa. Of him we have no further account.

1807.—*I. B. Smith*; continued in the regular work until 1825, when he was superannuated, and finally withdrew in 1829.

1808.—*William Snow*, Cornwall; 1809, St. Lawrence. Rev. J. Carroll says of him, "That sometimes he preached with great power, and so straitened othertimes, as to say at the close, "Brethren, I have done, and I am glad of it."

*Chandly Lambert*, Bay of Quinte, then returned home.

*John Reynolds*.—Located and settled in Belleville; was one of the leaders in the Episcopal division, and became the first Bishop of that secession; died a few years ago.

*Samuel Cochran*, was stationed this year in Quebec; returned to the States, and died in 1845, "Literally worn out in his Master's service."

*Ninian Holmes*, after travelling a few years, located near Chat-ham, where he died, 1828. He was a well educated man, and in advance of his times, in point of literary attainments and general knowledge.

1809. *George McCracken*; Quebec,—the only circuit he labored on in Canada.

*Joseph Samson*, born and ordained in Lower Canada, P. E. of Lower Canada District; expelled from the church in the U. S., 1816.

*Joseph Scull*. Montreal, 1809-10; Quebec 1811.

*Joseph Lockwood*, after two years travelling, located at Brighton, where he still resides; has not preached for many years, and we are not aware of his being now connected with our Church.

1810. *Robert Hibbard*, whilst going from Ottawa Circuit to St. Francis, was drowned in attempting to cross the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, 1812.

*Peter Covenhoven* or Conover; a few years in the work, after which he located on Dundas Street, and served the Church whilst he was able as a Local Preacher. He bequeathed the one-half of the proceeds of his farm to the Missionary Society; which was, we think, the first bequest our Missionary Society had received; honorable mention is made of him in the Journal of Rev. Peter Jones.

*Daniel Freman*, travelled one year and located near Simcoe.

1811. *Joseph Gatchel*, continued in the work in Canada twenty years; superannuated in 1831; was one of the founders of the division of 1834: is still living.



*Samuel Luckey*, travelled the Ottawa Circuit, and was appointed to St. Francis the following year, but the war prevented his going there; distinguished in the United States and became D. D.

*John Rhodes*, labored some years—extending over the war of 1812–15. Married in Canada, and retired to the U. S., where he afterwards located and died.

*G. W. Densmore*, returned to the States after the declaration of war. Dr. Peck says, “he was an eloquent and powerful preacher.”

*Enoch Burdock*, travelled some years and located near Buffalo.

*Silas Hopkins*, continued a short time, and located in the Niagara District.

The length of some of these notes has far exceeded our design; we regret it has prevented us from giving fuller notes of some of the latter on our list, but we have been compelled to brevity that all may appear in this number of the *Repository*.

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### CHURCH PROPERTY AND THE CONFERENCE.

We are not greatly surprised that strangers to our Disciplinary Law should have given utterance to the idea, that all our Church edifices are vested in the Conference; and yet we are at a loss to understand how even they could have arrived at this conclusion. But that such an inference could be drawn by any of our own people, who have our printed Discipline in their hands, which contains the whole of the form of our Deed of Settlement, is to us most unaccountable. And yet the expression is heard every day, that such and such a church is deeded to the Conference. It is true we may call them our's, and with propriety any private member of the Church may do the same. The ministers call the members “our people,” and the members call the ministers “our ministers,” but the extent of the proprietorship in either case is limited and well understood. The people are our's to preach to, and to instruct in the way of righteousness, and watch over their spiritual interests, as those who must give account. The Churches are ours to perform the relative duties incumbent upon us, and assigned us by the Church. The ministers are ministers, not of the Conference, but of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and the Conference is the Conference of the same Church, and not the Church, the Wesleyan Methodist Church of the Conference. All belong to the Church, with every Church edifice in the Province, that is conveyed by our form of Deed. The property is vested in trustees, generally about seven in number, who hold it in trust for the use, not of the Conference, but the Wesleyan Church in Canada. The ministers of the Church, and the membership of the Church, have their positions assigned them. The pulpit is the

point designated for the former, the pews for the latter. The trustees have not the power to exclude either of their position. They are bound to allow ministers, appointed by Conference, to officiate in the pulpit, and those appointed by the Superintendent Minister of a Circuit, such as local preachers. They have also the power of laying down terms for the occupancy of the seats of the people, such as demanding a rental for them. They have the power of altering, remodeling, enlarging, and in fact of making any improvement they may deem proper. They may borrow money for such changes and improvements, and mortgage the property for payment; and, with the consent of the Conference, may make an absolute sale of the property, provided the proceeds of sale be appropriated to the payment of debts on the property, or for the erection of another place of worship for the same congregation. Take away the power of Conference of veto on sale, and the power of appointing ministers to officiate, and they are completely divested of all claim and authority on the premises. As it is, they cannot hang an additional lamp; they cannot regulate the size, shape, or number of doors or windows; whether there shall be pews or free seats; even the pulpit, they cannot control its shape or form,—much less can they mortgage or sell the edifice, whilst the trustees can do all these. The Conference, cannot appoint any to officiate in our Church but members of the Church; and if Henry Melville or Spurgeon were here to-morrow, the trustees of any Church in Canada need not admit either of them to their pulpits though possessed of letters of recommendation from our Conference, signed by our President and Secretary.

It is true, the trustees are required to consult the Superintendent Minister when an application is made by a minister of another denomination for the use of our pulpits, and his assent must be obtained before its use can be legally granted. And certainly among other reasons that may be assigned for the propriety of seeking counsel, we may say that the minister ought to be the best judge of the standing of the applicant, and also of the doctrines that he may be supposed to preach. During an acquaintance of more than twenty years with the working of our Deed of Settlement, we never knew a minister in collision with a board of trustees on this point.

In regard to filling up vacancies in the board, occasioned by death or withdrawal from the Church, the power of nomination is with the Superintendent, whilst the appointing power is with the board.

The whole scope and design of the Deed is certainly to preserve inviolate the Churches to the purposes for which they were erected, and as far as human wisdom can effect this object it appears to us to be peculiarly well adapted to attain it.

## ORIGINAL SKETCH OF A SERMON.

## RIGHTEOUSNESS.

BY THE REV. J. H. JOHNSON, A. M.

“For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven”—Matt. v. 20.

These words form a part of that interesting discourse known as our Lord's Sermon on the Mount,—a discourse which excels in beauty, simplicity, and sublimity, as well as real instruction, all the sermons of ancient and modern divines. Christ has been appropriately denominated *the great teacher*. To him the world is indebted for the purest and most truthful doctrines promulgated. Even the opponents of his divinity have been compelled to concede this, and yield to Jesus of Nazareth the highest place among the instructors of mankind. How much, then, should we, my brethren, who recognize in his teachings the sayings of an Omniscient Being, study His truth and govern our lives by His sacred precepts.

Among the various peculiarities in Christ's teachings, one of the most prominent must be reckoned his *plainness*. He called things by their right names : he was influenced by no timid apprehension of the displeasure of his auditors,—he readily denounced wickedness, even in high places. But he was especially severe upon those religionists amongst his countrymen, who, under cover of a superior zeal for the national faith, and an earnest desire to fulfil the minutest letter of the law, overlooked the spirit and design of religious ordinances. Their hypocrisy and formality were boldly exposed.

All this is designed for the instruction of others, as well as the parties immediately concerned. The practice of depending upon good works for salvation is not confined to the Pharisees. Many are still addicted to it. Because God has enjoined certain duties, and specified certain actions, as the fruit of faith and of a religious life, many have engaged in these as the condition of their salvation, and based their hope of heaven on their frequent religious observances. This course, though at first burdensome to the flesh, becomes by a law of our nature—the mere force of habit, natural and easy ; and all being externally right, the most attentive observer must give the professor credit for the possession of genuine piety. It is probable that eternity alone will undeceive the Church and the world

with respect to many in this particular. But our Lord has furnished us with a rule by which each may ascertain his own condition. "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter the kingdom of Heaven." Notice,

I. WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY RIGHTEOUSNESS ?

II. WHAT WAS THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES ?

III. WHEREIN THEIRS WAS DEFICIENT.

I. The word here rendered "righteousness," is in Greek *δικαιοσύνη* which comes from the primitive *δίκη*, signifying *law, right, justice*. Our English word is equally expressive, implying among other things, *the doing of what is right*. A very high authority explains it as meaning, "purity of heart, and rectitude of life." The term "righteous," is properly applicable only to a being of infinite perfections, and in Scripture is ascribed to Jehovah, and also used to denote Christ's obedience to the law, and his full compliance with his Father's will. But in an accommodated sense, it is ascribed to the creature who devotes his life to the service of God. Those who are accepted for the sake of Christ, recognized as members of the heavenly family, and heirs of glory, are termed "righteous." They are placed in contrast with the wicked. But these two classes are known. There are modifications of each—some excelling in righteousness, and some in wickedness; but there is no neutrality, all are either the friends or the enemies of God. Righteousness is threefold: it relates to belief, conduct, and condition, or theory, practice, and a state of heart.

1. *Theoretical Righteousness.*

By this I mean a correct system of belief. Correct views should be entertained on vital subjects. Some contend that if a man does right, it is no matter what he may believe. But this is sophistry, not argument. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." We must not, however, contend for correctness in every particular. There are non-essentials in religious belief. The Bible must be studied. Rest not on man's ipse dixit. The following are considered as essential doctrines.—The existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator of all things, and the Judge of all men; the fall of man, the depravity of his heart, and the endless punishment due to sin; the plan of salvation through the vicarious sacrifice of Christ, without any merit on the part of the creature; repentance, faith, holiness of heart, and life; and perseverance in the discharge of religious duties, and

the observance of religious ordinances. We must not believe too much. He who believes two and two make *five*, will be just as mistaken in his calculations, as he who believes two and two make *three*. The truth lies between these extremes.

