THE CEYLON FRIEND.

JANUARY, 1880.

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

RELATING TO

THE WESLEYAN THANKSGIVING FUND.

My Dear Brethren,*

Our blessed Master having seen fit to withhold from me the much anticipated pleasure of joining your gathering together in his name, I find it in my heart to write a few words to you, if only to show my hearty interest in the movement which has called you together. A Church enterprise, involving so much personal sacrifice, demanding so much individual and combined liberality, naturally induces the question,—Is the cause for which I am asked to exert myself, and to deny myself so strenuously, worthy of all the sacrifice of time, and thought, and substance, and are its present exigencies so urgent as to justify this fervent appeal to the enthusiastic loyalty of the Connexion? The former question—the worthiness of the cause—we need not discuss on abstract, hypothetical, or *á priori*, grounds; we have only to look at that which Methodism has, under God, already accomplished for ourselves, for our loved ones who are still with us, or are the

* This letter was read at the Central Thanksgiving meeting for the Sheffield District.

crowned witnesses of our triumphs over selfishness and worldliness; what it has already done for our towns, our neighbourhoods, our beloved country, our lost, redeemed, and but partially evangelised world. What has it done for ourselves? By its teachings, its influences, its helps, and its restraints? For our own bosom-peace, for our happiest and firmest relations with God and the eternal world? Has it not lit up, with a heavenly glory, our prospects for time and for eternity, clearing and enlivening our views of life, of death, of immortality? What has it done for our character—to soften, strengthen, elevate, and refine it, and make it reflective of the beauty of the Lord our God? To what extent has it already,

> Built our quiet as it formed our lives:
> Laid the rough paths of peevish nature even?

What effect has it had upon our position here in this world? To what extent has it brought along with it and fulfilled "the promise of the life that now is?" In determining our business, social, and domestic principles and habits, in teaching temperance, industry, honesty, prudence, and economy has it not been a most efficient factor in working out our temporal success, and in securing our social status, reputation, weight, and influence? To some of us whilst bringing in its right hand "length of days, for ever and ever," it has brought in its "left hand riches and honour." Is it not meet, then, that some substantial, choice, liberally-devised tribute should be returned, if but in filial, frank acknowledgment of benefits temporal and eternal, pecuniary as well as spiritual, all distinctly traceable to the benign potency of Methodism? Well may this Fundb e called the *Thanksgiving* Fund. No less noble and generous a spirit has presided, and must still preside, over its accumulation. Thankfulness must still be the key-note, as the watchmen lift up their voice, and with grateful loyalty together sing. Thankfulness, as it supplies the motive, so must it set the standard of our giving.

What, again, has God done through Methodism for our loved ones? Those who yet remain among us and those who

have fallen asleep in Jesus? Our parents, brothers, sisters, partners, children, who have fallen asleep hushed by the hymns of Methodism, soothed and sustained by its ministrations, pillowed on its teachings and experiences, heartened by the powerful prestige of its blessed deaths? For, thank God! the death-roll of Methodism is like a celestial map,—star after star, each in its own order, each with its appropriate glory. Blessings on the man or woman who at the Centenary celebration first announced a contribution "in memory of" pastor, father, mother, brother, sister, wife, husband, daughter, son, classmate, colleague! Surely it is of such gold as this that the golden harps are made, the golden city paved!

And what hath God wrought by means of Methodism for our towns and neighbourhoods? Much as there is still to sadden and alarm in the moral and spiritual state of the population, how much worse it was before Methodism was raised up! How much worse it must have been by this time but for the many thousands who, through the public services and the Sunday-schools of Methodism, have been taught to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, have, like Gospels, written by the finger, beautifully aod richly illuminated by the ar' of God, attracted the attention, won the admiration, and, in many instances, the souls of their fellow-townsfolk and fellow-villagers!

How debased must our artisan and our rural population have by this time become but for the action of Methodism, as a gracious leaven mixed up with the mass of English society! What a mighty force of upheaval it has been, raising the general moral level of the country! All this is as plain to see, as it is pleasant to contemplate, and, indeed, is acknowledged and recorded by secular observers of various schools of thought. But there is one aspect of Methodism which, I think, has not received due consideration— namely, Methodism as a wealth-producing power in the country, and as a great agency for reinforcing and recruiting from the lower ranks of the community that substantial, comfortably-

conditioned, and generally sedate and sober-minded middle-class which foreigners of insight recognise as the back-bone of the British nation. The industrial virtues which Methodism instils, even more than it inculcates, of which it is the nursing-mother, rather than the lesson-setting mistress, all these tend directly, and by the laws of God's own political economy, to the increase of a man's pecuniary resources, to the bettering of his outward condition, and, therefore, to the vantage ground of his children's start in life, to the securing for them a higher style of education, a broader, richer culture. After the Centenary celebration the phrase "Money and Methodism," became a sort of popular epigram, the significance of which was highly creditable and genuinely complimentary to the Methodists.

