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DEVOTED TO RELIGION, LITERATURE, SOCIAL PROGRESS
EDITED BY REV. W. H. WILKINSON

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ON THE BRUNIG RAILWAY—
NEAR THE GROSSBACH BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD MEIRINGEN.

THE Methodist Magazine.

March, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

*LAUSANNE TO BERNE, BRUNIG PASS
AND LUCERNE.*

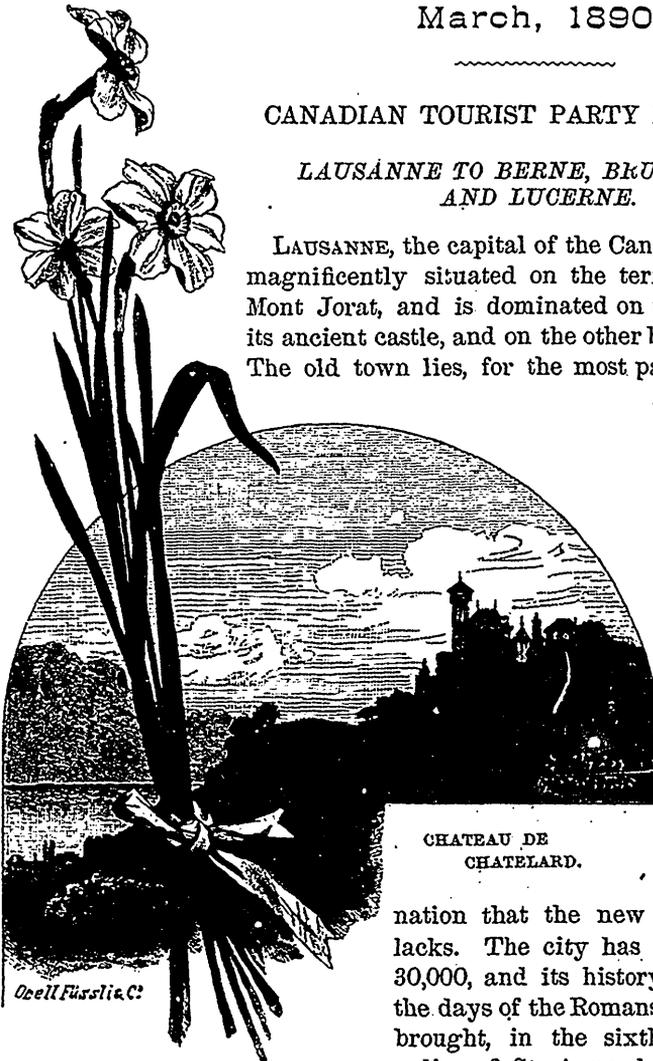
LAUSANNE, the capital of the Canton de Vaud, is magnificently situated on the terraced slopes of Mont Jorat, and is dominated on the one side by its ancient castle, and on the other by its cathedral. The old town lies, for the most part, in a valley,

across which there has been thrown a lofty viaduct, commanding fine views. The very narrow and crooked streets, with their quaint architecture, the overhanging roofs, the grinning gargoyles, and odd dormers,

have a fascination that the new town entirely lacks. The city has a population of 30,000, and its history goes back to the days of the Romans. Hither were brought, in the sixth century, the relics of St. Anne, hence the name,

Laus Annæ; and here, in 1479, were solemnly tried and excom-

VOL. XXXI. No. 3.



CHATEAU DE
CHATELARD.

municated an army of locusts which devoured every green thing. The Hotel Gibbon, at which we stopped, was formerly the property of the great historian of the Roman Empire. On the garden terrace is the chestnut tree beneath which he wrote the closing chapters of his history, and an ancient ivy furnishes mementoes of the spot. In the great dining-room, with its gilt-panelled ceiling and parquetry floor, he gave his state banquets and receptions.



MARKET WOMAN OF LAUSANNE.

But another memory of Lausanne is more lovingly cherished by millions of Methodists than that of the sceptical historian—the memory of the saintly Fletcher. After dinner, therefore, I visited the Fletcher Memorial College. This is a noble institution for the theological training of French-speaking candidates for the Wesleyan ministry. There were, at the time of my first visit, eleven students in residence; one of them showed me the handsome chapel, Sunday-school, students' rooms, refectory, and parlours. It is, architecturally, one of the handsomest buildings in the town; and is a worthy monument, not only of the great man

whom it commemorates, but of the liberality and missionary zeal of English Methodism. My young *cicerone* returned with me to my hotel, and we sat long in the glorious moonlight, listening to the music in the public square, and conversing on the religious condition of the country. There was much rationalism in the Established Church, he said, which was the mere creature of the State. I witnessed a confirmation of the latter statement next day, as I saw a police office established in a church.

The old cathedral, built 1235-75, is in the massive early Gothic style. It is on a hill, reached from the market-place—where quaintly-dressed market-women sold us delicious fruit—by a queer covered stairway of one hundred and sixty steps. The picturesque old stone saints, with their arms and noses knocked off by the image-breaking Reformers, looked quite pathetic. One of them, St. Denis, carried his head in his hand, as if for safety, and the sculpture was stiff, archaic, and grotesque. It is quite common to see figures of angels playing on violins, and I saw one firing an arquebuse. The mail-clad knights, lying in their tombs, keep, age after age, their lonely vigils in their shadowy shrines. The old stalls are wonderfully carved. The Lady Chapel of the old Roman Catholic times was fitted up as a Sunday-school for the children, with low seats and a queer little pulpit and organ. The church now looks bare and cold; the high altar is removed, but deep grooves worn in the stone floor show where generations of worshippers piously knelt at this famous shrine.

The bishop's castle of the thirteenth century is more like a feudal baron's donjon than an episcopal residence. Those stern old bishops belonged to the Church militant, certainly. A low-browed arch guarded by a portcullis, admits to a thick-walled barbican or broad squat tower with corner turrets. Loop-holes for cross-bows and arquebuses give it a more military appearance. The old bishop evidently meant to hold his own against all comers. It is now used as a council hall, and is as quaint within as without. Yet, in this mediæval-looking old town, where almost everything and everybody seemed at least five hundred years old, I saw oxen dragging rude carts up the steep streets—just as one might see in the newest and rawest backwoods village in Canada.

From Lausanne to Freiburg is a delightful ride of forty miles, through a fertile, undulating country, with fine mountain views, and picturesque towns and villages, with ancient walls, watch-towers and castles.

As we leave the town the road railway climbs higher and higher along the flank of the mountain, till it commands a magnificent outlook, over almost the whole of the lake, lying far

beneath. Elegant chateaux, like that of Chatelard, come into view, and we leap over deep ravines, like the gorge of the Chaudron, shown in our cut.



HIGH BRIDGE—
GORGE DE CHAUDRON.

We intended stopping over a train at Freiburg, to see its curious suspension bridges, but a heavy rain set in, and it was decided to go on to Berne. I therefore give the impressions of a former visit under more propitious circumstances.

Freiburg is a wonderfully quaint old town, on the high bluffs of the winding Sarine. Across this are two cobweb-looking suspension bridges, one 168 feet and the other 305 feet above the river. A waggon passing over makes them undulate in a manner rather discomposing to timid nerves. A steep road, the pavement of which serves as the roof of a long row of houses, leads to the lower town, where German is chiefly spoken, as French is in the upper town. It must be rather odd for the persons living in these houses to hear the carts rattling over their heads. The old

church of St. Nicholas dates from 1285. Its organ with sixty-seven stops, and seven thousand eight hundred pipes, some of them thirty-three feet long, is one of the finest in Europe. I attended an organ recital, but liked it far less than that at Hofkirche, at Lucerne. The organ is very powerful, but lacks the sweet flute-like notes of the latter. The deep bass shook the solid walls. The rising rage of the storm-piece was tremendous—like chaos come again. It was at the garish hour of noon, and the market square close by was filled with noisy and homely-looking peasants, in their odd and uncouth costumes. In the church was a singular Chapel of the Sepulchre, a dim grotto with angels, the Maries, and a sleeping soldier of Swiss physiognomy, on which fell strong beams of light through narrow loopholes. It was very realistic and Rembrandt-like. The choir screen was a perfect thicket of iron thorns. There was a dreadfully haggard figure of Christ on the cross, the blood dropping from the thorns on His brow over His body—an object painful to contemplate. A "Last Judgment," over the west portal, was very grotesque. A devil with a pig's head was carrying off souls in a huge basket, weighing them in scales and casting them into a dragon-shaped hell's mouth, while a saint carried the souls of the saved to heaven in her apron.

Around the town were curious towers, very strong on the outer side, toward the enemy; but quite open on the inner side, so as to be untenable if taken. The train crossed the Sarine by a viaduct 260 feet above the water, giving fine views of the winding river.

