


THE CEYLON FRIEND.

DECEMBER, 1879.

AN ENGLISH BISHOP'S PASTORAL.

 O T H I N G has given us more pleasure for a long time than the reading of the Pastoral letter of Bishop Thorold, addressed to his "Brethren of the clergy and laity in the Diocese of Rochester," in 1878. Bishop Thorold commences:—

"Summoned last year to fill the chair of Gundulph and Ridley. I have constantly found myself falling back on the Baptist's words:—"A man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven." But with the Providence of God, goes His Righteousness, and with His Righteousness, His Power. Sure I am, that whatever I need He is willing to give me. Would that I were as sure of my readiness to go to Him for it."

Then, after a chapter on the work of his first year in the Diocese, and another on "Work in Front," with an account of Diocesan arrangements, Bishop Thorold devotes the latter half of the letter to an eloquent and powerful handling of what he names "The present Distress," and "Our Duty" in regard to it. On the former he writes:—

"Few will deny that ours are anxious times, and there is no advantage in flippantly bidding men not be scared, when we ought to feel alarm about the issue of questions which go down to the roots of all that touches our duty and our unseen future. One thing, however, is consoling in it all; the fact that Religion is still recognised as something worth contending

about. Let poets simper as they will, Christ can hardly be said to be mouldering in His grave, when His claims are more vehemently discussed, His character more closely analyzed, His life more critically studied, His person more ardently loved, than at any time since He disappeared from among men.

“First among the features of our present distress I put unbelief, because it is the first and the greatest. Indisputably, unbelief is a wide expression, since it begins where a subtle Arianism almost imperceptibly parts company from the orthodox formula, and ends by a black abyss where modern thinkers blandly inform us that modern research gives no glimpse of a Personal God, and where the human spirit, with all its ineffable hopes, undeveloped powers, and exquisite forces of joy and sorrow, faith and hope, is austere told that its short life, so full of tragic interest, will be but as the brief sob of a wave as it rises and falls on the shore. The outcome is, that conscience becomes a lie, creation a misfortune, existence a bubble, reason an enigma, and death—the supreme end. No doubt the more prudent of our sceptics do not exactly say that God cannot be; simply that He is unknowable and undiscoverable. But practically it comes to the same thing; and since God is the Keystone of a revealed Religion, if He falls, the Religion falls with Him, Now in the presence of this unbelief there are three things for us Christians to do :—

“First let us be careful how we blame Physical Science for it, or suffer ourselves to use language that might be interpreted into a weak fear that God can ever deny Himself. As Principal Tulloch has observed:—“There is no question of thought, of reasoning, or of scholarship, which, when fairly raised, Christian Protestantism is not bound fairly to meet.” The Church fears nothing but ignorance, and impatience, and a false dogmatism. Undoubtedly Science has no scalpel wherewith to detect immortality; no telescope that can reach beyond the stars to where an Incarnate God is visibly adored by saints and angels. Yet it does tell us of an order and a progress, and a harmony, which no hypothesis suits so well as the first sentence of the Apostles’ creed.

“Next let us be thankful for the many learned and doughty champions of the faith the Church possesses now; men who can meet her enemies on their own ground, and grapple with them over every foot of the controversy.

“Also let us, who are the humble workers in the Church,

steadily work on. If you want a calm and strong faith in God, go to those whose blessed duty it is to preach the Gospel to the poor, to take the message of *Christus Consolator* to the young, the sick, the sorrowful, the dying. They will tell you that Christ is still sought, welcomed, and worshipped by countless human souls, of whom society is ignorant, and the world unworthy."

Apparently at the opposite pole of thought to Scepticism is Ritualism, though we are persuaded that, according to the diagnosis of a true philosophy, the two evils are nearly related. They are simply different manifestations of the same deep spiritual unrest,—the hot and cold fits of the same distressing fever. Concerning Ritualism Bishop Thorold says:—

"Be quiet, and firm, and wise. If you do not wish to encourage illegal ritual, be careful how you yourselves encourage it by constantly going to see what it is like. If you fear harm to your families from going there, use authority to prevent it, at least with those of tender years. And wait. No kind of good can be done by hysterical alarm, or hasty violence, or bitter invective. It is the quiet and watchful strength that lasts and tells."

We have only space for one more extract which in its terseness, plainness, and strong common sense, forcibly reminds us of some of John Wesley's utterances to his "helpers":—

"To my brethren, the younger clergy, I feel bound, both by duty and affection, to say a special word of counsel, and if it is one of excessive frankness, it is because my interest in them is so deep and so true. Three chief gifts the younger clergy of our time should continually seek from God. They are diligence, and patience, and humility. Be on your guard against the numberless and plausible distractions that will dissipate your energies for solid duty, rob you of the time which God wants at your hands for your spiritual work, cheat you without your knowing it of the margins of leisure to be devoted to prayer and Scripture, and ultimately strand you for life as desultory and useless men. Be methodical. Let no one waste your time for you, and do not waste it for yourselves. Be careful of details. Form the habit of doing everything as well as you can do it; and try never to be beaten. Make the best of mortifications, and see what they mean for you. Count the day lost in which no solid addition has been made either to your stock of knowledge or your sum of duty.

Failures are not always so thorough as we think them to be. Sometimes when we think we have succeeded we are alone in thinking so. Throw your strength into your humble duties, and those nearest you; the others will take care of themselves. Be diligent students of the Word of God. Think, listen, read, compare, weigh, and sometimes be content—not to understand. I named humility, for, indeed, it seems to me grievously lacking in these latter days of sturdy partisanship. It was the first beatitude; and it is the supreme perfection. Is it too caustic, is it even unjust to say that a predominant feature in some of the very young clergy of our time is a superb self-conceit? True, if it is nothing worse, it may soon mend. Years, experience, the widening horizon of knowledge, intercourse with other minds, enlarged responsibility and sometimes a little wholesome neglect, all concur to cure a disease which your fathers suffered from before you were born, and, which you will see and endure in your children. Still, make the best of as we may, it grieves Christ; it disturbs the peace of the Church; it interrupts useful work; it must blunt the sensibilities of conscience. Young brethren in Christ, we cannot do without you, and in many things you are not only a help but a blessing to us. Generosity, sacrifice, courage, ardent hopefulness, these are yours; yours for the Church of God. Keep them, and make the most of them before the heats of noon are on."