It went to make the Methodists a proverb of liberality. It implied that generosity was part of the very definition of a Methodist, that a stingy Methodist was a flat contradiction in terms, that a Methodist was a born and trained giver, a systematic and spontaneous contributor, that giving was part of his religion, that whoever might know how to get, to keep, and to accumulate, the Methodists were the people who knew how to beg, to collect, and to give, and what to give to and to collect for, and how to make a little money go a long way, and do a good stroke of work. All this is very true, very fair, and very nice. But the discerning public were so struck with the brightness of the one side of the medal bearing this legend "Money and Methodism," that they forgot to look at the obverse. True, Methodism teaches its children to *give* all they can, but it also teaches them to *get* all they can, and *save* all they can. Surely Methodists should be givers, for are they not getters first? Is it not a remarkable and instructive fact that the founder of Methodism, with that keen insight with which his singleness of eye endowed him, foresaw with misgiving, and foretold with warning, that Methodism would, naturally, powerfully contribute to the temporal prosperity of its adherents, by the force of the very virtues which it induced

and cherished! He dreaded the deleterious influence which worldly prosperity is so apt to exert upon the character, and it appeared to him that vital Christianity tended to its own destruction, by the material wealth which it almost inevitably created. The process seemed to be this—Christianity inculcates industry, frugality, temperance, honesty, which, in their turn, are chief guarantees of temporal success. But temporal success is perilous to the spiritual life; therefore, true Christianity generates the very agencies which are most hostile to spiritual health. This was, in Wesley's view, a great mystery as well as a grave danger.

But there must be some effective safeguard against this parricidal antagonism of worldly success to the very religion from which it is descended by so few removes. Vital Christianity cannot be under the doom pronounced against the dynasty of Jehu, that it should not survive the fourth generation. Is not the solution of the problem this; true godliness produces wealth, wealth begets worldliness, worldliness and godliness cannot co-exist. But real godliness also generates self-sacrificing liberality to the cause of God and man. Now, self-sacrificing liberality strangles or smothers the brood of unconsecrated wealth, luxury, selfishness, self-pampering, contemptuous disregard of God and man. A Church cannot become rich and increased in goods, without sinking into a Laodicean state, unless its liberality keeps fairly abreast af its wealth. Nothing can save Methodism from despiritualisation and decline if our money-giving fall behind our money-making. Which of our larger societies does not afford examples of God's enriching blessing upon the principles and habits which Methodism infuses into its children? Individuals spring from the lowlier nooks of life, whom God hath blessed and made them *houses*, men of mark in their towns and neighbourhoods, as the gracious reward of fidelity to the Christian spirit which they imbibed through the mother's-milk of Methodism. One of my earliest and most pleasant reminiscences is of a worthy Methodist, in comparatively humble circumstances, in a little

town in the north of Yorkshire. The vividness of my recollection of him through the fifty-four years which have passed away, since I last saw him, is, doubtless, to some extent, attributable to the playful generosity with which, as he came to chapel, he slipped money into the pocket of the Methodist preacher's little son, as if it had been as legitimate a receptacle for freewill offerings as the poor-box or the collecting-plate. At any rate, I can see him now and could describe him so that most who knew him then would recognise the picture.

I can see his spare, erect figure and his brisk, elastic gait; his keen, bright countenance beaming with benevolence and cheerfulness, as duly five minutes before service-time—preaching, early Sunday morning or week-evening prayer-meeting—he slipped along the pavement between the preacher's house and the vestry door, serving to the preacher's household the purpose of a sermon bell I instinctively think of him, and his buoyant step, whenever I read Keble's lines :—

> Who carry music in their heart
> Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
> Plying their daily task with busier feet,
> Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

I can see him at the prayer-meeting as his whole form swayed to and fro in rapt unison with the hymn. God blessed him with three sons and with the means of apprenticing them to a Methodist tradesman in another Yorkshire town. These three brothers were trained in their father's principles. It is said that when her Majesty visited Sheffield few objects in the town arrested her attention so strongly as the almost palatial establishment of these Methodist brothers. All honour to the memory of the good, generous, joyous, punctual, chapel-going, chapel-loving Thos. Cole, of Pickering.

And this is a typical example. Deduct from the populous manufacturing, mining, and agricultural tract of country marked on the Methodist map as the Sheffield District—the rich valleys of the Sheaf, the Don, the Dearne, the upper

Derwent, and the Idle—all the Methodism that has been in them for the last hundred years, and what a chasm! What a blank! Deduct from Methodism the men that have been raised in the Sheffield District—ministers and laymen—and what a chasm! What a blank! Assuredly the curse which David cast upon the blood-blighted mountains of Gilboa has not yet fallen—may it never fall!—upon these chimney-crested furnace-lighted, Yorkshire hills,—"Let there be no more fields of offering." As to the Methodist Ministry, it may be enough just to mention three names—two of them from one circuit—William Edward Miller, James Methley, and William Morley Punshon.

And as to the laity, what town has more enriched what Southey calls "the hagiography of Methodism" than this—to quote Samuel Bradburn—"black but comely town of Sheffield." Even the *Magazine*, that common-place book of Happy Living and Happy Dying, contains very few memoirs to compare with Jabez Bunting's memoir of Mrs. Holy, of Sheffield. No book nourished my own boyish piety more than the life of Henry Longden, of Sheffield. And, to come to recent times, where would you look for finer combinations of integrity and force of character, "with the meekness and gentleness of Christ," than in Mrs. Lofthouse, in Joshua Moss, and Samuel Hill Smith? Nor shonld it be forgotten that the Laureate of the Centenary celebration was no other than the ever-famous Sheffield bard, the Moravian-Methodist, James Montgomery.

