

the wicked laws of the time "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, and as devilishly and pertinaciously abstaining from coming to church." But preach he must and would. He was, therefore, condemned to prison for three months, when, if he left not his preaching, he was to be banished from the realm, or if found therein, "you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," quoth the judge. "If out of prison, to-day," replied the hero soul, "by God's help I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow." And not for three months, but for twelve long years he languished in that prison, whose horrors, a hundred years later, roused the soul of Howard to the task of reforming the prisons of Europe. His own words are:—"So, being delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison."

"Home to prison," exclaims his eloquent eulogist, Dr. Punshon. "Home to prison! And wherefore not! Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor the cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy over subject hearts, then every essential of home was to be found, 'except these bonds,' in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the day-time, is the heroic wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with womanly tenderness, and sitting at his feet, the child—a clasping tendril, blind, and therefore best beloved. There, on the table, is the Bible, revealing its secret source of strength. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands the Heavenly Comforter, and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of the recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

"And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship. The blind child receives the fatherly benediction. The last good night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone. His pen is in his hand, and his Bible on the table. A solitary lamp relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. 'He writes as if joy did make him write.' He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling, as he graves his own heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking on his brain and flushing all his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic, or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the Palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of its cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Onse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered into his soul. Chainless and swift, he has soared to the Delectable Mountains—the light of Heaven is around him—the river is one, clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the

Lamb—breezes of Paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair—from the summit of the Hill Olear he catches rarer splendours—the new Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon—the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God—this is the land that is afar off, and THAT is the King in His beauty; until the dreamer falls upon his knees and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstacy of prayer and praise."

After twelve years, the unconquered soul was released, and he was permitted to preach as he chose. While fervent in spirit, the emancipated prisoner was diligent in business. As brazier, as preacher, as author, he laboured to maintain his household.

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock on a winter's morning to hear him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are most widely read of all who have used the English tongue. But his own fame throughout the world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal allegory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in editions on which all the resources of art have been lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

JOSIAH HENSON—"UNCLE TOM."

THE death is reported at Dresden, Ont., of the Rev. Josiah Henson, aged ninety-three. A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, who visited the old man last year and became convinced that Mrs. Stowe did build up her story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from that of Henson, which had been published by the American anti-Slavery Society, described Henson as a large, sinewy man, powerful in spite of his age, but disabled in both arms and a shoulder blade by a blow from a slave-driver. He had never since been able to lift his hands to his head, the bones having grown together without proper setting. "Mrs. Stowe," said the correspondent, "made her hero die, but the real hero recovered, and afterward helped more than a hundred slaves to escape to Canada. He owns a good house and farm, his parlor is neatly furnished, and

he has many gift books and pictures." When interviewed in 1878 Henson said of the characters in the story: "They existed in reality, every one of 'em. Logree, the slave-driver, was named Bryce Lytton. He was an overseer for George Riley, who was a brother of my master, Isaac Riley. My master's plantation was situated near Rockville, Montgomery County, Md. Eva was St. Clair's child. St. Clair's proper name was Samuel St. Clair Young. I was frequently hired to him by my master, Isaac Riley. George Harris and Eliza Harris made their escape on the ice, as represented, the only difference being that their names were Louis Clarke and Eliza Clarke—man and wife. Topsy's proper name was Diana and she was known as 'Uncle Robin's daughter.' She was a wild, crazy thing, and no mistake. I came from Sandusky to Buffalo, and from thence to Fort Erie in 1830, bringing my wife and four children with me; I carried two of the little ones about seven hundred miles through the woods in a knapsack. I got our sufferings put into print and Mrs. Stowe got hold of a copy of it. That's where she first got the idea." Henson visited England in 1877, when he was presented to the Queen and made much of in religious and philanthropic circles. On the other hand, Mrs. Stowe has written that "Henson was not Uncle Tom, neither was any other person that I know of. His 'Life' furnished many traits and incidents, but not all."

"PLEASE."

HERE is a little magic word,  
Worth more than golden keys;  
Closed doors will often yield, I've heard,  
To use this smooth word—"Please."

It wakes the slumbering conscience up,  
And stirs the stubborn will;  
Puts sweet into life's bitterest cup,  
And oft brings good from ill.

Its influence extends to all,  
In palace or in cot;  
No place so humble but its fall  
More lovely makes the spot.

Like gentle dew, from heaven above,  
This soft, persuasive word  
Comes to the heart unused to love  
Like song of sweetest bird.

THE LATE SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

MANY will have noticed with regret the death of the eminent Scotch publisher, William Chambers, especially as it has taken place so very soon after his receiving the well merited honour of Knighthood at the hand of Her Majesty. Few men in public life have, in a certain sense, been so long and so favourably known as was this gentleman. His career was a remarkable one, and the work he accomplished exceedingly useful to the general community, as well as highly honourable and advantageous to himself. He may very properly be spoken of as the father and founder of cheap literature, while the popular journal which will always be associated with his name, takes precedence of all others of the kind in point of time, and largely also in point of excellence. He was born at Peebles in 1800, and received a good education in the school of his native town. His father removing to Edinburgh on account of business reverses he was thrown much upon his resources, and he, along with

his brother, entered the bookselling business, served their apprenticeship, and at the conclusion started business with only a few shillings' capital. He subsequently added printing to his business, having taught himself the trade, and obtained enough to purchase a hand press and some second-hand type. It may serve to show his perseverance when it is stated that he cut some of the larger founts himself. Besides many works of great value of which the deceased was the author, the *Journal* has obtained for the brothers world wide notoriety, and their crowning work in cheap literature, *Chambers's Encyclopedia*, shows their breadth of view and business courage. Mr. Chambers was twice elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh in 1872.

The two brothers were very largely the complements of each other, the one supplying what the other so far lacked, and each working vigorously and with unswerving perseverance towards the accomplishment of the common result which they had set before them, and of which they never for a moment lost sight. They were bound to make their way in the world in spite of all apparent obstacles, and they succeeded beyond their most sanguine anticipations. Both of them in the course of their busy lives wrote much and well, though even in their literary labours each apparently recognized with something like instinct wherein his particular strength lay, and as a general thing wisely and resolutely kept to that.

As might have been expected in a good and loyal son, Sir William has tried to make the most and the best of his father, though, truth to say, even that best does not amount to very much. The poor house-mother had to bear the burden and heat of the day, as so many have had to do both before and since, and her sons were soon very practically taught that they would have to depend exclusively upon their own exertions, both in making their own way in the world and in helping that mother with whom they sympathized so keenly and whom they loved so well.

Good-humouredly, and with more than a touch of self-satisfied pride, Sir William tells the story of his early struggles, from the time when he managed to live on one shilling and ninepence sterling per week, till he was fairly established as an honoured and well-known citizen of the Scottish metropolis. Apparently he never, in the darkest hour, bated one jot of heart or hope; and so it came to pass that the boy who in 1816 took up his abode in the highest flat of the lowest district of "auld Reekie," with his worldly goods all enclosed in a blue painted box, which he could easily carry on his shoulder, and with the understanding that he should pay three York shillings a week for his humble garret, lived to be twice or thrice over the Chief Magistrate of that same city; and at last to die full of years and full of honours.—*Globe*.

THERE is an Irishman employed as a porter on a railway who brags of having a watch that keeps correct time. He was heard to remark, upon pulling out his watch, "If the sun sint over that hill in a minnit and a half he will be late."