

The Rev. Dr. Cramp has kindly favored us, by copying from the Life of Dr. Malan some exceedingly interesting statements, concerning the training he gave to his sons.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

In the Memoir of Dr. Malan, are found the following "Personal Reminiscences," by his son.

Among the first is the circumstance of hearing him converse in Latin with my eldest brother. It was his wish to spare his son the distress occasioned to most children by the study of that language, as witnessed by himself in his position as master in the college. For this purpose he determined, from the first, to address him only in Latin. Afterwards, when he was old enough to learn to read, my father prepared a book containing vignettes drawn and coloured by himself, having underneath little stories in that language. As a result of this method, Latin is, to this day, my brother's "mother tongue." I only mention this as an example of the zeal and assiduity my father displayed in the prosecution of any design on which he had resolved. Generally speaking, indeed, he concerned himself with the education of each of us. My first lessons of any importance—my first analyses—are linked with his memory. Every evening at a certain hour, about the year 1820, I saw my elder brothers and sisters go into his study with their paper books. In course of time I was permitted to be present. Alternate lessons in logic and rhetoric formed the staple of the studies. At a later period one of my brothers and myself read with him some Latin authors and the elements of geometry. Aided by his varied experience, he gave us, further, our first ideas of natural philosophy. To accomplish this he constructed electric machines, one of them of large dimensions, with the various appendages then in use. Sometimes, on fine nights, he would adjust his large telescope, to show us the satellites of Jupiter, or the mountains of the moon; at others, collecting us round his microscope, he made us handle, as it were, the proofs of the infinite goodness and power of the Creator. He never failed to correct us every time that we used a faulty grammatical expression. Whenever a dispute arose upon a point of language, or of history, for instance, he did not suffer the thing to remain unsettled. "We must never put back till to-morrow the settlement of any doubt," was what he said. When the dictionary or grammar had decided the point at issue, he would exclaim, in a tone of satisfaction, "There is one error less!"

My most vivid recollections, however, of that time, gather round certain seasons, in which he used to call us into his room to tell us stories. It was on Sunday evenings after he had had his tea. We used to find him seated in an easy-chair in front of the fire. My brothers and sisters settled themselves right and left of him, while my place—I was very small at the time—was usually at his feet, on a thick rug which decorated the hearth. There, as I watched the flame flickering on the logs of wood, while the fire died slowly down, and the shadows danced on the Dutch tiles of which the sides of the fire-place were composed, I heard him tell us the story of the Watch-Chain, Raoul, or The Iron-Hearted, with several other original tales, which appeared subsequently in his "veritable ami des enfans," with "Didier le Vagabond," "Jean des Rauguettes," and "The German Tinder Dealer." Before publishing them he wished to test their effect upon us, and so, by the following Sunday, we had to set down what we had heard—while the hints he gave me one day, after I had tried my hand at writing a page, I remember, and find useful still. He was, indeed, much more than a careful and exact grammarian. He never failed, though it was only by a word, and that most kindly spoken, to indicate any defect of thought or character, so frequently betrayed by inaccuracy of language or style. Let it be added, however, that while he thus laid the utmost stress on clearness and precision of thought, he was anything but a pedant. What he had in view, in his teaching, was not so much the idea that struck himself, as how to enable his pupil to apprehend it. Hence these lessons were eagerly looked forward to by us; and, as for me, the day when I had to exchange his teaching for a tutor's, remains among the saddest of my earliest boyhood.

At a very early period he began to teach us drawing; and ever afterwards, when (among the first in Geneva to do so), he applied to A. Calame to instruct us, he scarcely ever omitted to come into the room where the lesson was being given, if it was only for a few moments, either to exchange a few words with "the dear master," or to go from one to another with a word of encouragement, or uniformly kind criticism.

With reference to his sons, in particular,—he

it was who gave us an early taste for handicraft. When the weather was bad, and he was at liberty, he opened his workshop. It was a large room, containing a lathe for his own use, and a smaller one for us, a forge with a locksmith's belongings, a carpenter's bench, and a large assortment of tools of every kind, many of which had been manufactured by himself. Here he instructed us in the art of distinguishing the various kinds of wood, and estimating their value, as well as of making and using tools; or summoned us to help him in some particular task.

He united, to great muscular strength, singular certainty and skilled lightness in the use of his hands. Partial to manly exercises, he was the first to teach me riding and fencing.

Not that he was our only instructor. He had not sufficient leisure for the purpose. But he ascertained for himself, before handing us over to masters, in what quarter our special tastes lay. What he especially desired was, that whatever we undertook, we should do well; and he omitted nothing in furnishing us with the means. He set up for my eldest brother a book binder's workshop, completely furnished. Afterwards, on noticing the interest with which another of us employed himself with a child's printing press, he made him a small one of iron, with all the proper accompaniments. The printer, who was then about twelve, was soon informed that, as his printed matter was circulating among the public, he ought to take out the requisite license. It was for this printing press of the *Pré Reni* that my father wrote his "speaking vignettes."