And now to Sheffield comes the honour and the responsiblity of taking the lead in the second series of Thanksgiving meetings. The success of this year's campaign, of course, depends much on the initiative, which Sheffield takes, the example which Sheffield sets.—I am, my dear brethren, yours most truly,

BENJAMIN GREGORY.

PERRAN COOMBE.

A TALE OF THE METHODISTS OF CORNWALL

BY

A CORNISH LADY.

CHAP. XV. NEW YEAR.

"ISS S, as I was sayin, they took poor Squire home this way, brought en up past here. Oh 'twas a whish sight! Capen John went on before, to tell the poor dear ladies what had happened. They say poor Mrs. Borlase lied like a dead thing for hours, but 'twas wonderful to see Miss Helen. She didn't cry nor nothin, but went round white as a ghost seein to everything; sent for the doctors, though t'wasn't no use, that, and got everything ready for the berrin, their black clothes an all. That's what she got for the maids." And Mrs. Ball, who was gossipping over her counter with Mary Chynoweth, took down and displayed a roll of black stuff.

"'Tis very good stuff," remarked Mary, fingering it. "You know" she continued, "we never heard a word of it till the next day. I never was so frightened in my life. They say Capen John, and Squire and Ben Treloar was all trying to catch the smugglers, don't em?"

"Well," said Mrs. Ball slowly, "they say so, but Jerry Dingle was there too. 'Tis funny if he was catchin smugglers."

"He was afraid they'd take away his trade, perhaps," said Mary, shrewdly. "Father asked Capen John about it, and he said they was in the Old Men's caves and Squire tried to clem up the cliff, and falled down."

"Seemin to me, I've heered something like that before. Whatever is it?" mused Mrs. Ball, "Oh, I know; 'twas when Tom Teague broke his arm. Lizbeth Ann said at first he

broke it clemmin up the cliff. Have ee heered that Tom's very bad?"

"No is he?"

"Iss. He was took the same night, or next day, I don't know which. Ague, or suthin, shakin all over, an seein sperets behind the bed."

"That's drink," said Mary, emphatically, "and serves en right. But what did em say at the inquest?"

"There wasn't much said I bleve, else the jury kept it uncommon close. They brought it in exidentel of course. Squire wasn't so good as he might ha' been, but he died doin his duty. Praps that'll count on his side. The berrin was very grand; there was a hearse an four black hosses, exactly like Betsey Tippet seed. No doubt they was a token. There was lots of mourners too; all the gentry round, and Capen John walked longside of Master Pen holdin en up, he's all scat to pieces, they say, with trouble, an is goin away as soon as things are settled."

"Was the two Mr. Forrests there?"

"The old one was. The young one went away with his mother the day after Squire was killed."

"Humph! anybody'd think that was the time Miss Helen's sweetheart would ha' stayed. Not that I know much about sweethearting."

"You might if you would," flattered Mrs. Ball. "Mr. Forrest, worshipped the ground she walked on, but if I had my way, I'd look nearer home for her."

"So would I," replied Mary, "if I'm thinkin of the same as you be. I suppose they wouldn't think him good enough."

"P'raps not, but he's good as gold, like his father before him; upright, and down-straight, an a man to his word. Talk of angels, an you'll hear their wings," she continued with a laugh, looking out of the window.

Mary looked out, and nodding as Fred Trevellyan went by, replied, "That's he."

It was now New Year's Eve, and the last week had been one of great trial to Fred as to several others in Perran,

the Squire's terrible death being made the more terrible to him through his exact knowledge of the circumstances under which it took place. It had been tacitly agreed among those who knew them, that for the sake of those left, his memory should be screened as far as possible.

There was not a man in Perran who would not do as much as that for a Pentrethall ; so, though the truth was told at the inquest, even such gossips as Mrs. Ball only received the vague idea that there was a mystery in the Squire's death. That Capen John and Ben Treloar were were with him was proof sufficient to the popular mind that there was no wrong-doing on their part. That there had been smuggling was evident; indeed Capen John, when questioned, told the story of the smugglers' mock-funeral, and their scamper to their boat ; beside which the coast-guardmen had come down and ransacked the caves for days, finding abundant evidence in bales and barrels, of the use to which the caves had been put, but nothing of very great value, and nothing to crimin-ate any one person. Then they had rowed over to the Chapel rocks, but found there only the white signal-stick, which they took away as a trophy, and forthwith they set up a temporary guard-station in Perran, taking for that purpose the cottage next to Jerry Dingle's, that being nearest to the beach. Highly inconvenient this, to Jerry, had he been bent on his usual pursuits, but all this week through he had sat at home like a man dazed, taking no notice of anything around him, sitting with his head bent, and held in both hands. Capen John came down, and after sending Waif away, stayed there a full hour talking earnestly to Jerry, who, strange to say, did not resent a word. Instead of that, when Capen John was about to go he lifted his head and said, "'Tis all true, Capen, but 'tis too late," and that was all he would say.

Waif had been ailing with a chest-cold for the last day or two. At other times Jerry would have been keenly alive to it, but now, when she coughed he only said, "Take some herb-tea, an soak your feet dearie," and relapsed into gloomy silence.

Waif had set her heart on going to the Watchnight-service this year. Lizbeth Ann Teague meant to go and to take her two eldest children, if Tom was well enough, and would allow it.