We need not commend thoughts so Christian, so noble, so manly, so true, to those who "love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," even though they may not admire the "order of the dear English Church," as enthusiastically and tenderly as Dr. Thorold does. Nevertheless we thank God that there are such Chief Shepherds over the Anglican Flock as he. Oh that all were likeminded! Gladly then would we echo the Bishop's words concerning the Church which he so warmly loves, honours, and serves:—"Let us believe in her grand future. Let us see, her the mother of yet many Churches all down the coming time, who shall rise up to call her blessed."

A. L. L. A. L.



PERRAN COOMBE.


A TALE OF THE METHODISTS OF CORNWALL.

BY

A CORNISH LADY.

CHAP. XV. CHRISTMAS-WEEK.

(Continued from page 213.)

“ELL, that's a move!” exclaimed Ben, who had breathlessly watched the uncovering of the shaft-mouth, and Tom Teague's descent into it. “A shaft here, eh! What shall we do now, Capen?”

“Oh, let us go down, let us go down,” cried Fred. “Here are lots of candles with the tinder-box in this niche, see, and we can spoil their fun by putting out the lantern-light.”

“No, no, Fred,” said Capen John, “we'll go down the shaft, but we won't put out the light. We are not sure that it is used for a bad purpose, and, if it is, our putting it out might bring the little craft out there, upon the Chapel Rocks. She's just in a line with them, I should say.”

“So it might,” returned Fred. “I did not think of that. But do let us be quick!”

“Master Fred,” said Ben, “me an the Capen had best go first. We'm most used to shaft-work.”

“All right, go ahead,” replied Fred, and they began their cautious descent, having first made sure that the ladder would bear their united weight.

The shaft, as Ben remarked, looking about him with a critical eye, was a very old one, and the jagged rocky sides glistened wet in the candle-light, as they went down into its blackness, but when they reached the bottom, where several galleries or adits branched off, they found the water hardly ankle-deep.

"The water runs this way," said Capen John, pointing along one of the adits, "and the lie of the lode is this way too. It strikes me that we have got into one of the old Phoenician mines, and I shouldn't wonder, now, if this adit doesn't lead under the beach, right into the Old Men's Caves, on the other side. A fine place for smugglers, if they be smugglers."

"Why what a old buffle-head I be, not to hev thought of that afore!" exclaimed Ben. "There's no doubt you'm right, Capen. I mind hearin when I was a boy,—I spose I hant thought of it for forty years or more till this minit,—but I do mind hearin of a adit that runned away under the beach, from the mine that was worked over there in they days. Squire's father worked there you know, an made a lot of hes money in a good pitch one month. Nobody knowed so much about the mine as he ded; he must have knowed about this old adit and shaft, an told his son, that's my 'pinion. What's your's Capen?"

"I think may be you're right," said Capen John. "It seems the likeliest road for us to go, at any rate."

"Suppose we come upon them suddenly, what shall we do?" asked Fred.

"We must leave that to circumstances," replied his father.

"We'll go along as quiet as we can. Now follow me, and don't talk."

Holding their candles in their hands, miner-wise, to concentrate the light, they set off along the old gallery in silence, save for the splashing of their feet in the water, with now and then a stumble from Fred in places where the path rose or dipped suddenly.

Instead of twisting and turning in a tortuous maze as mining galleries often do, with other galleries branching off here and there, the adit which they followed was a single one, and led them nearly straight in one direction, the direction as Capen John and Ben Treloar did not fail to observe, which would

lead them underneath the beach toward the cliffs on the opposite side.

For what seemed to Fred to be two miles or more, but which was probably half-a-mile, their cautious but watchful and eager march was kept up without anything to prove that they were on Tom Teague's track, or, indeed, doing anything more than to explore an old, abandoned mine. Fred had begun to think the chase not quite such good fun as he had anticipated, when a low, "Hist!" and a pause from his father, who was foremost, roused his flagging excitement.

"What es it Capen?" whispered Ben, coming to a halt also.

"Round the corner, look!" whispered back Capen John, making way for Ben, and then for Fred to pass him and look ahead.

They had reached a slight curve in the gallery, and peering round it, they saw, but a few steps before them, Tom Teague with his back to them, stooping, leisurely tying his shoe-string.

"Whatever did it come undone now for, I wonder," he muttered. "It must mean somethin bad, 'twas tied up tight 'nough," and Tom's face seen in the light of his candle which was in a clay-socket, and stuck on the front of his hat, looked very anxious and frightened.

Shaking with laughter, Fred obeyed a sudden, irresistible impulse to frighten Tom still further, and not thinking for a moment of possible consequences, he gave a low, deep groan.

The effect on poor Tom was electrical. Springing upright with blanched face, and wild staring eyes, he gave one fearful glance round, saw a laughing face behind him, distorted in his imagination to the grinning mask of a fiend, then, with a yell of terror, he turned and fled along the gallery as for dear life.

"Fred, Fred; you shouldn't have done that," remonstrated Capen John, laughing in spite of himself, while Ben Treloar, the steady old class-leader, absolutely writhed in enjoyment of the joke.

"I couldn't help it father, indeed I couldn't. He'll think his shoe-string knew we were coming. Ha! ha! ha!" and Fred's laugh echoed along the gallery, reaching Tom's ears and adding a hundred-fold to his terror.

"He thought you was one of the Old Men, I'll be bound," gasped Ben, wiping his eyes. "Master Fred, you'll be the death of me."

"We must follow him at once," said Capen John, "He may think 'twas a ghost, but the others most likely will know better, and will be off at once, giving us our work for nothin. Now, come on quiet and quick."

Suiting the action to the word they were off again, the ground now sloping upward, and more eager were they than ever, on hearing, in the distance, vague sounds which bore no distinct meaning to Fred, but which Capen John's and Ben's practised ears knew to be men's voices. At first the sounds were ahead of them, but at last they seemed to Fred to surround him on every side, louder than at first, but equally vague.