Berne, the cap'tal of Switzerland, is a quaint old town of 40,000 inhabitants. It is, as its name signifies, the City of the Bear. That animal seems to be the tutelary guardian, as well as the heraldic emblem of the canton. It ramps upon its shield. Two gigantic granite bears are warders of the city gates. A whole troop of mechanical bears go through a performance every hour on the clock tower. On the neighbouring Bears' Fountain appears bruin, equipped in armour. Even in the stalls of the cathedral they are carved, in all manner of grotesque attitudes. In the Bears' Den—a large stone enclosure twenty feet deep—quite a menagerie of black and brown bears are maintained at public expense. When I saw them, a great lazy fellow lay on his back, with his four legs in the air, sleepily catching in his capacious mouth cherries thrown him by his visitors. He seemed half asleep, with his eyes nearly closed, but he watched the cherries closely enough, with a strangely human expression, and caught them every time. In 1861 an English officer fell into the den, and was torn in pieces before he could be rescued.

The houses in the old town are built over arcades, under the arches of which the sidewalk runs. In the middle of the wide street are fountains and tanks, where the housemaids come for water, and to wash the table vegetables. One of these, the Fountain of the Ægre, has a hideous monster, with his capacious pockets full of children. He is at the same time devouring another, while below is the inevitable group of bears. Beneath the arcade are



BERNESE COSTUME.—JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE.

seats for wayfarers; that opposite the clock tower is like an old-fashioned square pew. Here, every hour of the day, a tourist group watches the procession of bears defiling before a seated figure, who turns an hour-glass and opens his mouth at every stroke which a harlequin gives a bell. In the shops are grotesque wood-carvings of bears masquerading in every sort of costume, and other fantastic subjects. Many of these wood-carvings are of remarkably artistic excellence—chamois hunting scenes, Alpine guides, and the like. One group of a chamois goat protecting

her kid from the swoop of an eagle, was really pathetic in its expression. The Swiss *châlets*, cuckoo-clocks, and the like, are of wonderful delicacy of construction and carving. Musical boxes are concealed in many unsuspected places, and while you sit down on a chair or take hold of a watch case you are surprised by their pleasant tinkle. Here is seen in perfection the pretty Bernese female costume—black laced bodice, or scarlet trimmed with black, full white sleeves, silver chains looped up over the shoulders, and a short striped skirt. The flaxen hair hangs down the back in two long braids. On the head is worn sometimes a jaunty velvet cap, but more frequently a broad-leafed straw hat, trimmed with their native edelweiss, or Alpine rose.



SWISS HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE THUN.

The fine old cathedral dates from 1421. The sculptures of the west portal represent, in a singularly *naïve* manner, the Last Judgment and The Wise and Foolish Virgins. In the square fronting the cathedral are fine effigies of the ubiquitous bears. The noble terrace of the church, one hundred feet above the river, is crowded, in fine weather, with promenaders in their picturesque holiday garb, while at intervals a fine band plays selections of high-class music.

The glory of Berne is its unrivalled view of the whole range of the Bernese Alps—the Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and all the rest of the glorious company—considered by Humboldt the finest view in Europe. At sunset their serrated and pinnacled crests gleam and glow with unearthly beauty—golden and snowy and amethystine, like the crystal walls and pearly gates of the New

Jerusalem. "Earth hath not aught to show more fair." Long after the evening shadows fill the valleys, the light lingers lovingly upon the rosy summits, as the parting day gives them her good-night kiss. Their strange spiritual loveliness speaks to the soul, like the voice of the angel to the seer of Patmos, saying, "Worship God." It is seldom that this panorama is seen to perfection. I caught only one view of it years ago.



BERNESE COSTUME.

We left Berne, for Thun and Interlaken, in a dreary rain, but we made a merry party, and were like Mark Tapley, as jolly as possible under the circumstances. In an hour we went on board the steamer on the beautiful lake of Thun. Through the swirling mist wreaths we caught glimpses of the conical Stockhorn and the pyramidal Niessen, and of the glittering snowfields of the Blumlisalp, and had the pleasing consciousness that if the envious

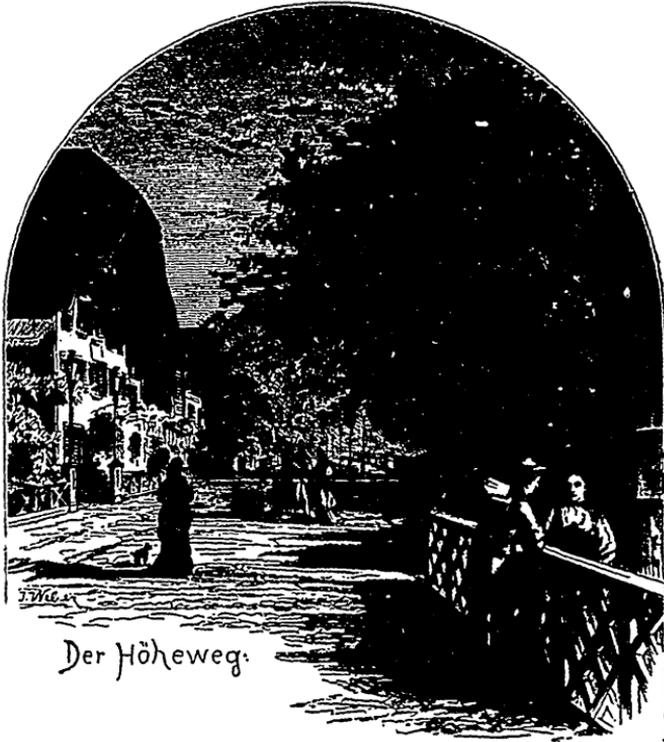
cloud curtain would only rise we should behold, in all their glory, the magnificent range of the Mittaghorn, Jungfrau, Mönch, Eiger, Schreckhorn, and Wetterhorn. But all this we had to take on faith. The steamer wove its way like a shuttle backwards and forwards across the lake, calling at the quaint little towns, each looking very watersoaked and bedraggled. At Spiez I noticed the old castle where I breakfasted years ago when making a pedestrian tour across the Gemmi Pass—a pass so wild that one must traverse it on foot—not even a mule can essay its precipitous descent to Leukerbad. At Darligen we took train again for Interlaken, where we lodged at the Hotel Métropole, one of the finest in Europe.

Ben Johnson cynically says that one's warmest welcome is always at an inn. It is amusing to witness the affectionate solicitude of the Swiss host for his guests' welfare. As they ride up to the door, a lackey in waiting rings a large warning bell. Then three or four waiters in swallow-tails, or valets in uniform, swarm out to assist the travellers to dismount, and the *maitre d'hôtel* gives them most unctuous greeting, and assigns them rooms in turn, to which they are conducted by neat *femmes de chambre* in Bernese costume and snowy cap. At the dining table one's seat corresponds with the number of his room. At a signal from the head-waiter, his well-trained subordinates file in and out like automatic figures, with the several courses. These are almost invariably as follows: soup, fish, roast, entrees, vegetables alone, chicken and salad together, dessert and fruit. Dinner generally lasts an hour, but after a hard day's work one does not grudge the time, and it gives an opportunity to study the varied phases of tourist character, of many lands and many tongues, thus brought together. Some of our pleasantest recollections are of the numerous charming acquaintances made at the *table d'hôte*. In the evening there is frequently a parlour concert of really good music by native performers—perhaps by Tyrolese in their picturesque costume, warbling their sweet mountain airs.

Interlaken is a town of less than 2,000 permanent residents, with over a score of large hotels. I counted twenty-two omnibuses. Its position, between lakes Brienz and Thun, gives it its name and importance as a centre of travel. In summer it rivals Baden-Baden in the number of its visitors. In winter, I suppose, the people hibernate on what they have made off their victims. Like Baden, it has its Kursaal, or public concert hall, for whose behoof each traveller is mulcted in his bill.

Even though it did rain, the ladies could easily reach the elegant shops with which Interlaken is crowded—and more elegant

you will scarcely see in Paris or Vienna—with their wealth of jewellery, fancy articles, exquisite Swiss carvings, music-boxes, and the like. It was very piquant to hear the Swiss girls lisp their pretty broken English. On Sunday morning it was still raining, but the hotel people furnished omnibuses for all who wished to go to church. And a very queer church it is, an ancient monastery, founded in 1130. It is a rambling old affair, with a series of courtyards, gardens, and various buildings. Some



Der Höheweg.

of these are used for public offices, the nunnery is a prison, and the monastery church is divided into three parts, in which the Church of England, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic communions worship at the same hour. The broken tracery and defaced carvings have quite a pathetic look. It is a fascinating task to try to re-people these old cloisters and gardens with their ghostly inhabitants who still seem to haunt the picturesque old pile.

