

and a new earth," intellectually, compared with them. Now, wherever man is, his brother man can face him; and wherever there is error, there is no longer a "devil's preserve" for it. It is to be battled with, according to a clear law of God's providence, upon every soil of the globe. And has the Almighty thrown down the canker of difference between nation and nation, and thought and thought, after this manner for nothing? No; but that the great battle of His truth might be everywhere fought in order to its being at last everywhere triumphant. And this world is not the same socially. When this Gospel came into it, such was the estimate of man commonly entertained that I do not think any priest, or any philosopher, ever thought it possible to lift up the mind of man—taking men as they were generally—to the worship of an Infinite Being. It was in the nature of all these Paganisms, as it is in the nature of all false religions, to have a most desponding and degrading conception of the capabilities of the human mind, looked at generally. But that is not our view of things. What did the Gospel do when it came into the world? It assailed every man to whom it was addressed. It said to him, "I have a message from God unto thee; receive it and live; reject it and thou wilt perish." I said that, socially, man was the better. He became such inevitably in the measure in which he could be made a religious being after the manner of Christ's Gospel. What was the state of things then? The great majority of human beings upon the earth were slaves. In Attica alone the slaves were three to one, as compared with the citizens. The old Roman patricians had some of their slaves to the number of ten, fifteen, and twenty thousand, upon their domains, and mounted garrisons to keep them in order. They sent them off to their field labour with logs to their feet, and housed them at the close of day as we should scarcely house out cattle. The artisan population, as well as the agricultural population, were the great mass of them, slaves. Sir, Christianity has put an end to all that. It did not leave the world where it found it. When the serfdom of feudalism came upon its place, that element of paganism it vanquished by degrees, and now we find that the soil of Christendom, on this side of the Atlantic at least, is free from stain of that kind, and on the other side it will be free also. We have but to labour in the future as in the past, and it will be realised. Little do our manufacturing population, who when they allow themselves to be led astray by infidel orators to assail Christianity as their foe, little do they think of what it is that Christianity has done for them. Whence did they get their liberty to take their labour to the best market, and get the best price? They have it from the Gospel. Free labour is one of the great prerogatives of the cross in society as it is, compared with what society was. Well, we have to look at these things as part of the process that is going on; and if it does not move so fast as we could wish, let us never forget that it is the characteristic of man to be always in a hurry; it belongs to God never to be in a hurry. There is a stateliness and a deliberation about all His actions! The coming of the day and the night, how slow and imperceptible, and how beautiful! The coming of the winter and of the summer, the seed time and the harvest, how gradual, how stately! And when He called this world into being, oh! what a lengthened process of change had to take place before it was accounted fit for man to dwell in! And when man had become a sinner, and there was to be a Saviour, 4,000 years passed in the world's discipline, before the Saviour came. And so, in a thousand directions besides, you have to mark that His instruction to us is, ever to work and wait. I know nothing of waiting, in relation to His cause, without working; but of this I feel assured, that no man is fit to do a great thing anywhere, and least of all to do a great thing for the cause of God, who has not been schooled into the lesson of working and then waiting.

The English Baptist Union.

The annual meeting of the Union was held in the Library at the Mission House London, on Friday, April 25th, under the presidency of the Rev. C. Stovel. The proceedings were commenced at ten o'clock by singing and prayer. The Rev. C. Stovel then read an exceedingly able address. He commenced by some general remarks upon the obligation that was imposed upon believers to make grateful acknowledgment to God for the blessings which he conferred upon them, and to make every fresh blessing a starting point from which to seek further grace. Christians might raise their Ebenezers, because hitherto the Lord had helped them, but those Ebenezers should inspire them with augmented zeal, perseverance, and service. The Baptist Union originated in the conviction that men who were united as Christians had objects to promote which were best attained, if they were only attainable, by united exertion; and this belief had been confirmed by experience. Mutual dependence, first upon the Lord and then upon each other, was clearly taught in Scripture, and of the least member it could not be said by the body of Christ, "We have no need of thee." He referred briefly to the Baptist Cause on the Continent, American Slavery, the Church and the State, and more largely to the Bicentenary Commemorations, closing by the following remarks on the Present and Future. The time was now come when faithful men should hold fast their hope, and hold it up to others. Soothing and consolatory was the growing radiance which promised the dawn of day. Indications of a better time appeared, not in words of promise only, but in events which no

