

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business: fervent in spirit."

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Poetry.

GLEANNING AND RESTING.

BY L. C.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day? Where
wroughtest thou?"—*Ruth 2: 19.*

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day,
Where found thy task?
And what reward is thine?"
Thus will God ask.

"Where hast thou gleaned to-day,
Where wroughtest thou?
What bringest thou in sheaves
To garden now?"

"In every path of life
My knee I bow;
And I glean truth from all."
Thus answer thou:

"I sorrow that I bring
So little fruit,
Among the reapers oft
My tongue was mute.

"Because I dare not ask
For what I sought,
Lost I should offer thee
What cost me nought.

"No garlands rare have I,
Nor branch nor leaf;
I bring Thy Truth alone—
My only sheaf."

"Well done, my faithful child!"
Thus will God say.
Then sing its "Harvest Home"
Thy glad soul may;

For earthly work is done.
Night comes at last,
When God says "Welcome thou,"
Thy toil is past.

Thy day of gleanings o'er—
How soon it sped!
Thy evening hours are come;
Seek thou thy bed.

Christ reaches down His hand,
All doubt is fled;
On that all tender hand
Rest thou thy head.

What glorious change! from night
To endless day!
Gleaner, in "Heavenly Home"
Rest thou alway.

Religious.

PHYSICS AND METAPHYSICS.

The following critique on Prof. Huxley's lecture on the above subject is from the pen of Peter Bayne, the able London correspondent of the *Watchman and Reflector*. He says:

Prof. Huxley, addressing a Young Men's Christian Association, might have been expected to create almost as great a sensation as the chief of the Tories publishing a novel. But the professor, though his eminence is unquestionable, and his intellectual power and love of truth are justly acknowledged, has appeared to severe judges to be rather too fond of getting himself talked about, and to have less than wide their eyes by raising a dust with mere sweepings from the halls of science, and has thus, I fancy, ceased to be listened to with quite so much interest as he used to excite. His address to the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association has therefore been less talked about than might have been expected. It is a remarkable address, characterized by all the clearness of the writer's style and mind, and with perhaps a stronger glow of color than is usual with him. The subject is the right use of reason, the text chosen being "Descartes' Discourse on Method." Prof. Huxley aims at reconciling physics and metaphysics, and after carefully examining his essay, I am ready to admit not only that he has attained this object with very considerable success, but that his statement to the effect that his views are reconcilable with any system of theology, including, of course, evangelical orthodoxy, is not un-

founded. Beginning from the side of consciousness, the professor arrives at the conclusion that, "the highest of all certainties and indeed the only absolute certainty," is "the existence of mind." On the other hand, begin with matter and search for mind, and you will discover that force and force only meets you on every hand; that, whether you locate the soul in the pineal gland or in the gray matter of the brain, you cannot disconnect it in language from matter and its attributes. The sum of the conclusion appears therefore to be that, though mind can make itself good as a deeper fact than matter, yet it is by material instruments that mind works and by material analysis that mind can be spoken of. "The reconciliation of physics and metaphysics," says Mr. Huxley, "lies in the acknowledgement of faults upon both sides; in the confession by physics that all the phenomena of nature are, in their ultimate analysis, known to us only as facts of consciousness; in the admission by metaphysics that the facts of consciousness are practically interpretable only by the methods and the formula of physics. After this declaration it must, I think, be allowed to be unfair to call Mr. Huxley a materialist. But the argumentation by which he arrives at his idealism strikes me as shallow, and it certainly is the reverse of new. Take his reason for believing that there is no such quality as color in matter,—that what seems to us redness in, say a marble, is purely an impression of our minds. "There are many people who are what are called color-blind, being unable to distinguish one color from another. Such an one might declare our marble might be green, and he would be quite as right in saying that it is green as we are in declaring it to be red. But then, as the marble cannot, in itself, be both green and red at the same time, this shows that the quality 'redness' must be in our consciousness and not in the marble." Nay, more, if you "squint," sight "tells you that there are two marbles, while touch asserts that there is only one." What is this but to say that, because instruments misapplied are deceptive, instruments rightly applied are not to be trusted? If Prof. Huxley thinks that squinting eyes or color-blind eyes are of as much authority as eyes not squinting and in health, does he carry out his logic in the case of balances, clocks, and compasses? And if not, why not? Nature is truthful, but she must be interrogated by sound instruments. Talking of clocks, Mr. Huxley makes an astonishing profession or confession. "I protest," he says, "that if some great Power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning before I go out of bed, I should instantly close with the offer." So, unquestionably, would not I. For his machine-like perfection Mr. Huxley would barter the most exalting though perilous attributes of humanity. How the matter may stand with beings in another state of existence I do not inquire, but here on earth the very capacity of nobleness would be extinguished in the wound-up man, and that although his motions, thoughts, and words were so regular and faultless as to furnish an example to the satellites of Jupiter, right and wrong would alike be impossible for the vegetative placidity, the tideless composure, the stupid uniformity of such a life. I cannot believe that Prof. Huxley meant what he said.

