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# WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE

OF CANADA.

JULY, 1862.

## THE CANONIZATION.

It is said to be characteristic of every form of false religion, that its symptoms of incurable decay are so strong that even the votaries themselves feel that the life blood is so certainly diminishing as to require extraordinary efforts to keep up even a decent appearance of healthy vitality. And hence the necessity for occasional efforts on the part of the agents of those false systems, to devise some new mode of operation, in order if possible to infuse a fresh impulse of something like galvanic life. Every scheme of human devising must necessarily fail in providing for man's religious wants, and the ever varying efforts of the votaries of heathenism, show that those who forsake the fountain of living waters, will, under the impulse of unsatisfied desires, spend their strength in the fruitless work of digging out cisterns, which after all their ingenuity and skill, will prove but broken cisterns that can hold no water. The divine system of a pure Christianity is the only one which provides for all the aspirations of the immortal soul, and its capacity to accomplish this end is the same in all ages, in every clime, and for all the tribes and kindreds of earth, and needs only to be made known and its spiritual power realized, to prove its efficiency and universal adaptation.

The decay and languishing condition of Romanism is one of the present signs which betoken its semi-heathenish character. It, too, is going the way of all the earth. The nations that have long bowed to its sway, under its dogmatic pretensions to a Divine authority, are beginning to wake up to a sense of its impious impositions and pernicious results. One of the most serious aspects under which the departing greatness of this system appears at the present time, is the determined opposition that is arising to the temporal power, of the so-called successor of Peter. The uncertain tenure by which Pio Nono holds the triple crown, and his vivid consciousness that one of the swords has lost the polish and edge which once led into submission the most august potentates, and dictated the policy

of the most powerful nations of the earth, have stirred up himself and his advisers to devise some scheme that will rally the loyalty of his wavering allies, and raise the almost forlorn hope of maintaining his temporal dominion. In the extremity of his distressing apprehensions, the happy expedient was suggested, under what inspiration we will not uncharitably decide, of rendering justice to the long neglected merits of those who perished by a self-sacrificing devotion to the service of Rome. And hence the city of Rome has been the centre of an unusual concourse of Romish dignitaries from all parts of the world, for the ostensible purpose of aiding in the imposing ceremony of what is termed the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs.

But who, it will be inquired, were these reputed martyrs, and what were the deeds of pious heroism they performed, for which their names are now placed in the catalogue of saints, and themselves elevated to an honour next to royalty amongst the dead of Rome's spiritual aristocracy? And why is it that the present time has been deemed the most proper and opportune for a ceremony which is to result in giving the faithful the benefit of an additional number of advocates before the Throne of Grace. The history of those whom Rome has delighted thus to honour at this time, is simply this:—About three hundred years ago, a company of Portuguese merchants, with some Romanist priests, obtained permission to settle in Japan, to found a trade, to teach their religious doctrines and to gain converts. For about a century the enterprise was successful, and the new faith prospered, and true to the genius of the system, wherever it has been allowed an existence, and an opportunity to act out its invariable character, the adherents of Rome in Japan, formed a political alliance, and aspired to supremacy in secular affairs, or, in other words, to obtain possession of the reins of the government. In this respect, however, they were unsuccessful, and they suffered the usual penalty of political defeat, and as rebels and conspirators were put to death. They were crucified at Nagaski in the year 1597, and after the lapse of thirty years, the merit of these 27 martyred traitors against the government of Japan, was acknowledged by the Church of Rome, and an earnest of their full reward bestowed in their *beatification*, and at the same time permission was given for their canonization at some future period.

It may be a proper inquiry, why have these distinguished martyrs to the true faith been so long left in silence to suffer the loss of the enjoyment of their full reward, while others of less merit, and of later renown, have been elevated to the highest dignity in the gift of Rome? and why are they even now remembered, and has there such a mustering of forces at the Eternal city and an imposing ceremony performed in honour of the

event? On these points, speculation, or at most, probable reasons must form the data of our conclusions. But there is one feature in this affair which is worthy of notice, at the outset, which displays either the heartlessness of Romish gratitude, or its thoroughly selfish character, which never acknowledges the performances of noble deeds, until, and unless, that acknowledgement can be made subservient to its grasping ambition, or to aid in raising its fallen fortunes. The prophet inquires, Can the mother forget her child? but Rome that surrounds all with her maternal mantle, has heard these martyred souls, for two hundred years, crying from under the altar, How long is our work to be forgotten, our merits unacknowledged, and our reward withheld; and though suffering the heart-sickness of deferred hope, she has thus long been deaf to their cries, and has displayed a calloused indifference to their disquietude and entreaties. Verily the "faithful" have but little encouragement to hope for the reward of their eminent services, unless the caprice or ambition of Rome is thereby gratified, and its own interests promoted.

In the case of the canonization of the Japanese martyrs, as they are improperly termed, there is strong reason to believe that a desire to confer upon them their promised reward, even at this late period, is only a pretext, and a stroke of policy by which to make friends of the "mammon of unrighteousness," and to provide for an apprehended necessity. It is reported that the Pope is so fully aware he is only a "tenant at will" in the Vatican, that he has every arrangement made for another hasty flight, he hardly knows where. The growing opposition to his temporal power, leads him to despair of finding a place upon the continent of Europe, and hence in turning his eyes eastward to find a place for the seat of his dominion, perhaps in one of the sleepless nights, when his soul has been racked with disquietude, like Ahasuerus of old, he remembers the uncompensated services of the twenty-seven whose devoted allegiance to Rome cost them their lives. Is it not possible that the happy thought was thus suggested, that by making their canonization the occasion of calling together his chief counsellors throughout the world, in order to detail to them his own troubles, he might learn from their counsels what were the probabilities of the future of his reign? The canonization scheme formed a very plausible pretext to cover the real object of the council, which was doubtless to ascertain, if possible, what could be done to withstand the attempts to divest him of his temporal sovereignty. In his allocution pronounced before the assembled bishops, he affectingly deplored the errors spread by the revolutionary spirit against the authority of the Romish Church, and especially regretted the oppression exercised upon the Church in Italy, and the war declared against his temporal power, and

earnestly urged the bishops to redouble their zeal in combatting and arresting the pernicious errors.

But upon the supposition that the canonization was intended to have an effect in favour of Romanism, how is it likely to be viewed by the nation whose dead have been thus honoured? The scene to which the recent gathering at Rome refers, has been recorded in Japanese history, and it is said to be the belief of that people to this day, that "Christianity as taught and practised by the agents of Rome, is an ambitious, aggressive, conspiring, and dangerous power, that brooks no equality, and is either master or nothing. Hence they regard the Gospel, not as a rule of life, to show the way to heaven, but as a scheme of conquest, and a plot for power. Accordingly when they hear of the grand doings at Rome, they will discuss them with their usual shrewdness, and ask, "Why is this just now? Why does Rome awake after more than two hundred years, to discover that the men who perished in an unsuccessful insurrection in Japan, have been advanced to a foremost rank round the Throne of the Supreme Being?" Instead of receiving this as an acknowledgment of the merits of their own countrymen, they will rather suspect it as the basis of further operations. As other powers have their arsenals and reserves at home in order that they may prosecute their wars abroad, and train their armies in camps and reviews, so Rome makes a grand demonstration, musters her forces, displays her pomp, proclaims her promises, distributes her rewards, blesses the banners and points to new realms. They will perhaps be curious to know whether Rome has changed; whether she has been taught honesty and truth by adversity; and whether European nations tolerate the pretensions that resulted in the catastrophe of her missionaries and converts at Japan. The least inquiry will show that Rome abates her pretensions only to the measure of her power, and will be the same grasping, treacherous, and cruel thing, whenever and wherever she dare attempt to put forth her strength." The Japanese will therefore understand what has taken place at Rome. The canonization of the martyrs is the sanction of the highest authorities of the Church, of perfidy and treason, when these crimes are committed for the defence, or propagation of the "true faith."

But there was a peculiarity in this ceremony which is worthy of notice as showing the puerile character of this grand imposition. It appears that notwithstanding the canonization of these martyrs had been decreed two centuries before; between fifty and eighty thousand crowns had been expended on the ceremony, and bishops summoned from afar to take part in the scene, yet after all it was a matter of doubt with the Pope, whether it was the will of the Holy Spirit, that these martyrs should be elevated

to the rank of intercessors before the Eternal Throne. A spectator of the proceedings gives the following account of the solemn mockery exhibited in the consummation of the work on hand.—“The Cardinal Procurator approaching the Pope demands that the *beati* may be enrolled in the catalogue of the Saints. His Holiness replies, that in an affair of so much importance, he must have the prayers of the Church for Divine assistance. Then the Papal Singers chanted the *Kurvi Eleison*, (Lord have mercy) in which the vast multitude joined. The Cardinal Procurator again advanced, and renewed his demand for the canonization *instante et instantius*. The Pope still hesitates, and begs the fervid prayers of the assembly that he may have the light and assistance of the Holy Spirit in so important a determination. Prayers were offered, and then the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was intoned and chanted by the assembly. The Cardinal makes a third and final application, in the words *instante, instantius, instantissime*, as if irritated with the Pope or the Holy Spirit; and then His Holiness replies that, ‘assisted by a ray of divine light he had determined on enrolling the *beati* in the catalogue of saints,’ and pronounced in a few moments, *Descernimus*. The intelligence is communicated to the world by the firing of cannon from St. Angelo, and the ringing of bells, and the Pope himself with his fine full voice, concludes the ceremony, by intoning the *Te Deum*, in which the vast multitude joins.”

Such is the account of this grand performance in religious jugglery, of which the intelligent devotees of the worst form of heathenism ought to be ashamed. And yet the rank and power and intellect of Romanism were there gathered from the ends of the earth! Let Protestants be thankful that their religious interests are not in the keeping of a system of theology and its teachers, which would render their salvation as uncertain as the result of a game of chess. And let them arise too in the strength of an omnipotent faith in the Gospel and its Divine Author and means, and sweep this God-dishonouring and soul-destroying delusion from the earth.

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## OUR BACKSLIDERS.

*Continued from page 206.*

The Church is the grand instrumentality appointed by God in subduing the world to the cross and sceptre of Christ; but to answer its vocation and fulfil its mission there must be centered in it all the elements and principles necessary for conquest and conservation. Let it be defective in any leading principle and wanting in any essential truth and practice and its lack will cause it to halt in its progress, if it does not prove alto

gether fatal to its mission. It is bound to receive every doctrine, give heed to every precept, and discharge faithfully every duty enjoined in God's revealed will. But how is it with the Church? Let us look at it honestly and calmly—at the vocation and design of the church.

It is to sound the alarm to a world asleep in the arms of the wicked one; but the church is only partially aroused herself, and only at long interims of deep slumber and repose, it wakes up from its dreamy state once a year, frequently not so often, and puts forth desperate, not always intelligent, efforts,—but such efforts as a man conscious of danger will make in a half-sleepy state. The world in the meantime had been looking on during her long season of inactivity, as well as such a world can look,—and frequently wondered at what the church was about, and wonders now as much at her sudden waking; looks on amazed at her new-born zeal for the conversion of souls. But her strange inconsistencies have rendered her powerless for good; her efforts are palsied; her grimaces and contortions are repulsive to the thoughtful and intelligent; those from without who witness her movements question her sincerity or her sanity, and thus many of her most zealous efforts are unproductive of real fruit and lasting benefit. Discouraged and petulant at the failure, and really unfit for further effort through exhaustion, she again seeks repose, and sinks into her former dreamy state of indolent inactivity, muttering about the wickedness of the world, —that sinners are gospel-hardened—that the minister is no revivalist,—throwing around herself a mantle of fancied innocency.

The instrumentality the church has assigned her for her work is Divine Truth, to be her freedom and her light, her food and her comforter, her weapon of warfare and defence,—“the victory that overcometh the world even our faith.” But look at the religious knowledge of our people, and their experience,—we inquire about this every Sabbath, and hear something in reference to it—without being startled with any novelty in phrase or sentiment. What we mean is an intelligent acquaintance with the doctrines and duties of Christianity, or if you please, call it the theory of religion. Make the experiment, and test the matter, and you will plead guilty to the charge of libelling *our own Church*, if you find many of its adult members who can prove by appropriate texts of Scripture the fundamental doctrines of the Bible, as the Being and attributes of God. The proper Godhead and manhood of Christ,—the office he sustains—His atonement and its extent—the Divinity and personality of the Holy Ghost—the doctrines of justification by faith—the witness of the Spirit, and entire sanctification, as well as others of primary importance and as plainly taught. Whatever others may think, this state

things produces no great surprise to the mind of the writer, when he notices the tastes, the habits, and the engrossing pursuits of our people, and examines their most frequent reading.

We see in nearly every family we visit one or more political newspapers, some magazine of light literature; we find of religious reading in addition of course to the Bible, a few Sabbath-school books designed for children, mostly petty novellettes, a work or two on *religious sensation* of modern production, with a *sensation* magazine, and perhaps the *Christian Guardian*. Now where is the intelligent christian that does not know that the most of such aids to mental development, and invigoration, and progress, can be nothing more than food for the sickly, and induce a weak and halting state of soul, when our own standard works on Theology, such as Wesley's, Fletcher's, and Watson's, are discarded or unknown; nor can such reasoning induce any peculiar love for the study of the word of God, but on the contrary creates a distaste for its solemn and deep teaching, and becomes the greatest hindrance to the acquisition of biblical knowledge.