In spite of the unfailing and varied character of his activity, I cannot help remembering that, much as he enjoyed the country, he never occupied himself with horticulture. It was a *sine qua non* with him that the fruits of his exertions should be rapid and reliable. What could not be calculated upon with certainty failed to attract his mind, as it might have attracted others.

Fond as he was of giving away, he would have nothing lost. While out for a walk, I have seen him stop to pick up a nail, a pin, or some other trifling thing; remarking, as he did so, that he would one day find a use for it. It is true, he possessed the talent of turning every thing to account. On this point, he used often to quote to us, when we were children, the example of the hero of our age, Robinson Crusoe. One day, I remember, he brought me a knife, the handle of which he had made out of an old bone bleached by the sun, while he had forged the blade out of a piece of steel which I had seen him pick up in the road some days before.

Devoted to method and order, he left their impress on every household arrangement. In connection with this, he congratulated himself on the year he had spent as a young man in a bank at Marcellines. He required the members of his family to be punctual, whether at family prayers or at meals, the signal for which was given, precisely at the hour, by a bell hung outside the house. Each of us had a set of tablets, in which he would show us how to enter hour by hour, at the beginning of each new season, whatever we had to do each day of the week. He was very urgent in requiring his boys to rise early, and very careful to see that we had a short time for recreation after every meal. In summer our first lesson was at six o'clock. He was generally up at four himself; and, during the fine summer days, we often saw him as we met for prayers and breakfast, returning from his morning walk.

If his activity was constant, it was by no means restless. No one ever found him in a hurry or confusion, just as, on the other hand, he was neither a dreamer nor a chatterer. His recreation was manual labour.

It would be difficult to mention all the various things he could do. Sometimes I saw him with a graver's tool in his hand, a glazier's diamond, or a tinsmith's irons. Then, again, he would be devoted to making ink or sealing wax, or some other preparation. On other occasions, when he had a few spare hours, he would paint, or compose music, or (as was the case especially during the years I most vividly recall) he would busy himself with lithography, or in his workshop. There, putting on a workman's waistcoat and apron, he applied himself vigorously to what ever he had to do. Always thorough in his undertakings, he might often be heard singing a hymn while he was at work, or whistling the air of it; and when he succeeded in what he was about, he generally came to my mother or me to make us partners of his satisfaction. It may be added that he had a habit of succeeding; and that through the house, and through the houses of his friends, he was looked upon as

able to repair anything. I have seen him accomplish, in this respect, perfect marvels of ingenuity and skill.

But to return to my earliest recollections. On Thursday afternoons, when the weather was fine, we used generally to go out for a walk with him, all together. Getting into the country as quickly as possible, we halted on the bank of a stream, or under a cluster of trees, or in some other solitary nook; there,—the little ones being tired with running about,—he would gather us round him, and enlarge upon the habits of various field animals, or tell us the names of the flowers we might happen to bring him. He showed us in everything the wisdom and goodness of God, whose presence was ever filling his soul. It was on one of these occasions that, observing me striking a little branch in a hedge with my stick, he asked me to bring it to him; and when we stopped to rest he began, with his pen-knife in his hand, to give me my first ideas of the construction of one of those letters, the wonderful development of which I had been thoughtlessly arresting. *Memoir* pp. 378-384.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger

DIFFICULTIES OF SCRIPTURE.

A man's true worth is as easily ascertained by the malice of his enemies as by the ardor of his friends. What is true of character is equally so in regard to the word of God. The carnal mind—the ruling spirit of our fallen race—is enmity to God; as God is the author of the Bible, this enmity has been vented upon this Book of books which has unmixed truth for its contents, and its designs—of all purposes the most beneficent, the salvation of man. Modern infidelity and Scepticism is but another form of that open and inveterate malice that grasped our Saviour's hand, which was given in love, and instead of pressing it tenderly, tore it with nails and left it mangled and bleeding. The hand of violence is now too short to arrest the person of Christ, and is used to exterminate, if possible, the record of his life and works of wonder and love. As the vulture flies heedlessly over a garden that is blushing with all the variegated tints of Summer, and strikes his talons in some trembling lamb, so is it with the modern objector to the Bible.

I. Consider the discrepancies of the Bible. I once saw a little pamphlet containing about one hundred and thirty self-contradictions of the Bible. If the writer had spent as much time in an impartial investigation, as in sceptical gleaning, he would have said when concluded as David did respecting the sword of Goliath: "There is none like that; give it me." In Gen. vi. 6, reference is made to God as repenting, which simply denotes the necessity of a change in the order of his providence and dispensations. Again it is repeatedly stated that God cannot repent; the context proving that the sorrow that we feel on account of sin, which leads to repentance, cannot agitate the bosom of the Almighty, because He cannot sin. Gen. xviii. 20, 21, has been cited as limiting the knowledge of God and that He is not omnipresent. In Ps. cxxxix., the Psalmist spake of God as being every where. The language of man is used in the first to express, not that he did not know, but, that as a judicious man would not be satisfied with mere report and din of confusion, only with a critical investigation; so the omnipresence expressed by the Psalmist is implied in Genesis in the phraseology of being an eye-witness. How startling the thought that God is by our side, and his eye is intently fixed on each heart searching the most remote recesses of the soul, and at the same time sweeping the vast domains of eternity, his ear at our lips catching the faintest whisper, and listening as well to every rustle in the universe. In short, no discrepancy affects any essential truth, and proves most decidedly the artlessness of the writers. Take a novice into a factory; he sees nothing but confusion; one wheel running perpendicular, another horizontal, and not a few in apparent opposition. To the engineer all is perfect harmony, even so with the word of God.