### 2 *Righteousness should be Practical.*

There is an intimate connexion between faith and works: the latter, to be acceptable, must be the fruit of the former. Religious duties are numerous—all, however, summed up by Solomon, thus “finally, let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.” Christ embraces them in two comprehensive precepts: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all the heart, &c., and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” Moral and religious duties twofold, negative and positive. We are told what to avoid, and what to do. The omission of a duty is often as heinous as the performance of a forbidden action. Illustrated in the dealings of Saul with the Amalekites, 1 Samuel x. 5. “To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams.” Perfect obedience is required: “Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point,” &c., James ii. 10, 11. We are told the “eye of the Lord is everywhere,” &c., and “that there is no creature that is not manifest,” &c. No action can escape the scrutiny. The requirements of the law are clear. “He hath showed thee,” &c., see Micah vi. 8.

### 3. *Righteousness must be Experimental.*

God’s service demands the heart. A man’s motives must be right. His conduct must be the result of love to God and man.

“I see the perfect law requires,  
Truth in the inward parts;  
Our full consent, our whole desires,  
Our undivided hearts.”

“Behold, thou desirest,” &c., Psalms li. 6, 7. With respect to *practical* righteousness, the best of men have been deficient. “There is none righteous; no not one.” With the purest motives a man may err in judgment, and, consequently, in practice. But men may be right in heart. David exhorted Solomon to “serve the Lord with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind,” see Psalms xxxii. 1, 2. “But,” says the objector, “show me a man who is pure in heart.” The demand is unreasonable. God alone can do so, and He has given his testimony with respect to several. In Gen. vi. 9, we learn that “Noah was a just man, and perfect in his generations.” Job

was "perfect and upright," &c. It is said of Zachariah and Elizabeth, Luke i. 6, that "that they were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless." The Scriptures teach that this holiness is secured through the blood of the Lamb. At best "we are unprofitable servants." God will accept no amount of good works as a substitute for purity. Our nature must be changed—we must be regenerated. See John iii. 3-8; Rev. vii. 9-17; 1 Timothy i. 5; 2 Cor. i. 12. Good works are not meritorious, as the Romish Church teaches; nor yet unnecessary, as held by Antinomians. See James ii. 17, 26. They are to be taken as the evidences of our faith in Christ, and of our justification through His atonement.

II. We have next to consider the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees.

1. *The Scribes.* These were men of learning, particularly acquainted with the Jewish law, and professionally instructors of the people. They kept an account of public acts and occurrences, officially recording important transactions. The Scribes formed a part of the great council of the Jews, and in that capacity figured at Christ's trial, and at the investigations to which the Apostles were subjected, see Acts xxiii. 1-10. Their righteousness consisted in theory. They stored their minds with the ceremonial law and the prophetic writings, relying on these mere intellectual acquisitions, and a rigid morality, for eternal life. Thus many now base their hope on a sound creed, a good education, &c. Some bring up their sons "for the church," without their having experienced a change of heart. Many evils are the result,—irreligious ministers, erroneous doctrines, undue prominence given to forms and ceremonies, Apostolical succession, and an unholy blending of religious with civil matters.

Now, no objection to learning; but it must be subservient to religion, not supersede it. A thorough literary training, and an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures are enjoined upon all; but these will not save the soul. A new heart is still indispensable. Sanctified learning is a great instrument of usefulness.

## 2. *The Pharisees.*

The most numerous religious sect among the Jews. They included most of the Scribes, and the majority of the people. Their name was derived from the Hebrew *parash*, to separate, and doubtless they were originally distinguished for their piety and good works. But they were fearfully corrupt in the days

of Christ. When they originated, we know not. Josephus speaks of them as living B. C. 144. It does not appear that they were perfectly sound in their creed; especially as they held the traditions of the elders to be of equal authority with revelation.

For full particulars as to the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisee, consult Matt. xv. 1-14; xxiii. 2-7; Luke vii. 30; xii. 1; xvi. 13-15; xviii. 9-14.

The righteousness therein described has its counterpart among professed Christians in modern times.

III. We shall specify some of the points of deficiency in the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees.

1. *In Humility.*

Pride characterized them invariably. Not such was the example of Christ; nor did he thus instruct his followers to act. The Prophets also taught different from the Scribes. Isaiah lvii. 45; lxvi. 2; Prov. xv. 33. So likewise 1 Peter v. 5, 6.

2. *In Repentance.*

This means such a sorrow for sin as leads men to turn away from it. Through this door all must enter who receive salvation. "God commandeth all men to repent." The Pharisaic righteousness was a stranger to repentance.

3. *In respect to genuine Faith.*

They had *belief* in the Scriptures; their minds yielded assent to the law and the prophets; but the *faith* which distinguished Abel, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and all whom God received in every age, they possessed not, see Heb. xi. All sacrificial offerings, &c., were intended to remind the worshipper of Christ, who is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," see Rom. iv. Habakkuk declared, "the just shall live by faith," and Paul endorses the sentiment. No piety without faith. Mere forms utterly valueless.

4. The Scribes and Pharisees were wanting *in the great principle of regeneration.*

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," &c. How clearly is this doctrine taught in the Psalms, and by the Prophets, especially Isaiah. The Scribes must have admitted it in theory, well informed as they were intellectually; but like some modern teachers, they may have deemed it attainable only through the medium of certain external rites and ceremonies, unaccompanied by any evidence to the recipient.

5. Lastly, they were *destitute of charity or love for their fellow-men.*

They considered "themselves righteous, and despised others." Bigotry is a great evil. How conspicuous in the whole conduct of the Scribes and Pharisees! We see much of it now amongst all denominations. Not only Romanists, but Protestants, have imitated those whom Christ has condemned.

In conclusion, permit me to point out four important particulars, in which, after all, the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees "exceeds" that of the majority of modern Christians. And,

1. *In religious knowledge.*

Here they were very faithful. They read the Scriptures, and taught them to their children, Deut. vi. 6-9. But what neglect among Christian parents! The Bible is often a mere parlour-table ornament, while the *magazine*, the *newspaper*, and the *novel* are diligently read in the family.

2. *In avoiding evil towards others.*

A negative righteousness, but highly valuable. The Pharisee in the temple was free from extortion, &c. But what dishonesty is now practised by men professing godliness!

3. *In the amount given for the cause of God, and for benevolent purposes.*

The law enacted a tenth, and the rigid Pharisee tithed everything he had. Under the Gospel, liberality in giving is thus inculcated, and the opportunities for exercising it have greatly increased, but the proportion given falls vastly short.

4. *In attendance upon religious ordinances and duties.*

The Pharisee prayed publicly, "fasted twice in the week," and was present at all the festivities, &c. What lack among Christians, especially in the duty of *fasting*!

If, then, as the text says, men can "in no case enter the kingdom of heaven, unless their righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees," how can they "enter the kingdom," whose righteousness so far from "exceeding", does not even come up to that of the Scribes and Pharisees?



## MEMORY'S TRIBUTE TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

Brother minister, did you ever "travel a two-weeks bush Circuit," of course *alone*, in the days of yore, when the *single* preacher's allowance was *one hundred dollars*, paid in odds and ends, and when he did not get it *all* either; when he kept going round and round for want of any particular *home*, lodging with one family to-night and another to-morrow? Do you remember how lonely you often felt, for some congenial spirit to commune with, when the usual topics of pigs, potash, and potatoes were exhausted with the good folks among whom you sojourned? And do you remember what a solace it was, when, by chance, you encountered a kindred mind for any period, however brief? you "do." Well, that pleasure I felt on going to a remote settlement of Irish Methodists, from the County of Sligo, in the township of South S., in the year 183—. That was indeed an out-of-the-way sort of place, rough and new. The laws about taxes, road-works, militia duty, *et cetera*, had not yet come into force in that settlement, and every man did pretty much "what was right in his own eyes." Still, they put themselves under the Gospel law; and I brought them the news from the outer world in the *Christian Guardian* which I carried in my saddle-bags. They were a companionable people, and always collected at night-fall into one of the three shanties that "took in the preachers." They were by no means parsimonious in conversation with the few ideas they had, but then they had not many of them, and these had become rather stale, when the following event occurred:—One Indian summer-like afternoon in the autumn of the year, I took my fortnightly journey from "R.'s Mills," through the woods and across sundry small clearings, the heavy log fences, of which I had to take down, (and faithfully I put them up again) the distance of *twelve* or *fifteen* miles to the neighbourhood indicated. A strange face was a rarity, but I discovered a youthful stranger in the congregation, very attentive and intelligent-looking. After meeting we were duly introduced, and became acquainted at once. He was a tall, slight, wiry lad of *twenty-two* or *three*, without anything in the appendages of the outer man to make him attractive. Nor will the reader be surprised at this, when I inform him that he was the son of a *small* farmer in the north of Ireland, with a very large family, who had exhausted all his available means a year or two before to fit out his eldest son for the itinerant Wesleyan Ministry in Ireland, with horse, saddle, bridle, valice, and suitable clothing, a no small achievement for his humble resources. *This* son, whom I now met, wished to come to America, to provide for himself, and open a way for the parents and