one should misinterpret. While special pleadings and worldly sophistries were used to undermine the foundations of our belief in God. He by a gracious care provided for the more extended study and observance of His Word.—Provided as it never was before for cheapness and for use, the Bible was abroad, while Sabbath-schools and classes for its study prepared the young to realise its teachings. English homes, if not more deeply, yet more generally, entertained the study of the Word of God.—Against all forms of infidelity, appeal was made to its instructions by rich and poor. A longing for the pure and unsophisticated terms of mercy might be found in untaught labourers, in merchant princes, in men of vast and varied learning, in legislators, in nobles near the throne, and in the royal household. Our gracious Queen—may God in Christ preserve her, mature and perpetuate the piety which now consoles her widowed spirit—our truly gracious Queen might now be found handing portions of the Word of Life to subjects of her kingdom, who like herself suffered the discipline of a higher King in chambers of affliction. Such homely uses of God's Holy Word invited the enterprise of Christian faithfulness, and justified alarm for all who plead for what that word condemns. With all that claimed our sorrow in the present year, a hungering and thirsting for the Word of Life remained to justify our hopes—to show that where the darkness rolls away, albeit reluctantly, the day must dawn. Prayer might yet be offered to heaven for help in perpetuating slavery—for defending religious forts—for the sustenance of war which reveals in human blood—but all must feel the power of advancing truth. Like a great seraph stepping from the precincts of the eternal throne, she saw herself insulted, abused; but strong in her resources, she meant still to reign. Her very glance is terrible to those who love her not, but comforting her children against all hostility and sorrow she saith, "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings." "Wherefore, beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." The delivery of the address was frequently interrupted by the cheers of the audience, and at its conclusion the chairman was loudly applauded. Several resolutions were introduced, discussed and carried in reference to the efficiency of the Baptist Union, the American War, the state of the denomination, the enrolment of trust-deeds, the Bicentenary, and the Burials Bill.

Opening of the International Exhibition.

London, May 2, 1862.

Eleven years yesterday the Exhibition of 1851—the first great International Exhibition the world ever saw—was opened with great pomp and ceremony by the Queen. By many it was thought that a new era of peace was to date from that day,—with what disappointment to their anticipations the history of the intervening decade but too clearly reveals. Without speculating, therefore, upon the moral results of the present Exhibition, and dwelling merely on the present, let it suffice to say that the opening of the South Kensington building yesterday was everything that its most ardent promoters could have desired. The 1st of May, 1851, though a fine, was anything but a genial day. Yesterday, on the contrary, the weather was superb—a gentle morning shower, sufficient to allay the dust—then warm, bright, and cheery. A sun that would have done honour to Midsummer paid his gratuitous contribution to the splendours of the occasion, and it is not too much to say, that to no personage or exhibitor has this great *fete* been so much indebted for the success and triumph of its inauguration. It is said that a heavy shower would have prevented certain "glorious days," which mark the epoch of revolutions. How much more would a bad day have spoiled the scenic effect of a ceremony to which, not the passions of strife, but the feelings of civic peace and international good-will and fellowship, were to induce the presence of spectators. Spectators accordingly assembled in thousands, nay, in myriads, to take part in or to witness the day's ceremony. The only drawback to the universal feeling of joy and jollity which pervaded the enormous mass of people who were congregated in and around the Exhibition building was that the "presiding spirit" who led the "revels of the May" this day eleven years was not there to grace it on this occasion. The doors of the Exhibition building were opened at half-past ten o'clock, but long before that hour many thousands of visitors had already assembled and occupied the best stations. As the moments rolled on the mass of the people increased and rose like the rush of a mighty tide. There never was such an invasion of the west before. All oriental London seemed to be either in cab, omnibus, or afoot; and as for the return journey in the early part of the day, there was the most beggarly account of empty seats that could be seen—*nulla vestigia retrorsum*. So great was the pressure upon the main roads leading to the Exhibition that the vehicles by eleven o'clock had to proceed at a snail's pace, and thousands of people, after vain exhortations to conductors and drivers to "move on," preferred to sacrifice their fares, and to trust to the safer and, on this occasion, more expeditious locomotive of their own legs. The windows along the main line of Piccadilly and Knightsbridge were thronged with gay spectators, and at various points flags were hung out. It being May morning, the very horses were decorated with bright ribbons or green leaves, and many of the omnibus drivers wore