In the afternoon the rain ceased, and we could ramble along the Hüheweg, an avenue bordered with stately walnuts, and across the bridges over the rapid Aar to the still older town of

Unterseen, which consists chiefly of wooden houses, darkened with age, with great overhanging roofs and balconies, and frequently inscribed with hospitable or pious inscriptions like the following, which are pithily translated by my friend Dr. Workman—

“Wer Gott vertraut hat wohl gebaut.”

“He who trusts in God has builded well.”

“Dem der sein Haus hat wohl bestellt
Lacht doppelt schön die ganze Welt.”

“To him who orders his house aright,
The whole world laughs with double delight.”

“Wenn du im Herzen Frieden hast,
Wird dir die Hütte zum Palast.”

“If thou in very heart hast peace,
The hut will be to thee a palace.”

Some of us visit the rude old church and try to decipher the half-effaced inscriptions on the mossy stones beneath the ever-murmuring pines in the lone yet crowded God's Acre. Then we climb the outer stairway to a peasant's home—a stable below, a squalid cabin above. The ceiling is grimy and shiny with smoke from a stone hearth, at which a bedraggled woman is cooking a wretched meal for some unkempt children and a sodden-looking man. What good to them is all their glorious environment? For at sunset the clouds sweep away, and there in mid-heavens rise the mighty mountains of God. There gleams the shining Silberhorn with its sharp-cut outline, like the wind-chiseled curves of a huge snow-drift. The Finster-Aarhorn towers 13,230 feet in air, bearing upon his mighty flanks the accumulated snow of myriads of years—suggesting thoughts of the great white throne of God in the heavens. But the sublime beauty of the Jungfrau—the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland—is a revelation to the soul. In her immortal loveliness and inviolable purity she is like the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven—adorned as a bride for her husband.

On Monday morning we take the train to Bönigen, and the steamer over the beautiful Brienz, a little land-locked lake, begirt with mighty mountains, like a gem of sapphire in an emerald setting. Our cut illustrates the halcyon calm of this exquisite lake, as the sun goes down and the shadows creep across the waves.

At Brienz we take the train again for the ride over the Brunig Pass. The first few miles to Meiringen are level as a floor. The

ancient wooden village, nestling at the base of lofty mountains, is wonderfully picturesque. Here I once witnessed an illumination

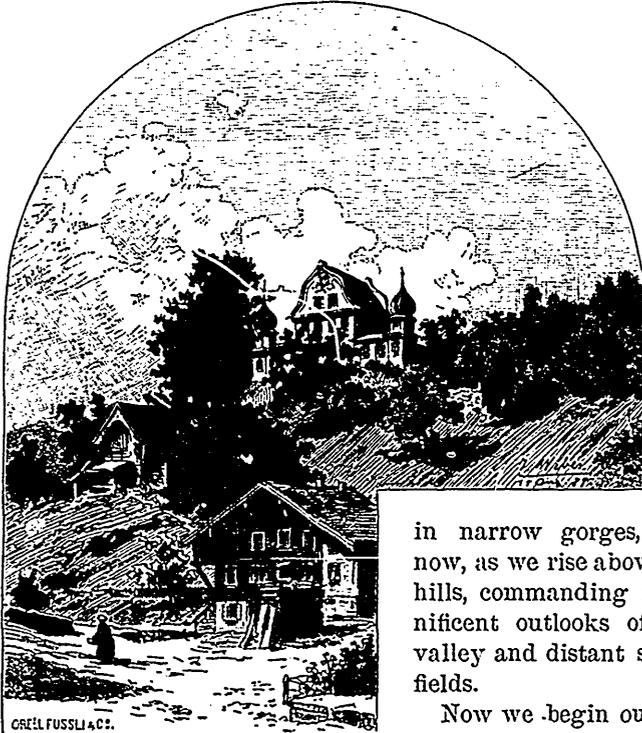


EVENING ON LAKE BRIENZ.

of the Alpbach, a lovely fall which was lighted up with coloured fires, with charming effect. They flashed against a background of dark rock and darker forest, like a cataract of diamonds,

emeralds, sapphires and rubies, as the vari-coloured light—now white, now green, now purple, now crimson—played on the snowy cascade with a wondrous beauty that words cannot describe. The hotel people did not forget to put an item in the bill for the illumination, but it was well worth it.

Leaving Meiringen, the train begins to climb rapidly on a narrow shelf, blown out of the mountain-side by dynamite, now beneath overhanging crags, now through solemn pine-woods, now



GREIL FUSSLI A.C.T.

TOWN HALL AT SARNEN.—ON THE
BRUNIG PASS.

in narrow gorges, and now, as we rise above the hills, commanding magnificent outlooks of the valley and distant snow-fields.

Now we begin our descent to the Unterwald, through quaint villages with their old churches

crowned by bulbous spires, the houses covered with scale-work of carved shingles, often with a pious inscription or Scripture text graven upon the timbers. The farmhouses look comfortable, with broad eaves, outside stairs and galleries, but with very small lattice windows, and frequently with great stones on the roof to prevent the wind from blowing the shingles off. But, especially in the higher Alps, not unfrequently the lower story is occupied by the cows and goats, and the garret by the fowls.

The women wear short skirts of home-woven stuff, which makes them look like girls, and the girls often have old-fashioned long dresses, in which they look like little women. The men wear jackets or short bob-tailed coats of coarse frieze, which, but for the inevitable pipe, make them look like big boys.

At Sachseln is a large church, containing the bones of St. Nikolaus, a Swiss Hermit who died five hundred years ago. He subsisted, says the legend, for twenty years on the elements of the sacrament, which he received every month. Scarce a house in the Forest Cantons is without a portrait of good Brother Klaus. The simple piety of the people is shown by the greeting so often heard: "May Jesus Christ be praised!" with the response, "To all eternity!"

As we pass through a tunnel, near Lungern, there bursts upon the sight a lovely valley, studded with hundreds of cottages looking, from our lofty position, for all the world like the toy Swiss villages of our childhood. At Alpnach we reach the waters of the Vierwaldstätter See, the memory-haunted lake of the Four Forest Cantons, and, passing under the shadow of the grim old Pilatus, we soon glide into the station of the delightful old city of Lucerne.

According to tradition, Pontius Pilate, when banished from Galilee, fled to this desolate mountain, and in the bitterness of his remorse committed suicide in a gloomy lake. The ascent of the mountain was long forbidden by the government of Lucerne, lest the intrusion on the dark domain of the gloomy suicide, from whose soul not all the waters of the mighty deep could wash the damning guilt of his judicial murder of the Innocent One, should rouse the wrath of Heaven in storms upon the city at its feet. But the audacity of Napoleon invaded this mountain solitude, to procure a supply of timber for his ship-yards. A trough eight miles long was made out of 30,000 trees, extending to the water's edge. Down this, logs and trunks of trees were shot, traversing, with a roar like thunder, the eight miles in six minutes. If one escaped from the trough it cut down the standing trees like a cannon ball.

For sweet friends and kind affections,
Gentle hearts, and home's dear love;
For bright health and holy pleasures,
For the faith that soars above;
Grateful hearts to thee we bring—
Lord, accept our offering.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

III.



MOSQUE ENTRANCE.

HYDERABAD is unlike any other city I have yet seen in India, and, indeed, is said to resemble no other Eastern town. Nowhere, not even in the sea-ports, is there so mixed a population. The people are all allowed to carry arms—a privilege of which they fully avail themselves, evidently regarding daggers, knives, matchlocks, and a sword or two, as fit finery for festivities and merry-makings of every kind.

Notwithstanding their ferocious appearance, the people of Hyderabad are not more quarrelsome or turbulent than those of other cities, and recourse is very seldom had to these swords, daggers, or guns. The inlaying of arms and the sale of so-called ancient weapons to curiosity-collectors is, naturally, one of the specialties of Hyderabad. An immense quantity was brought to

the Residency this morning for our inspection, and they made a glittering display in the marble portico. Among them were swords with watered blades, worth several hundred pounds; besides innumerable scimitars of every shape, rapiers, blunderbusses, and exquisitely ornamented but treacherous-looking daggers and other stabbing instruments.