younger members, but lacked the means. Poor *John* was therefore fain to avail himself of the offer of a former neighbour (who had made some money in Canada, and who had returned to the "owle sod" for a wife to cheer his loneliness in the bush) to go out with him; and pay for his passage money by his work after he arrived in this country. His clothing, for a Canadian winter, was very, very thin; and he was forced to give all his wages for several months to pay for his passage. I can remember the gratitude with which he received a trifling article for his person out of my scanty wardrobe. Much cold and hardship of body must he have suffered; and much pain of mind, from his not very considerate employer. For, though of humble origin, his was a tasteful, elevated, and pretty well informed mind. He knew the niceties of theology, was familiar with many of our best authors; and was the best informed person in the history of the past and then existing state of the Irish Wesleyan Connexion of any individual I had met before. It may be asked how had an Irish cottager's son become so well informed? I answer, he owed it, like many others, to *Methodism*. That the circuit preachers had lodged in his father's house, was not in vain. Religion had aroused the inquiries of the family, and those self-denying servants of Christ, referred to, had helped to satisfy their yearnings after knowledge, by their instructive conversation. What incalculable good has sprung out of the old *circuit* system! May it never pass away! Is it any wonder then that my mind should have found delight in the society of this virtuous, amiable, pious young man, with his vivacious conversational powers and loyalty to *Methodism*? What delightful seasons we enjoyed in each other's society in these lonely wilds. We talked of the authors we had read; I told him of Canadian *Methodism*, and he told me of Irish—its *ministers*, their names, gifts, and peculiarities—its usages and economy, embracing funds, &c. I shared the few books I had with him; we read some of our standard parts together; and we compared notes, when we met, of what we had read when absent from each other.

He had been led to the class-room according to the old Irish practice, when a child; and had grown up in the fear and love of God, but had never experienced any remarkable manifestation to his soul at the time I first met with him, and for some months after. But at length such a manifestation was made to him. It happened in one of our Saturday-night Quarterly meeting prayer-meetings, a time of great power and excitement. Of this he had always been afraid; but the next day, in the early morning love-feast, he was evidently much affected, and, rising, declared, while floods of tears ran down his cheeks, "I have been all my life a poor cold-hearted critic; but now, glory be to God! he has dis-

solved my heart in love." Need I say, that, after this, we were bound in stronger bonds than ever to each other?

But months rolled around, Conference time came, and I left the circuit and my friend *in tears*. I gave him a memento, and we parted, never to meet *but once* again on earth. One year from the time, I was on my way to Conference, on horse-back, as usual, with two other young ministers, from our northern circuit in the "lower regions," and staid over Sabbath in the township of K——, at the house of an intelligent local preacher. At the public service, what should I meet but the improved appearance and sparkling eyes of my dear young friend. He had served out his time with his first master; had sought out a new home; had obtained good employment, by which he had obtained clothes and books, and looked forward to the time when he might be able to send to Ireland for his friends. His testimony for God in the class-meeting gladdened my heart. He came to my quarters; but a few hours' interview closed our earthly intercourse for ever. I went on to the Conference; received and went to my appointment, and laboured part of the year, when the news arrived that *young Malloy* was dead! His end was tragic: chopping down a tree he miscalculated the way it would fall; it fell on him and ended his earthly toils.

How mysterious the ways of Providence; this lonely young man, with powers and aspirations that would have enabled him to adorn any sphere he might have occupied, is called away early, suddenly, and far from the friends he loved.

"By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed;  
By foreign hands his decent limbs composed;  
By foreign hands his humble grave adorned;  
By strangers honor'd and by strangers mourned."

Some years afterwards I met his aged father, who, with his children, all but the minister, had made their way by some means to Canada. He knew of me from his son's letters, and wept while he spoke of JOHN. By this time the aged man may have overtaken his son. Oh, heaven will make up for all! Praised be God!

This cannot seem a trivial, pointless tale to any, and it has given a subdued pleasure to one heart, to *call back the memory of an early friend*.

## Portfolio of Select Literature.

### ELOQUENCE AND POWER OF DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE.

DR. GUTHRIE in the pulpit is wonderful to the eye as well as to the ear. He is tall, with a face quite peculiar—a face that attracts, you cannot tell why; full of earnestness, as you look upon it: every feature eloquent with the message he is delivering, yet withal full of shrewdness and sagacity; the face of a man who could be consulted with advantage on the matters of this world, as well as on those of the next; and beneath all that, you can trace a fund of kindest humor, flashes of which escape inadvertently now and then, and disport themselves amid the solemnities of his theme, strangely heightening the effect. Than his action and elocution nothing could be more monotonous. He sways backwards and forwards in his pulpit, he speaks in an undulating sing-song, not without a certain melody and rude rhythmic cadence of its own; and while you sit puzzled with his peculiarities, and inwardly asking yourself if this is the orator of whom you have heard so much, there is suddenly a strange excitation on the speaker, his arm waves, his eye flashes, his voice rises clear up out of its level, and a startling thought or illustration hurries your blood like a trumpet's clang. Dr. Guthrie does not argue save through images. He does not throw out new thoughts, but he illustrates and enforces old ones. He reads his Bible with a marvelously vivifying glance; and expressions, and little points of narration, which his hearer has been accustomed to pass over with indifference, or accept as matters of course, are to him of the profoundest significance. His illustrations drawn from the Old Testament histories, are remarkable for freshness and life. He speaks of the bulrushes bending over the ark of Moses, as if he had beheld the scene yesterday. He sees David sling down the boaster of Gath, and in the silence of the two armies he hears Goliath fall like a tower. Professor Blackie has called him a "preaching Homer." After sermon in the evening you feel yourself a better man; your aspirations are quickened, your desires after goodness stimulated, although you cannot, on examination, find that you have been taught any thing, that a single new thought has been received into your mind, or that an oppressive doubt has been dissipated. You find that no local change has been wrought, so to speak; but that the general health has been improved as by a change of air.

With all his fame, it may be doubted whether Dr. Guthrie's greatest triumphs have been won in the pulpit. Perhaps he is greater on the platform. He is really worth seeing and hearing *there*. He rises and begins to speak in an uncertain and listless manner, having apparently given the subject no previous consideration. The tall swaying figure seems ill at ease; the words pause on the tongue. He seems to feel speechmaking a very difficult business. The road clears however before him, getting less stony every step. Then the eyes kindle in the shrewd swarthy face; a telling anecdote is introduced, and the audience is in a roar. When he gets thoroughly into his subject he plays with it like a kitten with a ball of worsted; he turns it round and round, surveys it from

every point of view, flashes light upon it from the oddest corners. He is not afraid of his audience. He speaks as unreservedly to a crowded hall, as he would to himself in his study at home with the door shut. He lays the reins on the neck of his humor, and away it carries him to a triumphant close, through many a peal of laughter, through many a shout of delighted applause. He speaks naturally and without effort, and he shows that eloquence is as native to his thoughts as lofty bearing to princess of the blood; and what to him is simple kind-heartedness, is to his audience the finest humor. He only thinks of ordinary bread and he feeds the multitude on manna. Dr. Guthrie is eloquent and spirit-stirring in the pulpit; but in his occasional addresses he is equally eloquent and spirit-stirring, and displays a greater variety of powers, for his fun breaks out "forty thousand strong;" his genius is now a severe cherub, and now a rollicking Puck. In these speeches there is no monotony, no relentless logical method, every thing is loose, free, and unrestrained; thought and feeling, pathos and comedy, Scripture illustration and curious anecdote, chase one another over their surfaces like belts of green and purple over a fresh-blown sea.

During the last few years this warm-hearted and popular clergyman has published three volumes of sermons, all of which have been well received. These have carried his name over the length and breadth of the land; they have diffused amongst the reading public much stirring exhortation, much excellent advice, and much touching appeal; and they have, it is understood, being highly profitable to author and publisher—the *Gospel in Ezekiel*, being labelled "Twentieth thousand," and the *Sorrows of the City*, "Fifteenth thousand;" nothing more can be added to the list of their merits. They certainly add nothing to Dr. Guthrie's reputation in Edinburgh, and in Scotland generally. To those who have heard the doctor preach, these printed discourses must appear stale, flat, and unprofitable; their present effect contrasting with their former effect when published by the living voice pretty much as a glow-worm in your hand by daylight contrasts with his last evening's splendor in the shadowy grass. The discourses should be heard, not read. They are of a kind of composition that least of any can stand the ordeal of print. They are Ossianic, rhapsodical. In listening to Dr. Guthrie, a metaphor dazzles you and it is gone; in his book you inspect it, it is pinned down for you like a butterfly on a card, and you can critically finger it and pick holes in it.

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It is remarkable that the two masters of pulpit eloquence, at present in Scotland, should stand apart, wide as the poles, so far as mode of thought and expression are concerned. You shut Dr. Guthrie's volume and open Mr. Caird's, and you find yourself in a different intellectual climate, where different birds fly and sing, and where flowers of another hue and odor bloom. Dr. Guthrie paints a mile-long panorama, which, slowly moving to solemn music, unrolls its glory of mountain forest and flashing cascade. Mr. Caird paints cabinet pictures; he leaves the "cold and splendor of the hills," for the softer graces of pasture lands and the round of pastoral duties; his pencil has great delicacy and touch, and if the full effect does not startle or surprise, it soothes and satisfies. Dr. Guthrie garbs his ideas in foreign costume. In his sentences, instead of the music of the pastoral pipe, you hear the clash of the cymbals or the clangor of the Alpine

horn. Mr. Caird's thoughts wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit; they are untravelled, they hear the tumult and are still in an "English home of ancient peace." In a word, Dr. Guthrie is a bold, lavish genius, impatient of rule or restraint. Mr. Caird is thoughtful, chaste, correct. In the mind of the latter there is, perhaps, a certain timidity, a kind of watchfulness and self-consciousness, which hinder the full growth and expansion of his powers. His book reminds one of a budding tree in March, the "glad green" stands on the back boughs in timid buds as if afraid of frosts and snows, and it will take many a sunny noon to woo them forth. Dr. Guthrie has rushed out into exuberant foliage, a foliage so dense and thick that every branch is lost; and not only that, but autumn has come and painted the forest monarch in his thousand colours.