II. Another subject of criticism is in reference to the copiousness and conciseness manifested in different parts of the Bible. Suspend the truth that God, as the author of the Bible, should know best how to arrange its contents, and view the subject from another stand-point. Do not all writers, both ancient and modern, adopt the same style of detail? Take for instance the history of England, the first few pages give a very limited sketch of the Druidical government and the Anglo Saxon race; yet who questions its authenticity? God has revealed nothing in

His word that can be found by research, and only as much of what man could not find out himself as Infinite Wisdom thought proper. There must evidently be a place where the record would terminate did it proceed further, and then the objection would be the same. This would be unnecessary, for enough has been written to meet the wants of man. If a minute detail was given of all that is briefly mentioned, and all the events written that came under the notice of the inspired pennen, the productions would constitute a book too large for general use.

III. Some accounts are said to be unworthy of God. The test of man's obedience is pointed out as one. Gen. iii. A king has a legal right to enact laws and demand implicit obedience on the part of his subjects; a parent the same in regard to his child. What is essentially necessary to the government of a nation and the well-being of a family most decidedly is to the government of God the Supreme Ruler and Creator. There is not a blade of grass, or leaf, or insect that is not governed by laws; how much more moral and intellectual beings. And He who made a world so fair, for the abode of man that the sons of God shouted with the morning stars for very joy, knew what was morally best for our first parents. God planted in the heart of man an instinctive desire of *Wilt-worship*, consequently obedience was the best shrine and his Maker the proper object of adoration.

Again it is urged that the many ways recorded of God's revealing himself to man, especially His incarnation is unworthy of Him. Is it an element of true greatness for a man of rank to pet his hounds and turn a deaf ear to the wants of a little orphan who stands shivering upon his doorstep pleading for alms? Does not the Almighty Father feed the raven from the palm of his hand, and notice the dying gasp of the sparrow, and paint the petals and perfume the breath of the lily? Does He not speak to the young spring flowers in the dew and rain, and sunshine, and cause them to open their sweet lips and whisper in the language of Socrates, "God is love?" Shall He then pass by unnoticed the spiritual wants of man created in his own image?

The incarnation of Christ is the climax of all the Divine communications to the world. Well did Paul say, "Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." We cannot comprehend such an exhibition of interest and love; it is so deep that an angel might fling his plummet on high that he might wing his flight forever without reaching the extremities. The scene in the manger, the mysterious star, the angelic song in the air, Jordan, the Mount of transfiguration, Gethsemane's dark shade, Calvary, the crown plucked from the brow of Death, the stamp of immortality on the grave, the grandeur of the ascension, the witness of the Spirit of adoption sent forth into our hearts crying Abba Father, are so many witnesses of the love of God, and furnish an unanswerable argument in favor of the Bible.

B. MINARD.
New Hampton, Oct. 5th, 1869.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. DAVID WILSON.

Died at New Annan, Colchester Co., Sept. 11th, aged 58 years. Our departed sister was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, and emigrated with her husband to this country in 1832. In her youth she was led to give attention to her immortal welfare, but of any definite information in regard to her early religious experience the writer is not in possession. The first of her religious history was in connection with the Church of Scotland. After her arrival in this country, her desire to know her whole duty to Christ induced her to search the Scriptures prayerfully, in reference to the subject of Baptism. Becoming convinced that believers only have a right to that ordinance she was baptized on the 11th of Sept., 1840, by the Rev. D. W. C. Dimock, and united with the church at New Annan, of which she continued an earnest and consistent member till called away to join the church above.

Mrs. W.'s life was emphatically a daily evidence of the power of the Gospel of Christ. She was a person of rare intellectual endowments and lived in a spiritual atmosphere to which few are privileged to attain.

On the 1st of June, 1866, she was suddenly attacked with paralysis, and from that time till her death was most of the time a great sufferer. I frequently had the privilege of visiting her during her protracted illness, and always found her manifesting a meek submission to the will of God. Her chief solicitude was that she might be enabled to glorify God by patient resignation to his will.

On the 11th of Sept. she fell asleep in Jesus, just 20 years from the day on which she followed him, in baptism. On the following day her mortal remains were committed to their last resting place. A sermon was preached by the Rev. James Watson from Matt. iv. 16. Rev. T. Sedgewick was also present and took part in the service.

"The passing spirit gently fled,
Sustained by grace divine;
O, may such grace on us be shed,
And make our end like thine."

H. MORROW.

Acadia College, Nov. 5th.