We turn to the *Pulpit*, perhaps the main dependence of our people for religious instruction, and we presume that it will not be supposed that one who serves in it will be disposed to depreciate its worth and importance. Well let us see how it is with the pulpit. The preacher can hardly be thought to be above the common infirmity of his brethren,—an engrossing desire to please his hearers, for woe to him who is not thus successful, his character and position being hopelessly affected by failure, and strange, his brethren in the ministry are ready to cast the first stone at him. The question then with him in view of such consequences will be, what is best calculated to please the people—the mass we mean—not a few exceptional cases. But what is most likely to please a people, who, through the week have, if they have read at all, been engaged in reading sensational articles in political papers, sensational articles in the ordinary magazine, the religious novelette in the Sunday School book, and the sensational experiences of the sanctified in the *Guide to Holiness*. Will souls thus fed, and minds thus cultivated, and taught, and strengthened, listen patiently and receive sober, practical and doctrinal truths, conveyed in calm or even earnest and impressive language? No, the food is too strong, these truths are unpalatable—they cannot relish it. The preacher is soon denounced as being dry, and they feel insulted that such has been sent to minister to them; he has no talent, and their circuit will be ruined unless some change can be effected,—what they want, they exclaim, is a revivalist and a revival. The preaching therefore generally required, is not what will instruct, but what will please, not that which requires effort



in the hearing, but what saves the mind from all painful exertion to follow. Not what will lay down duties to be performed, and that insists upon their due and speedy performance, at whatever cost and sacrifice, but that which is calculated to soothe and flatter; that which produces a pleasing sensation, as if laid upon a bed of roses, from which every thorn has been carefully extracted, the perfume of which carries the hearers to ambrosial fields, or a kind of sensual paradise.

But does not such preaching prey fearfully on the understanding, and prevent the proper exercise of the judgment and memory as to leave them mere supernumerary properties of religious existence. The intellectuality is gone, and the man becomes a monster in the church—an overgrown mass of sensitiveness.

Christianity, after all that we may say about heaven and the glory that is to be revealed in us, has peculiar reference to this life, and to heaven as a secondary state of existence, not in point of importance but in point of order, the glorious result of "continuance in well doing." It is then with this world we have now to do; here are our duties and interests. There is a strange longing to be prematurely glorified, or rather to revel in its joys brought down to us, and commingle with earthly elements, but very little desire to raise earth to heaven. We have no objection to live near heaven, to feel the powers of the world to come, in prompting and animating; but we do not believe it our duty to cease to work for God, or be diverted from it, though it were to listen to the angelic choirs singing, or angels harping on their harps, if it were possible to hear either. And yet it is to the arms of such a Church—so excitable, and so ardent in her own love of pleasing emotion, with a fixed aversion, acquired by long habit, to regular labour that might encroach on her repose, and cause fatigue or weariness, limited in her knowledge and averse to comprehend fully her duties—we have to entrust the babes of Christ; and surely if the mother be sickly the child cannot be otherwise. If the mother can soon return to her habitual slumber, the child cannot be cared for. If the soul of the mother cleaves to the dust, can the mother prevent the child from being defiled; besides the mother being diseased herself, she has a constant craving for stimulants and narcotics, so that the child becomes deformed, or an idiot, or soon ceases to live. Is it to be wondered at, then, that we have so many backsliders?

(To be continued.)

## REFLECTIONS ON MATTHEW 8: '20.

BY REV. DR. COONEY.

A more affecting, or more comprehensive description of poverty than is contained in these words, cannot be found in any language. Read the most elaborate annals of the poor—search the records of the work-house and the asylum—explore the garrets and the cellars where the poor and the destitute are huddled together, pinched with hunger, and shivering with cold, and you will find nothing to exceed the description contained in the few but thrilling words uttered by our blessed Lord. They form a complete epitome of destitution. A preface would only deform its symmetry—an appendix would be but an incumbrance.

Our adorable Saviour was born, not in the Royal City of his ancestors, but in a little village—not in a Palace, but in a manger—not of the renowned Cleopatra, but of an humble Jewish Virgin. When he appeared “*The word made flesh,*” poverty sat by his cradle, and destitution claimed kindred with him.

The Greeks permitted Homer the great Epic Poet to beg his bread through the streets of Scio. The Romans allowed their distinguished General, Belisarius to die in want of the mere necessaries of life. And the Corinthians suffered Saint Paul to work day and night at tent-making, while he was preaching and working miracles among them. When Jesus came to Nazareth, his own town, his own people received him not; and to the scribe, who said unto him, “*Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest,*” he merely added “*The Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.*” As if he had said, I am indeed the King of whom David spake—the prince described by Isaiah—the Messiah foretold by Daniel; but instead of a kingdom, I have neither house, nor home; and now I am about to cross this lake in a borrowed boat; and though I am weary and exhausted, I do not know where to get a meal, or victuals, or a night’s lodging.

He often slept in fishing boats, and in the mountains; he rode but once, and then it was upon a borrowed ass; he held the last passover with his disciples in a borrowed chamber; when he died, the only legacy he had to leave behind him was his blessing, and his funeral expenses were defrayed by Joseph of Arimathea.

In the estimation of some, none are respectable unless they are rich; they may be virtuous—well educated, and highly gifted; but unless they are wealthy they are not respectable. These fastidious people exclude the poor from the circle of their acquaintance; they cannot admire one that has not where to lay his head. Bethlehem is too obscure; his family

connexions want caste; barley loaves and fishes are good enough for the multitude: but not for them. They wonder how Nicodemus could be so much concerned about religion; and in their very souls they put him down for a fanatic. Whenever they think of Zaccheus in connection with his Sycamore tree adventure, the remembrance of such grotesque behaviour fills them with astonishment, and they call him a fool. They regard the attachment which Joseph of Arimathea cherished for Christ, as mere enthusiasm, and his begging the body, and burying it in his own new tomb, as a mere display of impulsive humanity, and the effect of wishing to be singular.

These courtly professors of religion have no objection to tarry with our Lord on Mount Tabor, but they will not follow him into the wilderness. They are willing to be a guest with him at the house of the rich publican and enjoy Simon's affluent hospitality; but they have no relish for fasting or mortification, or self-denial. They would accept an invitation to the marriage festivities of Cana; but they have no desire to partake of an extemporaneous meal of bread and water at Jacob's well. A little persuasion will induce them to accompany Christ on his way to the Paschal chamber; but for no consideration will they cross the brook Cedron, or approach the precincts of Gethsemane.

People of this class are fascinated by the splendour of Messiah's miracles but they are repelled by the force of his austerities. The halo of glory that encircled his head, attracts them to his person; but the cross that he bears on his shoulders drives them away. He says "*All power Given unto me in Heaven and in Earth;*" and they desire to be ranked among his followers for the sake of the co-relative dignity it involves; but when he declares that "*The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the son of man hath not where to lay his head,*" they shrug their shoulders, and turn away from him, exclaiming "this is a hard saying who can bear it."

The Blessed Jesus, although a lineal descendent of a long line of Kings was poor in his direct parentage—poor in all his family connexions—poor in his apostles—poor in his birth—poor during every period of his life—and poor at his death. Many who are numbered among his nominal adherents avoid poverty, as if contact with it would be followed by a loss of the ague; and shrink from its approach as if it were the night-mare or some frightful apparition. But "THE SON OF MAN" voluntarily assumed it for our sake—"Though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

Finally. HE that was born in a stable, sits upon the throne of the universe, and has the Earth for his footstool. HE that

not where to lay his head, is now seated upon the right hand of the majesty on high, principalities, powers, and dominions, being subject unto him. HE that had neither house, nor home; neither scrip, nor purse, has worlds upon worlds for his patrimony, and bestows CROWNS, THRONES, and KINGDOMS, upon all that "unfeignedly repent and believe his holy gospel."

"Be thou exalted, Lord above,  
The highest name in Earth or Heaven;  
Let angels sing thy glorious love,  
And bless the name to sinners given:  
All Earth and Heaven their king proclaim;  
Bow every knee to Jesu's name."

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#### THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, BELLEVILLE, JUNE, 1862.

The annual session of Conference is, to most Wesleyan Ministers, a season of interest. There may be no expectation of new and important questions to be discussed, and decided, and yet the ordinary business of reviewing the past year, and making arrangements for the next, has so much in it that affects every member of the body, that when the question proposed in the District Meetings: "Who go to Conference?" there is a lack of candidates for the distinction of an appointment. But besides the interest felt in the business of the Conference, there is the pleasure of meeting old friends—former colleagues—and the prospect of improving acquaintances, and maturing friendships that have been commenced. With these and other attractions, we do not wonder that Wesleyan Ministers regard their annual assembly as a pleasing and profitable respite from the toils and cares connected with their circuit duties. And we say, as many as can, properly, enjoy the advantage which this yearly creation affords.

The Conference commenced on the morning of the 4th of June, in an *and favored place of its annual meeting*, the town of Belleville. About a hundred were present at the opening, and subsequent arrivals increased the number to nearly, if not quite, three hundred, a larger number, perhaps, than was ever present at any previous session of the Conference. In the absence of the President, the Rev. Dr. Stinson, whose continued illness rendered him unable to attend, his Co-Delegate, the Rev. Henry Wilkinson, opened the Conference with the usual religious exercises. After receiving the reports from the several districts of those who had been appointed to attend, the Co-Delegate referred in appropriate terms to the scri-

ous illness of the President, by which he was prevented from taking his place as the presiding officer appointed by the British Conference; and further stated that in his judgment of the law in the case, the vacancy in the office must be filled by the election of a President. As this was a question of law upon which the Conference had never before been called to act, and as a difference of opinion existed amongst the members of the Conference, there was an appeal from the ruling of the Chair. After a lengthy discussion upon the points of the law bearing upon the question the decision of the chair was sustained by a large majority. The ballot for President resulted in the election of the Rev. Dr. Wood, who appointed the Rev. James Musgrove as his Co-Delegate. The Rev. Wm. Scott was elected Secretary, who selected the Revs. John Hunt and John S. Evans as his assistants.

The review of the past year, upon the whole is satisfactory. The total of membership this year is 50,341, being an increase of 2,060. But there is reported a decrease of 1,216 in the number on trial, leaving a net increase of 841. The reports from the various districts show a gratifying improvement in the Sabbath School department. There has been an increase of scholars amounting to 2,538; the whole number in the schools 38,711, of whom 1,379, are reported as meeting in class. There are 67 schools and 5,884 teachers. It is also an encouraging feature in this part of our church operations that the youth are furnished to a large extent with the excellent and entertaining reading supplied by Sabbath School publications, thus guarding the children against the pernicious literature too prevalent in our country.

In accordance with the practice of our Conference for several years, intimating to the English Conference the persons desired for our officers, the appointment of the Rev. Dr. Green for the next President was requested, by a very large majority, and the Rev. John Carroll, his Co-Delegate. The Rev. John Douse was appointed Representative to the next British Conference, with the Rev. William Arthur, A.M., as associate.

The following are the appointments of the Ministers and Preachers for the present year:

ENOCH WOOD, D.D., *President and General Superintendent of Missions.*

JAMES MUSGROVE *Co-Delegate.*

WILLIAM SCOTT, *Secretary.*

#### I. THE TORONTO DISTRICT.

1. *Toronto East.*—Isaac B. Howard, Charles Lavell, M.A., William Hall, B.A., John B. Clarkson, who supplies for Bro. Hall during his absence in England. Joseph Stinson, D.D., Ex-President.

Anson Green, D.D., who is our Executive Steward.

Thomas Demorest, Agent of Contributions and Funds.

Egerton Ryerson, D.D., LL.D., who is our Chief Superintendent of Education, with the permission of the Conference.

2. *Toronto West.* James Elliott, General Agent; Dorey, William Briggs; Jonathan S. Dorey, Supernumerary.

Wellington Jeffers, who is our Editor.

3. *Yonge Street South.* Joseph W. Nelson, Thomas A. Ferguson, (Willsboro)

1. *Tonge Street North*. Henry Wilkinson, (Eglington.) Francis T. Ware.  
 2. *Wiston*. Joseph L. Saunders, (Woodbridge.)  
 3. *Brampton*. James Spencer, William Willoughby, (Streetsville,) James Goodwin.  
 4. *Cooksville*. James Greener, G. Martin Brown; Thomas McMullen, Sup'y.  
 5. *Mono*. John W. Savage, John H. Mulholland.  
 6. *Orangeville*. James Broley.  
 7. *Albion*. John Learoyd, Her'y Kelliam.  
 8. *Klineburgh*. William Price.  
 9. *Kingston Road Mission*. One to be sent.

JAMES ELLIOTT, *Chairman*.  
 GIFFORD DOREY, *Financial Secretary*.

## II. THE HAMILTON DISTRICT.

- Hamilton*. George Douglas, Samuel D. Rice, George Burson; Thomas Campbell, Superannuated.  
 George H. Davis, Governor and Chaplain of Wesleyan Female College.  
 Lachlin Taylor, who has permission of the Conference to be Agent of the U. C. Bible Society.  
*German Mission*. Dr. Charles Freshman, under the direction of the Superintendent of Missions.  
*Dundas*. Rich'd Whiting, John Philp, B. A.  
*Waterdown*. William Philp, William J. Hunter.  
*Glenford*. Thomas S. Keough, Hall Christopherson, (Seneca.)  
*Wilton*. John A. Williams, Edmund S. Koper, B. A.  
*Oakville*. James Gray, Samuel Hunter; George Washington, Supernumerary.  
*Cainville*. William H. Laird.  
*Hallsdale*. Conrad Vandusen, Benjamin Clement.  
*New Credit*. Thomas Williams; William Beckimer, David Wright, Superannuated.  
*Grand River*. Peter German.  
 HAZEL D. RICE, *Chairman*.  
 THOMAS S. KEOUGH, *Financial Secretary*.

## III. THE NIAGARA DISTRICT.

- Arnold*. Alexander Sutherland, Daniel A. Perrin, B. A.  
*S. Catharines*. Samuel Rose; Thomas Beatt, Robert Cooney, D. D., Superann'd.  
*Niagara*. Thomas Cobb.  
*Leamondville*. John Wakefield; Peter Kerr, Superannuated.  
*Fillard*. Joseph Reynolds, (Crowland.)  
*Frankville*. Thomas D. Pearson.  
*Tombsy*. John Shaw, William F. Campbell.  
*Smithville*. Jonathan E. Beits, James Whiting.  
*Oranga*. Alexander Langford.  
*Saint Albino*. Reuben E. Tupper; John Baxter, Superannuated.  
*Castorville*. Shem Blanchard.  
 SECRET ROSE, *Chairman*.  
 JEAN SHAW, *Financial Secretary*.