Then Capen John stopped and turning to Ben, said. "They're above us, Ben, aren't they?"

"Iss, sure 'nough," replied Ben. "They'm just up there," pointing over-head.

"Then," said Capen John, "We must have got across the beach to the cliffs, I think, and if I'm right, we must be close to one of the cave-mouths; and they must be in a cave above."

"I think so, too, Capen," replied Ben. "Their voices wouldn't travel through the sand like this."

A few steps more showed that Capen John was right in supposing that they were near one of the cave-mouths. A streak of light gradually widened before them, and in a minute more they stood in one of the largest of the caves which opened upon the upper end of the beach.

The sudden gust of wind which met them extinguished their lights at once, but that they deemed of little consequence now that they knew where they were.

"I hear footsteps on the beach," exclaimed Fred, whose ear was quick enough for sounds above-ground.

"Look out my son," said Capen John who was resting on a fragment of stone.

Fred looked out; and, at what he saw, a low sound of horror burst from his lips.

"Father! Ben!" he uttered. "It is a funeral!"

A funeral procession in truth it was, coming slowly toward them, though too far off for much else to be distinguished in the cloudy moonlight.

"They 'm comin from they Chapel Rocks," whispered Ben. "The beach is dry to them this tide, though tesn't every night, as people say."

"I'm glad we're wrong about the smugglin, though," answered Capen John. "That hearse must be wanted for the body." They're comin this way. If they're comin in, we'd best stand back a little way in the adit. Who can it be?"

"Who can it be?" echoed Ben and Fred, gazing with fascinated eyes on the approaching procession, which they could now see numbered twelve men shrouded in black, long, priest-like robes, six of them bearing on their shoulders a long, full-sized coffin, and the other six following, two by two, slowly, and with bent heads.

The whole scene on that wild, stormy night was wierd and unearthly, and though Fred would stoutly have denied undue belief in the supernatural, he did feel his nerves less firm than usual, as there flashed across his mind certain stories that Jenefer had told him when he was a little boy, of how the dead rose at mid-night, and did their ghostly business with haste while the beach was dry to the Chapel Rocks, making it possible for them to leave and return to their graves, which at other times were covered by the waters.

Ben too was not proof against ghostly dread, for he muttered. "The road presarve us 'gainst all power of evil."

"Where can Tom Teague have got!" wondered Capen John. "He would die in the place, if he saw this. Come back into the adit. They are coming in here."

Hardly were they safe-sheltered in the dark adit than the light from the cave-mouth was shadowed by the black-robed figures bearing upon their shoulders the awful burden of death. Stooping, they entered the cave, followed by the others, two by two, and in silence, which seemed to Fred to make his heart-throbs audible, the coffin was placed upon the ground. It *was* a coffin; they plainly saw it by the moon-light, full-sized, black in colour, with shining plate, and handles that rattled against the sides as they let it down.

“Ha! ha! ha!” “Ho! ho! ho!” The coarse laughter rang through the cave and echoed along the gallery, startling the unseen watchers almost into betrayal of their presence. “Ha! ha! ha!” Ho! ho! ho!”

“Done again, my boys, and nobody the wiser,” said one of the laughers. “Dead men tell no tales,” and he slapped the coffin-top, and laughed again.

“They’re all too busy keeping Christmas to look out for us. What gabies they coast-guard people be!” sneered another. “But where’s that watcher I wonder. He ought to be here by this time.”

“They’ll all be here right enough,” answered the first voice. “Let alone carrion-crows for scenting out a dead body. I hear ’em up aloft now. They’m coming.”

The vague sounds above became more loud as he spoke, so that even Fred could distinguish voices, and presently a knocking was heard against the back of the cave.

“There they be,” said the former speaker. “Let ’em out,”

Four or five of the men flinging off their black cloaks, went back into the cave, beyond the range of vision from the adit, and seemed from the sounds they made to be lifting some heavy weight. A few minutes sufficed for the work whatever it was, and then greetings were exchanged between the men, and others whose voices were familiar enough, undoubtedly being the Squire’s, Pen’s, and Jerry Dingle’s, and the candles they brought with them set all possible doubt at rest by showing their faces.

"Where's Tom Teague?" demanded the Squire, coming forward puffing and seating himself upon the coffin, which he seemed in no wise startled or surprised to see.

"Han't zeed en," responded one of the men. "There was nobody yer, when us comed, was ther, mates?" "No," they said.

"Well that's queer," said the Squire with an oath. "He set the light all right, and ought to have been here a long time ago. There we were, shut up there, and didn't know if you were coming, or anything. He shall suffer for this."

"He's been shifting off for some time," broke in Pen, "ever since his wife turned Methodist. I shouldn't wonder if he's cleared out altogether."

"I don't believe no such mean things of Tom," said Jerry. "He's all right somewhere. I'll holloa along the adit for en, an then we'll bury the dead."

"Ha! ha! ha!" "Ho! ho! ho!" roared the men, and Jerry advanced to the mouth of the adit, holding his lighted candle in his hand.

"Back," whispered Capen John, but it was too late. The light flashed upon their faces, in and, a moment Jerry saw them; not clearly enough for recognition, but either too clearly to be mistaken for ghosts, or Jerry's mind did not run in that direction, for with a yell he sprang back in to the cave shouting, "Spies!" "spies!" "Run, boys, run!"

In a moment, all the lights were out; for another moment or two there was a great scuffling, swearing and stumbling, some men rushing out of the cave, and others toward its inner part, disappearing as the Squire with Pen and Jerry had come; then, in almost as little time as it takes to write it, the whole place was silent, and empty of life.

Fred was too thoroughly imbued with the spirit of mystery which this mid-night adventure had raised, to feel inclined to laugh at the stampede as he had done at Tom Teague's flight. A cold shudder ran through him as he glanced at the coffin lying there, deserted by its bearers. Who knew what its contents might be!