To the children the mere sitting up late was delightful, but the joy of going to a midnight meeting, to "see the Old Year go out, and the New Year come in," was over-powering, so that poor Waif could not restrain her tears when at dusk Lizbeth Ann ran down to say that, "Tom was so rampageous that she couldn't go."

"I never wanted nothin half so much," Waif said, sobbing.

Jerry lifted his head, and looked at her. "Then you shall go my blessed," he said, "I'll take care of Tom, and you shall go long with Lizbeth Ann an the children."

"Oh Jerry, thank ee!" exclaimed Lizbeth Ann, "I never thought you'd do that," and Waif sprang into his arms and showered kisses on his rough head, his face, his hands, wherever she could reach.

At ten o'clock Jerry wrapped up Waif in a great shawl, and, took her up to the Teague's house, and having ensconced himself by Tom's bed, sent her off to the meeting with Lizbeth Ann, and her children who had been straining their eyes wide-open all the evening lest mother should think them too sleepy to go.

"What's come to Jerry, Waif?" asked Lizbeth Ann as they picked their way up the dark road by the light of a lantern. "I should ha' thought he'd die before he'd send ee to meetin. Don't ee mind that night you went with me?"

"Praps Jerry's converted," hazarded one of the children, at which Waif laughed huskily but merrily, it was such a funny idea.

The meeting was a large and solemn one, all the more solemn because of the occurrences of the past week, which gave point to the speakers remarks on the swift passage of time, and uncertainty of life.

Capen John, was the last to speak before the midnight hour

struck, and his words sank deeply into his hearers' hearts.

"My friends," he said, "the last moments of this year are passing. A few more and it will have gone for ever. No crying, no praying can bring it back. Its record will stand for or against us all, in God's book of remembrance, till He shall open it for judgment. To some of you this year has been blessed, 'cause in it you have given your hearts to the Lord. You don't need to fear the opening of the Book, for the sins are all blotted out of your pages, with the precious blood of the Lamb. But some here are not God's children, What shall I say to you? I saw one of your sort die this week; cut down sudden. With his last breath he prayed "Jesus save me;" and I don't doubt the dear Lord heard his prayer, but where are the fruits of his life? Think about this my friends, and while we're 'pon our knees, when the year passes, let it take with it onr determination that we will serve the Lord all the days of our life. Let us pray."

To none did Capen John's words come with more influence than to Fred. The thought of that wasted, lost life had been with him throughout the week, and the question of what he should do with his own life mingled with it. Should he give up the fair prospect of success in his profession, and obey the inward call to God's service in the Ministry? He might fail, he felt very diffident—and his present profession was so congenial, beside, would it not be ingratitude to Mr. Parkyn to give it up? And another thing,—by this step, he would put a greater barrier between himself and Helen Borlase.

True, his faint hope of winning her seemed even now to be utterly lost, but it was hard that he himself should make the distance greater between them.

Even if she were free from Forrest, and he were free to ask for her, Mrs. Borlase would be justified in refusing her to one whose home would be unsettled, and income small. It was bitterly hard, but with it all, he hadt he consciousness that if he would know peace, he must decide this question aright. Suddenly the conviction came to him that this for him was giving

up of self, that problem which had puzzled him so; and kneeling in silent prayer, as the last moments of the year passed out, he cast all his care upon God, saying, "I will be thine. Do with me as Thou wilt, O Lord."

An unutterable peace filled his soul with the resolve, and rising with the others as the New Year was announced, he felt that, for him, "Old things had passed away and all things had become new."

"I don't like Watchnight," grumbled one little Teague to the other, as they went home. "Do you?"

"No. I couldn't see the New Year, and I looked at the window all the time. Waif, you said 'twould come in to the window."

"So it did," said Waif hoarsely, for her cold was getting worse, "only 'tis so dark we couldn't see it."

"Who is that coughing?" asked Fred, overtaking them.

"'Tis Waif, Sir," answered Lizbeth Ann. "She've got a bad cold, an is so tired she caent hardly travel."

"I'm only achin like, in my legs, Aunt Lizbeth Ann," said patient Waif.

"This is good for aching legs, Waif," said Fred, and Waif, laughing wheezily, found herself lifted into Fred's strong arms, and carried along so safely that after the first moment she was not in the least afraid of falling.

He carried her down to Lizbeth Ann's door, and as he was setting her down she flung her arms tightly round his neck and kissing him said with all her little warm heart, "I love you. I love you. I do. I do."

"All right my sweetheart," he replied laughing. "I love you too. Make haste and get rid of that cold."

The next day, New Year's Day, was utterly bleak and cheerless. Doubly so it seemed in Borlase House, where there were such sad hearts.

From Lucy for her health's sake, the knowledge of her Father's crime was kept, and she sorrowed with pure sorrow for him, not knowing; but, with their grief, Mrs. Borlase and

Helen had to bear the almost intolerable burden of shame which only pure hearts can know.

To them it seemed comparatively of little moment whether the world knew the thing. The disgrace lay in its having been. Yet they would shield his memory in all things, even this; Helen indignantly, her mother patiently, and both, steadfastly.