## IV. THE BRANTFORD DISTRICT.

- Brantford*. William Pollard, Wesley Casson; John Ererson, Superannuated; Hamilton Eggar, Supernumerary.  
*East Pleasant*. John G. Laird, (Montark); Nichol's R. Willoughby, B. A.; Wesley Heyley, Superannuated; Claudius Ward, Supernumerary.  
*St. William*. S. Griffin, Henry Bartlett.  
*Wetlock*. William Stephenson; William T. Clark, Superann'd; Ashton Fletcher, Supernumerary.

39. *Oxford*. William Lund, (Woodstock.)  
 40. *St. George*. Michael Fawcett, Joseph H. Stinson.  
 41. *Norwich*. Edwin Peake. One to be sent.  
 42. *Simcoe*. James Preston.  
 43. *Port Dover*. James Harris.  
 44. *Walsingham*. Thomas Jeffers, Dennis Huff.  
 45. *Lynedock*. Matthew Whiting; C. W. M. Gilbert, Superannuated; Matthias Holtby, Supernumerary.  
 46. *Bayham*. Henry Reid, Brinton P. Brown, Supernumerary.  
 47. *Aylmer*. C. W. Alexander Campbell, John Russell.  
 48. *Pienna*. Andrew Smith.  
 WILLIAM POLLARD, *Chairman*.  
 JAMES PRESTON, *Financial Secretary*.

## V. THE LONDON DISTRICT.

49. *London City*. Richard Jones, John Potts.  
 50. *London Circuit*. William English, Isaac Barber; Edmund Stony, Superannuated.  
 51. *Ingersoll*. Thomas Cleghorn, Ezra A. Stafford.  
 52. *Fingall*. Thomas Crews.  
 53. *Westminster*. James A. Iveson; Thomas Harman, Superannuated.  
 54. *St. Thomas*. One to be sent.  
 55. *Port Stanley*. William E. Walker.  
 56. *Strathroy*. Luther O. Rice, Samuel Hume.  
 57. *Warwick*. Thomas Atkinson.  
 58. *Arkona*. James Kennedy.  
 59. *Wyoming*. William Dignam, Phineas D. Will, who shall reside at Oil Springs.  
 60. *Devonshire*. Wm. Chapman, John Doel.  
 61. *McGillivray*. George Sexsmith.  
 62. *Nissouri*. George Kennedy, (Ingersoll.)  
 63. *Belmont*. Samuel Tucker, William Tucker

RICHARD JONES, *Chairman*.  
 WILLIAM ENGLISH, *Financial Secretary*.

## VI. THE CHATHAM DISTRICT.

64. *Chatham*. Geo. Cochraue, Peter Bawtin-himer.  
 65. *Rond Eau*. William Irwin.  
 66. *Mount Elgin and Muncey Town*. James Musgrove, Co-Delegate, whose attention shall be principally directed to the Industrial School; Wm. H. Musgrove, Abraham Sicksles.  
 67. *Mount Brydges*. Edward Cragg.  
 68. *Napier*. William R. Miller.  
 69. *Wardville*. Oliver E. Burch.  
 70. *Mooretown*. Thomas Culbert, Ebenezer Teakey; Solomon Waldron, Superannuated.  
 71. *Waltaceburgh*. Samuel C. Philp, jr.  
 72. *Florence*. John Hodgson, Samuel Alexander.  
 73. *Merpeth*. Thomas Hanna; Richard Phelps, Superannuated.  
 74. *Gosfield*. William Hawke.  
 75. *Amherstburgh*. Thomas Cleworth.  
 76. *Ranney*. Thomas S. Howard, Le Roy Hooker.  
 77. *Sandwich and Windsor*. Benjamin Sherlock.  
 78. *Sarnia*. Edwin Clement.  
 79. *Walpole Island*. William M. Cooley.

JAMES MUSGROVE, Co-Delegate, *Chairman*.  
 EDWIN CLEMENT, *Financial Secretary*.

## VII. THE GUELPH DISTRICT.

80. *Guelph*. James Brock.  
 81. *Georgetown*. James Hughes, William Taylor.  
 82. *Erin*. Samuel Wilson, George McRea.  
 83. *Rockwood*. Isaac Crane.

84. *Elora*. Richard J. Forman, Andrew Milken.  
 85. *Peel*. William Savage, Elias W. Frazee; Ezra Adams, Superannuated.  
 86. *Galt*. John F. Messmore.  
 87. *Blenheim*. Samuel Fear, David Chalmers; Joseph Messmore, Superannuated.  
 88. *Berlin*. Richard L. Tucker, Stephen Bond.  
 89. *Wellfleet*. James E. Dyer, (Millbank), George L. Haight.  
 90. *Elma*. John Sanderson, 2nd, John Armstrong, 4th.  
 91. *Wallace*. Nelson Brown; John Armstrong, Superannuated.

JAMES BROCK, *Chairman*.  
 JAMES HUGHES, *Financial Secretary*.

## VIII. THE GODERICH DISTRICT.

92. *Goderich*. Noble F. English.  
 93. *Clinton*. John Mills, Thomas Garbutt.  
 94. *Mitchell*. Asabel Huriburt, Colman Bristol, B. A.  
 95. *Strafford*. Joseph Hugill, Alex. Burns, B. A.  
 96. *St. Mary's*. Thomas Costord, Daniel E. Brownell.  
 97. *Bayfield*. Orin H. Ellsworth, Thos. Kelly.  
 98. *Wawanosh*. William Bryers, George Leach.  
 99. *Kincardine*. Daniel Connolly, Webster W. Leach.  
 100. *Teessaler*. John Hough, John N. Hewitt.  
 101. *Ainleyville*. Thomas Robson, Henry W. Maxwell.  
 102. *Hoveck*. Thomas Hadwen, (Gorric), Thos. Cullen.  
 103. *Blythe*. Peter Campbell.  
 104. *Lucknow*. David Ryan.

ASANEL HURLBERT, *Chairman*.  
 JOSEPH HUGILL, *Financial Secretary*.

## IX. THE OWEN'S SOUND DISTRICT.

105. *Owen's Sound*. George Goodson.  
 106. *Holland and Sullivan*. William Norton.  
 107. *St. Vincent*. Erastus Huriburt, (Mesford), Joseph Colting; Robert Lochead, Sup'd.  
 108. *Thornbury*. William R. Dyre.  
 109. *Paisly*. George Jacques.  
 110. *Arran*. William Hay, John Newlands, Superannuated.  
 111. *Hanover*. John Hutchinson.  
 112. *Durham, C. W.*. William Cross, (Bentinck).  
 113. *Mount Forest and Arthur*. Alexander R. Campbell, William Shepherd.  
 114. *Artemesia*. James F. Latimer, William J. Hewitt, who shall reside at Horning's Mills.

GEORGE GOODSON, *Chairman*.  
 ALEXANDER R. CAMPBELL, *Financial Secy.*

## X. THE BARRIE DISTRICT.

115. *Barrie*. James C. Slater, Thos. Bell.  
 116. *Newmarket & Aurora*. Kennedy Creighton. (Aurora). Thomas Feather, (Newmarket).  
 117. *Bradford*. John S. Clark, George M. Mescham, B. A.  
 118. *Innisfil*. Robert Graham.  
 119. *Cookstown*. Joseph Sceptley, Isaac Gold.  
 120. *Loyalton*. Matthew Swann.  
 121. *Holland Landing*. Alexander Drennon, James Laid.  
 122. *Rama*. Robert Brooking.  
 123. *Orillia*. John I. Kerr; Horace Dean, Sup'd.  
 124. *Flos and Acodone*. David Jennings.  
 125. *Penetanguishene*. Robert Thompson.  
 126. *Collingwood*. Charles Fish.

127. *Nottawasaga*. Isaac Baker.  
 128. *Bruce Mines*. Samuel Dowd.  
 129. *Muskoka*. George McNamara.

KENNEDY CREIGHTON, *Chairman*.  
 JAMES C. SLATER, *Financial Secretary*.

## XI. THE WHITBY DISTRICT.

130. *Whitby*. Lewis Warner, George N. A. T. Dickson, Robert O. Wilson; John La Abraham Dayman, (Columbus), Superannuated; Robert Darlington, Superannuated.  
 131. *Markham*. James Norris, John N. Laid.  
 132. *Brimacombe*. William McFadden, James Graham; James Hughes, 2nd, (Hampden), Superannuated.  
 133. *Newcastle*. Isaac B. Aylesworth, M. D.  
 134. *Prince Albert and Schtrogog*. Charles G. Vestor, Samuel Might.  
 135. *Brook*. William H. Bakewell, Robert G. Frey.  
 136. *Point Mara*. George H. Cornish.  
 137. *Stouffville*. Richard Pinch, John C. Wilder.  
 138. *Cartwright*. Andrew Edwards.  
 139. *Alanzers*. George T. Richardson.

I. B. AYLESWORTH, M. D., *Chairman*.  
 LEWIS WARNER, *Financial Secretary*.

## XII. THE COBOURG DISTRICT.

140. *Cobourg*. James H. Bishop; Robert G. Beatty, Vincent B. Hewitt, Superannuated.

## VICTORIA COLLEGE.

*President*. Samuel S. Nelles, D. D., Prof.  
*Professor of Logic, Ethics, and Metaphysics*. George C. Whitlock, LL. D., Prof.  
*Natural History and Philosophy*.  
*Tutor*. Alfred Henry Reynar, B. A.

*Undergraduates*—John B. Clarkson, W. C. Watson, William S. McCullough, Albert Shaw, John F. German, John C. Mot, John R. Youmaus, William C. Wington, David Kennedy, Osborne Laid.

*Conference Students*—John Neelands, Peardison, James A. Gordon, Thomas E. Hugh Johnson, John Shannon, David McDonald, Edmund S. Shorey, John A. man, John Holmes, William A. Samuel Jackson, David Brethour.

141. *Baltimore and Grafton*. Thomas Laid, William Steer, Superannuated.

142. *Port Hope*. George R. Sanderson.

143. *Canton*. Alexander T. Green, William Morrison.

144. *Alawick Mission*. Sylvester Huriburt, Sunday.

145. *Alawick*. William L. Scott, (Fencing).

146. *Colborne*. Francis Coleman, Jas. H.

147. *Brighton*. Charles Tarver, Wm. H.

148. *Seymour*. William Short.

149. *Percy*. Ephraim L. Koyle, George B. A.

G. R. SANDERSON, *Chairman*.  
 JAMES H. BISHOP, *Financial Secretary*.

## XIII. THE PETERBORO' DISTRICT.

150. *Peterboro'*. John Carroll.

151. *Mulbrook*. Thomas Stobbs, Nathan Burwash; John Sanderson, Superannuated.

152. *Hiautaha*, (Rice Lake) David B. M.

153. *Lindsay*. Samuel C. Philp, to be set.

154. *Omemee*. Henry McDowell, Isaac W.

155. *Keene*. Robert Fowler.

156. *Norwood*. William Brides.

Lakefield and Mud Lake. David A. Johnson.  
 Wareno. James Anderson.  
 Bobcaygeon. David Hardie.  
 Minden. William Shoridan.  
 Fenelon Falls. Christopher Hamilton, who shall administer the ordinances at Victoria Road.  
 Victoria Road. William Galbraith.

JOHN CARROLL, *Chairman*.  
 SAMUEL C. PHILIP, *Financial Secretary*.

#### IV. THE BELLEVILLE DISTRICT.

Belleville. John Douse, Nathaniel Burwash, B.A.; John Lever, Superannuated.  
 Cascoon. Joel Briggs, George Brown, 2nd; Cyrus R. Allison, Superannuated; John C. Osborne, Supernumerary.  
 Anshsburg. David C. Clappison (Redverville).  
 Pictou. John Hunt; Gilbert Miller, Daniel McMullin, Supernumeraries.  
 Millford. John English, Alexander Lester.  
 Sidney. John Jackson, (Belleville); John Black, Superannuated.  
 Stirling. John W. German.  
 Narmora. Philip Rose.  
 Frankford. Richard Potter; George F. Pleyter, Superannuated.  
 Trenton. Joseph E. Sanderson, M.A.; William Young, Superannuated.  
 Ministers at Trenton and Frankford shall preach in three weeks.  
 Dimorestville. George Carr; Michael Baxter, Superannuated.  
 Hannonville. George Brown.  
 Sarnford. Robert Robinson, Moses Johnson.  
 Hinton and Addington Road. John A. Fowler.  
 Madoc. Aaron D. Miller, Edward Harrie.  
 Hatings Road. James W. Sloane.  
 Denbigh. Richard Pretty.

JOHN DOUSE, *Chairman*.  
 JOHN HUNT, *Financial Secretary*.

#### V. THE KINGSTON DISTRICT.

Kingston. George Young, William C. Henderson, B.A.; Henry Byers, Super'y.  
 Spence. Francis Berry, Thomas W. Jeffrey.  
 Union and Odessa. William Ames, John Sisson, B.A.; James Ash, Stephen Miles, B.A.  
 Henry Lawton, William H. Schofield, B.A.  
 Falloo, (Kingston). John Herbert Starr.  
 George H. Field.  
 Gananoque. James Roy.  
 Facer's Mills. James Thompson.  
 Edinburgh. William Henry Poole.  
 Cartville. William Richardson.  
 North. Robert Mark.  
 Crosssmith. John C. Ash.  
 Antecac. John J. Wilson, under the superintendance of Brother Ash.

GEORGE YOUNG, *Chairman*.  
 JOHN HERBERT STARR, *Financial Secretary*.

#### VI. THE BROCKVILLE DISTRICT.

Brockville. John Bredin; Luther Hough, Supernumerary.  
 Montfort. David C. McDowell.  
 Brockville. Charles Taggart, Brock Rose.  
 John B. Armstrong, Peter E. W. Taylor.  
 Brockville. William Andrews, (North Aurora).  
 Brockville. William M. Pattison.

193. Kemptville. George McRitchie, Thomas Walker.  
 199. Matilda. William Coleman, Josias Greene; William R. Williams, Superannuated.  
 200. Morrisburg. Jay S. Youmans.  
 201. Moulinette. Richard Clarke. One to be sent.