SECTIONAL FEELING AT THE SOUTH.

The "hatred of everything Northern," still found in many communities in the Southern States, and its important effects on the material and social development of that section of the United States are illustrated by the facts given in the following extract from the *Advance*:

In many communities at the South the hatred of everything Northern is quite as bitter and demonstrative as at any time since 1860. For a time after the close of the war there was a disposition on the

part of many European immigrants, and not a few families in our own Northern States to settle at the South, make its interests their interests, and find their own advantage in helping to rebuild the broken fortunes of the war-stricken section. The Southward movement began, and attracted much attention. But it has almost wholly ceased. Not one in one thousand of the emigrants who land at our seaports goes south of the Potomac or the Ohio to establish his home, and the removal of a "Yankee" family to a Southern State is becoming a novelty. Some months ago a prominent politician of Washington organized a Southern Bureau, his object being the mixed one of realizing a profit on Southern lands sold to the emigrants, and of introducing good Northern and European blood into the morbid veins of southern society. In pushing this commendable enterprise, its projector made energetic use of the newspaper press, of political machinery, of intelligent agents, and of a wide personal acquaintance, and yet the movement has utterly failed. Virginia was the principal objective point, and several hundred New England and Middle States people were induced to buy lands in the Old Dominion at moderate rates and settle beyond the Potomac. The experience of most of these can be inferred from this one case: A New-England farmer, of considerable means, bought a tract of land not far north of Richmond, and placed on it a very costly lot of fancy sheep and Cashmere goats, intending to make Virginia his home and devote himself to growing this valuable stock. Imagine his sensations, on going into his field morning after morning and finding several of his sheep and goats lying dead—shot through at night by his ex-Confederate neighbors, as an evidence that he was a Yankee and was not wanted there. Not content with shooting some, the chivalry mutilated others and left them alive. After losing about half his flock, our Massachusetts friend retired north of the Potomac, as our armies had done before, and now at least on Virginia plantation is for sale very cheap.

BAPTISM AMONG EPISCOPALIANS.

The New York correspondent of the *Boston Journal* gives the following items of news or gossip pertaining to church matters:—

"Rev. James Chrystal, a regular Episcopalian minister, bearing letters from Bishop Potter, has applied for the use of Rev. S. A. Corey's Chapel, on Murray Hill, during the vacation, to make an experimental effort to get up a new congregation in New York. He believes in immersion as the true mode of baptism, and that the Greek Church is Apostolic and holds the true succession, and in that church he has sought and obtained immersion. Believing that there are many Episcopalians who want that mode of baptism, he proposes to make the trial, and believes that Bishop Potter will not oppose him.