Ben apparently thought he did, for he gave it a contemptuous touch with his foot as he came out into the cave, and laughingly said : “ A good dodge, eh Capen ? ”

“ Do you think it is *only* smuggling Ben ? ” whispered Fred. “ Think ! answered Ben I dont *think* about it at all, I am *sure* of it. There’s no corpse in there. Spirit praps, but no body,” and uncle Ben chuckled over his joke.

“ Let us see where those fellows went,” said Capen John, leading the way to the farther end of the cave.

There lay a large mass of rock displaced, which had evidently been used to conceal an opening similar to, but smaller than, the one by which they had entered the cave. By their candles which they again lighted, they saw that the passage sloped upward.

“ Father,” exclaimed Fred, with sudden conviction, “ this is the place that the Squire came from, that Sunday night when I saw him come up the cliff ! There must be a way up. Do let us try it ! ”

Capen John shook his head. “ I think you are perhaps right about the way, my son,” he said, “ but we shant do any good by going up there now after ’em. They’re frightened as it is, and now that we know who some of them are, may be we can persuade ’em to give it up rather than be exposed. Of course this,” pointing to the coffin, “ must go to the coast-guard, but if that can be managed, and the whole trade stopped without the disgrace falling ’pon the innocent beings belongin to em, it shall be done, eh Ben ? ”

“ They deserve to be punished,” said Ben dubiously, “ an shant we be layin ourselves out for blame, like, if we don’t get em punished ? ”

“ I don’t think so ; not if we stop it, and I’ll speak to Squire about it to-morrow, God willin, and do my best. If he wont hear me, nor promise that it shall be stopped, then we’ll think of the law, but I don’t feel called upon to punish em first. I don’t fancy our Master would do it, Ben.”

“ No ; no, Capen. I bleve you’m ’bout right, so we may

as well go along home. You'm right too not to go up there after em. There's no tellin how many adits there be up there. We might try a score, and not the right one. They wont come down after their dead man to-night, I reckon. He'll be safe enough if he's left here. How dark tis got, an rainin too," he added, as they reached the mouth of the cave. "Oh my dear life! What's that!"

A terrible cry sounded through all the howling of the wind and roaring of the waves,—an awful human cry,—from above them on the cliffs, then, before they scarce had sprung outside, something dark came falling, falling, striking against the sharp crags, and rebounding from them, then sheer down the perpendicular cliff-face till it lay, all in a moment as it seemed, a huddled mass almost at their feet.

"It's one of them!" uttered Capen John. "God grant 't isn't Squire, for *her* sake!"

But it was! It was! They ran to him, and spoke to him, but he gave no answer. They put forth gentle hands, and lifted him, but he slipped inert, without a groan, from their grasp, and they laid him down on the sand again.

"He's gone. I'm afraid. May the Lord have mercy 'pon his soul."

"Let us take him into the cave," said Capen John. "They'll come down there to see after him."

And heavily, between them, they carried him in,—as dead, into the presence of that black mockery of death which stood there.

Gathering the mock-mourners' cloaks together with their feet, they laid him on them, and lighted candles that they might see if life were indeed gone.

Oh it was a piteous sight, that bruised and broken body. It sent a sick shudder through the healthy blood of those who looked upon it, and Capen John and Ben Treloar, too sadly familiar with such dread sights in the mines, shook their heads at each other after the first glance.

"No hope," they whispered, "even if he is still alive;" but all the same, they searched the cave for brandy, and finding

it in a bottle, left by one of the men in his flight, they poured a little between the clenched teeth.

Intent upon this, they hardly noticed that hurrying feet were scrambling down the adit they had expected them to come from. Jerry Dingle came first, then Pen, his face white and dread-stricken.

No others, for the strangers had made for their boat on the alarm of "spies."

"Is he dead?" they breathed, forgetting everything but that.

"Not quite, I think," answered Capen John, holding the poor head on his arm, and looking up pitifully into Pen's working face. "I thought just now he was, but there is a little flutter now I feel. Give him a little more brandy."

They gave it, and presently a shiver passed over him, then another, and he opened his eyes, and tried to speak, but no voice came.

"Don't try to speak," said Capen John to him. "Get a little strength first."

Then, as the eyes closed, and seemed to sink back into the grey face, he shook his head sadly again.

Presently, as they watched, an expression of horror struggled into all the wan features, the sunken eyes flew wide-open, and the voice found utterance in the shriek of agony, "I cant die! I wont die! Oh!" and he looked up with an anguished gaze into Capen John's face, "*must* I die?"

Soothing him, as a mother might soothe her frightened little one, with gentlest words, Capen John told him, of that Love which, for us, conquered Death and Sin and besought him to look unto Jesus, and rest his guilty trembling soul upon Him, who would not cast him out. And as he spoke, there was sobbing around him, among the strong men, but the sick man uttered no sound. He drank in every word, looking at Capen John as if he would read his very soul for the truth of them, and listened as though life were in every syllable.

And who shall say that Life did not come to him with them, even though his strained eyes grew filmy and more fixed, and his face grew greyer, and greyer to death, as he listened; for, at last, when the end was close at hand, the look of terror passed away, giving place to one of beseeching anxiety, and groaning heavily, he panted out his last breath in prayer,—“Jesus save—me.”



THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

COMPARED WITH

THE TEACHING OF REVELATION.

BY THE REV. J. O. RHODES.

FIRST PAPER.

I. W H A T is the theory of Evolution? Evolution is the hypothesis which accounts for the method of creation by the doctrine of progressive development. It is asserted that a serial arrangement of organic forms exists in nature; and that these can be traced back to a common origin in elemental matter,—whether the matter be of different kinds, or, as is now affirmed, of but one kind, at present subsisting in the condition of hydrogen gas.

It is argued that this serial arrangement indicates that the manner in which creative power has acted has been a developmental one; in other words that the whole fabric of the universe has been built up, from the lower to the higher, by ever advancing steps, the higher steps growing, or being evolved, out of the lower.