202. Winchester. John Kiernan.  
 203. Cornwall. Hugh McLean.  
 204. Roxborough. Samuel E. Mandstey.

DAVID McDOWELL, *Chairman*,  
 WILLIAM ANDREWS, *Financial Secretary*.

#### XVII. THE PERTH DISTRICT.

205. Perth. Amos E. Russ, John B. Keagy.  
 206. Smith's Falls. Robert Brewster, Richard N. Adams.  
 207. Carleton Place. George Beynon, Hazelton A. Spencer.  
 208. Merrickville. William McGill, Thomas G. Williams.  
 209. Lanark. Samuel Teeson.  
 210. Sherbrooke and Oso. William McDonough; Alvah Adams, Superannuated.  
 211. Pakenham. George Case, William Hayhurst.  
 212. Newborough. Richard M. Hammond.  
 213. Elgin. William Buis, John C. Ireland.

GEORGE BEYNON, *Chairman*.  
 WILLIAM MCGILL, *Financial Secretary*.

#### XVIII. THE OTTAWA DISTRICT.

214. Ottawa City. William Scott, Secretary of the Conference.  
 215. Templeton. John Slight. (Ottawa.)  
 216. North Wakefield. Andrew Armstrong.  
 217. Aylmer, C. E. James Armstrong.  
 218. Bell's Corners. Levi Vanderburgh.  
 219. Richmond. John Howes.  
 220. North tower. Richard Wilson.  
 221. Long Island Locks. Garret J. Dingman.  
 222. Osgoode. Edmund E. Sweet.  
 223. Russell. Andrew L. Peterson.  
 224. Plantagenet. George H. Kenney.  
 225. L'Original. William S. Blackstock, to be supplied.  
 226. Grenville. Joseph Hill.  
 227. French Mission. One to be sent.  
 228. Lochaber. James B. Keough.  
 WILLIAM SCOTT, *Chairman*.  
 JAMES ARMSTRONG, *Financial Secretary*.

#### XIX. THE PONTIAC DISTRICT.

229. Portage-du-Fort. William Morton.  
 230. Pembroke. James Masson.  
 231. Westmeath. William Tomblin, George Washington, B.A. (Beachburg).  
 232. Renfrew. Silas Hurlington.  
 233. Brudenell. One to be sent.  
 234. Eganville. John V. Wilson.  
 235. Alice. Erastus Curry. (Pembroke.)  
 236. Clarendon. William Creighton; William T. Hewitt, Supernumerary.  
 237. Onstow. Archelus Doxsee.  
 238. Point Alexander. William Sanderson.  
 239. German Mission. William M. C. Luke. (Eganville.)

WILLIAM MORTON, *Chairman*.  
 WILLIAM TOMBLIN, *Financial Secretary*.

#### XX. THE MONTREAL DISTRICT.

240. Montreal Centre. Ephraim B. Harper, M. A., William W. Squire, B.A.; John Douglass, Supernumerary.  
 241. Montreal West. Joshua H. Johnson, M. A.  
 242. Montreal East. William R. Parker, B. A.



243. *French Mission*. One to be sent.  
 244. *St. John's*. Edward H. Dewart, Robert W. Ferrier, M.A. (Montreal)  
 245. *Odelltown*. Edward B. Ryckman, B.A.  
 246. *Hemmingsford*. Henry F. Bland.  
 247. *Franklin*. Alfred Andrews, Richd. Robinson  
 248. *Huntingdon*.  
 249. *Ormstown*. Joseph Elmgour.  
 250. *Cornstival*. William Shannon.  
 251. *St. Andrews*. William D. Brown, Alexander Campbell, 2nd.  
 252. *Wesleyville*. John Webster, Cornelius A. Jones. (Glasgow.)  
 253. *Rawdon*. Ozias Barber.  
 EPHRAIM B. HARPER, M.A., *Chairman*.  
 EDWARD H. DEWART, *Financial Secretary*.

## XXI. THE QUEBEC DISTRICT.

254. *Quebec*. John Gemley; John B. Selley, M.D., Superannuated.  
 255. *French Mission*. Joseph A. Dorion.  
 256. *Three Rivers*. William W. Ross.  
 257. *Melbourne*. William Hansford, James E. Richardson.  
 258. *Sherbrouke*. Edward Barrass.  
 259. *Eaton*. Robert Brown, John Thurston.  
 260. *Leeds*. Edward Fessant.  
 261. *Danville*. John S. Evans.  
 262. *New Ireland*. Hugh Cairns.  
 263. *Durham, C. E.* John Scott.  
 264. *Dudswell*. William H. Peake.  
 265. *Gaspé*. Isaac B. Tallman.  
 266. *Port Neuf*. James Matheson.  
 267. *Actonvale*. Robert H. Smith.

JOHN GEMLEY, *Chairman*.WILLIAM HANSFORD, *Financial Secretary*.

## XXII. STANSTEAD DISTRICT.

268. *Stanstead*. John Borland; Malcolm McDonald, Superannuated.  
 269. *Magog, French Mission*. Thos. Charbonnell.  
 270. *South Roxton*. One wanted.  
 271. *Compton and Hatley*. Samuel C. Philips.  
 272. *Coaticook and Barnston*. Benjamin Cote.  
 273. *Georgeville*. John Davies.  
 274. *East Bolton*. William Scales.  
 275. *South Pilton*. George Stenuing.  
 276. *Knoullton*. Donald Sutherland.  
 277. *Shefford*. John Tomkins, John P. Lewis.  
 278. *Laurenceville*. William Hicks, to be under the superintendence of the Shefford Minister.  
 279. *Granby*, John Walton; Edmund S. Ingalls, Supernumerary.  
 280. *Dunham, C. E.* John Armstrong, 2nd.

281. *Farnham*. James Thorneloe. One to be sent.  
 282. *Sutton*. Hiram Fowler.  
 283. *St. Armand*. Rufus A. Flanders; Francis Hunt, Superannuated; Barnabas Hildesheim, Superannuated.  
 284. *French Mission*. Armand Parent.  
 285. *Clarenceville*. Thomas W. Coustable.  
 JOHN BORLAND, *Chairman*.  
 JOHN TOMKINS, *Financial Secretary*.

## FOREIGN MISSIONARY DISTRICTS.

## XXIII. HURON AND SUPERIOR.

286. *St. Clair*. Thomas Hurlburt, James A. Quabe.  
 287. *Saugeen and Southampton*. John E. Hurlburt.  
 288. *Cape Croker and Colpoys Bay*. Stephen Brownell.  
 289. *Christian Islands, Beausoliel Island*. French River. Allan Salt.  
 290. *Garden River*. Edward Sallows.  
 291. *Botchicawana Bay*. One to be sent.  
 292. *Nipigon*. George Blaker.  
 293. *Pic and Nipegon*. One to be sent.

THOMAS HURLBURT, *Chairman*.

## XXIV. HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

294. *Norway House, Lake Winnepeg*. George McDougall.  
 295. *Oxford House*. Charles Stringfellow.  
 296. *Lac-la-Pucie*. One to be sent.  
 297. *Edmonton House, Rocky Mountains*. Thomas Woolsey.  
 298. *White Fish Lake*. Henry Steinhaur.

GEORGE MCDUGALL, *Chairman*.

## PACIFIC COAST.

## XXV. VANCOUVER'S ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

299. *Victoria, V. I.* Ephraim B. Evans. Daniel V. Lucas.  
 300. *Nanaimo, V. I.* Ebenezer Robson.  
 301. *New Westminster, B. C.* Edward W. Jones.  
 302. *Fort Ilwaco and Fort Yale*. Arthur B. Jones.  
 303. *Thompson's River*. One wanted.  
 304. *Upper Fraser*. One wanted.  
 305. *Indian Tribes*. One wanted to be under the direction of the Chairman.

EPHRAIM EVANS, D.D., *Chairman*.

## THE ANNUAL ADDRESS OF THE CONFERENCE TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH UNDER ITS CARE.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHERN,—The Thirty-ninth Annual Session of our Conference reminds us of the accustomed duty of offering our christian salutations and counsels. But while in this our epistolical hold fast the form of sound words, we desire that we may mutually be stirred up in the pursuit of spiritual things, which should ever be the object sought, in the use of whatever means christianity sanctions. We bring to you no new revelation of truths, but that which ye have received from the beginning. To write the same things to you, to us indeed not grievous, but for you it is safe and salutary, if received as a means

spiritual improvement. Suffer us then to review the past, and exhort you again for the future to gird up the loins of your mind, and, by a renewed plighting of your vows to be the servants of Him who has called you to his kingdom and grace, seek so to fulfil the part assigned you, that you may at last obtain the reward of the faithful.

We give thanks to God who rules over the kingdoms of the earth, that our country has been preserved from the evils of war. The portentous cloud which at one time seemed to hang over our land, was speedily dispersed, and He who sitteth upon the circle of the earth, so controlled the passions of men, and guided the counsels of rulers, as to turn aside the threatened catastrophe of an armed conflict between two Christian nations. We devoutly recognize in this happy result, the answer to the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous. "Some trust in horses, and some in chariots, but we will trust in the name of the Lord: and whatever may be the apparent sufficiency of our military resources, we maintain as our shield and watchword, that "wisdom and knowledge is the stability of our times, and the strength of salvation: the fear of the Lord is our treasure."

Permit us again to remind you, dear brethren, that the chief end, and solemn import of our church relations and associations, is the promotion of spiritual religion in our own hearts, and its extension in subduing the world to Christ. The fellowship of the saints is the bond of our union, and the secret impulse of the Church's aggressive power. The spiritual life within, pervading every part, must prepare its members for the exhibition of the activities of a purified nature, showing themselves without in such forms and modes of operation, as shall both impress and attract those who have not yet come within the circle from which the spiritual influence emanates. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in heaven."

The great end of the ministry is the conversion of souls. If this result does not follow our labours, we may well take up the discouraging inquiry: "Who hath believed our report?" It will avail us little, that we have attracted large congregations, that multitudes are pleased with our ministry, praise our sermons, and manifest the highest regard for our persons and office. The peace and prosperity of our churches, in external things, may be preserved, and their numbers increased, and yet all this is nothing in the accomplishment of the real work, nothing for God's glory, and nothing for our own ultimate and glorious reward, unless believers are edified, and the Lord add unto his church such as are saved. What we effect through the grace of God, in the conversion of the soul at first, and in carrying on that work to its full and final completion, and that only, will abide the test of the ordeal of fire, and be the crown of our rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus."

But while we recognize the preaching of the Gospel by a living ministry, as the chief instrumentality amongst the agencies of the church, we would not fail to remind you of your relations and duties. As of old, the word preached may fail of its intended effect, not being mixed with faith in those who hear it. A spiritual ministry, and a saved, sanctified people, are essential to a true representation of the visible body of Christ. Hence the duties which your relations involve, are as binding and important in the sphere of your calling, as those of the minister in his; and if neglect-

ed or buried talents involve guilt in the one case, so also will unfaithfulness in the other, incur the displeasure of the righteous Judge in the day of final awards. Do not therefore hastily conclude when Zion languishes and the world around you remains unsaved, that all the fault lies above and beyond the limits of your own individual responsibility. Be candid, and faithful to your own souls in searching out the causes of spiritual dearth and abounding impenitence, even though it result in a conviction of your own short comings and unfulfilled responsibilities. The end approaches, and the Judge is at the door.

Permit us, dear brethren, to admonish you of some of the hindrances to your spirituality and usefulness. The Apostle warns the churches to which he wrote, that "the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." One of the forms in which the effect of a worldly influence is seen, is in the effort to heap up riches, in violation of the Saviour's command. The enjoyment of worldly good, in its proper sense, is one part of the promised inheritance of the saints, and is a blessing only when received as a talent given by the Lord of all, and held in trust for the Master's use. But "they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Human nature has not changed since Moses admonished the Lord's people, to beware, lest their hearts be lifted up when their herds and flocks, and their silver and their gold, and all their substance multiplied. "And thou say in thine heart, my power and the might of mine hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God; for it is he that giveth thee power to get wealth, that he may establish the covenant which he sware unto thy fathers, as it is this day."

One of the most insidious guises under which the inordinate accumulation of wealth is sought, is for the ostensibly laudable purpose of providing a parental inheritance for children. We do not say that the desire which prompts to this is unlawful, when all the other conditions of the trust which wealth imposes, are intelligently considered and met. But to leave an inheritance to our children by robbing God of the tithes and offerings which are his right, and which he demands, is to leave them a snare and a curse, instead of a blessing. The parent who trains up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, provides for their temporal wants, affords them all reasonable facilities for intellectual culture, and prepares them for some useful and lawful employment, has performed his duty, if he can do nothing beyond, without withholding the claims of the church and its benevolent agencies. And how much better the legacy left to children in the form and substance of an example of parental christian liberality, and the taste for the luxury of an equal distribution unto all commendable enterprises, than an inheritance obtained from the gains of the unfaithful steward; the corruptible riches, moth-eaten garments, and the cankered gold and silver, the rust of which shall be a condemning witness and consuming fire! As watchmen upon the walls we thus admonish you in words of Divine inspiration. We rejoice in your temporal prosperity, your smiling fields and well-stored garner, in your commercial success and the rewards of your professional and mechanical skill and diligence; but we remind you that the Lord who giveth the power to get wealth, lays all under tribute, and will establish his covenant with you only while that tribute is cheerfully rendered.

Another evil of the present times, is a tendency on the part of Christians to an undue intimacy with the world. We fear that the association of believers with the ungodly in social assemblies, is becoming unhappily more common and frequent than is conducive to the spiritual improvement of the one, or the salvation of the other. "Be ye separate from the world," is the Divine command. The neglect of this admonitory caution brings a snare. The world must be pleased, and the society of Christians rendered acceptable by a careful avoidance of such conversation as is distasteful to an unrenewed nature. This leads to the cultivation of false taste, the singing of such songs, and the adoption of other modes of social amusement which do not minister to godliness. Beware of the chilling and deadening influence of these associations. Abstain from the appearance of evil; and by the exhibition of a holy, self-denying zeal, and cheerful piety, seek to be the lights of the world, and the salt of the earth. The last census of this Province furnishes a most significant answer to the question, what hath God wrought through the instrumentality of Methodism? having obtained the first place in the number of its adherents, amongst the Protestant Churches of Canada. Let the success of the past incite to more earnest efforts, that God, even our God, may bless us, and make us a thousand times as many as we are.