What we have written has been suggested by the fear that the extraordinary fascinations of Dr. Guthrie's style of illustration, and his great and deserved popularity, are likely to dazzle and mislead some of our younger preachers. We were anxious to remind those who have been intoxicated by their admiration of his splendid excellencies, that he has faults almost as great, though perhaps scarcely less splendid, which must seriously diminish his real power. The boundless exuberance of imagery, in which very often the thought is wholly lost, the frequent disparity between the poverty of the ideas and the regal magnificence of the robes in which they are arrayed, are not the only blemishes which strike us. Very often there is no real and deep analogy between the illustration and the principle it is intended to illustrate. The resemblance is merely superficial or accidental; and not unfrequently, especially in the last volume, the illustrations awaken emotions which are singularly out of harmony with the emotions appropriate to the subject. During the Indian rebellion Dr. Guthrie could not forget on the Sunday—who indeed could?—the tales of heroism and of horror he had been reading in the week; but the constant recurrence of allusions to the diabolical atrocities of our foes, the courage and glory of our countrymen and countrywomen, produces an excitement too violent and quite incongruous with the lofty topics about which our hearts ought to be occupied. The confusion of the battle-field, the terrors of the siege, the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, are unfavorable to profound and devout thinking. When the tumultuous illustration comes to a close, we find ourselves indisposed to return to the divine thoughts from which it has diverted us.

As a sufficient set-off against all we have been constrained to say in disparagement of Dr. Guthrie's discourses, we may note their abounding life. *That*, after all, is the great thing. In this book you come in contact with a living, genial soul—the spirit that moves and breathes in these pages, is one "finely-touched" to hear "the low, sad music of humanity," a spirit ready to pity the afflicted, to comfort those who have no comforter; here is charity, brotherly kindness, love of souls. And the exuberance of metaphor which we have felt in some measure compelled to condemn, is but the overflow of the same fresh strong ebullient spirit; the warm colors that glow upon his page are but the counterparts of the warm feelings that glow within his heart; the charity that urged the "plea for the ragged schools," that spends itself in good deeds in the abodes of poverty and by the beds of the dying, is closely connected with the imaginative

emotion that preserves in his mind the scarlet of the sunset, the silence of the moor with its circle of Druid stone, and the great sea-billows breaking on the scooped and hollowed northern shore. Criticism shrinks ashamed from such a man. Heat the critical furnace ever so hot, his works will remain uninjured, without the smell of fire upon them; for Dr. Guthrie appeals to another public from that which is heard in newspapers and reviews, he conforms to other laws than those of human æsthetics.

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### THE RAISING OF THE SIEGE OF DERRY IN 1689.

Amongst many great historical *tableaux* which Mr. Macaulay has given, perhaps none is more graphic than the following narrative of the raising of the Siege of Derry, so long defended by the Protestant garrison against the assaults of James and the forces of Louis XIV: —

“By this time July (1689) was far advanced; and the state of the city was, hour by hour, becoming more frightful. The number of the inhabitants had been thinned more by famine and disease than by the fire of the enemy. Yet that fire was sharper and more constant than ever. One of the gates was beaten in: one of the bastions was laid in ruins; but the breaches made by day were repaired by night with indefatigable activity. Every attack was still repelled. But the fighting men of the garrison were so much exhausted that they could scarcely keep their legs. Several of them, in the act of striking at the enemy, fell down from mere weakness. A very small quantity of grain remained, and was doled out by mouthfuls. The stock of salted hides was considerable, and by gnawing them the garrison appeased the rage of hunger. Dogs, fattened on the blood of the slain who lay unburied round the town, were luxuries which few could afford to purchase. The price of a whelp's paw was five shillings and sixpence. Nine horses were still alive, and but barely alive. They were so lean that little meat was likely to be found upon them. It was, however, determined to slaughter them for food. The people perished so fast that it was impossible for the survivors to perform the rites of sepulture. There was scarcely a cellar in which some corpse was not decaying. Such was the extremity of distress, that the rats who came to feast in those hideous dens were eagerly hunted and greedily devoured. A small fish, caught in the river, was not to be purchased with money. The only price for which such a treasure could be obtained was some handfuls of oatmeal. Leprosies, such as strange and unwholesome diet engenders, made existence a constant torment. The whole city was poisoned by the stench exhaled from the bodies of the dead and of the half dead. That there should be fits of discontent and insubordination among men enduring such misery was inevitable. At one moment it was suspected that Walker had laid up somewhere a secret store of food, and was revelling in private, while he exhorted others to suffer resolutely for the good cause. His house was strictly examined: his innocence was fully proved: he regained his popularity; and the garrison, with death in near prospect, thronged to the cathedral to hear him preach, drank in his earnest eloquence with delight, and went forth from the house of God with haggard faces and tottering steps, but with spirit still unsubdued. There were,

indeed, some secret plottings. A very few obscure t. i. c. s. opened communications with the enemy. But it was necessary that all such dealings should be carefully concealed. None dared to utter publicly any words save words of defiance and stubborn resolution. Even in that extremity the general cry was 'No Surrender.' And there were not wanting voices which, in low tones, added, "First the horses and hides; and then the prisoners; and then each other." It was afterwards related, half in jest, yet not without a horrible mixture of earnest, that a corpulent citizen, whose bulk presented a strange contrast to the skeletons which surrounded him, thought it expedient to conceal himself from the numerous eyes which followed him with cannibal looks whenever he appeared in the streets.

"It was no slight aggravation of the sufferings of the garrison that all this time the English ships were seen far off in Lough Foyle. Communication between the fleet and the city was almost impossible. One diver who had attempted to pass the boom was drowned. Another was hanged. The language of signals was hardly intelligible. On the 13th of July, however, a piece of paper sewed up in a cloth button came to Walker's hands. It was a letter from Kirke, and contained assurances of speedy relief. But more than a fortnight of intense misery had since elapsed; and the hearts of the most sanguine were sick with deferred hope. By no art could the provisions which were left be made to hold out two days more.

"Just at this time Kirke received a dispatch from England, which contained positive orders that Londonderry should be relieved. He accordingly determined to make an attempt which, as far as appears, he might have made, with at least an equally fair prospect of success, six weeks earlier.

"Among the merchant ships which had come to Lough Foyle under his convoy was one called the *Mountjoy*. The master, Micaiah Browning, a native of Londonderry, had brought from England a large cargo of provisions. He had, it is said, repeatedly remonstrated against the inaction of the armament. He now eagerly volunteered to take the first risk of succouring his fellow-citizens; and his offer was accepted. Andrew Douglas, master of the *Phoenix*, who had on board a great quantity of meal from Scotland, was willing to share the danger and the honour. The two merchantmen were to be escorted by the *Dartmouth* frigate of thirty-six guns, commanded by Captain John Leake, afterwards an admiral of great fame.

"It was the 30th of July. The sun had just set; the evening sermon in the cathedral was over; and the heart-broken congregation had separated, when the sentinels on the tower saw the sails of three vessels coming up the Foyle. Soon there was a stir in the Irish camp. The besiegers were on the alert for miles along both shores. The ships were in extreme peril: for the river was low; and the only navigable channel ran very near to the left bank, where the head-quarters of the enemy had been fixed, and where the batteries were most numerous. Leake performed his duty with a skill and spirit worthy of his noble profession, exposed his frigate to cover the merchantmen, and used his guns with great effect. At length the little squadron came to the place of peril. Then the 'Mountjoy' took the lead, and went right at the boom. The huge barricade cracked and gave way: but the shock was such that the 'Mountjoy' rebounded, and stuck in the mud. A yell of triumph rose from the banks: the Irish rushed to their boats, and were preparing to board; but the 'Dartmouth'



poured on them a well-directed broadside, which threw them into disorder. Just then the 'Phoenix' dashed at the breach which the 'Mountjoy' had made, and was in a moment within the fence. Meantime the tide was rising fast. The 'Mountjoy' began to move, and soon passed safe through the broken stakes and floating spars. But her brave master was no more: a shot from one of the batteries had struck him. The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the 'Mountjoy' grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing-place from the batteries on the other side of the river; and then the work of unloading began. First were rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, fitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of peas. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. There was little sleep on either side of the wall. The bonfires shone bright along the whole circuit of the ramparts. The Irish guns continued to roar all night; and all night the bells of the rescued city made answer to the Irish guns with a peal of joyous defiance. Through the whole of the 31st of July the batteries of the enemy continued to play. But, soon after the sun had again gone down, flames were seen arising from the camp; and when the 1st of August dawned, a line of smoking ruins marked the site lately occupied by the huts of the besiegers; and the citizens saw far off the long column of pikes and standards retreating up the left bank of the Foyle towards Strabane.

"So ended this great siege, the most memorable in the annals of the British isles. It had lasted a hundred and five days. The garrison had been reduced from about seven thousand effective men to about three thousand. The loss of the besiegers cannot be precisely ascertained. Walker estimated it at eight thousand men. It is certain from the despatches of Avaux that the regiments which had returned from the blockade had been so much thinned that many of them were not more than two hundred strong. Of thirty-six French gunners who had superintended the cannonading, thirty-one had been killed or disabled. The means both of attack and of defence had undoubtedly been such as would have moved the great warriors of the continent to laughter; and this is the very circumstance which gives so peculiar an interest to the history of the contest. It was a contest, not between engineers, but between nations; and the victory remained with the nation which, though inferior in number, was superior in civilization, in capacity for self-government, and in stubbornness of resolution.