II. In proof of this serial arrangement, Professor Huxley, refers to the evidence of Geology. From the fossil remains we learn indubitably that the animals and plants, now extant,

* Notes of Lessons given to the senior boys of *Wesley College*.

have only existed, in the precise form in which we at present find them, for a relatively small period. As we dig lower and lower through the rocks, we discover, in each formation, diverse orders of life. If we continue to push our way deep enough down we shall come to stratifications in which all trace of life is absent, and we shall notice even here, where we have to do only with inorganic substances, that there are modifications on a vast and descending scale. Scientists also point to Comparative Anatomy, which, they say, shows that the structure of animals constitutes a magnificent staircase, rising ever upwards in provision for intelligence and activity; from the earthworm to the lobster; from the lobster to the mollusk; from the fishes to the birds; from the birds to the mammals; the whole terminating in man, to whose internal structure the higher animals possess, in general, a more close resemblance than the lower. Thus it is claimed that there is absolute proof of a serial arrangement, running right through Nature.

The universe has not been from eternity what it is. The necessity of a beginning to the world is established on the basis of observed facts. The time was when not a pulse stirred the universe from its centre to its verge; when not a star shot its light across the firmament; when not a breath broke the silence of the vast emptiness.

Here, at least, Scripture and Science are at one in their teaching. The heavens and the earth began to be "in the beginning," though that beginning is in the indefinite, and, by us, unmeasured past. "If any philosophical speculator ever truly held that there has been an endless succession of phenomena, Science has now completely negatived the idea by showing us the beginning of all things that we know in the present universe, and by establishing the strongest probabilities that even its ultimate atoms could not have been eternal."* But, as yet, "The earth was without form and void," "unshaped and empty." All was universal sameness, and

* See "*The Origin of the World*," by J. W. Dawson, L. L. D.
F. R. S. F. G. S.

infinite incapacity. Then the dry land gradually emerged from the fluid and vaporous deep, and was clothed with vegetation, the lower tribes of plants preparing the way for the higher. Next followed animal life, at first only in its most inferior types, but ascending, as the world gets older, from the simpler to the more complex, from the more generalized to the more specialized. Here, again, the Divine narrative and the Divine handiwork bear witness to the same effect.

Genesis i. 12. "The earth brought forth *grass*," (the word indicating those plants, mostly small and herbaceous, which bear no proper seed, such as fungi, mosses, lichens, and ferns); then "*the herb yielding seed*;" then "*the fruit tree yielding fruit*."

Genesis i. 20. 23. The waters teemed with innumerable prolific creatures, or, literally, "swarmed with swarms of breathing things;"—the etymology of the latter expression, and the remainder of this passage, taken together with the use of the phrase in the nomenclature of the ceremonial law, proving, beyond doubt, that these "prolific creatures," were *the invertebrate animals*, and in addition *the fishes*, and *the great "reptiles, with spawn abundant."* These were followed by *the birds*.

Genesis i. 24. 25. Next were introduced the mammals, *the herbivora* appearing first, and *the carnivora* last. *Terrestrial reptiles* belong also to the same age.

Genesis i. 26. Lastly, "God said, Let us make *Man* in our image after our likeness."

Thus the holy writings no less clearly than man's researches tell us that, except as viewed by Him with whom "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day," creation, so far from being "one act at once the birth of light," has ever progressed towards perfection by successive advances, in grand rhythmic order, and through unmeasured periods of time. *A serial relationship* is, we must admit, irresistibly established.

III. But many Scientific men go further. They claim for the creative method, not only a serial relationship, but an

evolutional development. The hypothesis is that all that this material universe is, was once wrapped up in one mighty germ or at most in a few primordial atoms, and that, through innumerable ages, the wonderful and complicated plan of Nature has been slowly educed or educating itself from the potentialities of that germ or those germs. We have an every-day illustration of "the potentialities of a germ," on a small, though marvellous scale, in every seed which a man casts into the ground; it "springs and grows he knoweth not now." We can trace the process but we cannot explain the mystery. To quote from the Rev. E. White:—"This grain, when buried, throws out two fibres, one toward the earth, one toward heaven:—one for the root, one for the stalk and ear. It turns itself round, so that the root shall go downward and the stalk shall rise upward to the sun, and then it gathers substance from the earth and air—and, as we say, "grows"—rises with increasing size and strength, according to a fixed pattern; the future ear enfolded delicately in a sheath until the time for its full expansion is come, when it is unfurled and ripened in the summer sun; this ear containing twenty, thirty, forty little packages of flour, each securely encased in a waterproof envelope, each capable of bearing fruit again, and the whole number arranged in a structure, which for beauty or for purposes of shelter or of carriage could not be surpassed."

Here there are, at least, *three* great and wondrous miracles. Particles are first *gathered*, from the air, from the water, and from the earth. Then they are *changed*, under the stimulus of the sunbeams, and the warmth of the earth's bed, into the substance of a wheat-stalk, with its straw, and chaff, and flour. But most surprising of all, these new particles of matter, gathered from all around, *travel into their proper places*, so as to form the right shape of the root, of the leaf, of the stalk, of the ear, of the husk, of the flour-holder, or of the flour itself. As we look at that little, dry, seemingly insignificant thing, which must be buried out of sight, before it can become of much use, from which only experience would lead

us to expect anything at all to spring :—and as we remember how it will awake, in its lowly grave, and arise to adorn and enrich this exquisitely lovely and glorious world ; surely we must feel that we have turned aside to see a great sight, and be dull indeed if we do not better realise how incomprehensible and inconceivable may be the possibilities hidden away in one single germ.

IV. The hypothesis named in our last paragraph may be said to be held by Evolutionists in general, but, beyond the common statement of this very wide principle, they do not march much further in step.

The theories adopted by Evolutionists are legion, and hardly two of them entirely agree. Often it is difficult to grasp the idea which our Scientific pundit, for the time being, so unhesitatingly enounces. We recall the Dutchman's difficulties with our mother tongue, whose sad experiences were summed up for him in the lines :—

“ My head, my head, what language this,
I cannot English spoken,
For just so sure I say it right,
Why then I get mistaken.”

