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Poetry.

IN-AS-MUCH?

Blow, wild winds of the winter, blow!
What care I for the storm?
What care I for the whirling snow?
My fire burns bright and warm.

Without are tempest, storm and night,
Within are light and cheer;
The hungry cold may gnaw and bite,
It never can reach us here!

Shutters are closed, the curtains drawn,
My children in their beds;
Thank Heaven that never one is gone
From the row of golden heads!

Howl, wild winds of the winter, howl!
Nothing have I to fear;
Though storms may rage, and skies may
Howl,
My fire is bright and clear.

Stay, but one moment, selfish heart!
Bar not the doors so tight!
Stay, for thy Master Jesus walks
Your city's streets to-night.

Of Judah's lonely lanes He walked,
Homeless, in days of old,
And still by city homes He waits,
Shelterless, worn and cold.

Faint, suffering, tempted still and tried,
With quivering lips and white;
Is there no room at thy fire-side
To welcome Him to-night?

Oh, that some angel hand would tear
The scales from blinded eyes,
That we might know the dear Lord Christ
Beneath His beggar guise!

In every alley, lane and street
His suff'ring poor we see;
As ye did it not to one of these,
Ye did it not to me!

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

ENGLAND AND ENGLISHMEN:

AS SEEN BY A FRENCHMAN.

A REVIEW.

1. *History of English Literature.*
By H. Taine: two volumes, pp. 531,
541.

2. *Notes on England.* By H.
Taine: pp. 377.

Every body remembers Burn's
lines:—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

Self-love will be sure to give a partial verdict on all subjects, as to the jaundiced eye everything is yellow. Great benefit may therefore result, both to individuals and to communities from interchanges of judgments. Estimates may be lowered, it is true, and pride humbled; but who will pretend, that such effects are harmful? Or who will pity those who in such cases are the victims? Apelles was right when he altered his painting at the suggestion of the cobbler-critic. Many a nobleman in the middle ages learned valuable lessons from the fool whom he kept in his employ, and who could take advantage of his assumed character (for it was often rather assumed than real) to convey counsel or censure which others would not have ventured to utter. The vanity or superciliousness of the members of one class may be exposed or even rebuked by the quiet good sense of those of another, who may be in many respects their inferiors. In short, we may all learn from each other; and if observation, intercourse, and fellowship produce no other effect than to disabuse any of the notion that they have a monopoly of all the virtues, it will be admitted that good fruit is borne.

M. Taine is a literary Frenchman. He holds a high rank among his countrymen, but not, it should seem among the clergy, for Bishop Dupanloup opposed his admission to the French Academy because (so the Bishop affirmed) "he had alleged virtue and vice to be products, like sugar and vitriol; he had denied the freedom of the will; he had advocated pure fatalism, had depreciated the ecclesiastical

of the Middle Ages, had eulogised the Puritans, had pointedly recommended the English Prayer Book, and had shown himself a sceptic in philosophy and a heretic in religion." Notwithstanding the Bishops' Anathema, however, M. Taine is an author from whom all thinking men, French or English, may learn much; whose elegant, yet forcible style is a fit setting for the most part, of just thoughts and judgments equally solid and acute; and who cannot but exercise a favourable influence on society. The correctness of his views will not, it is true, be always acknowledged, and few will be disposed to give him a *carte blanche* on religious subjects, which he is apt to misrepresent, because he does not understand them. Yet it is certain that his works contain thoughts and decisions which cannot fail to be regarded with profound respect by all impartial judges.

In his volume on England there are many observations which may be advantageously studied by Englishmen, and a general fairness of statement pervading the work while, as might be expected, his preference for his own country continually shows itself. Thus, he says that classical education is five times cheaper in France than in England, and that France is superior to England in these respects—the "climate"—the "distribution of wealth"—and "domestic and social life," in which, as he affirms, there is more equality, and greater family enjoyment—to which we demur entirely.

He sets Englishmen and Frenchmen in contrast in these words:—"The interior of an English head may not unaptly be likened to one of Murray's 'Hand books,' which contains many facts and few ideas; a quantity of useful and precise information, short statistical abridgement, correct and detailed maps, brief and dry historical notices, moral and profitable counsels in the guise of a preface, no view of the subject as a whole, none of the literary graces, a simple collection of well-authenticated documents, a convenient memorandum for personal guidance throughout a journey. A Frenchman requires that everything and every piece of writing should be cast in a pleasing form; an Englishman is satisfied if the substance be useful. A Frenchman loves ideas in and for themselves; an Englishman employs them as instruments of memories or of prevision. I am about to cite two small facts which will serve as specimens. Stephenson, the great engineer, was asked how he had invented his machines, and the locomotive among them. He replied that it was due to a power of imagining and conceiving with the utmost precision the different parts, the forms, sizes, and connections, their possible movements, and the entire series of changes which the alteration of a part, a size, or of a connection would introduce into their combined working. Thus his mind resembled a workshop, in which all the articles were numbered and classified; he took them in turn, arranged them, mentally set them going, and, by dint of trying, he hit upon the practical combination. As a contrast, Leon Foucault told me that having one day discovered a proposition of speculative mechanics which Huguens and Lagrange had overlooked, he worked it out to its final consequences, and these led him to the idea of his governor [or "regulator," an ingenious invention, applied to the management of the "lime light" in lighthouses]. In general, a Frenchman arrives at the comprehension of a thing by means of classifications and by the deductive method, while the Englishman does so by induction, by dint of concentration and remembrance, thanks to the clear and persistent representation of a quantity of separate facts, by the indefinite accumulation of documents, either isolated or placed in juxtaposition." *Notes on England*, p. 306. He remarks elsewhere that "self-help is always the watch-word" in England, but that it is "one little understood in France."