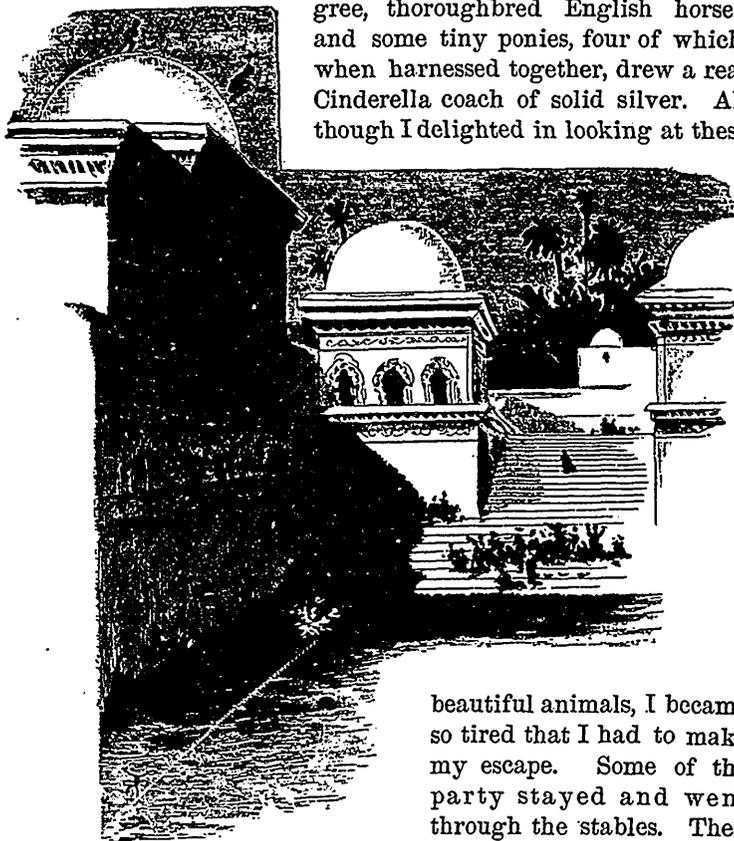
It has amused us much during our stay here to watch the elephants taking their baths. The Nizam owns three hundred of these big beasts, and all the nobles possess elephants in proportion to their rank and wealth. The huge creatures are driven down to the river night and morning, and it was most curious to see the unwieldy animals lay themselves flat down on their sides in the shallow water, while an occasional lazy switch of tail or wave of trunk indicated the languid feeling of pleasure and contentment enjoyed by the bathers. Their keepers, helped by a small boy who clambered up their steep sides, assisted the cleansing process by scrubbing them vigorously with a sort of stable-broom. As soon as one side was thoroughly cleaned the boy jumped off, and at the word of command, with a tremendous upheaval, the huge beast flopped down again on its cleansed side, uttering a prodigious grunt of satisfaction, and quite ready for the same process to be repeated.

Saturday, February 12th.—Our early expeditions of the last two mornings have been so tiring, that I determined to remain quietly at home to-day until it was time to go to breakfast with the Nizam at eleven o'clock. At half-past ten his Highness' beautiful coaches came for us; and—Mr. Cordery and I leading the way—we drove through the Chowk, one of the broadest streets of the city, to the palace. This is reached through the stables; and the horses, evidently waiting inspection, were standing with their heads out of the doors of their boxes; their grooms, in yellow tunics, blue trousers, and red waist-bands much trimmed with silver, being stationed at the animals' heads. We passed through this to a third courtyard (said to cover as much ground as Lincoln's Inn Fields), and there alighted, at the bottom of a fine flight of marble steps, overlooking a charming garden with the usual tank in the centre. The effect was, however, rather marred to European eyes by a very ill-cast bronze figure, holding in its hand a large coloured air-ball, such as are sold in the streets of London for a penny each. The Nizam (now about twenty-one years of age), is so delighted with these balls that he has ordered two hundred of them, so that when one explodes it may be replaced immediately.

From the entrance-hall, marble corridors, from which hung

handsome glass chandeliers, led into the centre room of a fine suite of apartments, where the Nizam shortly afterwards joined us. At breakfast I sat between his Highness and his chief aide-de-camp, neither of whom touched anything, except a glass of iced water and a cup of tea, during the whole of a very long meal. Subsequently the Nizam kindly caused all his best horses and ponies to be brought to the foot of the marble steps for us to

see. There were Arabs of high degree, thoroughbred English horses, and some tiny ponies, four of which, when harnessed together, drew a real Cinderella coach of solid silver. Although I delighted in looking at these



THE HAMYAN JUMP, DELHI.

beautiful animals, I became so tired that I had to make my escape. Some of the party stayed and went through the stables. They were especially struck by the perfect training of the

horses, who seemed kind and as docile as kittens.

From the Nizam's palace I drove to see the wife of the Finance Minister, Mehdi Ali—an intelligent lady, who speaks English wonderfully well; in fact, she expressed herself so perfectly that it was difficult to believe she had scarcely spoken a word of our language for more than a year and a half. It seemed sad to hear

that she never went out, because she did not care to go "covered up," and that such had been the seclusion of her existence, that she scarcely knew any animals by sight, except from pictures, and had no pets, except, as she said, "pet books." She showed me the books gained as prizes at college by her two nephews, with evident appreciation of their contents, one being Prescott's "History of America," and the other a translation of Homer's "Iliad." I parted with her after receiving the usual garland of honour on leaving, feeling grateful that Providence had not placed *me* behind a purdah, but had allowed me to go about and see the world for myself, instead of having to look at it through other people's eyes.

The midday heat was so great that we gladly rested at the Residency until it became time to go to tea with Khurseed Jah, whose house is only a little distance off. We were received at the entrance to the garden by our host and his son, who led us to a marble platform by the side of a tank on which three boats were floating. One of these had the name of "Sunbeam" painted upon it; but the compliment must have been paid some time ago, for both boats and paint looked decidedly shabby. On a marble platform in the centre of the tank a band was playing. My little girls embarked for a row in the boat, discarding the services of the four boatmen who, apparently disliking, like Othello, to find "their occupation gone," jumped into the water and swam after them. Their black heads and copper-coloured shoulders looked so funny following the erratic movements of the boat!

The Nawab earnestly pressed us to fix a day on which he might be allowed to entertain us; but want of time made this hospitable plan impossible. On parting he presented us each with a bouquet, as well as with the usual bottles of scent. The drive home, through the cool air beneath the bright stars, amid the twinkling lights, and the cries and chatter of birds going to bed, as well as the flutter of flying-foxes skimming overhead as they hurried forth on their nocturnal predatory expeditions, was really the pleasantest part of the day.

In the evening there was a dinner-party at the Residency. Sir Salar is of gigantic physical proportions, and well merits his sobriquet of "mountain-man." He has been a great deal in England, and is well acquainted with European manners and customs. There are many private cabals and intrigues among the nobles, as well as among the relatives of the Nizam, and little interest is taken in the administration of public affairs. Many amusing stories are related of the inevitable rivalry between the nobles, and I was told that, one of them having assumed the title



of "Glory of the Sun," his nearest relative and rival immediately capped it by taking upon himself the transcendent appellation of "Glory of the Heavens."

On the morning of February 13th we had to get up very early in order to start for Bombay *via* Poonah, all our luggage having been sent to the station over night. By Colonel



AN INTERIOR, DELHI.

Marshall's desire, Ulett brought the Nizam's state coach—a huge canary-coloured, boat-shaped vehicle, hung on the most elastic of springs, with solid silver railings, trimmings, and canopy supports, to convey us to the station. There were several other state carriages, so that we formed quite a little procession. At 8.45 a.m. the train steamed off, after much hand-shaking and many good wishes from a large group of kind friends, who had each and all brought nosegays, so that the saloon was turned for that day into a perfect garden.

We breakfasted comfortably in the train; but later the sun began to blaze down so fiercely upon us that we found the heat and the shaking of the cars rather trying. We reached Hingoli about seven in the evening—very tired. On February 14th, at 5 a.m., we reached Poonah, the capital of the Mahratta country, 120 miles distant from Bombay.

Mr. Crawford, the Commissioner, appeared about eight o'clock, with several carriages, and kindly insisted upon our spending the day at his house, which, I need scarcely say, was a very pleasant plan. He first took us for a drive round the city to the Government House. It was delicious to stroll about the charming grounds, but it was equally pleasant to return to breakfast at the Commissioner's bungalow. There was a miniature zoological garden, containing a numerous collection of deer and smaller animals, including a sweet little monkey, with which the children, of course, immediately fell in love.

We then went for a short drive through the principal streets of Poonah, which includes a picturesque native town, besides charming suburbs where the bungalows are half buried in gardens. The well-known Bund Road, surrounded by hills, has been so often and so well described that it would be absurd for me to attempt to say anything about it after the hasty glimpse caught during the pleasant drives of this morning and afternoon. We went straight to the station, and, re-entering the train, were again shunted on to the main line, starting at last on the final stage of our journey to Bombay.

I looked out of the carriage window for some time upon the distant ghauts, and the nearer and fantastically shaped rocks with their tropical vegetation, now bathed in moonlight, until at last I happily dropped off to sleep, and remember nothing more until we reached Bombay at 7 a.m.