The review of the past year furnishes reasons both for humiliation and gratitude. Souls have been saved and the returns from the various Circuits and Missions show a nett increase in our membership of 841. The various connexional funds have received an increasingly liberal support. We have peace in our borders.

Our annual Conference has been one of unusual interest. We are more than ever determined to deal faithfully with each other, and to aim at the attainment of that "agreement in the faith and knowledge of God, and to that ripeness and perfectness of age in Christ, that there shall be no place left amongst us, either for error in religion, or viciousness in life." I beseech you, dear brethren, unite with us in our prayers to God for each other and for yourselves, that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ may abound in all riches unto the full assurance of faith. To this end be diligent in the use of all the means provided for your edification and spiritual quickening.

During the past year one of our aged ministers has passed away to his reward, and died in the full triumphs of the faith he had long preached to others.

And now, brethren, we exhort you to renewed earnestness, in seeking whosoever is pure, and lovely, and of good report; and by the cordial assistance of those who are sent to you in the name of the Lord, and by a faithful co-operation with them in all the enterprises of our church, seek to perform your part in building the temple of the Lord; that when the cornerstone is brought forth, we may together join with the multitude of the redeemed, in shouting grace, grace unto it."

ENOCH WOOD, D. D., *President.*

WILLIAM SCOTT, *Secretary.*

Belleville, June 13, 1862.

## Portfolio of Select Literature.

### CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

We have good reason for supposing that the psalmody of the Jewish church was very elaborate and impressive. and that the nation at large were proficient in musical science; but we must not press these facts too closely in our consideration of the present subject. The age was, pre-eminently, one of type and symbol; and a splendid and costly ritual seems to have been required by the circumstances of the people. It is sufficiently obvious, that the precedents of Judaism will not in this case apply without qualification to Christianity, which is far less dependent than its predecessor on the externals of worship.

And yet those who allege that such matters as time and correctness are of no moment in the performance of modern sacred music,—that in fact, spirituality is the sole essential,—are hardly aware of the distracting effect often produced on the mind of a musician, or even of a person of good general taste and education, by rude and noisy singing, even though it be redeemed, in some measure by earnestness and feeling. It is neither possible nor desirable that church-music should, as a general rule, compete scientifically with that of the oratorio or opera. Neither the psalmody, the poetry, nor the architecture of the sanctuary should be excessively elaborate. The highest art admits on the contrary, of extreme simplicity. Complex chants, whatever their musical merits or demerits, are certainly more or less inimical to what most of us rightly deem a far grander thing,—the singing of an entire congregation. Yet, if this be sufficiently chaste and simple there is no necessity for its being, in any sense of the term, coarse or slovenly in execution.

It would seem sufficiently obvious, that, if the upper classes of society refuse to take their part in this or in any other public duty, the result must be the infusion of a large amount of vulgarity and tastelessness into its performance. On these individuals, therefore, devolves, in a great measure, the task of reforming the style of congregational singing. The educated classes are a part of the general congregation; and it is extremely unjust for them to complain of the musical blunders of the rest, while they themselves do their best to perpetuate these, simply by refusing to take their own proper part in the service of song. Yet, we should be sorry to encourage, in any, a disposition to undertake this duty from merely musical motives; and good taste alone should be sufficient to discourage anything approaching to display. If the subject be regarded simply from a scientific point of view, the musical variations to which we are constantly compelled to listen are, as a rule, anything but improvements on the original melodies. We confess to have been at times heretical enough to think that some even of these latter might be advantageously rendered lighter, and more easy of execution. At all events, in whatever else it may be lacking, congregational singing should unquestionably

ably possess the essential characteristics of solemnity, chasteness, and simplicity.

Among the very greatest defects in congregational psalmody is the want of *suitable musical expression*. Even where the general effect is pleasing, we often find it either conveys no sentiment at all, or one at variance with that of the hymn itself. If, however, unsuitable tunes be chosen for the people, any attempt to torture out of them a suitable expression, must be utterly futile.

The *reading* of the hymns can hardly fail to exercise an important influence. And this, in not a few cases, admits of considerable improvement. If devout, correct, and tasteful, it is invaluable as a means of impressing on the minds both of the choir and of the congregation the true sentiment of the stanzas. Mr. Curwen has remarked, that if the Minister would at the beginning of every quarter spend an hour with his organist or precentor, in drawing up a list of hymns for congregational use during that period, many important advantages would be gained. Not the least of these is the opportunity, afforded to the former, of studying the reading of the hymns beforehand; which it is hardly possible for him to do effectually, without some deliberately settled plan.

But let us hasten to discuss briefly some of the more prominent details of our question.

The great aim of the singer should be to produce good, rich, musical tone, rather than noise. Such defects as *hawling*, &c., are sufficiently injurious to the voice in private practice; but in the house of God they must certainly be regarded as totally inadmissible. And, again, nothing can have a worse effect than the practice of wandering from one's own part to another: as when, for example, a bass singer, tempted by the beauty of a treble voice in his vicinity attempts to launch out into a higher key. The importance of keeping steadily to one thing is just as great in music as in anything else; and those who are in the habit of suffering their part to be confused in this way, by foreign intermixture, will, instead of assisting the congregational harmony, only serve to lead it astray. An indifferent voice kept in proper tune will be of far greater value than an unregulated voice of double its musical power.

Great care should be taken to avoid the sing-song and mechanical style prevalent in many choirs and congregations. Each syllable should be distinctly pronounced; each line should glide smoothly on; and it is well to avoid drawing the breath, in any conspicuous part of the melody.

Those who are unwilling to give an undue share of their attention, in the house of God, to the technical part of the psalmody, will find it advantageous to remove the temptation by practising at home. A very moderate amount of preliminary training will enable the devout bearer to fulfil all the requirements of good taste, though he be unconscious at the time of any special mental effort. The analogy obtains, also, with reference to other and even higher exercises. Equally in prayer and in ordinary conversation, it is from the fullness of the heart that the mouth speaketh. Any direct efforts to subject the mind at the time to the guidance of well-defined scriptural rules

will be attended with only partial success ; but few will deny that it is possible to attain the end through the medium of a preparatory discipline.

No one with a particle of musical feeling will deny the beauty of our cathedral choral-service ; in which, indeed we may fairly compete with other European nations. And yet the anthem is at times anything but devotional in character ; being on the one hand excessively complex, or on the other unduly light and airy. This is deeply to be regretted on many accounts, even if spiritual considerations be left entirely out of the question. Anciently, we presume, the cathedrals were intended as exemplars to the diocesan churches in ritual and sacred music, according to the views held on those subjects in medieval times ; which, however, on many points differed very greatly from our own. We feel quite sure, at least, that the educational value of a few good psalm-tunes, as sung by the choir of York or Westminster, would be immense ; and, also, that this branch of their performances would be duly appreciated by the general public, to whom the present complex anthems can teach nothing of value, inasmuch as the congregational singing in which they have to take part is confined to ordinary chants and hymn-tunes. In Westminster Abbey, during the "Special Services," several psalm-tunes were lately introduced ; but unfortunately, of so high a character that few persons in the congregation were able to join in them. In respect of a scientific knowledge of music, the writer himself may be inferior to many who peruse the pages of this Magazine : yet, in a matter like the present, (respecting which the musicians are not unlikely to go astray,) no truly liberal-minded professor of the art will refuse to listen to the suggestions of an amateur. The fact is, that the remedial measures for which we are contending, so far from being ecclesiastical novelties, are completely in accordance with the known views and proceedings of the first Protestant Reformers. "So great was the zeal with which they cultivated psalmody, that psalms and hymns are termed by Dr. Burnet 'the opera-songs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries !'" It was no uncommon thing for the adherents of the new faith to congregate together to the number of three to five thousand in the spacious English or Continental cathedrals, mainly for the purpose of taking part in the service of song. Coming down to a later period, we find Ussin, Bishop of Durham, declaring that he "never forbade the singing the metre-psalms in the cathedral, but used to sing them himself with the people at morning-prayer." Ravenscroft's volume (edition of 1664) is set forth as a collection of works "usually sung in cathedral and collegiate churches." And, finally, Thomas Mace's description of the excellent style in which psalms were sung by immense congregations in York Minster (1644) is so well known to the musical reader as to preclude the necessity of quotation.

We have endeavoured to insist on the necessity of adequate musical preparation for the exercises of the sanctuary. It is, however, of infinitely greater moment, that, in humble reliance on the Divine aid, we should make them the subjects of diligent SPIRITUAL preparation. It were well, even in the prosecution of the lesser task, if our modern Christian congregations were more thoroughly imbued with the manly

and elevated liberality which scorns to give unto the Lord that which costs us nothing. Why, if a high degree of refinement be thought necessary in our private musical entertainments, should the public celebration of the Lord's praises be marked by a want of painstaking, of correctness, or of melodious sweetness? Surely, it is forgotten how closely the service in question brings us into contact with Him who "holdeth our soul in life," who "weigheth the hills in a balance," and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing." Even in its musical accompaniments "the service of song" should be sweet and soul-subduing; but far more important is it that the *heart* of the believer should on these solemn occasions be attuned like the strings of David. It is needless to multiply texts of Scripture for the purpose of showing that there, at least, it is recognized simply as a means of grace;—as the Divinely appointed channel for the joyous outpourings of that "heart-melody" to which an inspired apostle attaches so high an importance; and, on the other hand, for the bestowment of celestial strength and comfort. On such grounds as these does the sweet singer of Israel base his exhortation:—"O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise: be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His name. For the Lord is gracious; His mercy is everlasting; and His truth endureth from generation to generation." And, be it remembered, the saving mercy on which he so feelingly expatiates admits not of comparison or admeasurement by any merely human standard. "For as the heaven is high above the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts." The present spiritual enjoyments connected with the devout celebration of this ordinance form, after all, only a part (though, confessedly, a very important one) in the whole design. For, in addition to its unspeakable value to the believer in this respect, is it not intended to fit him for taking part hereafter in that all-glorious sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving which is presented to the Divine Majesty by those thrice-blessed spirits who "rest not day and night?"

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RECIPE AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH.

The following facts, almost verbatim, were communicated to the writer in the autumn of this year (1856) by the Rev. Robert Hewitt, one of the general Missionaries employed by the Irish Methodist Conference:—

Half-way between Tuam and Castlereagh, Mr. H. called at a public house once a month to feed his horse. Once he asked the man of the house if he ever thought about dying, and what his feelings were. "I feel awfully afraid," the man replied. Mr. H. inquired the cause, and was filled with surprise and grief at the ignorance of this poor son of Erin, who answered, "Because I do not know where I would go when I die. Some say there is a place called heaven, and a place called hell, and a place called purgatory. For my part I do not know of any such places; for I have never been there." Mr. H. asked, "Did you never meet an old book that gives information about



heaven and hell?" "I never did." "Did you never hear of the blessed Saviour who came into the world to die for sinners?" "No; I do not remember having ever heard of him." "Did you never hear of Jesus Christ?" "Never." "I cannot receive that statement. A man of your years, seventy or more, never to have heard of Jesus!" The man assured the Missionary that he had not. "Have you never heard of the blessed Virgin Mary's Son?" "I know *her* very well," "As you have no knowledge of Jesus, if you could get this old book, it would give you very nice information about Him." "Perhaps, Sir, you could get me that book." "I am sorry, I have not a copy with me; but, in the absence of the book, I will give you a recipe out of it to cure you of the fear of death." "You understand Irish. The recipe is"—(he gave it to him in his native tongue, the language of his affections.) "Can you translate that for me?" "Yes, Sir, it is 'O God, pardon all my sins for the sake of the blood of Jesus Christ!'" "Now," said the Missionary, "you must say these words on your knees three times every day till I see you again; and if you say them every hour, so much the better." Lord bless you, Sir, and I will; but I fear I'll forget them. My daughter has a fine memory. I will call her out, and she will put me in mind of them." The daughter came, and translated the words accurately, and said she would remember them.

Another month rolled round. As the Missionary neared the place the man met him on the road, and taking off his hat, twirled it round his head, exclaiming in Irish, in characteristic warmth, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you!" The Missionary thanked him, and inquired, "How have you been doing since I saw you?" "Well, Sir, I am cured!" (Mr. H. never witnessed anything like the joy of his countenance, except in one other case.) "Do you say the words still?" "O yes, Sir! I'll never forget them. But they are fine words! O Sir, that recipe would cure the world," straightening himself up. "Has it done *you* any good?" "It has cured me, so that I would not be afraid to drop dead at your horse's feet!" "Just tell me how you got this change." "Well, about a week ago I was minding the cows, keeping them out of the corn, and I was repeating it and repeating it, and repeating it, and me lying up against the ditch. At last I thought it was wrong to be saying such fine words in that way, so I turned upon my knees and began to say them. While I was repeating it, I got a stroke at my heart, and fell on my face. I could not tell how long I was there; but when I came to, I could say nothing but, 'Glory, glory, glory be to God!' If I had wings I have flew away to God Almighty! Ever since that, I'm not afraid to die, at any minute, night or morning! Now, Sir, I'll feed your horse and charge you nothing." "I am very much obliged; but when you give a recipe of this kind I never take anything for it." The horse fed, "Sir," said the man, "my wife is dying, would you come in and see her?" "Go you in first; tell her the gentleman is outside who gave you the recipe against the fear of death, and ask if she wishes to see him." The man went in, and soon returned saying, "Sir, she will be glad to see you." The daughter conducted the Missionary into the room. The old woman was evidently dying. "You seem re-

and are going to take a long journey," observed Mr. H. "O yes, Sir!" "Where are you going, think you?" "I do not know, Sir." "Is it not a dangerous thing to enter upon such a journey and not know where you are going?" "O, it is, Sir!" "Did your husband tell you what has taken place in his mind?" "No, Sir." "I am grieved that he did not tell you what happened him. He says, *he* is not now afraid to die, because he is sure of heaven when he does die. The recipe I gave him, he says, has cured him of the fear of death; and if you attend to the same, it will. I have no doubt, cure you." He then repeated the words, and said, "This can cure you as well as your husband." "O, Sir," she replied, "the husband I used to have was the cursingest, swearingest, drunkenest, and wickedest man in all the country; he would knock the children and servants about; we were all afraid of him: but the one I have now is the quietest, easiest, sweetest man you ever saw!" "When did that change take place?" "Just about a week ago. When he came home from minding the cows, those within ran to hide, as they used to do; but he came in so easy, they did not hear him; and when they looked out, they saw him sitting in the chair so nice, not saying a word. Ever since, he is just like a little child going through the house." Again the Missionary commended her to use the recipe which had proved so effectual in the case of her husband, and, followed by the old man's blessings, went on his way rejoicing."