We do not wonder that M. Taine was horror-struck at the sight of the condition of the lower classes in some parts of England. He tells of 400 cottages of the agricultural poor in Lancashire, 200 of which have but a single room, "wherein the whole family sleep promiscuously"; and having gone through some of the crowded streets and lanes of the factory operations in Manchester, he says—"Every ten minutes we enter a different den; on our exit, the low room, blazing fire, flaring gas, the filthy band of haggard, beseeching or dangerous faces, made us think about a vent-hole of hell." But Lancashire is not England!

M. Taine's views of English literature in general are clear and just, and his verdicts on the merits of our standard authors will be accepted. We will give two or three specimens.

SHAKESPEARE. "Shakespeare imagines with copiousness and excess; he spreads metaphors profusely over all he writes; every instant abstract ideas are changed into images; it is a series of paintings which is unfolded in his mind. He does not seek them, they come of themselves; they crowd within him, covering his arguments; they dim with their brightness the pure light of logic. He does not labour to explain or prove; picture on picture, image on image, he is for ever copying the strange and splendid visions which are engendered one within another, and are heaped up within him."

"Shakespeare's style is a compound of furious expressions. No man has submitted words to such a contortion. Mingled contrasts, raving exaggerations, apophthegms, exclamations, the whole fury of the ode, inversion of ideas, accumulation of images, the horrible and the divine, jumbled into the same line; it seems to my fancy as though he never wrote a word without shouting it."

In Shakespeare there is no preparation, no adaptation, no development, no care to make himself understood. Like a too fiery and powerful horse, he bounds, but cannot run. He bridges in a couple of words an enormous interval—is at the two poles in a single instant. The reader vainly looks for the intermediate track; confounded by these prodigious leaps, he wonders by what miracle the poet has entered upon a new idea the very moment when he quitted the last, seeing perhaps between the two images a long scale of transitions which we pace painfully, step by step, but which he has spanned at a stride. Shakespeare flies, we creep."

MILTON. "A mighty and superb mind, prepared by logic and enthusiasm for eloquence and the epic style; liberal, Protestant, a moralist and a poet; adorning the cause of Algernon Sydney and Locke with the inspiration of Spenser and Shakespeare; the hero of a poetical age, the precursor of an austere age, holding his place between the epoch of unbiassed dream-land and the epoch of practical action; like his own Adam, who, entering a hostile earth, heard behind him, in the closed Eden dying strains of heaven."

"Force and greatness are manifested in Milton, displayed in his opinions and his style, the sources of his belief and his talent. This superb reason aspired to unfold itself without shackles; it demanded that reason might unfold itself without shackles. It claimed for humanity what it coveted for itself, and championed every liberty in his every work. From the first he attacked the corpulent bishop, scholastic upstarts, persecution of free discussion, pensioned tyrants of Christian conscience. Above the clamour of the Protestant revolution, his voice was heard, thundering against tradition and obedience. He sourly railed at the pedantic theologians, devoted worshippers of old texts, who took a mouldy martyrology for a solid argument, and answered a demonstration by a quotation. He declared that most of the Fathers were turbulent and babbling intriguers, that they were not worth more collectively than individually, that their councils were but a pack of underhand intrigues

and vain disputes; he rejected their authority and their example, and set up logic as the only interpreter of Scripture. A Puritan as against bishops, an Independent as against Presbyterians, he was always the master of his thought and the inventor of his own faith."

BUNYAN. "Bunyan has the freedom, the tone, the ease, and the clearness of Homer; he is as close to Homer as an anabaptist tinker could be to an heroic singer, a creator of gods. I err. He is nearer. Before the sentiment of the sublime, inequalities are levelled. The depth of emotion raises peasant and poet to the same eminence; and here also, allegory stands the peasant in stead. It alone, in the absence of ecstasy, can paint heaven; for it does not pretend to paint it; expressing it by a figure, it declares invisible, as a glowing sun at which we cannot look full, and whose image we observe in a mirror or stream."