“As soon as it was known that the Irish army had retired, a deputation from the city hastened to Lough Foyle, and invited Kirke to take the command. He came, accompanied by a long train of officers, and was received in state by the two Governors, who delivered up to him the authority which, under the pressure of necessity, they had assumed. He remained only a few days; but he had time to show enough of the incurable vices of his character to disgust a population distinguished by austere morals and ardent public spirit. There was, however, no outbreak. The city was in the highest good humour. Such quantities of provisions had been landed from the fleet, that there was in every house a plenty never before known. A few days earlier a man had been glad to obtain for twenty pence a mouthful of carrion scraped from the bones of a starved horse. A pound of good beef was now sold for three half pence. Meanwhile all the hands were busied in removing corpses, which had been thinly covered with earth, in filling up the holes which the shells had ploughed in the ground, and in repairing the battered roofs of the houses. The recollection of past dangers and privations, and the consciousness of having deserved well of the English nation and of all Protestant churches, swelled the hearts of the townspeople with honest satisfaction. That satisfaction grew stronger when they received from William a letter acknowledging, in the most affectionate language, the debt which he owed to the brave and trusty citizens of his good city. The whole population crowded to the ‘Diamond’ to hear the royal epistle read. At the close all the guns on the ramparts sent forth a voice of joy: all the ships in the river made answer: barrels of ale were broken up; and the health of their Majesties was drunk with shouts and volleys of musketry.

“Five generations have since passed away; and still the wall of Londonderry is to the Protestants of Ulster what the trophy of Marathon was to the Athenians. A lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which bore during many weeks the heaviest fire of the enemy, is seen far up and far down the Foyle. On the summit is the statue of Walker such as when, in the last and most terrible emergency, his eloquence roused the fainting courage of his brethren. In one hand he grasps a Bible. The other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the eyes of his famished audience to the English topmasts in the distant bay. Such a monument was well deserved: yet it was scarcely needed: for in truth the whole city is to this day a monument of the great deliverance. The wall is carefully preserved; nor would any plea of health or convenience be held by the inhabitants sufficient to justify the demolition of that sacred enclosure which, in the evil time, gave shelter to their race and their religion. The summit of the ramparts forms a pleasant walk. The bastions have been turned into little gardens. Here and there, among the shrubs and flowers, may be seen the old culverins which scattered bricks, cased with lead, among the Irish ranks. One antique gun, the gift of the fishmongers in London, was distinguished, during the hundred and five memorable days, by the loudness of its report, and still bears the name of roaring Meg. The cathedral is filled with relics and trophies. In the vestibule is a huge shell, one of many hundreds of shells which were thrown into the city. Over the altar are still seen the French flagstaves, taken by the garrison in a desperate sally. The white ensigns of the House of Bourbon have long been dust; but their place has been supplied by new banners, the work of the fairest

hands of Ulster. The anniversary of the day on which the gates were closed, and the anniversary of the day on which the siege was raised, have been down to our own time celebrated by salutes, processions, banquets, and sermons: Lundy has been executed in effigy; and the sword, said by tradition to be that of Maumant, has, on great occasions, been carried in triumph. There is still a Walker Club and a Murray Club. The humble tombs of the Protestant captains have been carefully sought out, repaired, and embellished. Yet it is impossible for the moralist or the statesman to look with unmixed complacency on the solemnities with which Londonderry commemorates her deliverance, and on the honours which she pays to those who saved her. Unhappily the animosities of her brave champions have descended with their glory. The faults which are ordinarily found in dominant castes and dominant sects have not seldom shown themselves without disguise at her festivities; and even with the expressions of pious gratitude which have resounded from her pulpits have too often been mingled words of wrath and defiance."

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### THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the immortality of the soul. I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and sacred joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn,

*First*, From the nature of the soul itself, and particularly its immateriality: which, tho' not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think been evinced to almost a demonstration.

*Secondly*, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that sweet satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

*Thirdly*, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom and veracity are all concerned in this point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, tho' it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: In a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of

farther enlargements. I could imagine that it could fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

—————*Horæ*

*Hardeum alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.*

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175.

—————Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood  
Wave urges wave.

CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom which shines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly clime, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brightness to all eternity; that she will still be adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

It thinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in

eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is : Nay when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being ; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection ? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it : And can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness !

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### ELOQUENCE AND POWER IN PRAYER.

There is this fact,—that a most wonderful power in the exercise of devotion is possessed by different men. Like all the gifts of grace, it is regulated by a law of its own ; and no man can understand the principle of its development, or the law of its moulding, but the man who studies the Bible, and enters heartily in private into the spirit and power of Christianity. It certainly does not depend on a splendid imagination, or vast learning, or natural eloquence, or lofty genius. Those who have this distinction, sometimes in the greatest measure, have it almost as their only distinction. The philosopher and the peasant, the mightiest monarch and the fettered slave, are here exactly on a level. Young children, untutored artisans, just reclaimed prodigals, have displayed this sort of eloquence in prayer, which to believing hearts, has often seemed like the music of heaven.

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### SPIRITUAL BALANCE-SHEET.

“For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.”—Rom. viii. 18.

Paul was a man who knew how to work experimentally on suffering and trial ; perhaps no one endured so great a variety of suffering as he did, and no mortal ever had such manifestations of the divine glory. I never think on the above text, but I imagine a sort of spiritual balance-sheet laid before the tried and afflicted Christian, drawn up by one who is fully competent, under divine influence, to give such a detail of losses and gains, and of riches in actual reversion, as will not fail to cheer him amidst the trials and vicissitudes of which he is the subject, if he will but calmly, and prayerfully, and in faith, consider it. Let us now take a glance at the balance-sheet, in the hope that we also may arrive at the same conclusion as did the apostle Paul :—

*Dr.*

## "THE SUFFERINGS OF THE PRESENT TIME."

In labours more abundant.  
 In stripes above measure.  
 In prisons more frequent.  
 In deaths oft.  
 Five times received I forty stripes save one.  
 Thrice was I beaten with rods.  
 Once was I stoned.  
 Thrice I suffered shipwreck.  
 A night and a day I have been in the deep.  
 In journeyings often.  
 In perils of waters.  
 In perils of robbers.  
 In perils by mine own countrymen.  
 In perils by the heathen.  
 In perils in the city.  
 In perils in the wilderness.  
 In perils in the sea.  
 In perils among false brethren.  
 In weariness and painfulness.  
 In watchings often.  
 In hunger and thirst.  
 In fastings often.  
 In cold and nakedness.

Besides those things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.

Total,

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"LIGHT AFFLICTION, BUT  
 FOR A MOMENT."

*Cr.*

## "THE GLORY TO BE REVEALED IN US."

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.  
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.  
 That he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he hath afore prepared unto glory.  
 Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.  
 When Christ: who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.  
 And so shall we be ever with the Lord.

Total,

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"AN ETERNAL WEIGHT OF  
 GLORY."

"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."

## Poetry.

DIRK SMITS.

Dirk Smits was born at Rotterdam, in 1702. Gravenweert\* describes his character as follows:—"Nature alone formed him. He was employed in some small occupations in the Customs, and struggled all his life against the inequalities of fortune. Several of his pieces are still cited, as models of an agreeable and easy style. All his productions are full of grace and feeling, and every lover of letters knows the "Song of the Cradle," and the "Funeral Wreath for my daughter." In most of his poems a gravity nearly approaching to melancholy reigns; and, whether it be the influence of climate or national character, this tone predominates in the good poets of Holland; it is this which they have generally seized the best."

## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

A host of angels flying,  
Through cloudless skies impelled,  
Upon the earth beheld  
A pearl of beauty lying,  
Worthy to glitter bright  
In heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw with glances tender,  
An infant newly born,  
O'er whom life's earliest morn  
Just cast its opening splendour:  
Virtue it could not know,  
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion  
Greeted its birth above,  
And came with looks of love,  
From heaven's enchanting region;  
Bending their winged way  
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—  
That little pearl which shone  
With lustre all its own,—  
And then on high they bore it,  
Where glory has its birth;  
But left the shell on earth.

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\* Litterature Ne'erlandaise, p 130.

## Literary Review and Record.

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GRUBER AND CARTWRIGHT.