So when we try to pronounce certain professedly Scientific Shibboleths, they refuse to sound like sense ; and by the time we begin to be familiar with the tones, our teachers have invented a new fashion, and tell us that it is now proper to say Sibboleth, without the aspirate. Such theories, as we have in mind, are often so absurd and contradictory that it is best to treat them like the old woman, in Southey's ballad, did certain troublesome young Crocodiles at Crocodilople :—

“ She thrust the head of one into the throat of another,
And made each Prince Crocodile choke his brother.”

When the “ meteoric theory,” was being discussed we are told, in Dr. Norman Macleod's Memoirs, that a friend of Dr. Macleod's contended, in a note to a local journal, that the difficulty of the origin of life was not only removed a stage back, (as the critics asserted,) but removed out of the world

altogether, to bother the Association for the Promotion of Science in one of the other planets. Tickled by the suggestion, Dr. Macleod at once dictated a P. S :—" Perhaps the men of Science would do well, in accordance with these latest results, to rewrite the first chapter of Genesis in this way :—

" 1. The earth was without form and void. 2. A meteor fell upon the earth. 3. The result was fish, flesh, and fowl. 4. From these proceeded the British Association. 5. And the British Association pronounced it all tolerably good."

V. The Editor of an Indian newspaper, the *Dnayanodaya*, declined to answer a correspondent who asked, How God created the world? on the ground that he was not present at that time. There was much shrewdness in the reply, though whether the Editor could have made the subject more intelligible had the whole process of creation taken place before his eyes is more than doubtful. Nevertheless, as we have seen, there are numbers who have no such scruples, and who, though they cannot explain how it is that my fingers obey so implicitly my will, and guide so obediently the pen I now hold, are quite ready positively to assert that they know how, out of nothing, all things arose. The many Schools of Evolutional thought may be roughly classified as follows :—

1. The *atheistic*, those who deny the Divine existence. These are but few, the German Haeckel, being a fair representative.

2. The *agnostic*, those who ignore the Divine existence; amongst whom we may name Huxley, Tyndall and Spencer.

3. The *theistic*, those who affirm the Divine existence; such are Darwin, Dana, Carpenter, Gray, Sir J. Herschell, Sir W. Thomson, and the majority of the leading Biologists.

VI. For practical purposes the atheistic and agnostic theories may be dealt with together. It is not within our purpose to discuss these at length, as it is evident that they are irreconcilable with the teaching of Revelation. The first verse of Genesis is sublime in its comprehensiveness, and,

concerning the origin of things, covers the whole ground which ever has, or ever can, be traversed by the most advanced Scientific or Philosophical speculation. “*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*” It is here authoritatively declared that the material universe is not eternal, nor self-existent;—that it is what it is, not from the resistless tyranny of a blind and impersonal fate, but because it was “*created*,” that is willed, planned, designed;—and that He “*who made heaven and earth the sea and all that in them is,*” is the same Everlasting Father, the same Inscrutable Power, “*in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways.*” If the Bible be, in any sense, “*God breathed*,” it is quite certain that its Divine Author would not allow it to go forth to mankind with a lie in its very first syllables, and those who accept the revelation of the Word cannot accept at the same time the doctrine of physical fatalism or materialistic Evolution. We may however remark:—

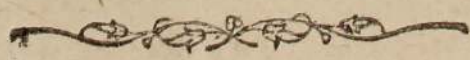
1. That by the almost universal assent of Biologists, and on the evidence of the most severe and exhaustive research, the assumption that the universe was compounded and built up, without purpose and without design, by the blind interaction of matter and force in the past, is now generally acknowledged to be utterly unscientific and absurd. Even Tyndall, in a moment of inadvertence, allows that a living organism is “*woven by a something not itself.*” Sir John Herschell says:—“*The exact quality of each molecule to all others of the same kind, gives it the essential character of a manufactured article, and precludes the idea of its being eternal and self-existent.*” — Indeed, as the Duke of Argyll affirms, at every step the Scientific inquirer “*finds himself face to face with facts which he cannot describe intelligibly, either to himself or others, except by referring them to that function and power of mind which we know as purpose or design.*”

2. Science demands, also, an impulse from without to account for *vitality*. Life, whatever it may be in other respects, however it may mock our endeavours to solve its secrets,

is distinguishable from the organisation which is the basis of its phenomena. Life is not a natural function of inert matter. Spontaneous generation has never been observed, though some of the keenest intellects of the day have long been engaged in the attempt to establish the doctrine. Dr. Dawson says :—
 “All the experiments hitherto made, and very eminently those recently performed by Pasteur, Tyndall, and Dallinger, lead to the conclusion that even the simplest living beings can be produced only from germs originating in previously living organisms of similar structure.” So also Professor Huxley, one of the most uncompromising defenders of the extreme theory of Evolution, admits ; “At the present moment there is not a shadow of trustworthy direct evidence that abiogenesis (not living generation,) does take place, or has taken place, within the period during which the existence of the globe is recorded.”

If then spontaneous generation be allowed by the highest Science to be a myth and a delusion, that which is seen can only be explained by postulating that which is not seen,—a Power ever present, though it has never been found. Thus Scripture and Science are at one in throwing us back upon a great and intelligent First-cause.

The argument from design has lost none of its force. A gentleman in a train was lately advancing materialistic views, when his companion, holding up his hand, said, “I remember that my teacher used to ask if chance made that.” To which the reply was, “That is certainly a very *handy* argument.” And if we urge that Thought implies a Thinker, and Evolution an Evolver, it is a handy argument, but one of which we have no need to be ashamed. Science and Philosophy can find not only no better, but absolutely *no other* reasonable answer to the question, Whence comes force and life? than that of a very old book : “There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.”
 (*Job xxxii. 8.*)



THE GANGAROHANAYA.

(Continued from vol. ix. p. 138.)

13 තැන්තැන්හි සැදි රන්තොරන් රඹුතොරන් ගොප්පත් පිළිමල් තොරන්
රන්වන් රන් සුදු නිල්පිළි පටපිළි රන්නිල් පලස්කම් සද
නන්කම් යුත් සුපහන් ඇඟ කර නොයෙක් තන්හි තබා පුන්කලස්
එල්ලා රන් රසුදුල් කසුන් දෙනගා රන්දම් කුසුම්දම් සද [හෙල්

Erecting arches with work of gold with plantain and the
tender leaves of the cocoanut, and with cloth and flowers
ornamented with white hangings of cloth and silk of all colours
and with trappings; having rows of blazing lights ingen-
iously arranged, and placing pots filled with cocoanut flowers
in various places; having hoisted golden banners, with clusters
of tinkling golden bells and strings of gold and flowers.