There we found Mr. Kindred and the men from the yacht waiting to meet us. Leaving them to look after the luggage, the Doctor and I drove at once to Malabar Point to stay with the Governor and Lady Reay. Tom shortly afterwards appeared

and surprised us by his description of the unprecedentedly quick run of the *Sunbeam* from Kurrachee. Then Lady Reay and Captain Hamilton came to welcome us, having just returned from their morning ride. Breakfast over, the rest of the morning was busily spent in writing and in getting things into order.

In the afternoon we drove with Captain Hamilton along the



BODY GUARD AND PEON, MALABAR POINT.

Breach Candy road to the famous Towers of Silence, or Parsee cemetery, where we were met by Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy's secretary, who conducted us over this most interesting place, and explained fully the Parsee method of disposing of the dead and the religious motives which led to its adoption. Much as the explanation interested me, I will not repeat it here; but I must notice the beauty of the view from the Prayer-rooms, and the solemn stillness of the garden below, where the relatives of the

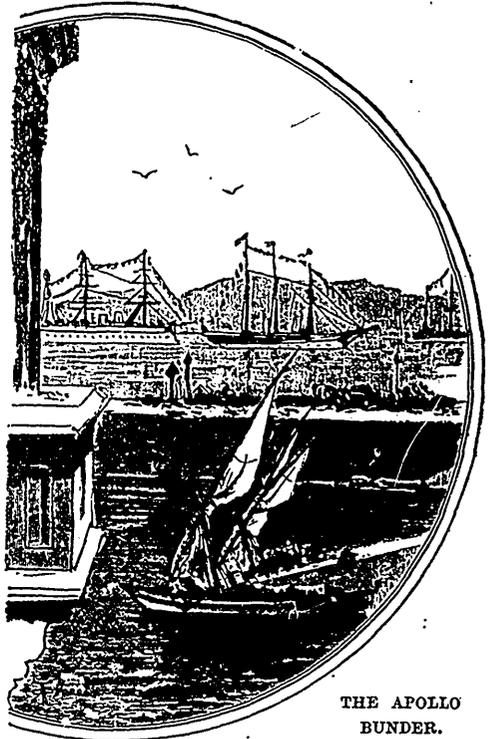
departed come to talk peacefully over their memories. However admirable the arrangement may be from a sanitary point of view, I never could get reconciled to the presence of the vultures, though they were not at all unpicturesque, for their unwieldy copper-coloured bodies contrasted well with the massive and brilliant foliage.

From the Towers of Silence we drove through the native town to the yacht. The view from the road, cut, as it is, in the side of the Malabar hill, was both beautiful and striking. It looks down upon a perfect sea of palm-leaves, gently waving in the breeze, which conceal, save where the tower of some tall building peeps forth, a city of more than 800,000 inhabitants.

Four o'clock of the morning of February 16th found me in the veranda outside our bungalow, listening to the roaring of the cannon, which ushered in the day on which was to be celebrated in India the Jubilee of Victoria, its Queen and Empress. The hours are early here, and at a quarter to eight Lady Reay, Captain Gordon, Tom and I started to "assist" at the grand ceremony at the Town Hall, followed later by the Governor and his aides-de-camp. As we neared the city the crowd became greater, every one being dressed in holiday attire, and all apparently in a great state of enthusiasm and excitement. It looked like a many-tinted bed of flowers; for the Parsee ladies, unlike their Mahomedan and Hindoo sisters, have no dislike to display their toilettes in public, and are always clad in the gayest colours, arranged with perfect taste. The only specially distinctive mark in their costume is a rather unbecoming white band drawn tightly over the brow. In many cases, however, this had been judiciously pushed back so far as nearly to disappear under the bright-coloured silk sari which only partly concealed their jet-black and glossy tresses. Every Parsee has to wear the sacred shirt of cotton gauze, and the Kusti, or cord of seventy-two woollen threads, representing, like the divisions of the Towers of Silence, the number of the chapters of one of the sacred books.

Near the Town Hall the scene became still more animated, and the applause of the multitude, though much more subdued in tone than the roar of an English crowd, was quite as enthusiastic. We were ushered into the gallery, where chairs were placed for Lady Reay and myself close to the Governor's throne. The sight from this "coign of vantage" was indeed imposing. Immediately in front stretched a fine flight of steps, covered with red cloth, and crowded with European and native officials in every variety of costume. The approach to the steps were through a pretty garden, where the wealth of tropical vegetation was set off by

flags and gaily coloured banners. A dense crowd of natives ringed this enclosure round, while lofty houses, their gaily draped balconies and windows filled with bright and happy faces, made a brilliant background. Presently the Governor was seen approaching, escorted by his own bodyguard and a company of mounted volunteers, who looked very picturesque and soldier-like as they dashed through the crowd. All dismounted at the west entrance to the garden, where a procession was formed, at the head of which the Governor advanced and, amid a flourish of trumpets, took his stand in front of the throne to receive the addresses and telegrams presented by, or on behalf of, various classes of the community in the Bombay Presidency. No less than fifty-eight congratulatory telegrams from public bodies in the Mofussil had been received, and a number of deputations were introduced, who presented their documents enclosed in handsome caskets. Fortunately all save two were "taken as read," the exceptions being the address presented by the inhabitants of Bombay and by the

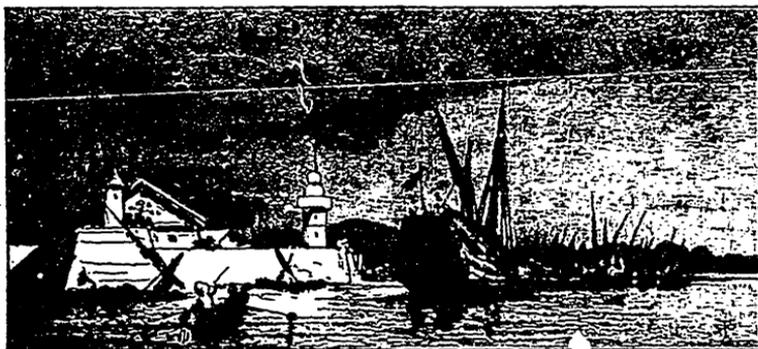
THE APOLLO
BUNDER.

Senate of the University. The presentation of the caskets, some of which were quite works of art, occupied a long, long time. One casket seemed to be covered with a sort of lacework of ivory and ebony, and was still further ornamented by wreaths studded with gold and exquisitely modelled figures of elephants and wild beasts. Others, again, were of ebony profusely inlaid with silver.

The Governor's replies to the addresses were most happy, and evidently touched the feelings of his hearers. As he uttered his

final words two young middies, perched on a dangerous-looking corner of the parapet, scrambled on to the roof, and, at a given signal, smartly unfurled an immense Royal Standard, amid the thunder of a royal salute of one hundred and one guns. The effect of the whole scene was deeply impressive, as well as suggestive. I have seen many ceremonies, both at home and abroad, but never one more picturesque or of more thrilling interest.

From the town hall we went, still in procession, to the cathedral, which stands close to the Elphinstone Garden, where a musical service was held. "God save the Queen" was magnificently rendered, and the two specially written verses which were added to the National Anthem were most effective.



BOMBAY HARBOUR.

After service the Governor and Lady Reay, with their aides-de-camp, in one carriage, and we in another, returned to Malabar Point, where we were only too glad to put off our finery and rest quietly indoors until half-past four, precisely at which hour we had to resume our war-paint and go, again in procession, to Parel, to meet their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The road lay through the poorer part of the city, but was made gay and interesting by the crowd of people through which we passed, and by the preparations which all were busily making to take part in the Jubilee.

In the adjoining bungalow a substantial tea, with all sorts of cooling drinks, were temptingly arranged among masses of flowers and greenery. The servants from Malabar Point seemed to have arrived by magic, and their picturesque liveries added much to the brilliancy of the scene. In a pleasant informal way, we were then told off to carriages from which to see the illuminations, an escort of cavalry and of the bodyguard being provided

to prevent, as far as possible, our small procession being broken up by the crowd. In the suburbs the illuminations were general, but simple in design. Presently the crowd became more numerous, and began to run alongside the carriages, shouting and carrying blue lights, a compliment with which we could well have dispensed; for the smoke, the cloud of powder which they occasionally threw in the air, the dust raised as they rushed along, and the general heat and want of air in the narrow streets, had a stifling effect. The illuminations were not only artistically beautiful, but afforded a proof that members of every religion and class had united to do honour to their Sovereign. Among the most striking buildings were a Mahomedan Mosque, the lines of which were clearly defined against the starlit sky by rows of pure white lanterns; a Hindoo temple, where court within court was lighted in a simple and effective manner by *butties* filled with cocoa-nut oil; and several Jain temples brightly illuminated with coloured lights. In the native quarter the houses were lighted up in the peculiar Indian fashion by chandeliers suspended from the windows or across the streets—perhaps the most wonderful part of the scene.