When years with their trials and sorrows, should have disciplined Helen, character would ripen and mellow as her mother'shad done, but now the honesty of her nature was in bitter revolt. She could not bear the thought of her father having stooped so low. It seemed to her as if the disgrace of it would cling to them all for ever, and in strong resentment of the wrong done, she judged hardly, though unconsciously, both her father and Pen. The latter she could scarcely bear to see, and he equally shunned her. These were miserable days indeed for Pen. The shock of witnessing his father's death had unmanned him, and, for the first time in his life, he longed for sympathy. To Lucy he could not go lest he should say too much and betray the facts of which she must be kept unconscious. Helen's outraged rectitude offered him no refuge: only his mother remained and in her he found what he needed, and listened, as he had never before listened, to her words of love and counsel. "I must go, mother," he said, "I will go to Australia, and do my best there. I couldn't live on here." He was thinking of himself still, but better thoughts; and his mother, though it nearly broke her heart, assented that it was best he should go.

The lawyers had that day had a long interview with Mrs. Borlase, the result of which she told to Helen and Pen, as soon as her advisers had gone. Borlase House, with a small annual income was all that remained to them. This was Mrs. Borlase's own personal property, which her husband had been unable to touch; all else had gone in mining and in other speculations which the Squire had of late gone into. "Did my husband know of his losses?" asked Mrs. Borlase

of the lawyers, and when they told her, "Yes, he must have known;" it seemed to lift a weight off her heart. "That was why he did this wrong," she thought, and excusing him still more, or trying to, "That too explains his anxiety that Helen should make a wealthy marriage. He could not bear that we should want." And when Helen, hearing that all her father's wealth had gone, impetuously exclaimed, "I am glad of it. We could not have used a farthing of the money,' she tried to impress her thoughts upon her, aud Helen, was softened in spite of her rigid justice. But it was a miserable New Year's Day, to them all, and sitting in Lucy's room in the dusk, not a word had passed between them for more than an hour, when a sudden, sharp ring at the front door bell startled them all.

"It's Mr. Fred Trevellyan, Maam," said Roberts, who had taken it upon herself to answer the door out of curiosity. "He asked for Miss Helen."

"For me!" exclaimed Helen, a crimson flush rushing hotly over brow and neck, in her surprise.

"Show Mr. Trevellyan in here, Roberts," said Mrs. Borlase.

Fred had not seen Helen since he had met her on the cliffs a week ago. Was it a week only? It seemed a year, and how things had changed for both since then!

Mrs. Borlase, with her easy kindness prevented any embarrassment, though quite unconscious that there could be any between them. "You wish to see Helen, I think, Roberts told us," she said giving him her hand cordially.

"Yes," he replied, turning from her to Helen, whose face was in shadow, and told no tales. "Poor little Waif is very ill. I fear, very ill indeed. Jerry sent to St. Ruth for the doctor this afternoon, and he says it is acute inflammation of the lungs. I went down to see her just now,—I knew she was not well last night—and she begged me, as well as she could speak, to come up and say that she wanted to see you.'

"Go at once, darling," said her mother. "Poor little girl! It must be a great blow to Jerry, is it not, Fred?"

"He seems not to realise the danger at all. It is a cold, he says, only a cold, but he has held her in his arms nearly all the day. It will be a fearful blow, if,"—and Fred stopped.

"We will pray that it may not be so," said Mrs. Borlase, gently, comprehending his unspoken words.

"It would take too long for you to have the carriage and go round by the road," said Mrs. Borlase as Helen came in ready in cloak and hood. "If Fred will kindly take care of you in going down, I will send the carriage for you to come home."

"Give Waifie my love, and,"—the rest of Lucy's whisper was lost, save to Helen.

They set out together, up the garden slope, through the little wood, out over the moor to the cliffs. How wonderful it all was to both of them! They talked of Waif, of Jerry, of Tom Teague's illness, and of Waif again, but neither so much as glanced at, in speech, the thoughts that were uppermost in their hearts; not even as they passed the spot where he had seen her with Forrest. She might, for aught he knew, be Forrest's affianced bride; and, for aught she knew, as she bitterly told herself, he might scorn her for her father's shame, and yet, somehow, the walk gave her more comfort than she had known since Christmas Day, and his heart beat fast with the joy of her nearness.

It was dark when they reached Jerry's cottage. Lizbeth Ann Teague opened the door to them, her eyes swollen with weeping. "She's worse." She said, shaking her head. "Mother's stayin with Tom. She wanted to nurse Waif, but Jerry wouldn't have her. Poor old mother's terrible cut up 'bout the cheeld. Come up-stairs, Miss Helen."

Waif was lying on her little bed, with Jerry's arm passed behind her pillows to lift her, and make her breathing easier.

She seemed to be in a stupor-like sleep, and took no notice of Helen's entrance, but presently the dull eyes,—how unlike Waif's eyes—opened, and she smiled up at Helen, not surprised to see her.

"I wanted you," the poor little parched lips opened to say, "I—am—going—to—see—Jesus—Miss Helen." Not—in—the—meetin,"—and she smiled again, "Miss—Lucy—told me—He is,"——and she was asleep again.

Poor Jerry! With his teeth firmly set, and his eyes dry and tearless, he said, looking hard at Helen, "It's only a bad cold. I was fool enough to let her go to the Watchnight. She'll be all right to-morrow."

What could Helen say? She said nothing, but began to bathe Waif's hot head and soon the child roused herself again.

"*Dear* Uncle Jer," she said looking up at him, "You must be achin, I'm so—heavy. That's so nice—Miss Helen—I used—to—say—you was a—angel. I shall—see—the angels now. Talk—to me—about—Jesus—please."