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## THE THIRST FOR GOLD.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.

You have seen a piece of iron drawn to a magnet: now what that magnet is to iron, gold is to many. It exerts an omnipotent, at least irresistible, attraction over them. Let the news go forth of the discovery of a country where the veins of the mountains are filled with gold, and the streams run over golden sands—the glad tidings of salvation has seldom seen such a stir. The land may be distant; its soil poor; its climate inhospitable; its inhabitants a race of savages—it does not matter. Sudden jewels are spoken, families are broken up, and the tenderest ties are suddenly rent asunder; the roads are crowded with eager emigrants; and the great press of sail ships race on the high seas, striving which first shall reach the golden strand. Men that would have pronounced the hardships they have to suffer intolerable at home, pour in eager crowds upon the scene. They toil, and scheme, and dream of gold; and, in the lust for gold, humanity, virtue, and piety are swallowed up—as in a roaring whirlpool. But why go to the gold fields of California and Australia, to seek such distant regions illustrations of my remark? They may be found nearer home. Are there none of us—are there not many, as well in quiet rural scenes as in busy cities, whose sole ambition is wealth, who are hasting to be rich? theirs the old cry, the complaint of the grave that, though gorged with the banquets of battle-field and pestilence, still opens its black, greedy jaws to cry, "Give, give, give."

The thirst for gold, like the drunkard's, is insatiable. The more

it is indulged, the more the flame is fed, it burns the fiercer. These worshippers of Mammon, being determined to be rich, have no time for prayer-meetings; they have hardly time for closet prayer, and of money they have none to spare, certainly nothing more than the "mite," as they call it, for the poor heathen at home. No doubt they pity the lone widow; this poor, thin, ragged child; that orphan boy touched by the hunger that looks out of their hollow eyes, and appeal to some lingering feelings of better days, they would give, but ah! they must save money—grow wealthy—die as rich as that man, or accumulate a fortune as great as this. Slaves! Year by year they must save a certain sum, come what may; and go without bread, or education who may, they must hoard up wealth. See yonder lake! The bigger the stream that runs into it—lying so beautiful and peaceful in the bosom of the shaggy mountain—the bigger the stream it discharges to water the plains, and, like the path of the Christian, wends its bright and blissful way on to its parent sea. But, in sad contrast to that, the more money some men gain, the less they give; in proportion as their wealth increases, their charities diminish. Have we not met it, mourned over it, and seen how a man setting his heart on gold, and hasting to be rich, came to resemble a vessel with a narrow, contracted neck, out of which water flows less freely when it is full than when it is nearly empty? As there is a law in physics to explain that fact, there is a law in morals to explain this. So long as a man has no hope of becoming rich; so long as he has enough of bread to eat, of raiment to put on, of health and strength to do his work and follow his honest way on in the world, he has all man really needs. Having that he does not set his heart on riches. He is a noble, unselfish, generous, large-hearted, and, for his circumstances, an open-handed man. But success in business, or otherwise, let a fortune come within his reach, he clutches at it—grasps it. Then what a change! His eye, and ear, and hand close; his sympathies grow dull and blunt; his heart contracts and petrifies. Strange to say, plenty in such cases feeds not poverty and penuriousness; and the ambition of riches opens the door to the worst avarice.

To what good all this? How often have I thought of riches, when striding on their loan domain, I have seen a covey of wild fowl, from the reeds of the lake, or the heather of the hill-side, rise clamorous on the wing and fly away! Has not many a man who hastened to be rich, and made gold his god, lived to become a bankrupt, and die a beggar?—buried among the ruins of his ambitious schemes. "I have put a nail into the wheel of fortune," was the boastful exclamation of such a man. God in heaven heard it; put his hand upon the wheel, and, flying round, it hurled the vain boaster in the dust. But grant that some seem to have got the secret how to put a nail into fortune's unsteady wheel; what then? Money is a good thing; but it is worth, not wealth, that commands respect. I like that on him who applies money to noble purposes; and heartily subscribe to the saying, "A good name is to be chosen rather than great riches; loving favour rather than silver or gold."

Money, no doubt, is a power; but a power of well-defined and narrow limits. It will purchase plenty, but not peace; it will furnish you with luxuries, but not you with an appetite to enjoy them; it will surround your sick bed with physicians, but not restore health to your sickly fra-

it will encompass you with a cloud of flatterers, but never procure you one true friend; it will bribe into silence the tongues of accusing men, but not an accusing conscience; it will pay some debts, but not the least one of all your debts to the law of God; it will relieve many fears, but not those of guilt—the terrors that crown the brows of Death. He stands as grim and terrible by the dying bed of wealth as by the pallet of the poorest beggar whom pitiless riches has thrust from her door. And when death, seizing him by the throat, has flung the worldling on his back, and, lying on the edge of the grave, he finds “all his vanity” that he has toiled and sinned for, and his hold relaxes and the world slips from his grasp, and he falls back, shrieking, into a lost eternity, this voice comes sounding from the throne of God, “Thy calf hath cast thee off.”

“All sorrow ought to be *home-sickness*,” says a German poet. It ought to fill Christ’s pilgrim band with longings after rest in His likeness and communion. And does it not? Should we desire to find no eminent example of piety, would we not say, with the devout M’Cheyne, “Commend me to bruised brother, a broken reed, a man of sorrow?” “Is it not upon these jewels that Christ especially esteems, and means to make most redundant, that He hath His tools oftenest?”

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### THE ART OF NOT HEARING.

The art of not hearing should be taught in every well-regulated family. It is fully as important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much money and time are expended. There are so many things which it is painful to hear, many which we ought not to hear, very many which, if heard, will disturb the temper, corrupt simplicity and modesty. To prevent from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds according to their pleasure.

If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls me all manner of names, the first word shuts my ears and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life, I find myself caught in one of those domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sails, and making all tight, stand before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to inflame my senses, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine of my temper, where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door.

Does a radding mischief-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, drops down the portcullis of my ear, and he cannot get in any further. Does the collector of neighbourhood scandal task my house as a warehouse, it is instinctively shut up. Some people feel very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them. If it is hinted that any one has spoken ill of them, they set searching the matter and bring it out. If all the petty things said of one by heedless idlers were brought home to him he would become a mere walking pincushion, strewed full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying my bed a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of mosquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent dust in my house generally, as to bring

upon me all the tattle of careless or spiteful people. If you would be happy when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them. And as the throat has a muscular arrangement by which it takes care of the air-passage of its own accord, so the ear should be trained to an automatic dullness of hearing. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they are angry; what your children say after they have slammed the door; what a beggar says whom you have rejected from your door; what your neighbours say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress.

This art of not hearing, though not taught in the schools, is by various means unknown or unpractised in society. I have noticed that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent or a vulgar remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from many insults, from much blame, from a little apparent connivance in dishonorable conversation.

There are two doors inside my ears—a right hand door leading to the heart, and a left hand door with a broad and steep passage leading out to the open air. This last door receives all ugliness, profanity, vulgar mischief-making, which suddenly find themselves outside of me.

Judicious teachers and indulgent parents save young urchins a world of trouble by a convenient deafness. Brokers and bankers often are extremely hard of hearing when unsafe borrowers are importunate. I never hear a man who runs after me in the street, bawling my name at the top of his voice; nor those who talk evil of those who are absent; nor those who give me unasked advice about my own affairs; nor those who talk largely about things of which they are ignorant.

If there are sounds of kindness, of mirth, of love, open fly my ears; but temper, or harshness, or hatred, or vulgarity, or flattery shuts them. If you keep your garden gate shut, your flowers and fruit will be safe. If you keep your door closed no thief will run off with your silver; and if you keep your ears shut your heart will lose neither flowers nor its treasures.

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## ESQUIMAUX ARCHITECTURE.

As the days lengthen, the villages are emptied of their inhabitants who move seaward on the ice to the seal-hunt. Then comes into view a marvelous system of architecture, unknown among the rest of the American nations. The fine pure snow has by that time acquired under the action of strong winds and hard frosts, sufficient coherency to form an admirable light building-material, with which the Esquimaux master-mason erects most comfortable dome-shaped houses. A circle is first traced on the smooth surface of the snow, and the slabs for raising the walls are cut from within, so as to clear a space between to the ice, which is to form the floor of the dwelling, and whose extent and thickness was previously ascertained by probing. The slabs requisite to complete the dome, after the interior of the circle is exhausted, are cut from some neighboring spot. Each slab is neatly fitted to its place by running a fenching knife along the joint, when it instantly fuses to the wall, the cold atmosphere forming a most excellent cement.

Devices are plugged up, and seams accurately closed, by throwing a few shovelfuls of loose snow over the fabric. Two men generally work together in raising a house, and the one who is stationed within cuts a low door and creeps out when his task is over. The walls, being only three or four inches thick, are sufficiently translucent to admit a very agreeable light, which serves for ordinary domestic purposes; but if more be required, a window is cut, and the aperture fitted with a piece of transparent ice. The proper thickness of the walls is of some importance. A few inches excludes the wind, yet keeps down the temperature so as to prevent dripping from the interior. The furniture—such as seats, tables, and sleeping places—is also formed of snow; and a covering of folded reindeer-skin or seal-skin renders them comfortable to the inmates. By means of ante-chambers and porches, in form of long, low galleries, with their openings turned to leeward, warmth is insured in the interior; and social intercourse is promoted by building the houses contiguously, and cutting doors of communication between them, or by erecting covered passages. Storehouses, kitchens, and other accessory buildings, may be constructed in the same manner, and a degree of convenience gained which would be attempted in vain with a less plastic material. These houses are durable: the wind has little effect on them, and they resist the thaw until the sun acquires very considerable power.—*Sir John Richardson.*

### A NICE PERSON.

A wit once meeting a young lady called her "a nice young lady," at which she seemed somewhat offended. He immediately, as follows, deduced the meaning of the words.

"A nice person is neither too tall nor too short, looks clean and cheerful, has no prominent feature, makes no difficulties, is never misplaced, is bodkin, is never foolishly affronted, and is void of affectation.

"A nice person helps you well at dinner, understands you, is always gratefully received by young and old, Whig and Tory, grave and gay.

"There is something in the very air of a nice person which inspires you with confidence, makes you talk, and talk without fear of malicious presentation; you feel that you are reposing upon a nature which God has made kind, and created for the benefit and happiness of society. It has the effect upon the mind which soft air and a fine climate have upon the body.

"A nice person is clear of little, trumpery passions, acknowledges superiority, delights in talent, shelters humility, pardons adversity, forgives inefficiency, respects all men's rights, is never long and never wrong, always knows the day of the month, the name of every-body at table, and never gives pain to any human being.

"If any body is wanted for a party, a nice person is the first thought; when the child is christened, when the daughter is married,—all the joys of life are communicated to nice people; the hand of the dying man is always held out to a nice person.

"A nice person does not tread upon the dog's foot, nor molest the family cat, eats soup without noise, laughs in the right place, and has a watchful and attentive eye."

## TESTIMONY OF MOHAMMEDANS.

The Rev. Dr. Goodell, an American Missionary in Turkey, relates an incident which occurred during a recent journey to Aleppo, as showing the kind of testimony which candid Musslemans are ready to give of true Christianity:

On the road he and his companions were obliged to put up at a Turkish *cafe*, where they spent the night. The next morning, finding themselves surrounded by a noisy set of natives, the question was asked whether it was best to have prayers together before starting on their way. "Well," said Dr. Goodell, "a Mussleman never hesitates to say his prayers in public, and when forced by circumstances to do so, why should we?" With the consent of his companions he opened the Bible and read a chapter in English, or I should rather say, they repeated aloud together portions of Scripture, and then he knelt to pray. But hardly had he commenced addressing the heavenly Father when he noticed that the Turks had ceased talking and were watching the proceedings of the little company with breathless interest. At once he passed from the English to the Turkish, and continued his prayer in that language, invoking the Divine protection for themselves, and spiritual blessings for all the people of that country, and for those by whom they were surrounded, asking for forgiveness of sins for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. As he closed "Amen!" was heard from the Mussulmans, and "Amen! amen!" was echoed by others from all sides of the *cafe*. When our friends had risen from their knees the Turks clustered around them, enquiring who and what they were. "Are you Protestants?" said they. "What are Protestants?" enquired Dr. G. "Those who do not tell lies," replied one. "Those who do not cheat," said another; "Those who believe only in the Bible and try to live as it tells them," added a third. "Yes," said Dr. Goodell, "we are Protestants."—*N. Y. Observer.*

## ENLARGING THEIR SPHERE.

Women, mothers even, talk of enlarging their sphere. And how, we ask, by any possibility, can it be enlarged? They may step out of it into another; but when it embraces the noblest influences of a world how can it be extended? Has not the mother her hand on the very springs of being? Has she not the opportunity of moulding every living soul on the broad earth to her own taste and fashion? Take, now, man's acknowledged public superiority, and woman's imperceptible but universal influence, and which, O proud, aspiring, discontented woman, would you choose for extent or perpetuity? What true woman will not exult in her position? Though hampered, and driven, and cramped by ten thousand whirling, crushing, opposing circumstances, would she exchange her position with any man? Name the pre-eminent for intellect, learning, fame, and heroism, and he is but one, and can do but the work of one. But let a mother—electrified with the same aspirations after true greatness, and by

her hand upon the heads of four, six, or eight children—impart the like influence to them, and send them forth into the world, and she by so many multiplied her greatness. If she may not send forth let her train her daughters, who, in their turn, shall transmit the indistinguishable fire of heaven, and she has done more to bless and purify the world than any single individual can possibly accomplish. Talk not of an enlarged and noble sphere. It is large and noble enough already. It overwhelms one who thinks of it at all with its inconceivable, unutterable vastness. Let us quietly, humbly, hopefully fall back into our retired, unobtrusive place, and patiently labor on as the coral insects toil to build the beautiful reefs of the Pacific. By and by, what we have builded will rise before the universe in one imposing view; and while angels and men admire, and our Father graciously commends, we will fall and cry; not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory.”—*Mrs. Stowe.*

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### PEWS IN CHURCHES.