After driving through the crowded streets, we proceeded to the Wellington Pier, to witness the illumination of the harbour and the grand display of fireworks. The harbour, with its thousands and thousands of twinkling lights, was a sight to be remembered. Even the little *Sunbeam*, though somewhat overshadowed by the huge *Bacchante*, displayed with good effect a row of coloured lights from stem to stern.

As we drove home we much admired the illumination of the public gardens on the Malabar Hill. The name "Victoria" was written in lines of fire on its steep slopes, and was reflected with beautiful effect in the still waters of the bay.

The next morning I began to work between seven and eight o'clock, and consequently got through a good deal before breakfast. Afterwards a succession of visitors arrived, friendly, complimentary and on business; among the latter being many tradesmen, anxious to press their wares upon us. The veranda was soon crowded by box-wallahs, who squatted in the midst of their piles of brilliantly coloured silks, gauze and muslins, or arrived laden with specimens of heavy lacquered-work, carved ivory, sandal-wood, Poonah inlaid work, arms and jewels. A veranda at the back of the chief bungalow, containing the reception-rooms, had meanwhile been completely filled by a long table, on which was displayed a magnificent collection of jewels belonging to a well-known jeweller and diamond merchant. Brilliants of the

size of walnuts were there by the dozen, side by side with huge emeralds; bracelets composed of hundreds of shining gems; a tiara of diamonds formerly belonging to the Empress of the French; rings with precious stones of such dimensions that none but a large finger could wear them; and altogether such a mixture of Oriental and European splendour, and ancient and modern fashions, as one would scarcely have imagined it possible to col-

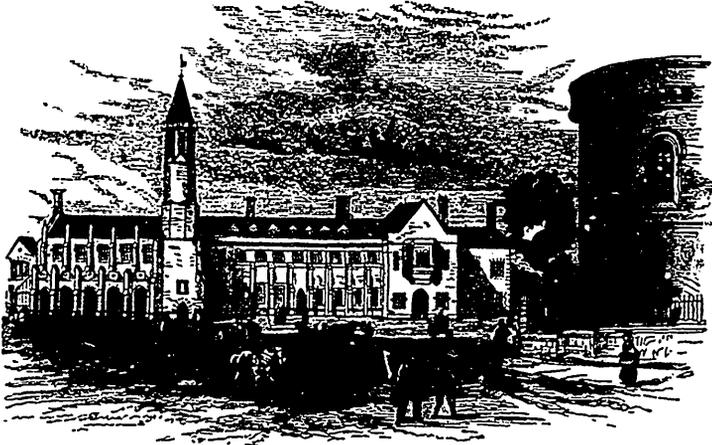


HINDOO GIRL.

lect together. We made no purchases, but the wealthy jeweller was quite pleased to have the opportunity of displaying his splendid wares. A compliment from the Governor seemed to satisfy him completely; and before we had been five minutes at lunch the whole of his valuable stock was stowed away in two or three common-looking boxes, tied up in cloth, and so transported back to his strong box. I do not profess to be a judge of jewels, but those who knew more of such things than I did estimated the value of the collection at over a million sterling.

WORDSWORTH'S COUNTRY.

BY FREDERICK WILLIAMS.



CITADEL STATION, CARLISLE.

IN passing southward from Glasgow to Liverpool or London, by the Midland Railway system, one traverses some of the most picturesque and interesting scenery in Great Britain. Omitting reference to the places described in the paper on "The Land of Burns," we pause a moment at the ancient royal burg of Sanquhar.

During the War of Independence the castle was occupied by the English, and was considered an important point of vantage between England and the west of Scotland. Sir William Douglass won it by stratagem. Hiding with his men in Crawick Glen, he got John Dickson, disguised as a carter, to go with a load of wood to the castle. As soon as the portcullis was raised, John jammed the cart in the entry, sounded the onset, and the place was captured. Subsequently it became the property of the family of the Crichtons. "Admirable Crichton" was one of the clan.

Annan is the last considerable town we pass on the Scottish side of the Border. In the Border Wars it was often taken and retaken, and several times was burnt. From the Solway shore near Annan a long viaduct, on the Solway Junction line, crosses the Firth to Booness—"a triumph of engineering skill."

Fine views are here afforded of Solway Firth, an estuary thirty miles in length and twenty in breadth at its mouth. The tidal

wave is a striking phenomenon in this place. At the flood tide it rushes up the channel, with a crest of from three to six feet high, at the rate of ten miles an hour, to the danger of all inexperienced persons who may be on the sands or in small boats on the water. Sir Walter Scott, in "Redgauntlet," describes the dangers of the Sands of Solway.

Leaving Annan, we run along a flat country within view of the Solway, and reach Gretna Green, a mile north of the border, where runaway marriages used to be celebrated by the village blacksmith. More than three hundred marriages took place annually in this and the neighbouring village of Springfield.



BARON WOOD CUTTING.

Before reaching Gretna Junction, we cross the Sark, the boundary line between England and Scotland. The scenery in this part of our journey may be tame, but the annals of all this country round are full of associations drawn from border song and story. We are now at "merry Carlisle," the capital of the county, the see of a bishop and a border city, containing 30,000 inhabitants. It is encompassed by three rivers, and hence has been called "the City of the Waters." Standing upon a hill, it looks upon a prospect of unusual variety and beauty; while from the keep of the castle, or from the roof of the cathedral, the eye can range from Skiddaw and Helvellyn on the south and west to the uplands of the border and the pastoral Cheviots, from Crossfell, in the east to Criffel by the Solway on the west.

The city has been the home of various races. The remains of the Roman wall may still be found. Its castle withstood the assaults of Wallace and of Bruce. Here kings have held parliaments, have sought refuge, and have died. The cathedral is the chief architectural feature of the city. It was originally part of a Norman priory. The proud Normans laid its first stones, and the Plantagenets worshipped beneath its roof. It contains a monument to Dr. Paley.

A little farther is Cumwhinton, and then Cotehill. The river Eden is now winding far below us along a deep romantic valley on our left, the slopes being richly wooded. It may be doubted,



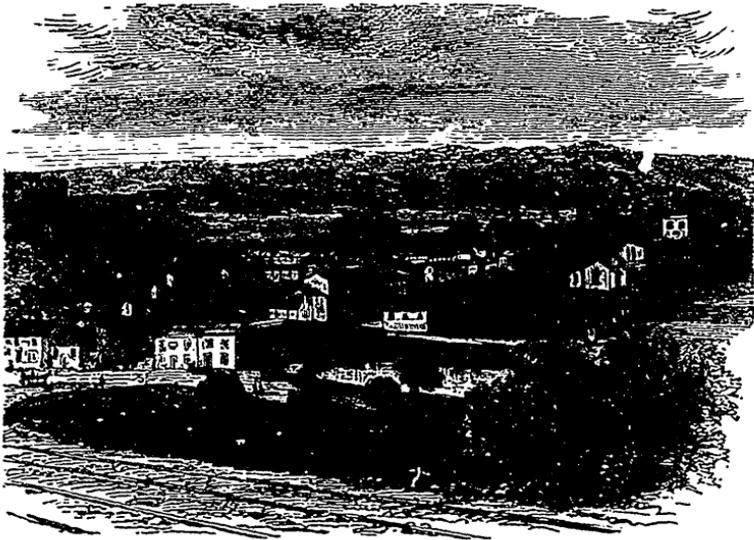
EDEN VALLEY.

whether in all England more beautiful scenery is to be found than in this part of the valley of Eden. Pursuing our way southward we skirt, for some three miles, the upper part of an ancient and extensive forest, called "Baron or Barren Wood." In some places it is thickly timbered with oak and ash, fir and beech. For a short distance the line is so near the river, that on the one side we seem to be in a deep cutting, and on the other upon a precipice that slopes 150 feet sheer down to the water's edge.

Farther down we stand on the brink of a precipice looking into a deep, dense wood: and still continuing our descent, we come to the margin of the stately Eden, walk along its bank round the mighty rocks overhung with trees, and watch the salmon leap. The paths we have been treading are the Nunnery Walks, so named from the religious house established by William

Rufus, who "trembled, like other profligates, amidst his impiety, and was willing enough to secure a chance of heaven provided it could be obtained by any other means than virtuous practice."