How could she? She, whose heart was in such a tumult of grief and indignation; she who could see no peace anywhere, how could she bear to this child the message of the Prince of peace? She suddenly felt, as she had never felt before, that she did not know Jesus. He was a stranger, of whom she could not talk. She hesitated, and Waif said, as if she divined the feeling with which she struggled, "Never—mind—troubling—Miss Helen. Mr. Fred knows. Ask him."

Lizbeth Ann, at Helen's quick look of entreaty, slipped down-stairs and told Fred Waif's request.

For a moment the difficulty seemed to him as great as it had to Helen. He knew Jesus, but he had never yet spoken of Him to others. Must his ministry begin so soon? His cross be taken here? And to speak before Helen,—"Oh Jesus forgive me," came the repentant prayer, an instant later. "I should be *glad* to speak for Thee." And he followed Lizbeth Ann up into Waif's little room.

Her eyes brightened when she saw him, and she listened eagerly while he told her, almost whispering, that Story, the full sweetness of which he was but learning himself.

Jerry listened unmoved, if indeed he had room for any other thought than that of Waif, but Helen, as she heard him

speak, bent her head upon her hands, and let the tears fall unrestrainedly that had refused to come through all the trouble of the week. And a great wonder rose up within her at Fred's being able to speak such words. They, somehow, placed a greater distance than ever between them, she thought "If he did not despise me for my father's sin, I am far beneath him in all that is good."

Waif seemed fully to understand his words. "I—have—loved—Jesus—a long—time—oh, a long—time—she panted," "ever—since—He—helped—me to love—Betsey Tippet." Then, after another interval of stupor, "Poor—Uncle—Jer," she said, "he'll—be—lonely. You—must—come—soon," and she turned to him, "I'll—keep—a big—chair for—you—close—by—Jesus. Dear Jesus!"

The hours passed slowly on while they watched her. Helen sent back the carriage when it came, with a message to her mother, and Fred sent to his father.

In spite of all their efforts, Waif grew worse and worse, and when the nextm orning's light came in cold and grey, they gave up hope of her recovery. She had not spoken for hours, when suddenly she sprang up with an eager, glad look, that grew fixed and sweet, and then sinking softly back on Jerry's arm again, her eyes closed to earth,—but she saw Jesus.

A week after, and Jerry sat holding in his hands the most precious treasure that earth had left for him, Waifie's curls that Betsey Tippet had cut off, and Jerry had rescued. He could almost bless the deed now, which had left to him something of her who had gone. "I'll take 'em with me," he muttered, "and the other things? No, I'll give the buffet to Mr. Fred, an tell 'en to open it after five years. 'Twont do her no good but praps 'tis best."

To-morrow both Petrethall Borlase and Jerry Dingle would leave Perran, both going to Australia, one with a heart softened into good resolves, the other heartbroken and restless, despairing of good, yet weary of evil.

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

COMPARED WTIH

THE TEACHING OF REVELATION.

BY THE REV. J. O. RHODES.

SECOND PAPER.

IN our previous paper we referred to the atheistic and agnostic theories of Evolution, and showed that these blank and barren dogmas are not only inconsistent with any faith in the Bible, as God's Word, but are repugnant alike to sound reason and to true Science. David mourns that "the fool hath said, 'There is no God,'" but the Psalmist asserts that even the fool hath spoken this folly, not in his head, but "*in his heart.*" John, Earl of Rochester, was, in early life, a doughty champion of infidelity; in later life he renounced his scepticism, and was wont to explain the motive of his former profane scoffs against religion by laying his hands upon the Bible, and saying, in accordance with the Psalmist's view:—"A bad heart, a bad heart,—*that* is the great objection against this Holy Book."

VII. We turn now to the Theistic Evolutionists;—those who affirm the Divine existence.

These form by far the largest majority of the Evolutionists, and they all agree in allowing that belief in the interference of a Divine Power, before and beyond and above Nature, is the only rational explanation of the ultimate facts of Science. Creation, they admit, must precede Evolution, and every change must have a sufficient Cause. "Faith in an order, which is the basis of Science, cannot," declares Professor Gray, "reasonably be separated from faith in an Ordainer, which is the basis of religion" Thus, also, so pronounced an Evolutionist as Mr. Stanley Jevons, Professor of Logic and

Political Economy at my own old *Alma Mater*, Owen's College, Manchester, soon to be the Victoria Uuiversity for the North of England, says, in his able work on the *Principles of Science*:— "I cannot for a moment admit that the theory of Evolution will alter our Theological ideas. ... ... The precise reason why we have back-bone, two hands, with opposable thumbs, an erect stature, a complex brain, about two hundred and twenty three bones, and many other peculiarities, is only to be found in the original act of creation. Not any less than Paley do I believe that that the eye of man manifests design. I believe that the eye was gradually developed, but the ultimate result must have been contained in the aggregate of causes, and these, so far as we can see, were subject to the arbitrary choice of the Creator."