the gay rosettes appropriate to the day. Even to the fraternity of sweeps it was more than the usual festival; for, in addition to the "Jacks-in-the-Green" with their motley accompaniments, were there not the funambulists from France, brass bands from Germany, the serenaders from our Seven-dials "Ethiopia," and the popular "Punch?" Everybody in fact seemed to "feel the gladness of the May," from the highest to the lowest. At half-past twelve o'clock the doors were closed until after the ceremony of opening, and at one o'clock the Queen's Commissioners—his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K. G., his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor, the Earl of Derby, K. G., the Lord Chamberlain, Viscount Palmerston, K. G., G. C. B., and the Speaker of the House of Commons—entered the building from the Cromwell-road, their arrival being made known by a flourish of trumpets. Her Majesty's Ministers, the Foreign Commissioners, and others taking part in this procession, who had been awaiting the arrival of the Queen's Commissioners in the South Central Court, now joined the Commissioners; and a procession was formed which included a large number of the most illustrious personages in the empire, and also the Crown Prince of Prussia, and Prince Oscar of Sweden. The procession, starting from the south centre of the nave, proceeded to the south side of the western dome, where there was a throne and chair of state. After the National Anthem had been sung—or rather, by some mistake, while it was being sung—an address was delivered by the Earl Granville, K. G., chairman of the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862. To this address an answer was returned by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, K. G., on behalf of the Queen's Commissioners for opening the Exhibition. The procession then moved down the nave to the east dome, when the special musical performances commenced. The music, especially composed for this occasion, consisted of a grand overture by M. Meyerbeer, a chorale by Dr. Sterndale Bennett (to words by the Poet Laureate), and a grand march by M. Auber. The Poet Laureate's ode was as follows:—
"Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's inventions stored,
And praise th' invisible universal Lord,
Who lets once more in peace the nations meet,
Where Science, Art, and Labour have outpour'd
Their myriad horns of plenty at your feet."
"O silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!"
"The world-compelling plan was thine,
And lo! the long laborious miles
Of Palace; lo! the giant aisles,
Rich in model and design;
Harvest-tool and husbandry,
Loom and wheel and engine-ry,
Secrets of the sullen mine,
Steel and gold, and corn and wine,
Fabric rough, or fairy fine,
Sunny tokens of the Line,
Polar marvels, and a feat
Of wonder, out of West and East,
And shapes and hues of Art divine!
All of beauty, all of use,
That one fair planet can produce,
Brought from over every star,
Blown from over every main,
And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,
The works of peace with works of war."
"O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,
From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-winged peacemaker fly
To happy heavens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man find his own in all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood,
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying nature's powers,
And gathering all the fruits of peace and crown'd with
all her flowers."
These admirable verses of Mr. Tennyson's could hardly have been wedded to music in a more kindred spirit. The execution of the work was happily all that could have been wished.—
The opening chorale,—
"Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet,
In this wide hall with earth's inventions stored,
And praise th' invisible universal Lord,"
—the appropriate thank-offering at this important festival, was sung with remarkable decision and a justness of intonation that never seemed to waver. The effect of the trumpets, giving out the melody of the chorale in unison with the upper voices, was extremely solemn and impressive. The next movement, in the minor key—
"O silent father of our Kings to be,
Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,
For this, for all, we weep our thanks to thee!"
—must have made its way to the hearts of all the vast assembly. We know of nothing more pathetic than the treatment of the last line, where the words, "We weep," are reiterated, in touching and plaintive harmony, as though the asseveration could not be made too often.—
Here the power of embodying deep feeling possessed by music is strikingly exemplified. Mr. Tennyson was happy in being associated with a musician able to appreciate a thought which in delicacy he himself has rarely surpassed, and, moreover, to give it ample and sympathetic expression. The members of the chorus, too, seemed to enter into the sentiment of both poetry and music, and delivered the passage from beginning to end as if they thoroughly felt its significance. The enumeration of the wonders of the palace, which comes next, was not quite so satisfactory, although one part of it (and that the most melodious and graceful).
"And shapes and hues of Art divine," &c.
—was irreproachable. The chorale recitative *à la Mendelssohn* ("And is the goal so far away?"); the references to the opening chorale—
"O ye, the wise who think, the wise who reign,"
and the whole of the final chorus—in which the composer borrows the theme of the chorale, to