14 හින්තල් ජෙනව පොල් පුවක් තැඹිලි කොස් සල්දෙල් ඇඹුල්වේ කෙ
ලප්කාරම් විලිකුම් දෙවම් අඹ දෙවන් භාරන් සුපක් මේ පෙලෙන්
රැක්මල් පුල් දුහුක් කොබෝලිල පලොල් නාමල් පෙතන් දූසමන්
ගෙන් රස් හෙල් මැලි රන්පියුම් හෙළපියුම් පුල්නිල් උසුල්මල් කමින්

Decorated with the mellow fruit of the nipera, dotalu, cocoa,

13. Allowing a due amount of latitude for the poet's imagination
as regards the decorations here described at length, we do not
hesitate to admit that the flowers and fruits of this Island are most
admirably adapted for all kinds of elegant and tasteful decorations.
The greens and ferns, which are easily procured are most attract-
ive, and we fully recollect some of the splendid and ingenious
devices that were got up with common shrubs and fruits during the
receptions that were accorded to the Royal Princes of England.

14. Areka, one of the species of the palm, and a tree which
grows abundantly in the Island. The nuts are largely used by
the natives with betel, and are exported to Madras and the coast
of India, as they form one of the principal ingredients in the mak-
ing of catechu.

Dotalu, a species of the above with much smaller fruit. The
scented flowers here named are most fragrant. The ruk blossoms
in bunches and the clustered flowers are full of pollen which
retains a fragrant smell for several days.

areka, king-cocoa, jack, hal, angelica, wood sorrel, plantain, wild lime, ripe pomegranite, mango, orange, and with the scented flowers of the ruk, dunuke, mountain ebony, palol, iron-wood, petan, jessamine, the white water-lily with its abundant pollen, and lotuses of all colours.

15 සක්දෙව් නිල්කට සිව්වරන් බඩ සවත්වන් අත්තලත්තෙන් කමල්
හිම රැස්සේකරදින් ගුරු සුරගුරු සිත්තන් පෙළින් මේ සුරන්
අත් අස්සෝ මුළු සාමුවන් දිව් වලස් මේ සිව්පදන් රුහිරින්
රත්වන් හස් සමතුන් ගිරු ලිහිනියන් කැරුල් සියොත් රුහිරින්

With paintings of the gods Sekra, Iswara, the guardian deities, Brahma, Skanda, Ganesa, Balabadra, Vishnu, the Goddess of beauty, the Sun, Moon, Venus and Jupiter, as well as of elephants, horses, cattle, deer, apes, cheetahs, bears, golden hansas, cuckoos, parrots, falcons and wood-peckers.

16 දෙව්සෙන් පත් මතරම් සුදම් දෙව්විමන් මෙන් මේ සියල්ලෙන් සර
සාදුනත් ලකරින් අසුන්දෙක බැගින් ඒ දම්හලන්හි සියල්
ඒ අසනත්හි සහුන් වඩා ඉඳුවමින් තුන්සත් පහන්වි නිතින්
පින්වත් ඒ සහනත් ලවා මුණිවදන් දෙස්වන්හි මෙන් කන්අමා

Having ornamented, in the above described manner, all the preaching apartments which vied in comparison with the stately

15. Iswara—is the Hindu Siva.

The Guardian deities are Dhratarashtra, Wirudha, Wirupaksa, and Waisrawana, and they are said to have palaces on the top of the Yugandhara rocks.

Painting is supposed to have been known to the Sinhalese from a remote period, though they are very rigid in imitating the earliest designs, without improving on them, or copying from nature, so that their latest productions are but the facsimiles of their earliest designs.

16. The Sudam Sabha is the Hall in which Sekra and the gods listen to the Dharma, and it is said to be unique in its embellishment and ornamentation. In the Dharma pada attakatha we read:—

සුධම්මා නාම නාමයොජන සතිකා දෙව් සභා නිබ්බන්ති තතො රමණීය
තරං නිර අසුදං ධාතං නාමනන්ති මාසසා අභි දිව්සෙ ධම්ම සවණං තතෝච
භොති යාවජ්ජනනා රමණීයං ධාතං දිසවා සුධම්ම දෙව් සභාවියති වදන්ති.

There was the celestial hall Sudhamma, than which there is not a more charming spot. Eight days in a month the scriptures are read there and up to this day any delightful spot is compared to it.

Sudamma hall, thronged by the celestial hosts, and having beautifully arranged two seats in each, this nobleman, thrice pleased, caused priests to sit thereon, and to recite the words of the Muni,—as nectar to the ear.

17 විස්කම්ඳේ කලාපේ පබ්බතක ලකල් තුන්මල් ගෙයක් නන්සිරිත්
සාද රත්පලසින් රැවින් රසුද්ධිත් දෙවිරු පෙළින් රත්තෙරෙන්
සිත්තම් සිත් බෙදනා පළින්පල සද්ද අත්තමයොදු කම්කරුන්
පුන්මල්දම් කරනෙන් සර වටතිරෙන් රත්පත් රිදීපත් පෙළින්

Having tastefully constructed, in a boat, a beautiful three storied building, which in splendour was like a production of Wiswakarma, and having ornamented it with crimson carpets, puny aural tinkling bells, pictures of the gods and golden banners, and having, in appropriate places, drawings and designs of the draughtsmen and artificers, and embellished around, with awnings hung with garlands of flowers in blossom, with gold and silver leaves.