VIII. As thus stated, there is no need why the hypothesis concerning the derivative origin of species should unsettle our faith in the Divine Revelation. The old fashioned idea of creation, namely that each species came into being by a special Divine fiat, is by no means disproved, nor is it to be lightly cast aside. Like many old fashions it is not at all improbable that it may become fashionable again, before long, even in Scientific circles. But, on the other hand, there is nothing whatever in the Biblical cosmogony to negative the theory that life springs from pre-existing life, and that God used the first created beings in the origination of the rest. In the narrative of Moses there is something, at least, in its favour. That new organisms were, in certain acts of creation, introduced *mediately*, that is, through the use of materials previously existing, seems to be indicated by such phrases as, "Let the land bring forth plants;" "Let the waters bring forth animals." Even of man we are not told that God said 'Let man be,' and man was; but that, like the whole animated kingdom, man was "formed of the dust of the ground," though he became all that raised him from the level of the brutes, and made him MAN, by a special Divine act. "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became

a living soul;"—endowed with that intellectual power and moral consciousness which fitted him for dominion over the work of God's hands. All this may be quite consistent with the belief that a *certain* physical condition was reached, even in the case of man, through processes of Evolution.

The doctrine of Evolution has much of beauty and nobility to recommend it, and, *if it can be proved*, let us cheerfully bid it welcome. "What harm," we may say with Charles Kingsley, "can come to religion even if it can be demonstrated not only that God is so wise that He can make all things, but that He is so much wiser, even than that, that He can make all things make themselves."

"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear." (*Hebrews xi.* 3.) But the *manner* in which the various forms of life were introduced on our globe has been left as a problem for the exercise of man's researches and genius. According to that fine old dictum of Galileo's:—"The Holy Scriptures teach us how to reach heaven, not how heaven moves." And so we may say, that, though the Scriptures teach us that God made all things, they do not teach us *how* God made all things. If Evolutionists can explain the mystery let them do so, and let us give them all honour for their wisdom. *But this they have not yet done.*

The question, at issue still is:—"Has derivation occurred?" We have no right to beg this question, and proceed as though the only point to settle were:—"How derivation took place?" Many facts apparently *point* to Evolution as the creative method, but they are far from conclusive enough to establish it. The verdict of an unprejudiced jury on the Evolutional theory must be,—"*Not proven.* It may be or it may not be guilty of falseness. At present, the proper attitude of a truly thoughtful and Scientific mind is not absolutely to decide, but, with all modesty and patience, frankly, fairly, and fearlessly to enquire.

IX. We have said that the Evolutionists have not yet explained the mystery of creation. They are prone to fancy,

as Henry Rogers remarks of the disciples of Physical Science generally, that they, in their domain at least, march on adamant, and along a plain and straight viaduct, reared on lofty and stately arches, far above the jungle and the morass through which the pioneers of other truth have to toil their weary way. But how very contrary this fancy is from fact it is not difficult to show. We will name a few of the immense chasms which must needs be bridged over before the notion of a path from the primordial germ to the moral man can be claimed as a thoroughfare.

1. *The first chasm to be spanned is that between the not-living and the living.* There is abundant proof that the earth was once in such a condition as to preclude the possibility of life. Matter existed in an inanimate before it existed in an animate form. Spontaneous generation,—that is, the production of living protoplasm by the chance concurrence of atoms, under the influence of mechanical force,—is, as we have seen, declared by the highest Science to be a myth and a delusion. Life always arises from life. Living organisms are thus to Science ultimate facts, for which the only reasonable account is the interference of the Creator.

That the Creator *might* have endowed the primordial germs with vital functions we do not deny. There is no reason why the first Divine creative impulse would not have been sufficient for all that followed, if God had so willed it, but the researches of the keenest and ablest Biologists, extending over the last half century, incontrovertibly witness to the truth that *it was not so ordered.* Forty years ago, Mr. Cross alleged the production of a certain insect in a solution of silicate of potash, by the agency of electricity But the allegation turned out to be a mistake, and has long since been unanimously discredited. Very recently a certain class of Evolutionists boasted loudly that a substance found in the deep seas, and hence called Bathybius—from two Greek words meaning *deep* and *sea*—was an organism without organs, yet capable of nutrition and propagation ; and this Bathybius was confidently

assumed to fill up the gap between the inorganic and the organic. So much was made to depend upon Bathybius,—indeed according to Huxley and others the whole hypothesis of Evolution—that we were reminded of a pyramid set upon its point, which could only be kept standing, even temporarily, by being spun round and round like a top. However, after all, it turns out that Bathybius is only sulphate of lime, and that, when it is dissolved, it crystallises as gypsum. And of the results of all the enquiries, made with the utmost constancy and earnestness by men of genius and learning, some of whom were anxious above everything to support their presumptive denial of the supernatural,—this is the sum. "*The present state of knowledge,*" says Professor Huxley, the discoverer of Bathybius, "*furnishes us with no link between the living and the not-living.*"

Thus we have the concurrent testimony of all the parties concerned to the non-existence of any practical proof of the consummation which the theory pre-supposes. If it does not exist then the continuity of Evolution is broken, and the needs-be for the Divine interference, after the creation of the first material atoms, is demonstrated.

2. So much such authorities amongst the the Evolutionists as Sir W. Thomson, Drs. Darwin, Carpenter, Grey and Owen quite allow. They are content to deduce the stream of life from an already animated organism, however constituted. *But the bridge of Evolution is broken at the end which binds it to man, as well as at the end which binds it to the molecule.* There gapes an apparently unfathomable gulf between the genus *homo* and the highest animals,—be the latter apes or sheep; for there are those who would rob us now even of the comparatively glorious possibility of being descended from monkeys, and give to both monkey and man a common ovine ancestry. Science bears no testimony to such a bestial origin. The fall from man to the ape level is sudden and striking. The cubic capacity of the brain of the highest ape is only half that of the most degraded of mankind. If the theory of natural selection were true, in its application to the human race, there ought to be all possible gradations in the

genealogical tree between our species and that of our dumb, fourfooted progenitors, for Evolution takes no leaps. But, though long and diligently sought, no gradations have been discovered.