extend and develop it into a movement of sustained beauty and interest, as melodiously flowing as it is full of sentiment—offered no point for criticism, a marked impression being created by the passage in unison to the words—
"Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers,
And ruling by obeying nature's powers."
—one of the most original and impressive in the Ode. The orchestral accompaniments were beyond reproach; and indeed the general execution of Professor Bennett's unaffectedly beautiful work was creditable to all concerned—in an equal degree to singers, players, and conductors. The same remark must be made of all the musical performances. When the special music was over, a prayer was offered by the Bishop of London, and the Hallelujah Chorus and the National Anthem were sung. The Duke of Cambridge then rose, and in a loud voice said, "By command of the Queen, I now declare the Exhibition open." The trumpets of the Life Guards saluted the announcement with a prolonged *fanfare*, and the crowd echoed it back with a cheer, which was taken up and speedily spread from one end of the building to the other. This ended the official ceremonial. Part of the procession made its way to the picture galleries, and the barriers having been removed which confined them to their appropriate quarters, the visitors rapidly dispersed all over the building. There must have been at this time close upon 25,000 people in the Exhibition; but, except in the passages north and south of the nave, there was little difficulty in moving about. It is impossible to speak too highly of the manner in which the arrangements were observed by all concerned.—If the complete success of the opening day be any augury for the future, the International Exhibition of 1862 has before it a career even more glorious and prosperous than that of its great predecessor.—*Freeman*.
The London Illustrated News says of the Chorale:—
"When Dr. Sterndale Bennett's chorale, which had been composed for the words of the ode written by the Poet Laureate, commenced, the bulk of that vast assemblage acknowledged an extraordinary fitness for the occasion as a most felicitous adaptation of music to the grand verse of Tennyson. The rich sound poured from under the dome and rushed along the nave, the voices and instruments now blending exquisitely, and now seeming each to have resolved themselves into one voice and one instrument of superhuman power. It was a great success, and decidedly the most faultless and complete feature of the day.
A large number of the noblemen and gentlemen were in uniform and Court dresses, and the scarlet robes of the Doctors of Divinity, the dark robes of the clergy of lower rank, and the very various gowns of civic dignitaries were all to be seen glaring along in rapid progress.
Earl Granville, on the part of the commissioners of the exhibition, presented to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the "key," technically so-called, of the exhibition. This is, in fact, a master-key (manufactured by Messrs. Chubb), and which opens the entire number of the different suites of locks on all the doors of the buildings. It is wrought entirely by hand out of a solid piece of steel, and was inclosed in a crimson velvet bag.
Seats were provided for the personages taking part in the procession; and, as soon as they had been duly arranged, the music specially composed for this occasion was performed by an orchestra consisting of 2000 voices and 400 instrumentalists, conducted, with one exception, by Mr. Costa.
One missed the trees, the fountains, the well-arranged centre space which made our first great model of future Exhibitions so beautiful and so great a marvel to all the world. But still, with all those advantageous comparisons, there was much to admire in the building. No other country but this could have built it in the time, and, above all, no other country could pay the enormous cost of its erection, as we feel sure that it will in little more than five months after its remaining open to the public.
The bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Fusilier Guards were stationed at the dome, and their music kept the great mass of visitors at that end of the building.
Under the western dome, also, were mayors and corporate dignitaries, refugent in many colored robes. There were Greeks, Turks, Albanians, Parsees and Persians, all more or less embroidered and enriched, Hungarians, Swedes and Orientals—great men of almost every clime and creed and costume. Compared with 51, the mere spectacle was as much more gorgeous as the Exhibition itself is better.
[Among the names of those in the procession, Nova Scotia was represented by A. M. Uniacke, Esq.]
The wisdom of the decision which made the spacious area under the dome the scene of this portion of the ceremony, instead of the centre of the building, as was originally intended, was fully justified by the magnificent scene which was presented when the procession had grouped round the raised dais on which the Queen's Commissioners were placed. As a spectacle this was the most impressive point in the day's ceremonial. In the glittering crowd beneath were grouped together in a glowing mass every variety of uniform, from the modest blue and gold of the Windsor to the dazzling splendour of the Greek commissioners. Stretching away behind was the rich perspective of the nave, with the vast expanse of the densely-packed orchestra as a background—hidden at points by the obstructive trophies, but still visible and effective as a grand whole. But the brilliancy of the scene was not its chief interest. In that throng was gathered together some of the greatest names in the arts, sciences, and manufac-