After we pass Lazonby, on the summit of a hill, are the remains of a Druids' temple, known by the name of "Long Meg and her daughters." "Long Meg" is an upright unhewn square stone, fifteen feet in girth, and eighteen in height, the corners of which point to the four points of the compass. Long Meg's numerous progeny, it has been playfully said, "of sixty-six strapping daughters form a circle of about 350 paces, and there, in an erect attitude, await the commands of their grandmother. Some of



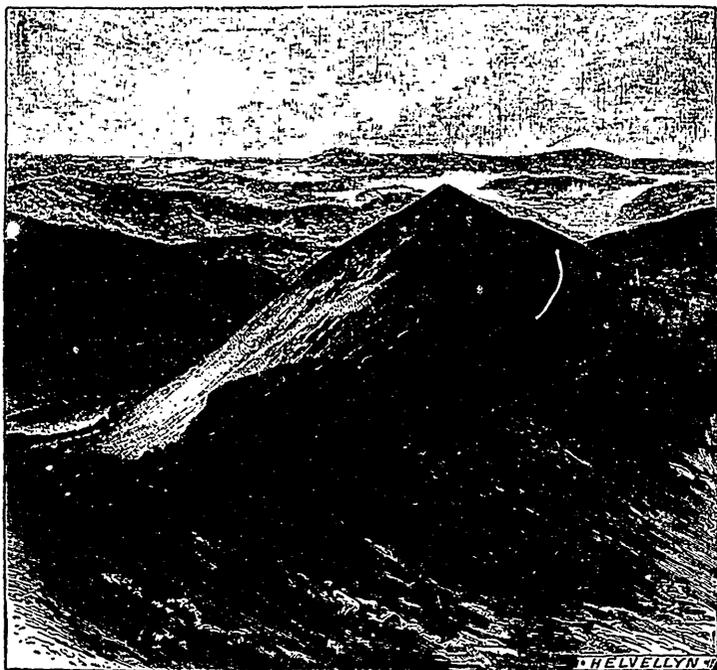
APPLEBY.

these juveniles measure from twelve to fifteen feet in girth and sixteen feet in height."

As we look in a north-westerly direction, we have a view of Eden Hall, the residence of the late Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., the chief of the famous border clan of that name. An old drinking glass, called the luck of Eden Hall is preserved. It is enamelled with colours, and the letters I H S on the top indicate the sacred uses to which it has been devoted; but the legend is that a company of fairies were sporting near a spring in the garden, and that after a short struggle it was snatched from them; whereupon they vanished into thin air, exclaiming—

"If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden Hall."

Hard by is Appleby, in 1281 a white friary was established, near which once stood a home for lepers. The view of the town as seen from the line is pleasing. In front of us is the church, with its square tower, built in the fourteenth century on the site of another church of far more ancient date, which was burnt down by the Scots. It contains fine altar tombs of the renowned Countess of Pembroke and of her mother. The town is almost encircled by the river; the left is closed in by the hill, covered with fine trees, among which stands "Appleby Castle," the resi-



HELVELLYN.

dence of Admiral Elliott; while in front of it, near the lodge gates, is the grand keep of Cæsar's Tower, eighty feet high, and covered with ivy, said to have been built by the Romans.

The traveller who wishes to see all that is best worth seeing of Cumberland and Westmoreland, may naturally desire to make a *détour* into the beautiful lake districts of those counties. If so, he may find it convenient to pause at Appleby and to take train thence to Penrith and Keswick, where he will find himself in the full enjoyment of his purpose. From Keswick we proceed by way of Thirlmere, under Helvellyn, to Grasmere and Ambleside.

In doing so we first ascend the hill of Castlerigg, 700 feet above the sea, on the summit of which the poet Gray, when leaving the neighbourhood, was so affected that he "had almost a mind to have gone back again." We pass onward through the Vale of Naddle, and near Smeathwaite Bridge we pause to survey the Castle Rock at the head of the Vale of St. John, which, especially in certain lights, has a vivid resemblance to a castle.

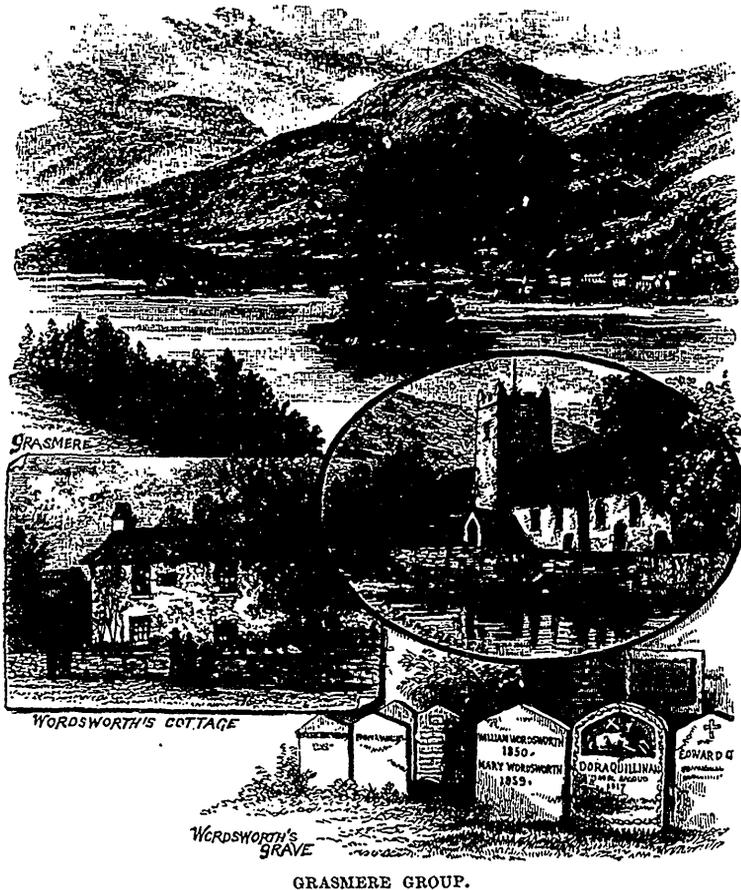
"Paled in by many a lofty hill
 The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
 And down its verdant bosom led,
 A winding brooklet found its bed.
 But, midmost of the vale, a mound
 Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
 Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
 And mighty keep and tower ;
 Seemed some primeval giant's hand
 The castle's massive walls had plann'd
 A pondrous bulwark to withstand
 Ambitious Nimrod's power."

No one can visit the shores of Thirlmere without delight. Walking under the overshadowing trees we proceed onward to the stone bridge, wander along the meads and copses, and survey, stretching to the east of the lake, the great buttresses of Helvellyn, deeply scored by wintry torrents, making the ascent of the mountain from this side, except at two difficult points, impracticable.

We now ascend, mile after mile, the hill that leads to Dunmail Roise, where Dunmail, "last King of rocky Cumberland," was buried, and where a pile of stones marks his grave. Here we enter Westmoreland, and soon commence a descent toward the lovely Lake of Grasmere, which sparkles in the distance. "I go to Grasmere at least once a year," said a Presbyterian clergyman to the writer. "It is the most beautiful bit of God's earth that I know."

Grasmere is every year visited by thousands, not simply for its natural loveliness, but for the associations that cluster around the name of William Wordsworth. Once we happened to be storm-bound at Grasmere, and had a long and cheery chat with an old man who could remember much of the days that are gone. He described the old customs and quaint ways of poets and peasants, clergy and "statesmen" (men who have a little freehold estate) of these lakes. "Yes," he said, "I knew Mr. Wordsworth; he loved every tree and stone in the dale, and often saved them from the miner or the woodman. He could not bear to see a sod or a rock molested." He mentioned that Mr. Wordsworth was a

great walker. He would swing himself right and left "a'most like a skipper;" in this attitude he would skate on Grasmere; and he would lie on his back under a tree to decide whether or not it should come down. "He was the best skater," he said, "we had in this country. It was the only thing he took a delight in



as sport. Wordsworth, De Quincey and Coleridge, were all alike in this respect, they stood or walked in a stooping attitude. I have seen Wordsworth in his pew in the church sitting with his head down, seeming as if studying something different from what was going on in the church. Suddenly he would start up, walk to the other end of the pew, and then walk back again, as if his mind was surprised at something that had unexpectedly occurred to him."

Once two strangers met and chatted in front of the Red Lion Hotel. The one spoke of Wordsworth, and the other told of his admiration of Sir Walter Scott. It was Scott and Wordsworth who were talking together, and they soon found one another out.