Dana says :—"If the links ever existed their annihilation without trace is so extremely improbable, that it may be pronounced impossible : until some are found Science cannot assert that they ever existed." Even Darwin admits that their absence is amazing. No one claims that the fossil skeletons of men, however venerable, exhibit any approach to the ape form. Huxley observes of one of the oldest that its brain might have been that of a philosopher. Dr. Virchow, of whom it has been justly remarked that "if he has one equal, he has no superior in his own department," says :— "The old troglodytes, pile-villagers, and bog-people prove to be quite a respectable society. They have heads so large that many a living person would only be too happy to possess such. .. .. .. If we gather together the whole sum of the fossil men hitherto known, and put them parallel with those of the present time, we can decidedly pronounce that there are among living men a much greater number of individuals who show a relatively inferior type than there among the fossils known up to this time."

And yet the *physical* difference, between man and the noblest creatures in the rest of the animated kingdom, is as nothing compared with the difference marked by the *mental* and *moral* qualities of the former. The word *conscience* alone represents an infinity of distance. Whence comes man's undoubted personality, his perception of right and wrong in motives, his power of will,—working backwards as well as forwards? How shall we account for the religious faculties of man by which he is made capable not merely of the intellectual achievements of a Newton, but also of the spiritual grandeur of St. Paul? As we contemplate these endowments we must be convinced that there is absolutely no relationship between man and the brutes; his pre-eminence is

not a question of degree but of kind. Hence only the extreme Evolutionists accept, or, at anyrate, insist upon the comprehension of man in the same category as the brute creation. "*For the development of man,* gifted with high reason and will, and thus made a power above Nature, *there was required a special act of a Being above Nature,* whose supreme will is not only the source of natural law, but the working force of Nature itself." Thus writes Dana, and he is supported in the concession by other leading Evolutionists, especially Wallace, the co-discoverer and co-worker with Darwin. But if the independent origin of the human race be granted, it is evident that the continuity of Evolution is broken not only at one end, as we argued before, but at *both* ends, - its *terminus ad quem* as well as its *terminus a quo.*

3. But what of the main body of the viaduct,—the essential inference of Evolutionists that because the higher forms of life succeed the lower, they must have been derived from the lower? We simply ask for some *proofs* of this derivation, and none are forthcoming. *The chasm between species and species remains as yet unspanned!* Indeed it is authoritatively stated that there is not the faintest sign that a single arch ever stretched across the abyss.

There are, roughly speaking, some 120,000 species of animals, and, if the theory of Evolution be true, we ought to discover multitudes of creatures, in various stages of physical change, between one species and another. But not one single, clear instance is producible. The experience of the historical age indicates that it is a law of Nature to keep species apart; sterility being the invariable consequence of any attempts at crossing the different species. And the evidence of the remains of geological eras is to the same effect. It is an undeniable fact that there is a total absence from the stone records of the classes of animals by which the intervals between the existing species ought to be filled up, according to the Evolutional hypothesis. Much was made, a little while ago, of a peculiar creature about the size of a fox, which was named the

Orohippus, because it was said to show some approximation in structure to a horse. But already the *Orohippus*, has fallen into disrepute, and, even if it had not, it is not one solitary case but millions of creatures we have a right to expect to find if they ever existed.

What we actually do find is thus stated in the *Edinburgh Review* for July, 1879:—"No material difference whatever is discernible between the individuals of the same species from the first trace of its appearance in the fossil state. The badger of the bone-caves of Limel and Brabant, the oldest (we believe) of the terrestrial Mammalia surviving to the present time, was precisely the same with the badger of to-day."

Darwin does not deny that the drift of evidence goes to show that one species is never, at present, transformed into another. To support his hypothesis he has to assume that there may have been a time when this law was reversed. But, as it has been pertinently asked :—"What would be thought of an astronomer if he were to argue that, though the attraction of gravitation is true now, there may have been a time when an apple, thrown into the air, would travel for ever in space?" Darwin's argument is precisely similar, though the fallacy is not so obvious at first.

Dr. Virchow, before mentioned, one of the strongest authorities we can quote, confidently asserts that "the plan of organisation is inimitable within the limits of species; *species is not produced from species.*" But, if Dr. Virchow be justified in this assertion, the very key-stone is struck from the central arch of the doctrine of Evolutional development, and one more great wreck is added to the many like failures with which the path of knowledge is strewn.

X. Such considerations as the above are sufficient to teach us caution before we commit ourselves even to a theory so popular, and, to some minds, so inviting, as that of Evolution. There is an aspect of simplicity about this hypothesis, and it appears to lend itself so readily as an explanation of the admitted facts of a progressive improvement, and a serial relationship throughout Nature, that we are apt to forget that the explanation is, at present, purely speculative, and that not a single proof positive of the process of development is anywhere forthcoming, though the treasures of the heights and of the depths have been ransacked for such proof.

Then as to the facts. What is admitted is an improvement in the *succession;* but there is a vast difference between that and an improvement in the *species*, which is only a supposition. That *other* species, in higher grades of organisation have made