18 නන්කම් සුත් නිලිපුල්දම්ත් හෙලඹුලෙන් පුල්රත්තෙව්ම් මල්දම්ත්
හෙල්මැල්ලෙන් සපුමල්දම්ත් සුමනදම්සුත් වැම්පෙළින් පේකඩින්
සිව්ඳස් සිව්දිග සිව්දෙරින් ලියතුරින් රත්කම් රිදීකම් මුවා
සිව්කොන්හි දුහුලෙන් ලකල්කරසදු රත්මල් රිදීමල් සර

With pillars and supporters entwined with the blue and red lotos, and the white lily, champaka, and jessamine garlands, and the four gate-ways on the sides adorned with gold and silver creepers and shrubs, and ornamented with gold and silver flowered drapery.

17. Wiswakarma is the architect of the gods, and possesses the singular power of building anything instantaneously, hence an expression used amongst the natives when a work is quickly and well done is, that it is performed by a man as clever as Wiswakarma.

18. All the flowers here mentioned are sweet smelling, especially the jessamine, which a Sanscrit writer in the following verse extols as the best of flowers.

පුනෙසු ඡත්ති නගරීසු කාවි
නදීසු ගම්බා නාවරෙසු රමි:
නාරීසු රමිනා පුරුෂෙසු විෂ්ණු
කාවෙකසු මාස: කවිකාලිදය:

19 සාදු රන්කුඹු පොල්මලින් සුදුනිමල් රත්නිල් වැරැල්ලෙන් සහ
සිත්තල් දෙවිවිමනෙව් සහ ලොවැදුර දනන්වඩා සිත් බැතින්
සවිසත් දුක් මුහුදෙන් නගාලන නැවක් මෙන් ලෝපසස්නා නිතින්
ඵදුගේ මෙලෙසින්කලේ ගඟවපත් සිත්සේ සුදුමිනි යළිත්

Having ornamented a boat with golden pots filled with cocoanut flowers, and embellished with spotless white, red, and blue drapery, and having raised thereon a relic house, like a charming celestial apartment, and having zealously placed inside it the relics of the teacher of the world, the boat was launched into the river as a worthy vessel conveying all people away from the ocean of sorrows; and due veneration was paid to it.

20 මත් සන්තොස්කරනා ලකල් හැමසිරිත් දන්තා දනන්ගේ සියල්
හම්බන් ආදලයන් සහ වැඩිදුටා ඵ්සව් යනන්හි සහන්
ඵදුගේ අවටින් නිතින් පිරිවර සිත්හි දිනුතොස් වඩා
පින්වත් ඵ් සහනන් ලවා මුනිවදන් දෙස්වත් තියම් සිත් තොසින්

Having pleasantly ornamented with all brilliancy boats and other vessels that ply in water, and having stationed priests in them, the vessels moving around the boat in which the relic house was made (a sight) pleasant to all the beholders, (this nobleman) caused those virtuous priests joyfully to recite the scriptures throughout the three yamas.

19. It is customary amongst the natives on festive occasions to place new pots filled with water and in which a nice cocoanut flower is dipped, on gate-ways and at the principal entrances. A pot filled with water is an image indicating perfection. This practise is observed even at the present day.

20. Yama, ten Sinhalese hours, or a sixth part of a day and night.

(To be continued.)



Poetry.

LINES RECITED AT THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE KANDY TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

'Tis not your kind applause to gain, O friends,
We meet you at this silent evening hour;
For low desires but seek ignoble ends,
And he must court applause who covets power;
For us, let peaceful hearts within us dwell,
Blest with the consciousness of doing well.

Forward in Duty's cause we bear our arms,
As ever warrior knight on hard-fought field;
And if earth's conquerors scoff at slight alarms,
Who bids the heroes of stern virtue yield?
'Tis not our might nor merit gives success,
But who shall curse when Heaven bids them bless?
And you, we pray, extend your kindly aid,
Our cause to prosper, and our land to save;—
Save from worse woes than those of gun or blade,
From the dark sorrows of a drunkard's grave;
From that which maddens reason, poisons truth,
Manhood degrades, and blights incautious youth.

Say not you wish us well, while yet no sign
Of manly effort quickens your "God speed;"
As rivers with the boundless ocean join,
So link kind word with sympathetic deed,
Words are but leaves; the tree of healthier root
Bears blooming flowers and ever-dainty fruit.

Not for ourselves we live; we seek to shed
A holy influence wheresoe'er we go;
And bright examples of the noble dead,
And lives heroic of the good below,
And Heaven above, give courage to the heart,
That humbly strives to do its portioned part.



Notes of the Month.

WESLEYAN TAMIL MISSION, WESTERN PROVINCE.
The Anniversary of this Mission, held during November, was in every respect successful, the financial results amounting to over Rupees 198, though the English Service at Colpetty was prevented by heavy rain. The Tamil Church deserves help since it is striving to help itself. The contributions to the Native Ministers' Fund averaged, in 1878, Rupees 5 per member, though "not many rich" are included. Mr. S. T. Muttiah, speaking in Tamil as the representative of the Native Church, well asked:—"Has not the time come when we Tamil Christians should cease to be dependent on foreign aid? The Committee in England have given the word "Retrench,"—which means that we must stand on our own legs. Now to effect this we urgently require to raise amongst ourselves more money than we have done hitherto; and if this self-help be not forthcoming the Mission will be obliged to limit its work and shut up some of the Schools. May I not say in your name: This shall not be. If our Ministers ask for funds, it is not for themselves but for the public good; they seek help indeed to train our own children, and to convert our own relatives. Who will help us, if we will not help ourselves?"

JAMES S. BUDGETT, Esq., the Treasurer of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who is taking a tour in the East, arrived at Galle on November 20th, and after visiting Colombo, Kandy, and Nuwera Elia, proposes to sail for Tutocorin on the 6th of this month. Mr. Budgett has not come in any official capacity, but he has taken the opportunity to see what he could of Mission work, in passing; and on his visit to Morottuwa he generously contributed £50 to the Building Fund of the new Chapel, School and Minister's residence.

NOTES ON SCIENCE TEACHING IN CEYLON AND INDIAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, by the Rev. S. Langdon. This valuable little book, has been republished from the *Friend*, and needs no words of recommendation from us. We trust it will have a wide circulation, and then it cannot fail, as its author modestly hopes, "to prove an incentive to teachers to undertake the important duty of instructing their pupils in a knowledge of common things."