In Anglo-Saxon and some Norman churches of very early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall, running round the whole interior except the east end. In 1339, they are represented as sitting on the ground, or standing. About this time, the people introduced low, three legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1327, a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats, so common, that none should occupy a seat in the church his own, except noblemen and patrons, each sitting and holding the one he first entered.

As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated—the entrance being guarded by crossbars, and the initials were engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation, the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint the poor commons addressed to Henry VIII., in 1546, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church for all to read, because they feared it might be taken for *quyre* or some *pue*. In 1608, galleries were introduced.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort by being raised and cushioned, while the sides around were so high as to hide within (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers, who reported those who did not stand or bow when the name of Him whom they worship as God was mentioned.) The services were often greatly protracted, so many would fall asleep. Hence Smith's pithy allusion:—

“ A bedstead of the antique mode,  
Compact of timber many a load,  
Such as our ancestors did use,  
Was metamorphosed into pews;  
Which still their ancient nature keep,  
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

At the reign of Charles I., the reason for the heightening of the sides appeared and from the civil war they declined gradually to the present



## THE LAST HOURS OF COLUMBUS.

In the midst of illness and despondency, when both life and hope were expiring in the bosom of Columbus, a new gleam was awakened, and blazed up for the moment with characteristic fervour. He heard with joy of the arrival from Flanders of King Philip and Queen Juana, to take possession of their throne of Castile. In the daughter of Isabella, he trusted to find a patroness and a friend. King Ferdinand and all the court repaired to Toledo, to receive the youthful sovereigns. Columbus sent his brother, the Adelantado, to represent him, and wrote a letter to the King and Queen lamenting his being prevented by illness from coming in person to manifest his devotion. He expressed a hope that they should receive at their hands a restitution of his honours and estates; and assured them, that, though cruelly tortured by disease, he should yet be able to render them services the like of which had never been witnessed. Such was the last sally of his sanguine and unconquerable spirit; who, disregarding age and infirmities, and all past sorrows and disappointments, spoke from his dying death-bed with all the confidence of youthful health, and talked of still greater enterprises, as if he had a long and vigorous life before him. The Adelantado took an affectionate leave of his brother, whom he was never to behold again, and set out on his mission to the sovereigns. He experienced the most gracious reception, and flattering hopes were given him that the claims of the Admiral would speedily be satisfied. In the meantime, the cares and troubles of Columbus were drawing to a close. The transient fire which had recently reanimated him, was soon quenched by accumulating infirmities. Immediately on the departure of the Adelantado, his illness increased in violence. Feeling his end was approaching, he arranged all his earthly affairs for the benefit of his successors . . . Having scrupulously attended to the claims of affection, loyalty, and justice, upon earth, he turned his thoughts to heaven, partaking of the holy Sacrament, and complying with the other ceremonies of a devout Catholic. Surrounded by devoted friends, he expired, with great resignation, on the 20th of September, 1506, being about 70 years of age. His last words were: "*In manus, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.*" Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit.—*Irving.*

## DON'T READ NOVELS.

Dr. Goldsmith, who had himself written the novel of the "Vicar of Wakefield," in writing to his brother, respecting the education of his son, used strong language: "Above all things, let your son never touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are these pictures of comparative bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beautiful happiness that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, to take the word of a man who has seen the world, and studied it more by experience than by precept; take my word for it, I say, that such novels teach us very little of the world."

## OLD AGE.

Let it always be respected. It has its dark side always; and its bright side, when the life has been virtuous. But in all cases let the young revere the aged, and honour the old men and aged women. Our heart always goes out to the children who are kind and respectful to the occupant of the old arm-chair; who love to wait on the grandmothers and grandfathers.

Old age—we are always glad to see it in comfortable circumstances. When people have been industrious to bear the burdens of life in the heat of the day, it is a peculiarly pleasant sight to see them surrounded by a competency in old age. It is a bad policy that squanders in youth and the vigor of manhood, instead of accumulating something against the age of old age. At that period the sprightliness of youth and the strength of mid-life have passed. The infirmities of age, the load of years, when "they that look out at the windows are darkened, when one starts at the sound of the bird, when fear is in the way"—all these make it desirable that the aged be most kindly administered unto, by children, grandchildren, and all other members of the household. And this care and respect of old age, the Bible enjoins as a filial and sacred duty upon the young.

Old age may be the lot of any of us; and we have said it has its bright side. Sometimes it is contemplated with much pleasure. You and I love to see an old man, reverend in years, glorious in gray hairs, and in the fruits of a long religious life. There is a patriarchal halo and brightness resting on the last years and acts of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, and Moses. There is a cheering record given us of Simeon in the temple, and an age of "about four score and four years, who served God with fastings and prayers night and day." Fathers and mothers in Israel, these and thousands such there are among us now, who seemed preserved by a gracious Providence, as the salt of the earth, for the two-fold purpose of contrasting the present with past generations, and of praying to God for the peace and prosperity of the Church of God.

Emphatically is it true that kindness done to them, are the same as if done to Christ. And if the aged be poor, and if some of them have been pious even in earlier portions of life's journey, still be kind to them. For God has borne with such four-score years, then our children and grandchildren can a few days. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head." But religion shall make old age a welcome closing and ripening scene to well-spent life. A glorious sunset is as pleasant to look upon as a sunrise. These wait for thy salvation, O Lord.—*Morning Star*.

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 PAY FOR SWEARING.

"What does Satan pay you for swearing?" said a good man to one who he heard using profane language.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap,—to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to do so much pain on your friends; and all civil people; to suffer such a loss of conscience as you must suffer; and, lastly, to risk losing your precious soul, and," (gradually rising in emphasis,) "and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed.

## Poetry

## BEARING THE CROSS.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHMOTK.]

The heavier cross the nearer heaven ;  
 No cross without, no God within.  
 Death, judgment, from the heart are driven  
 Amid the world's false glare and din,  
 O happy he, with all his loss,  
 Whom God hath set beneath the cross.

The heavier cross the better Christian ;  
 This is the touchstone God applies ;  
 How many a garden would lie wasting,  
 Unwet by showers from weeping eyes !  
 The Gold by fire is purified ;  
 The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross the stronger faith ;  
 The loaded palm strikes deeper root ;  
 The vine juice sweetly issueth  
 When men have pressed the clustered fruit,  
 And courage grows where dangers come,  
 Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

The heavier cross the heartier prayer ;  
 The bruised herbs most fragrant are.  
 If sky and wind were always fair  
 The sailor would not watch the star ;  
 And David's Psalms had ne'er been sung,  
 If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross the more aspiring ;  
 From vales we climb to mountain crest ;  
 The pilgrim, of the desert tiring,  
 Longs for the Canaan of his rest ;  
 The dove has here no rest in sight,  
 And to the ark she wings her flight.

The heavier cross the easier dying,  
 Death is a friendlier face to see ;  
 To life's decay one bids defying ;  
 To life's distress one then is free.  
 The cross sublimely lifts our faith  
 To him who triumphed over death.

Thou Crucified ! the cross I carry  
 The longer may it dearer be :  
 And lest I faint while here I tarry,  
 Implant thou such a heart in me  
 That faith, hope, love may flourish there,  
 Till for the cross my crown I wear.

## Narrative Pieces.

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### THE FACE OF A FRIEND.

So we went toward Rome. And from thence, when the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum, and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage."—ACTS XXVIII. 14, 15.

That village called the Three Taverns, on the way between Puteoli and Capri, was a bright spot in Paul's conquered life-course. It supplied him with one sunny memory for the remainder of his days. There light shined in the darkness. From heaven, as he knew, the light came down, although he saw it shining out of human hearts. Indeed, most of the heavenly light that we get comes to us in a round-hand way by reflection; and a cheerful countenance is the best of all reflectors. Those brethren who came from Imperial Rome to meet the prisoner were the first glad sight that Paul had seen for many days. Arrested in the midst of his work, and condemned to waste his days in prison, he willingly pleaded his own cause before Felix and Festus; but when he perceived that they selfishly perverted the law, or lightly trifled with his rights, he had formally carried the case to appeal to the supreme tribunal of the Empire. Carried as prisoner from Sicily to Rome, he had encountered many perils in the deep, and doubtless expected that still greater perils might befall him on the land. A Jew brought over to Rome, under the accusation of having publicly set above Cæsar an unknown king, one Jesus, had no cause to flatter himself upon his prospects. The past was dark; the future was uncertain: when, lo, a procession turning a corner, heavens in sight, and light rapidly approaches. Their countenances and costume seem Jewish, but the brightness not Jewish beams in the eyes of the strangers. They approach a group of guarded convicts, and inquire whether Saul of Tarsus, otherwise called Paul the apostle of Christ, is among them. This is the man, he would soon be told, and forthwith they sprang forward and embraced him as a brother. Upon inquiry he discovers that these men are Christians, and that some of them had seen Christ before himself. That

disciple, tossed so long upon troubled waters, was doubtless glad when he saw the followers of the Lord coming out to receive him into their hearts and homes. From that time forward, we may be assured, Paul never forgot the Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, where the sight of brethren rebuked his desponding heart, and revived within it again the flame of blessed hope.

Notice the event which stirred the pilgrim's heart, and the specific emotions which it kindled there.

1. The event was simply the sight of Christian brethren who had come from Rome to meet him. This kindness shown to him for Christ's sake made him both thankful and hopeful. Two things are necessary thus to set a man on fire. There must be a state of preparation in his own heart; and there must then be the contact of love embodied in a brother. There must be first the dry fuel heaped up, and next the spark thrown in. Either alone would have produced no conflagration. The burning spark could not kindle water-soaked wood; nor would the most combustible materials rise into a flame, if no fire were brought into contact with them. Paul had passed through a very peculiar experience. On the way toward Rome, between Puteoli and the Three Taverns, his heart was dull, low, despondent, but it was susceptible. The perils of the deep, the providential deliverance at Malta, the landing for the first time in Italy, the March toward Rome, where a people of strange gods and strange tongue held in their hands the world's destiny and his own;—all these had made the man silent and hopeless, but tenderly alive to new impulses. At the critical moment, fellow-disciples, members like himself of Christ's mystical body, burst into view, and showered their love upon him. This unexpected apparition lighted the train, and set his whole

being up in a blaze. Then his double inquiry was, What thanks shall I render to God, and what service shall I do for men?

The members became to Paul in Italy what the Head had been to the Eleven in the depth of their desolation at Jerusalem. When, after the crucifixion, those poor bereaved Galileans were cowering in a lock-fast room for fear of the persecutors, their Saviour suddenly appeared among them: "then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." Now that the Head is exalted, he employs their fellow-servants to comfort mourners in Zion. The sight of a true disciple often makes a true disciple glad. While Christ alone is the Saviour of both, they hold up each other's drooping hands, and strengthen each other's feeble knees. The fountain of consolation is on high; but its treasures are distributed through earthen vessels. It is generally from the little vessel close at hand that we draw our supply; but we know who has charged it and kept it full.

Although I be, through faith, in union with Christ, as a branch is in the vine, I need the sympathy and company of my fellow-Christians. For want of a band of brothers coming out to meet him, an ancient servant of God, equal, perhaps, in heroism of character to Paul himself, was left destitute of thankfulness and courage at a grand crisis of his course. Elijah was in character and history not unlike the great apostle of the Gentiles. He was cast out of his country by a cruel persecution, and compelled to wander a solitary exile in a strange land. Elijah, in the wilderness of Beersheba, was like Paul in Italy. As Jezebel sought the prophet's life, the Jewish priesthood sought the life of the apostle. But in that wilderness, Elijah neither gave thanks to God for past mercies, nor took courage for future work. He fretted peevishly against God's appointments, and in faintness of heart endeavoured to escape from a struggle which he considered hopeless. He sat down under a juniper-tree, and desired to die there. He said, "It is enough: now, O Lord, take away my life." That took all the spirit out of the great and good man. He had faith in God, and why did he not bear up against accumulating misfortunes? He failed for want of company. In

the hour of his extremity, he obtained no human sympathy; he saw no brother's face. No brethren came forth into the wilderness of Beersheba to meet Elijah, and therefore, great and good man though he was, he could neither thank God nor take courage. He felt himself alone. "The children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and even I only, am left." How pathetically he dwells upon his solitude: "even I only!" This was the decisive stroke. It is a dreadful thing for man to be alone. God knows our frame and our need. He did not create Elijah for his frailty. It is instructive to observe what means the Lord adopted then to heal the fretfulness, and nerve again the arm of the servant. It is not, I am the Almighty God; I am thy everlasting portion. Elijah knew all that; and yet in the hour of need his heart melted and came as water. His Maker and deemer knew the ailment, and scribed the cure. What saith the answer of God unto him? "I have reserved to myself seven thousand men who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal." The balm of Elijah's wounded spirit is the assurance that he is not alone. Henceforth we hear no more of a petulant request to be released from a hopeless enterprise. In the strength of that assurance the prophet arose and prosecuted his sublime ministry.

The same watchful Father saw in Italy—a stranger in a strange land, counting himself a solitary wanderer and sinking into despair at the thought. A suitable remedy was provided and applied in time. Simple the cure is, and yet how effectual! When he came to the Forum, certain brethren came to meet him. As soon as they came in sight, the apostle's despondency fled, and darkness before the dawn. Let us learn not only where our strength is, but also how our hope and courage come. If we are alone, or think we are alone—which, as to its effect on the spirit, is the same thing,—although we possess Elijah's massive strength of character, we shall certainly fail and fail; we shall have neither a hand to thank God, nor a hand to help the world.