"A Sunday since, while Mr. Chrystal was waiting for an interview with Mr. Corey Dr. Tyng stepped in to see the Chapel, as it really contests the palm with St. George's for gorgeous decoration. Mr. Corey mentioned that Mr. Chrystal was waiting for him in his study, and stated his purpose. Dr. Tyng said: 'You Baptists don't know how to baptize. You lead people down into the pool and immerse them face upward, filling their eyes, ears and mouth with water, and half strangling the candidate. Instead of that said the doctor, 'you should do as they do in the East, where you profess to get your authority. This is the way to baptize,' said the doctor, getting down on his knees in the centre aisle. 'Let the candidate kneel, and you have but a little way to place him under water. One hand should be placed on the forehead and the other placed on the back of the head, and then the candidate gently pressed forward until the immersion is complete.' It is well known that when Dr. Judson engaged himself to Fanny Forrester, she was a Presbyterian. She was baptized by Dr. Judson in the church at Utica. He baptiz-

ed her in the style described by Dr. Tyng and it gave great scandal to the old line of Baptists. Dr. Judson defended the practice as Eastern and Apostolic, and said it was the mode in which all the converts in Burmah were introduced into the church. It was an interesting sight to see old Dr. Tyng down on his knees in a Baptist church instructing a Baptist minister how to perform the peculiar ordinance of his denomination.

LETTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

QUEENSTOWN, IRELAND,)
July 26th, 1870.)

Dear Editor,—

After seclusion for a day and a half on board the City of Baltimore for which it is needless that I shall assign the cause, I found myself on the upper deck enjoying a warm and invigorating breeze and a wide circular scene—blue heavens above, and deep blue waters beneath.

The population of the little world within the walls of the ship numbered two hundred and sixty two souls (262) of whom one hundred and one were steerage and sixty seven cabin passengers; the remaining ninety four worked the ship. Young and old men, women and children made up the passengers. Blighted hopes and hearts that would not cease to long for the fatherland had compelled Cornish Miners and Irish labourers to wash for the last time from their hands the dust and soot of Yankee toil, and seek the shores and homes which they had left in quest of good fortunes. Some of these returning emigrants declared it their intention to go back to the States; at the same time they all agreed that the times there were hard and many of the labourers in great want.

Sabbath morning came and with it an invitation for all hands to assemble in the cabin for worship. In the absence of a bishop in "the true line of descent," the ship's surgeon read the Episcopal service, hence we learned that the *City of Baltimore* believes in apostolic succession and has secured the recognition of this article of her faith in her charter. Nevertheless she is tolerant, and in these days of infallibility dogmas ought not to be spoken against. She allowed the Rev. Mr. Calhoun Presbyterian, of Philadelphia to follow the service with a good sermon, to which all gave attention and which, no doubt, all the devout enjoyed.

There is much to engage the attention and interest within the vast, moving tent of which the ship is the centre, the heavens the canopy and the sea the floor; A volume might be written of the inhabitants and over changing form and colours of the great ocean, and not less of what is peculiar to the heavens at sea, both by day and by night. This has already been done by master hands. Only one thing was ludicrous. Thousands of porpoises came to the surface; and looked to the life like so many pigs engaged in feats of jumping. Having nothing better to afford us mirth we shook our sides over the sight.

On Friday we were promised by the captain that we should see land (D.V.) the next afternoon. And just as the dinner bell rang at 4 P. M. Saturday 23rd the old lines of the south western coast of Ireland were seen through a peculiar fog which partially obscured the land. The sight had a very reviving effect upon the passengers. An Irish gentleman who had made his fortune in a western State, became so generous as to be facetious at the expense of his father-land. When every body was taking the liberty to say something about the land that so delighted our eyes, this man humorously observed, that "Ireland was the best country in the world to live out of."

The signal stations on Mizzen and Brow Heads reported the arrival of the "City of Baltimore" as we sailed past. The ship held her course near the coast, passing between Farnet light-house and Cape Clear Island, distant 60 miles from Queenstown Harbor. The evening was beautiful, and the passengers, even the sick came on deck to enjoy the fresh land breeze. Ships