Bookmaking is becoming a great work, and a fruitful source of remunerative speculation. It is not so much an object of ambition with some men to appear as an "Author," as to make money. And it is not always the case that the world is much benefited, or the public much enlightened by the productions of some men as authors, although editors and reviewers may say much in their praise. Perhaps editors and reviewers, and book merchants, have an interest in the "sales," or perhaps they receive a "consideration," and thus the book must get a lift to recommend it to the community. It would be much better for the present generation, and the future too, if some books had never seen day-light, and some men had never become authors. The object may have been good and pious, and praise-worthy, in some instances; the education of a much loved daughter, or to train for some of the learned "professions" a "son of promise;" or to lay up a little for the decline of life; or to enable the philanthropic and pious author to make bequests to the institutions of the Church. All this may be very good, but is it right to receive a dollar for a book that is not worth fifty cents? or perhaps not worth the time that is expended in reading or trying to read the unreadable work? Is a book worth purchasing that cannot improve the head or the heart, or the life of the reader? It may amuse you while reading it, but you have no idea of remembering what you read, because you find nothing worthy of being referred to in the future. Many of the books sent forth from the American publishing houses

have scarcely any thing in them. There is the book, it is true,—the cover, the paper, and the type, and you have positively nothing left for your money. The book has been praised by pious editors, and you are inclined to take their word for it, for you regard them as judges, and as disinterested: but you even cannot *read* the book; you can glance over it,—indeed you may thus read a book of three or four hundred pages in an evening, and you are able to say to others, I have read the book, I have seen it, or I know *all* that is in it. But you are neither wiser nor better. Is it right to push upon innocent and unsuspecting people, books that cannot profit them? Is it right to recommend books that are confessedly destitute of moral, spiritual, and intellectual worth? Who, for instance, that has read the *Life of Gruber* but feels that he has been imposed upon in the small purchase. The "Slavery" law-suit is the only interesting story in the book, and that loses much of its interest by the time it reaches Canada, especially when you perceive the imprudence of the man,—rushing into the jaws of the lion. Indeed, you cannot read the book without expressing a wish that the Church of which he was a minister had been kept out of sight. It is no credit to the Church. But he lived in strange times, and he was a strange man, and he laboured amongst a strange people, and appears to have been raised up for a special purpose. He was singularly qualified for administering reproof, and many interesting illustrations are given in the book, but some much more interesting are told by those who were well acquainted with him, that appear never to have come under the notice of the editor. He was



once in the house of a pious lady who had a lovely boy of singular beauty, and bountifully supplied with a beautiful head of hair. The curled tresses fell luxuriantly down the shoulders of the idolized boy. "Father Gruber" eyed the boy rather "quizzically," and putting his fingers among the admired and enchanting locks, attracted the attention of the mother, who began to expect a sharp reproof from the unmerciful reprove. But before Father Gruber had time to rally his forces and prepare himself for the sally of wit and reproof, the mother says, "Father Gruber, that is all *natural*." In reply, the old man says, "Oh, Sister, I did not think it was *spiritual*." The mother retired in confusion, and the reprove felt that he had "a good time." On a certain occasion he was preaching in the old, plain city of Philadelphia, where he was always acceptable, and universally popular for his simplicity and originality. He observed a man in the congregation fast asleep, evidently enjoying a special season of refreshing in the house of God. He stopped preaching and says, "Wake up, Brother, and I will tell you how you can keep awake until the close of the service." The man looked up astonished, and listened attentively for the remedy for his often infirmity. "Just lift up your right leg, and hold it up with both hands, and then you will not sleep." It may be an effectual remedy for some others addicted to the same practice. He may have been a good man, and he may have been a useful man, but the book is a singular failure, and reflects no credit whatever upon the man, the editor, or the publishers. The *Life of Gruber* is not worth more than fifty cents, indeed it is scarcely worth reading at all. The same may be said of the *Life of Peter Cartwright*. It is true that you feel pleased, and cannot but laugh when you read some of his

encounters with "hard shell" Baptists, and when he check-mates some of his Presbyterian friends, who appear to have been intentionally in his way. But you are shocked at the *manner* in which he handles some of his *peculiar* friends and followers at camp-meetings, regarding himself as specially set for the *defence* of the Gospel. On the whole the book is a *funny* book, intended to make its readers laugh, and laugh immoderately too: but it cannot do any good. It is really dissipating to the mind to read it. To read it may promote health, expand the lungs, and create cheerfulness, but it cannot promote piety in the Church, nor enhance the dignity and spirituality of the Ministry. We sincerely hope that the present edition of the two books will be allowed to die a natural death.

Yod.

The Annual Report of the Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada for 1859, has just been published, from which we give a few interesting extracts:

From Table S "Educational Summary for the year 1859," we learn that the number of Common Schools in Upper Canada at the date of the report was 3,953, an increase of 87 over 1858. The number of pupils attending the Grammar Schools was 301,592, an increase of 7,909. The number of Grammar Schools was 81, an increase of 6, and the number of pupils attending them, 4,381, a decrease of 78. The number of other educational institutions was 338, an increase of 21, and of the pupils attending them 8,273, an increase of 566. The total number of educational institutions in the Upper province was 4,372, an increase of 114, and the pupils attending them 314,246, an increase of 8,397. Ten years previously, in 1849, the number of educational institutions in Upper Canada was 3,076 (of which 2,871 were Common Schools) and the number of pupils, 134,406. The School attendance in those ten years has more than doubled, having increased in a greater ratio than

the population. In 1849 the number of pupils attending the various educational institutions of the country, was about three-fifths of the estimated number of the population between the ages of five and sixteen; in 1859 the number of pupils was nearly four-fifths of the estimated number of school age. The difference is owing partly to the more extensive diffusion of educational facilities over the country, and partly to the constantly increasing appreciation by all classes of the benefits of education.

Of the 3,953 Common Schools reported in 1859, there were 2,315 Free Schools, 1,498 partly free, 102 in which there was a rate-bill of 25 cts. per month, and 36 in which there was a rate-bill of less than 25 cts. As compared with 1858, there was an increase of 379 in the number of Free Schools. The number of school-houses was 6,944, of which 368 were brick, 313 stone, 1,512 frame, 1,669 log—not reported 82.

The number of common school teachers was 4,235, an increase of 33 over 1859. The number of male teachers was 3,115, an increase of 150, and of female teachers 1,120, a decrease of 117. As regards their religious persuasions, the Methodists are most numerous, numbering 1,236; 1,196 were Presbyterians; 747 belonged to the Church of England, 460 to the Church of Rome, and 225 were Baptists—the rest belonged to other and smaller denominations. The number of teachers holding certificates was 4,112; and of these only 389 held Normal School certificates—190 first class, and 199 second class. In 788 schools the teacher was changed during the year. The highest salary paid was \$1,400. This was far above the average, and only one other teacher received as high as \$1,000. The average rates of annual remuneration were—for male teacher, with board, \$186—for male teacher, without board, \$456 (\$329 in counties, \$565 in cities, 474 in towns, and \$455 in villages)—for female teacher, with board, \$123—and for female teacher, without board, \$245. The rates of remuneration were in general a trifle higher than in 1858. No one will complain that the salaries paid to our common school teachers are excessive, yet they compare most favourably with the teachers' salaries in Lower Canada, where they average from \$150 to \$160 a year.

The total receipts for Common School

purposes during 1859, amounted to \$1,309,820, against \$1,244,489 in 1858—an increase of \$65,331. The receipts were made up of the following amounts: from the legislative grant, for teachers' salaries, \$152,027, for maps, apparatus, &c., \$6,860; Municipal School Assessment, \$289,950, an increase of \$19,446; Trustees' School assessment, \$535,704, an increase of \$49,132; ratebills for fees, \$100,859; from Clergy Reserve Fund and other sources, \$76,307; balances, \$148,112. The expenditures were,—for teachers' salaries, \$859,325, an increase of \$81,709; for maps, apparatus, prizes and libraries, \$17,456; for sites and building school-houses, \$114,638; for rents and repairs, \$32,751; for school-books, fuel, &c., \$85,875; total, \$1,110,046, being an increase of \$66,910 over 1858; balance unexpended, \$199,774.

The number of Roman Catholic Separate Schools reported was 105— increase, 11. Number of pupils attending them, 12,994— increase, 2,069. Amount of local assessment on rate, \$12,931— increase, \$5,859. Amount of local subscriptions, 9,867— decrease, \$2,651.— Amount of Legislative grant apportioned, \$7,753— decrease, \$777.

The number of Grammar-Schools was 81, an increase of 5, and the amount expended on them, \$74,850, an increase of \$13,188. There was a slight falling off, however, in the attendance, the number of pupils attending the Grammar Schools being 4,381 in 1859, against 4,459 in 1858. The numbers in the various branches of instruction were—in English, 4,181; in Latin, 2,219; in Greek, 488; in French, 1,178; in Arithmetic, 4,150; in Algebra, 1,832; in Euclid, 1,380; in Geography, 3,905; in History, 3,433; in Physical Science, 2,395; in Writing, 3,966; in Drawing, 781; in Vocal Music, 571. There were 121 masters engaged in the Grammar Schools, of whom 29 were graduates of Provincial Universities, 16 of English, Irish, and Scottish Universities, and 4 of American Universities. The average salary was—for head master, \$725—for assistant master \$399.

The number of students or teachers in training, admitted into the Normal School during the first session of last year, was 183; the number admitted the second session was 158. The number of teachers to whom certificates

were awarded was 37 at the end of the first session, and 94 at the end of the second.

The amount expended in the purchase of libraries from the Educational Department to the end of 1859 was \$94,518, of which the Legislature contributed one-half. The number of volumes contained in the libraries estab-

lished in this way is 177,586. Dr. Ryerson says: "Very much remains in this branch of the system of public instruction to be done; but it is worthy of remark, that not a month has elapsed, during the five years since its establishment, without more or less books being sent out."

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## Biblical Criticism and Exposition.

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### ST. PAUL'S REASONING.