THE ENGLISH BIBLE. "I have before me one of the square folios, [1549] in black letter, in which the pages, worn by horny fingers, have been patched together, in which an old engraving figures forth to the poor folk the deeds and manes of the God of Israel, in which the preface and table of contents point out to simple people the moral which is to be drawn from each tragic history and the application which is to be made of each venerable precept. Hence have sprung much of the English language, and half of English manners, to this day the country is biblical; it was these big books which had transformed Shakespeare's England."

These volumes are published by Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh. They may be obtained from London booksellers, through Halifax houses. C.

LOVED ONES IN HEAVEN.

We ask, "Shall I find in heaven all those who have become so necessary to immortal happiness that I can scarcely do without them? Shall I find my children there? I shall surely find mine there. Will they know me? Do they know me now? Do their sweet little thoughts hover about me, and distil upon my head as dew come upon flowers at night? Are my children mine? or are they like the drops of a brook which flows between flowery banks until it loses itself in a river, which pours out into the ocean? Are they only drops mingled with myriad other drops, to make up the universal sea? Are my children immersed and lost in the great ocean of human existence? Have I given them up for ever? Is all this discipline, all this love of the nursery, all this sweet life upon the knee, all this night and day in my bosom, as they lay sick while they were babes—is all this gone for ever? Is this, too, one of the illusions of life? My boys—are they mine only as they are everybody's? Is there nothing that my heart may claim in them? I doubt not that we shall find our children there. I do not believe that the heart has been kindled to so much fear and suffering that it may be quenched with everlasting forgetfulness. This is my liberty. It is not God's revelation. It is my necessity. And I am not rebuked when I indulge in such thoughts. My heart cries out to those who have loved me and gone to the heavenly land; and when I cry to them I hear a voice answering, as the Spirit and the Bride are represented as saying, "Come!" At night, by day, at twilight, in joy and in sorrow, I hear the voice of loved ones saying, "Come!" Over all troubles louder than the noise of wind and storm I hear the voices of those who have gone before me saying, "Heaven is real; God is real; love is eternal; come—from out of winter, from out of trouble from out of storms, from out of the sin-land, come!" There sound perpetually from the walls of the celestial city, voices that win and woo every aching heart, saying, "Come, come, come!"—H. W. Beecher.

For the Christian Messenger.

OUR FOREIGN MISSION.

The great question which has so long pressed itself upon us, as to where our Foreign Mission should be located, has at last been decided—at least so far as the minds of the members of the Board are concerned. The decision of course awaits the sanction of the Convention.

A great many circumstances, all pointing in the same direction, combined to lead the Board to the conclusion that Siam is our destined field of labor, and that the Karens of that country are the people who are waiting for the gospel from our missionaries.

Now then, we have before us a definite object—the evangelization and salvation of the tens of thousands of heathen scattered over that dark land. The commission of our ascended Lord speaks to us as to His servants at the first "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature"—Siam is included in that commission. The gospel will be "the power of God unto salvation" to multitudes who are now in darkness.

We have two missionary sisters, Miss DeWolfe and Miss Norris, who have been laboring for several years among the Karens in Burmah, and their knowledge of the Karen language will enable them to enter upon the work of the new mission, just as soon as it is located and established. Our brethren Armstrong and Sandford will be ready to leave here next fall for Siam, and there are Karen native preachers in Burmah who will accompany them and form part of the new mission band. And then there are two sisters among us, women of deep piety and earnest zeal, who are ready to go out to this work, as soon as we are ready to send them.

Brethren and sisters, the hour has arrived! The time has come for the Baptists of these Provinces to arise and bear a noble part in the evangelization of the world. A brother, now residing in the United States, but yet deeply interested in our missionary enterprise, writes "There was never a path of duty more plain than that upon which you have now entered, in the interest of Foreign Missions. Siam is your field. Aggression in the foreign field is clearly and strongly called for at this moment. If the Baptist denomination in the Provinces will faithfully and vigorously address itself to the work now projected in the direction of heathen evangelization, it will have a glorious future. Every home enterprise and interest will receive a new impulse from the reflex influence of effort abroad. May the Lord gird you for the work, and guide you in it."

The object before us now, is to prepare for this great work; and the principal preparation needed, besides having our hearts in full and prayerful sympathy with the enterprise, is to bring into the Treasury as large an amount of funds as possible before next fall. A large outlay will be required at the first; for the purchase of land, the erection of buildings, the establishment of schools, &c, besides the support of our missionaries. It will be necessary therefore for the churches throughout the three Provinces to take up this matter in earnest; and, constrained by the love of Christ, and compassion for the perishing, contribute of their means systematically and abundantly. Unless this is done the enterprise will be crippled and retarded at the outset. Let the pastors bring the subject before the churches promptly and heartily, and lead the way with their own contributions. And in those churches which have not pastors much may be done. Let those who are interested in Christian work take the matter up and agitate it till others become interested. The following example ought to stimulate many. An aged member of one of the country churches, a man in poor circumstances, has resolved to devote five cents per week to this glorious cause—and has sent