2. The emotions which the me

ered in the apostle's heart were  
altitude and Courage. Omitting the  
not as being unimportant, but as  
being easily understood, we request  
attention for a moment to the second.  
Ask well what this true, bold man  
did at Appii Forum: it was not Com-  
fort, but Courage. He was made glad,  
not by an expectation that he should  
effortlessly have no battle to fight, but  
by an expectation that he would be  
able to fight and win the battle.

The distinction between these two  
states of mind is practically important.  
In some respects they are like each  
other, and therefore there is greater  
risk of taking the spurious for the  
genuine. The element of cheerfulness  
is common to both. The one is sel-  
domly cheerful in the prospect of ig-  
norant ease: the other is patriotically  
cheerful in the prospect of successful  
war. Comfort does not look forward  
at all, but makes a soft nest for  
itself on the spot, and lies down there  
to sleep. Despondency looks forward,  
and sees a lion in the path, and lies  
down to weep because it cannot over-  
come the foe. Courage looks forward,  
and sees the lion too, but believes him  
conquerable, and joyfully girds himself  
for the combat. This last is the true  
Christian spirit; the other two are  
different species of counterfeits. Com-  
fort seeks ease by declining the com-  
bat: Courage expects advancement

through victory. This (called Virtue)  
is precisely the quality which Peter  
exhorts the good soldiers of Jesus  
Christ to add to their faith. In an-  
cient times, and in human affairs  
it ranked highest, and was understood  
to include within itself all the circle  
of virtues; in the kingdom of God  
also it is set in a high place, and valu-  
ed at a great price.

The Christian course is in Scripture  
compared both to a warfare and a  
merchandise. In human affairs both  
soldiers and merchants fondly cherish  
the hope of *retiring*. In the toils of  
war and of traffic, the prospect of re-  
tiring becomes a dim pole-star, shining  
through the night, and partially cheer-  
ing the voyagers. But it seldom be-  
comes more solid than a shadow. The  
pursuer, after a hard chase, at last  
puts forth his hand to grasp the prize,  
and lo, it is nothing. Some of the  
saddest chapters of human history  
might be written on this subject. Men  
have supported themselves in a life-  
long toil by the hope of a rich and  
honourable retreat; and the retreat,  
when they reached it, tormented them  
awhile, and then killed them outright.  
From the Christian's warfare there is  
no release. He must die in harness.  
The happiest condition possible in  
this life is a condition of benevolent  
effort; and time's labour must con-  
tinue until it break into Eternal Rest.

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## Varieties.

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**HISTORY OF CROWNS.**—Crowns were  
originally sacred only to the gods.  
At first, there was the little band of  
golden or silver gods; then two strings, or  
beads; then leaves and branches and  
flowers; and finally the conventional  
crown or circlet, much as we have it  
to the present day. But soon the  
emblem of the divinities were trans-  
ferred to men, and victors and states-  
men and lawgivers and kings and  
heroes of all sorts, even to a well-de-  
veloped athlete, were duly crowned,  
until at last the proudest of the rulers  
adopted the rayed or spiked crown,

which was the last form held peculiar  
to the gods. This was in those days  
of degeneracy when kings, pretending  
to be gods, forgot to be men. With  
the Jews the original crown was point-  
ed, like horns—horns being the em-  
blems of power and prowess with them;  
and the first mention made of a crown  
in the Bible is when the Amalekites  
bring Saul's crown to David. Accord-  
ing to the rabbinical tradition, Nimrod  
—Kenez, the hunter-king—was the  
first to imagine a crown, and the first  
to be crowned. One day, as he was  
abroad hunting, he looked up to the

sky and saw the figure of a crown in the heavens. He called to a craftsman and bade him copy the pattern—the crown remaining long enough to enable him to do so—and ever afterward he wore that crown in obedience to the will of Heaven, and no one could look upon it without blindness. Pope Gregory the VII used to say, sneeringly, in allusion to this story, that the priesthood came direct from God, but imperial power crowned from Nimrod. The "mitre" of the church is only the old Jewish horn-crown, in its turn copied from the Egyptian; while the Pope's tiara is the same mitre triply crowned, to mark him high priest, judge and supreme legislator of the Christian world. So was the king of old time over a two fold personage—high priest and chief magistrate in one; and it has been an endless struggle hitherto to simplify his pretensions. This, too, is one of the many creaking legacies left us by the Jews.

THE "JUNIUS" WOODFALLS.—A passing mention, says the *Athenæum*, must be made of the death of one who, though not directly, was incidentally connected with literature—of Miss Woodfall, the daughter of Henry Sampson Woodfall, the first publisher of Junius's Letters. She was of great age—ninety-four—born, therefore before Junius had made his first appearance, and long before the United States of America had existence. As she resided with her father until his death in 1805, she may be considered as the last direct authority on the subject of those letters. Though not unwilling to converse about Junius, and a good test of an anecdote, she really knew but little, and, as we believe, for the best of all reasons, that her father knew but little that was not known to all. She resided for many years in Dean's-yard, Westminster; where she was universally respected; and the Dean and Chapter have, we hear, kindly acceded to her known wish to be buried in the cloisters, and Dean Trench has volunteered to read the funeral service. What a link in tradition is thus lost! The Woodfalls have been, more or less, connected with literature and literary men for two centuries; before the days of Pope certainly, who gave half-a-crown to Henry Sampson, when a child, for reading a page of Homer.

ARABIC ACCOUNT OF THE "Trent" AFFAIR.—An Arabic paper published at Beyrout, entitled the *Garden of News* gives the following account of the Trent affair which is rather quaint.—"And there was an English ship, bearing two men in authority of America the South, coming to England; and it ran against one of the ships of America the North, on the look-out on the coast; and the ship of the North demanded that the English ship should give up the two men in authority of the South, *volens volens*; and the ship of the North sent forth its fires on the English ship, and took the men in authority, and plundered the ship; and at this news fell the funds in London."

AGES OF THE NOBILITY.—We find from *Who's Who* in 1862 that the oldest Duke is the Duke of Cleveland whose age is 73, the youngest is the Duke of Norfolk, aged 14; the oldest Marquis is the Marquis of Lansdowne 81, the youngest the Marquis of Ely 12; the oldest Earl is the Earl of Charlemont, 86, the youngest the Earl of Charleville, 9; the oldest Viscount is Viscount Combermere, 83, the youngest Viscount Downe 17; the oldest Baron is Lord Sinclair, 93, the youngest Lord Rossmore, 10; the oldest Archbishop is the Archbishop of Armagh, 83, the youngest the Archbishop of York, 67; the oldest Bishop is the Bishop of Exeter, 84, the youngest the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, 41; the oldest Colonial Bishop is the Bishop of Toronto, 82, the youngest the Bishop of Madras, 41; the oldest Privy Councillor is Lord Lyndhurst, the youngest Earl Spencer, 26; the oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir Charles M. Burrell (the member for Shoreham), 87, the youngest Mr. R. A. Vyner (the member for Ripon), 22; the oldest Judge in England is Dr. Lushington, 79, the youngest Mr. Baron Wilde, 45; the oldest judge in Ireland is Chief Justice Fitzroy, 85, the youngest Mr. Justice Keogh, 44; the oldest judge in Scotland is Lord Wood, 71, the youngest the Lord Justice Clerk, 51; the oldest baronet is Sir Tatton Sykes, 89, the youngest Sir Grenville L. J. Temple 3; the oldest knight is General James Caldwell, G. C. B., 91, the youngest Sir Charles T. Bright, 29.

\* The Bishop of Ontario, Canada was younger.

THE PATENT ASTRONOMER.—Caroline Herschel, sister, and for a long time assistant, of the celebrated astronomer, Sir William Herschel, was born at Hanover on the 16th of March, 1750. She is herself distinguished for her astronomical researches, and particularly for the construction of a selenographical globe, giving in relief the surface of the moon. But it was her brother, Sir William Herschel, that the activity of her mind was awakened. From the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits, her assistance on both his daily labours and nightly watches was put in requisition; and found so useful, that on a removal to Datchet, and subsequently to Slough—he being then occupied with his reviews of the heavens and other researches—she performed the whole of the arduous and important duties of his astronomical assistant, not only reading the clocks, and noting down all the observations from dictation as an amanuensis, but subsequently executing the whole of the extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render them available to science, as well as the multitudes of others relative to the various theoretical and experimental inquiry which, during his long and active career, he at any time engaged. For the performance of these duties, His Majesty, King George III, was pleased to place her in the receipt of a salary sufficient for her singularly moderate habits and retired habits. Arduous, however, as these occupations must necessarily be, especially when it is considered that her brother's observations were always carried on (circumstances permitting) till daybreak, without regard to season, and indeed chiefly in the winter, they proved insufficient to exhaust her activity. In their intervals she found time both for actual astronomical observations of her own, and for the execution of more than one of the extent and utility. The observations here alluded to were made by a small Newtonian sweeper, constructed for her by her brother, with which, whenever his occasional absence, or any interruption to the regular course of his observations permitted, she searched the heavens for comets, and that so effectively as on more than eight several occasions to be rewarded by their discovery.—*Anna of Worth.*

A NEW BRITISH COLONY.—Many of our readers are probably unaware that a new colony has lately been added to the Queen's dominions. The island of Lagos, in the Bight of Benin, was formally ceded to the British Crown some months ago. It appears from the papers which have been published on the subject that this acquisition was made with reluctance by the Foreign Minister; and we are not surprised at this, considering the nature of the climate on the African coast, and the expense which we have already incurred in establishing and maintaining our various settlements in that quarter. There must therefore have been strong reasons to induce Earl Russell to extend our dominions in that portion of the globe. But circumstances, not theories, must be the guide of those who have the conduct of public affairs. The acquisition of Lagos is but the consequence of the policy which this country has long adopted with the view of suppressing on the one hand the traffic in slaves, and of encouraging on the other the growth of legitimate commerce. Our new colony is an island insignificant in point of size, but important both in a commercial and a political point of view. It is the port of Abbeokuta and the surrounding district, where cultivation and commerce are both steadily extending, and it is also in the immediate vicinity of the territory of the King of Dahomey, who is at the present time the most powerful patron of the slave trade. The importance of Lagos, therefore, is sufficiently obvious. Ten years ago it was the favourite haunt of the slave dealers in the Bight of Benin, and but for the efforts of this country it would doubtless have remained so till this day. Its annual exports now exceed in value a quarter of a million sterling, with the prospect of an indefinite increase. We may add, that before Earl Russell gave his consent to the occupation of the island, he had been for some time urged to accede to this step by the British residents there. The objects he had in view in at length acceding to it, we have already stated. The King of Lagos was at first exceedingly unwilling to renounce his sovereignty, although an ample equivalent was offered to him in the shape of a pension, together with the reservation of various of his royal rights. Nay, more, he afterwards represented in a



petition which he transmitted to the Queen, and which is a literary curiosity in its way, that he had been compelled to sign by force the treaty by which he ceded for ever his kingdom to Great Britain. He says that the Commander of the Prometheus and the acting Consul, with a number of marines landed for the occasion, and frightened him into submission. "The commander," he says, "imposes on me to sign a treaty, and if I do not he is ready to fire on the island of Lagos, and to destroy it in the twinkling of an eye." We need hardly say that this statement was wholly untrue, and that Docemo not only signed the treaty of his own accord, but dined and spent a merry evening on board the Prometheus afterwards. An additional article has been added to the treaty by which Docemo is to receive an annual pension of upwards of £1,000 a-year. Considering that but for British interference he might now have been as a slave on a Cuban plantation, the King of Lagos does not seem to have made a bad bargain. As this pension will be paid out of the revenues of the island, no imperial charge will be incurred upon that account. The concession of the right of search by the United States will, no doubt, give additional importance to the occupation of Lagos.—*Morning Post.*

**SUITING THE ACTION TO THE WORD**—The old proverb that "many a true word is spoken in jest," was forcibly illustrated, as follows:—A Free Church minister in Glasgow gave out as the morning lesson the fourth section of the nineteenth Psalm, and while the congregation were looking out the "portion" in the Bible, he took out his mull, and seizing a hasty pinch with finger and thumb, regaled his nose with snuff; he then began the lesson, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust." The fitter that ran around the church, and the confusion of the poor man, showed that the congregation and he felt the Psalmist's "pinch."

An exchange, recording the fall of a person into the river, says, "It is a wonder he escaped with his life." Prentice says, "Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it."

**A NEW AND FATAL DISEASE.**—The report sent to the French Academie de Medecine, relating to the alarming spread in Europe of diseases which hitherto been supposed to belong to the negro race alone, has given rise to many curious discussions:—"The disease, which, being new to our doctors, of course requires a new name, has been christened hypnosia, and offers the extraordinary aspect of somnolence carried to the extent of interruption of life for hours, and sometimes for days together. The attack appears to be sudden, and without any previous symptom by which they can be averted, the first appearance indicating a victim to the disease being dropping of the eyelids, which require the aid of the finger to raise them. This is followed by slight salivation, and, as if this last symptom had exhausted the patient, he sinks shortly afterwards into a deep slumber, lasting but a few hours in the first attack, but gradually increasing in length until they increase to a space of two or three days. The patient is seized with the fit suddenly, in the midst of his avocations, dropping his head on one side, and losing all consciousness sometimes in the midst of a sentence. From this slumber no earthly power can rouse him, and when it is over, he awakens suddenly and resumes his conversation or the business on which he was engaged at the moment of his seizure, sometimes ludicrously enough finishing the sentence already commenced, and completing the gesture by which it was accompanied. The subject of this report has been, as you may imagine, the theme of wit and sarcasm *ad infinitum*, and the remedies suggested have been in some cases the most humorous kind."

During the stormy days of 1848, the stalwart mobocrats entered the hall of the late Baron A. Rothschild, Frankfort. "You have millions of millions," said they to him, "and have nothing; you must divide with us." Very well; what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth? "About forty millions of florins." "Forty millions, you think, eh? No, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here's yours."