That Paul the Apostle was a Rabbi is admitted on all hands. That many of the arguments with which he defended the new faith embraced by him are founded on Rabbinical views is less generally received, but I am firmly convinced that the more a man is acquainted with Rabbinical writings the better he will understand the Epistles of Paul. When, for instance, the Apostle says, in Romans vii.,—"The law is binding upon man only as long as he lives, that those believing in Christ have become dead by the body of Christ to the law to rise in another;" and when nothing is to be found as to where, when, or by whom it is said that man is subject to the law whilst alive, what could he have meant by the above quotation? He cannot have meant to say that death incapacitates the dead from performing portions of the law referring to corporeal functions, as every body knows that death separates the body from the soul; and most surely he did not mean to say that death frees the spirit from the moral obligation to which it was subject whilst in this sublunary world, as there can only be one moral law established by the Deity. But Paul addressing Rabbinical Jews as he himself says (for I speak to them that know the law), referred to the Rabbinical doctrine that in performing the rites for the dead the ceremonial

law prescribed for the living need not be observed, because death freed them from it, and therefore it was lawful to wrap a corpse in a garment made of mixed materials (שטטן Deut. xxii. 2.), the use of which was forbidden to the Jews. The blessed Apostle, considering Christian converts to have spiritually participated in the death of Jesus, argues that upon the very showing of the Rabbies the follower of Christ was free from the ceremonial law as long as he lived, and hence the pronoun "he" in our text, which many of our Christian commentators have attempted to change into the neuter pronoun "it" can remain as in the authorized translation.

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### ORIENTAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

Psalm lxxxv. 10th verse. "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

In Ezek. iii. 13, the marginal reading for *touched one another*, according to the Hebrew, is *kissed*. Dr. Boothroyd's version is: "Righteousness and peace have embraced."

In the Hindoo book called, *Iraku-Vangesham*, it is said, "The lotus-flowers were kissing each other." When the branches of two separate trees meet, in consequence of strong winds, it is said, "They kiss each other." When the wind begins to move a young palm-tree, which grows near the parent stock;

the people exclaim : " Ah! the mother is kissing the daughter." A woman says of the ornament round her neck, " Yes these embrace my neck." Has a female put on the nose ring? it is said to be kissing her. The idea, therefore, is truly oriental, and shows the intimate union of righteousness and peace.

Psalm xc. 9. " we spend our years as a tale that is told."

" This year has been to me as a fabulous story. Like the repetition of a dream, my days pass away. The beginning of life is as a dew drop upon the tender herb : in ten moons it assumes its shape, and is brought forth ; it lies down, crawls, prattles, walks, and becomes acquainted with science. At sixteen he is a man ; goes forth in the pride of his youth, gets a wife, and becomes the father of children. The husk of his rice he refuses to part with, and his wish is to enjoy all. He thinks by living cheaply, by refusing to support charities, or dispense favours, he is of all men the most happy. He is regardless of the writing on his forehead, (fate,) and is like the lamp which shineth, and ceaseth to shine ; pour in oil, and there will be light ; take it away, and there will be darkness. In old age come the rheumatics, the jaundice, and an enlarged belly ; the eyes are filled with rheums and the phlegm comes forth. His body becomes dry, his back bends, his wife and children abhor him, and in visions he sees the deathly car and horse. The place of burning says, ' Come, come ! ' and his family say, ' Go, go ! ' His strength is gone, his speech falters, his eye ball rolls, and his living soul is taken away. The people then talk of his good and evil deeds, and ask, ' Is this life ? ' The funeral rites follow, and *the dying car-*

*ry the dead* to the place of burning. Thus sang the devoted Aruna-Ke-ri-yār'

2 Kings, xviii. 20. " They are but vain words."

The Hebrew has for *vain words*, " word of the lip."

The Hindoos say of boasting words, or those which do not proceed from the heart, " They are words of the mouth." But to speak evil of a person is called a clouder—chadi, " a hint of the lip."

Isaiah li. 20. " Thy sons have fainted, they lie at the head of all the streets."

What a graphic picture we have here of an Eastern city or town in time of famine! See the squalid objects ; in their despair, they rush forth, throw themselves down in the streets, and there remain till they die, or are relieved. They have scarcely a rag left to defend them from the heat of the sun, or the dew of the night ; and they count death as a blessing. Ask them why they lie there ; they reply, " To die." Tell them to get out of the way, and they answer not again ; and so great is their indifference, that many of them would literally be crushed to death, rather than make the least effort to preserve life.

1 Cor. xv. 46.—" Howbeit that [was] not first which is spiritual but that which is natural ; and afterward that which is spiritual."

This does not mean simply that the natural *body* precedes the spiritual *body*; but it announces, as it were, a general law. The lower precedes the higher ; the imperfect the perfect. This is true in all the works of God, in which there is a development. Adam's earthly state was to be preparatory to a heavenly one. The present life is like a seed-time, the harvest is hereafter. The natural comes before the spiritual ; as Calvin says, we are born before we are regenerated, we live before we rise.

## Varities.

### SIR BOYLE ROCHE.

The following piece of "composition" may be "backed" against any thing ever produced. It was written half a century ago, by Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish Parliament, in the "Troublous times of Ninety-eight," when a handful of men, from the County of Wexford, struck terror into the hearts of many a gallant son of Mars, as well as the worthy writer himself. The letter was written to a friend in London, Sir Jonah Barrington, who sat in the same Parliament, who says of him, "that he had one great advantage o'er all other bull or blunder makers; He seldom launched a blunder from which some fine opinion or maxim might not easily be extracted"

"My DEAR SIR—Having a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of the dreadful bustle and confusion we are all in from these blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are (thank God!) killed and dispersed. We are in a pretty mess; can get nothing to eat, nor any wine to drink, except whiskey; and when we sit down to dinner we are obliged to keep both hands armed. While I write this, I hold a sword in each hand, and a pistol in the other.

"I concluded from the beginning that this would be the end of it, and I see I was right; for it is not half over yet. At present there are such goings-on, that every thing is at a stand-still. I should have answered your letter a fortnight ago; but I did not receive it until this morning. Indeed, scarcely a mail arrives safe without being robbed. No longer ago than yesterday, the coach with the mails from Dublin was robbed near this town. The bags had been judiciously left behind, for fear of accident; and by good luck there was no body in it but two outside passengers, who had nothing for the thieves to take. Last Thursday notice was given that a gang of rebels were advancing under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums except bagpipes.

"Immediately every man in the place, including women and children, ran out to meet them. We soon found our force much too little: we were too near to think of retreating. Death was in every

face, but to it we went, and by the time half our little party were killed, we began to be all alive again. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, except pistols and pikes, and we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword. Not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjacent bog; and in a very short time nothing was to be heard but silence. Their uniforms were all different colors, but mostly green. After the action, we went to rummage a sort of camp, which they had left behind them. All we found was a few pikes without heads, a parcel of empty bottles full of water, and a bundle of French commissions, filled with Irish names. Troops are now stationed round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add, that I am in great haste.

"P. S.—If you do not receive this, of course it must have miscarried, therefore I beg you will write to let me know!"

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A LAMENTABLE DEATH.—Died,—in Laodicea,—the *Prayer Meeting*, aged one year. The health of the meeting was poor most of the year, and its life was despaired of. But a few anxious friends kept it alive, and sometimes it would so revive as to encourage them. Discouragement, however, at last prevailed, and the prayer meeting is dead. It died from neglect. Not a Christian was present when it died. Over forty Christians (?) were living within a mile of it, and not one was there. Had two only been there its life might have been saved, for where two are agreed touching anything they shall ask, it shall be done for them. Two-thirds of the forty might have been there, had they been so disposed. But they were not, and so the poor prayer meeting died.—*Zion's Advocate*.

Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; befriend no one; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to destroy all the finer feelings of our nature, and be rendered mean, miserable, and despised for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come, as sure as disease, disappointment, and a miserable death.

MURDER DETECTED.—When the Rev. Dr. Donne took possession of his first living, he walked into the church-yard and found the sexton digging a grave. The doctor took up a skull which lay on the earth, and began to indulge in serious contemplation. On looking at it attentively, he was surprised to find a headless nail sticking in one of the temples. This he carefully and secretly extracted, then asked the grave-digger whether he knew whose skull it was? The man said that he believed it belonged to a man who had kept a shop; a drunken fellow, who, one night having taken two quarts of spirits was found dead in his bed the next morning. "Had he a wife?" "Yes." "Is she living?" "Yes." "What character does she bear?" "A very good one; only her neighbours reflect on her, because she married again the very day after her husband had been buried." The doctor's suspicions were aroused. He called upon the woman, asked several questions, and especially and pointedly as to what was the cause of her husband's death. She giving him the same account as that which he had received from the sexton, he suddenly held the nail before her eyes, and said in a loud and authoritative tone,— "Woman, do you know this nail?" She was struck with horror at the unexpected sight of the too-well remembered instrument which her own hands had employed to take away her intoxicated and helpless husband's life. She was afterwards tried, condemned, and executed. "*Be sure your sin will find you out.*"

THE SECRET.—I noticed, said Franklin, a mechanic among a number of others, at work in the erection of a house but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humour, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met.— Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy, or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret, Dr.," he replied; "I have got one of the best of *wit*, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home, she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and then the tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things

through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody." What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and good emotions. Speak gently then—a happy smile and a kind greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making a home happy and peaceful. Whenever a young man asks my counsel about getting married, I tell him to look out for a young woman, who is *domesticated, healthy, and pious*. With these three good qualifications, she will be worth her weight in gold, even if she be penniless; whilst if she is without them, she will be a bad bargain, no matter how rich she may be.

#### GRANDFATHER GREGORY.

In a certain parish, in England, a Quaker barber received, the other day, a note for church rates, five shillings and sixpence. He called upon the clergyman of the parish, and said:—"Pray, friend, what dost thou mean by this note?" "Mean! Why, it is for the church-rate; don't you see?" "Yes, friend; but what is that for?" "Why, for the repairs of the church, and for the decent maintenance of public worship, to be sure." "Well, friend, but what have I to do with that? I don't attend thy church." "Oh, that don't signify; the church is always open, and it's your own fault if you don't come. Besides, it's the law and you must pay." "Well, friend, I take leave to tell thee that I think that a very unjust law that obliges me to pay for a ministry and a religion which I don't attend. Fare thee well." A few days afterward, the barber, by way of straightening accounts with the parson, sent his reverence a note:—"Debtor to Timothy Salters, for shaving and hair-cutting, five shillings and sixpence." The receipt of this note by the parson very quickly brought him to the shop, in no good humour, either. "What do you mean by sending me this bill? You never cut my hair nor shaved me in your life!" "Nay, friend, but thou knowest my shop is always open, and it is thine own fault if thou dost not come to be shaved."

I THINK our church will last a good many years yet, said a worthy but wag-gish deacon to the minister, "I see the *sleepers* are very sound."

**EARLY METHODIST MINISTERS.**—The early ministers of the Methodist church were restricted in their salary to sixty-four dollars a year, which was to include all presents and marriage fees, and out of which they were to provide their own horses, saddles, clothing and books. Marriage was discouraged amongst them, as their official duties required their whole time. Of Bishop Asbury, Mr. Milburn says:—"With all respect to Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Dwight, Dr. Channing, and other eminent and pre-eminent men of New England—I have read them all, and knew some of them—I think that Francis Asbury, the first superintendent and bishop of our Methodist church was the most renowned and redoubtable soldier of the Cross that ever advanced the standard of the Lord upon this continent. Yet you will not find his name in a single history of the United States, that I know of, and it is a burning shame that it is so. He travelled for fifty years on horseback, from Maine to Georgia, and from Massachusetts to the far West, as population extended, journeying in that time, as was computed, about three hundred thousand miles. He had the care of all the churches; was preaching instant in season and out of season; was labouring indefatigably with the young men to inspire and stimulate them; winning back the lost, and bringing amorphous elements into harmony, in a church, which, when he began with it in 1771, numbered probably not fifty members, and which, when he was an old man—he died in 1816—numbered, white and black, from Maine to California, and from far Northwestern Oregon to sunny Southern Florida, nearly a million members."

**HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.**—Thus Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a spectre; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day

saw the counterpart of himself coming towards him. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: "Thou wilt one day be a king!" the Protector would have refused the crown, as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?

**SINGULARITIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—"Your language," said a learned philologist, in speaking of English, "is the most unphilosophical, and yet the most *practical*, in the world." We become familiar with contradictory modes of expression, and do not notice them as do children and foreigners. When we *sand* the floor, we cast *sand upon* it; but when we *dust* the furniture, we remove dust from it. When we *paint* the house, we lay something *on*; but when we *skin* the ox, we take something *off*. We dress a child by *overlaying* it, and scale a shad by *removing* that by which it is overlaid. If it be proper to say, 'skin the ox,' why is it not proper to speak of *woolling* the sheep, instead of *shearing* it? What would we think of a farmer who should talk of *corn*ing or *grassing* his fields, or *appling* his orchard; or of his wife who should speak of *feathering* her geese, or *black*ing her knives, or *dirting* the clothes? But we do that which is equally ridiculous when we speak of *dusting* the furniture, *skinning* the ox, and *scaling* the fish, although custom has sanctioned those modes of expression, and Noah Webster recorded them in his dictionary.

**CARD PLAYING.**—"To dribble away life," says Sir Walter Scott, "in exchanging bits of painted pasteboard round a green table, for the paltry concern of a few shillings, can only be excused in folly or superannuation. It is like riding on a rocking-horse, where your utmost exertion never carries you a foot forward; it is a kind of mental treadmill, where you are perpetually climbing, but can never rise an inch."

**STUDY OF THE BIBLE.**—Intense study of the Bible, says Coleridge, will keep any writer from being vulgar in point of style.

## Christian Observer of Public Events.

### ITALY.

By a vote, nearly unanimous, as will be seen by the figures, there being 1,312,064 for annexation, and only 10,312 against the declaration for a union of the kingdom of Naples with that of Sardinia, is plainly and distinctly uttered as the wish of the former, with Victor Emmanuel for King, and doubt exists no longer, that Italy divided for centuries will become one united and potent nation. Venetia will certainly contribute the last fragment, and become free of the iron grasp of Austria. Rome is necessary as the capital of the Italian Kingdom to make the work complete, and Rome is nearly ripe enough to drop into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. The latter monarch, accompanied by Garibaldi, entered Naples on the 7th of November. Defeat has followed Ferdinand at every point of attack, and Gaeta, his stronghold, has fallen. Four of the Great Powers of Europe have protested against the invasion, and three of them have withdrawn their ambassadors from Turin; yet there is very little apprehension of material aid being rendered to Ferdinand by any of them. On the other hand, Lord John Russell, England's noble Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, takes a different view of the whole affair, and has addressed a despatch to the British Ambassador at Turin, to which every British heart will warmly respond. We have not space for the whole, but copy from the London correspondent of the *Globe*:

"The appearance this morning of a despatch from the pen of our Foreign Secretary to the British Minister at Turin, is a source of considerable satisfaction, and the more so, as it had

been rumoured about, and some people were half disposed to believe it true, that Lord John Russell had modified his views of the Italian movement, by his visit with the Queen to Prussia. It is, as you will see, a noble manifesto, and one that cannot fail to be of most essential service at the present moment. The language employed is clear and decisive, and every sentence of the document is weighty. The judgment which the noble lord has delivered is certain to be ratified by the entire nation, and I doubt not will also command the hearty approval of all Canadians as well. The Minister sets out by stating as a reason for his despatch at this time, the fact of the previous words and conduct of France, Prussia, and Russia, all disapproving of the course being pursued by the King of Sardinia. "The Emperor of the French," he observes—"on hearing of the invasion of the Papal States by the army of General Caldini, withdrew his Minister from Turin, expressing at the same time the opinion of the Imperial Government in condemnation of the invasion of the Roman territory. The Emperor of Russia has declared in strong terms his indignation at the entrance of the army of the King of Sardinia into the Neapolitan territory, and has withdrawn his entire mission from Turin. The Prince Regent of Prussia has also thought it necessary to convey to Sardinia a sense of his displeasure, but he has not thought it necessary to remove the Prussian Minister from Turin." After these diplomatic acts, it would scarcely be just to Italy, or respectful to the other Great Powers of Europe, Lord John observes, were the Government of Her Majesty any longer to withhold the expression of their opinion, and so he goes on to declare it. "The larger questions which appear to Her Majesty's Government to be at issue," writes Lord John Russell, "are these:—Were the people of Italy justified in asking the assistance of the King of Sardinia to relieve them from governments with which they were discontented? And was the King of Sardinia



justified in furnishing the assistance of his arms to the people of the Roman and Metropolitan States." This large question Lord John Russel discourses with remarkable prudence and sagacity, and then he adds:—Her Majesty's Government do not feel justified in declaring that the people of Southern Italy had net good reason for throwing off their allegiance to their former government: *Her Majesty's Government cannot, therefore, blame the King of Sardinia for assisting them.*" The last paragraph in the dispatch is even more emphatic and separates Her Majesty's Government broadly from those Courts of Europe who have testified their dissatisfaction with the triumph of justice in Italy. "Her Majesty's Government" — concludes our noble Foreign Secretary, of whom the nation will have reason to be prouder then even for these words— "*Can see no sufficient ground for the severe censure with which Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia has visited the acts of the King of Sardinia;*" and he graciously adds, "Her Majesty's Government will turn their eyes rather to the gratifying prospect of a people building up their liberties and consolidating the work of independence amid the sympathies and good wishes of Europe." These are noble words and will be hailed with pleasure all over Italy, and elevate England in the eyes of its liberated people.

#### U. S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The Republican, or anti-slavery party, have been successful in electing their candidate for the high office of President of the Republic—Abraham Lincoln. The Southern slave holders are more than usually rampant at the result; they threaten to secede from the Union, and in a separate national existence to enjoy their *peculiar* institution, as they term slavery, madly sup-

posing that they could keep human chattels once without the barrier of the northern and western States, and the power of fugitive slave enactments. It appears to us as though Providence had given them up to judicial blindness,—reason appears to have retired. They have perverted the laws of God, and have trampled upon the rights of man. The tyranny of despots generally loves secrecy, theirs, unblushing publicity. No people ever were more proud and boastful.

The following is the tabular result of the election :

STATES FOR LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.	
<i>Electoral Votes.</i>	<i>Electoral Votes.</i>
Maine . . . . . 8	Pennsylvania . . . . . 27
New Hampshire 5	Ohio . . . . . 23
Vermont . . . . . 5	Michigan . . . . . 6
Massachusetts . 13	Indiana . . . . . 13
Rhode Island . . 4	Illinois . . . . . 11
Connecticut . . . 6	Iowa . . . . . 4
New York . . . . . 35	Wisconsin . . . . . 5
New Jersey . . . . 4	Minnesota . . . . . 4
	173
STATES FOR BELL AND EVERETT.	
Tennessee . . . . . 12	Kentucky . . . . . 12
	24
STATES FOR BRECKENRIDGE AND LANE.	
Delaware . . . . . 3	Alabama . . . . . 9
Maryland . . . . . 8	Louisiana . . . . . 6
Virginia . . . . . 15	Florida . . . . . 3
North Carolina . 10	Mississippi . . . . 7
South Carolina . 8	Texas . . . . . 4
Georgia . . . . . 10	Arkansas . . . . . 4
	57
STATES FOR DOUGLAS AND JOHNSON.	
New Jersey . . . . . 3	
DOUBTEUL STATE.	
Missouri . . . . . 9	
STATES NOT YET HEARD FROM.	
California . . . . . 4	Oregon . . . . . 3
	7