About one hundred yards from the Prince of Wales Hotel is the house where Wordsworth first lived at Grasmere. Every visitor to Grasmere visits the churchyard. Here is the simple and modest tombstone to William Wordsworth. For nine years it bore only the name of the poet; but, in 1859, the grave was opened to receive his widow. Beside them lies their daughter, and next to her her husband. Close by are the remains of Hartley Coleridge, at whose funeral the white-haired Wordsworth attended not very long before his own death. This spot under the yews, beside the flowing Rothay, and circled round by the mountains he loved so well, was chosen by himself as a fitting resting-place for the Poet of the Lakes. He desired no splendid tomb in a public mausoleum. He reposes, according to his own wish, beneath the green turf, among the dalesmen of Grasmere, under the sycamore and yews of a country churchyard, by the side of a beautiful stream, "amid the mountains which he loved; and a solemn voice seems to breathe from his grave, which blends its tones in sweet and holy harmony with the accents of his poetry, speaking the language of humility and love, of adoration and faith, and preparing the soul, by a religious exercise of the kindly affections, and by a devout contemplation of a natural beauty, for translation to a purer, and nobler, and more glorious state of existence and for a fruition of heavenly felicity." "He chose the spot himself," said Harriet Martineau, "and every one rejoices that he did."

The great poet is thus characterized by a recent critic: "Wordsworth was a sturdy lad, daring and resolute, developing the characteristic qualities of his fellow dalesmen. He was steadfast and self-reliant, frugal and simple, solemn and taciturn, yet vivacious when inspired by congenial society, and beloved of children. A clumsy figure for a drawing-room, paying but scant attention to personal adornment, never wearing a 'boxer,' and not disdaining a ride in a dung-cart, sometimes blowing his own trumpet a little defiantly; a trifle mean according to some observers, but living a life full of noble charity to the needy. Wordsworth regarded the poet as a prophet anointed to declare the evangel of healing thoughts and ennobling purposes. He was essentially a lyric poet; his personality overshadowed all his writings, and in some cases protruded into egotism. His theory that poetry should deal with the simplest themes in colloquial language gives us his secret of his

strength and weakness. He was successful in imparting a charm to ordinary events, and in giving voice to the depth and nobility of common life; but often his simplicity becomes trivial and common-place. He avoided the technical language of poetry as diligently as his predecessors had cultivated it, and succeeded in turning the scale against a stilted and artificial phraseology. His noblest poetry, however, was a contravention of his own



DERWENTWATER, SCAFELL.

theory, for the lofty thoughts which strove for utterance could only find expression in language richer and more artistic than the vocabulary of common speech. Wordsworth was essentially a poet of Nature. He was a nursling of the mountains, ever awed and exhilarated by their presence. Nearly all his poems were composed in the open air. His library was in the house. His 'study' had no walls. He was, in fact, the prophet and high priest of Nature, listening for her message to the sons of men, and sending up her tribute to the throne of God. While

his description of natural objects is as exact as Tennyson's; he never rests with mere description. Wordsworth gives us a poetic interpretation of Nature; he regards her as a living, thinking, joyous presence—learning from her lips the profoundest lessons, and describing the emotions which she invokes from his own heart."

Leaving the lake, we soon pass the spot where De Quincey lived,



RYDAL GROUP.

and a little farther on we are at Nab Cottage, the humble white house on the left by the roadside, looking full on to Rydal Lake, where Hartley Coleridge lived and died. "Those who knew the Lakes of old," says Harriet Martineau, "will remember the peculiar form and countenance which used to haunt the roads between Ambleside and Grasmere, the eccentric-looking being whom the

drivers were wont to point out as the son of the great Coleridge, and himself a poet. His mournful weakness was regarded with unusual forbearance; and there was more love and pity than censure in the minds of those who practically found how difficult it was to help him."

"Rydal Mount is, indeed, a true poet's pleasure; its green hollows, its straight terraces, bordered with beds of periwinkle and tall foxgloves, purple and white—the white being the poet's favourite; and the summer-house, lined with fir cones; and then the opening of the door, which discloses the other angle of the prospect, Rydal Pass, with the lake lying below."

We reluctantly leave Rydal. To our right, across the Rothay,

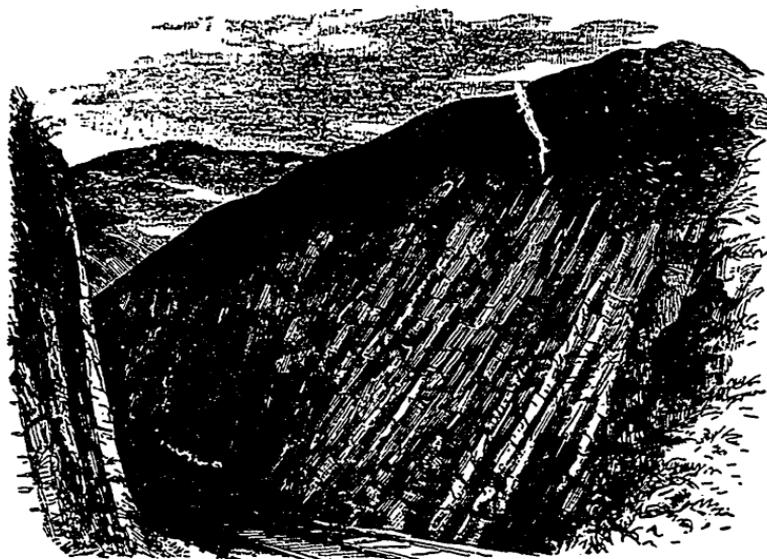


LAKESIDE STATION, WIDERMERE.

is Fox How, Dr. Arnold's old residence; and, passing along the richly-timbered valley, we enter Ambleside. Here to our right, is "the Knoll," formerly the residence of Miss Martineau. From Ambleside we can visit Ullswater or Coniston, and Furness Abbey; or, we can pass by steamboat down the beautiful Lake of Windermere.

We proceed now *via* Appleby to the south. "Perhaps the whole world does not offer a spectacle more impressive to the eye of the geologist than that afforded by the contrast between the mighty wall of mountain limestone rocks, soaring to the height of 2,500 feet above the vale of the Eden and the plain of Carlisle, and the level beds of the red sandstone, deposited in latter times, at the foot of the ancient escarpment, upon the relatively depressed portion of the same mountain limestone series."

Immediately on emerging from Birkett cutting, the traveller should look sharply to the left at the embankment on which the train is running. It is about 100 feet high, and because of the quality of the material of which it was made and the quality of the ground on which it had to be deposited, the tipping actually proceeded for twelve months without the embankment advancing a yard.



BIRKETT CUTTING.

Pendragon Castle, tradition tells us, was erected by Uter Pendragon. Here Sir Hugh Morville, one of the knights implicated in the murder of A'Becket, held his brief but lordly tenure; and there, centuries afterwards, the famous Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who built castles and churches, hospitals and manor mills, who could "discourse of all things, from predestination to sea-silk," and who married two husbands with whom she had "crosses and contradictions," took up her abode. When an objectionable candidate was forced on one of her boroughs, she wrote, "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand!"

TALK not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;
 If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
 Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment.
 —Longfellow.

THE MAINTENANCE OF HOME MISSIONS AMONG THE MOST DEGRADED POPULATIONS.*

BY THE LATE SENATOR MACDONALD.

WHAT can be done to better the masses of human beings who crowd together in all great centres of population—ignorant, indolent, vicious, and degraded? Is their condition hopeless? Must they necessarily continue to inhabit their loathsome dwellings, secure their living by lying and dishonesty, be familiar only with profanity and impurity, corrupt and corrupting one another? How sad, for example, the sight which one witnesses at every turn in this great city. Among a Pagan people we look for ignorance and vice; but here, where God's temples rise in every street; where His Word is not only sold at less than the cost of production, but freely given away where there is not the ability to purchase it—in this city, where there are so many who love and serve God, what sight so sad as to see in such a city thousands of men and women from whom every vestige of all that is good and holy and pure has been effaced, and who, in this city of Gospel-light, seem to have abandoned all feelings of hope for this world and the next; to see multitudes of young lads already old in crime, and who, unless relief comes to them, and comes soon, will assuredly swell the ranks of the criminal class. Sadder still to see thousands of young girls, between the ages of ten and fourteen, drifting away to a doom which appears inevitable; to see flocks of helpless children growing up to form another generation of the degraded—such of them, at least, as will survive the hunger and wretchedness, the neglect and cruelty, to which they are subjected.

Sights such as these, without looking into the gin-palaces—those sinks of all that is degrading—the dark lanes, loathsome alleys, crowded lodging-houses, where thieves and pickpockets and the vilest men and women congregate, are enough to cause the deepest pain of heart, enough to beget the most profound thankfulness to God that our own lot is so different, and enough to lead us searchingly to ask ourselves, What have we done, what do we intend to do, to make this wretchedness and this sorrow less? Can these older and more hardened men and women be saved; these young lads, can they be rescued; these young girls, can they be snatched from a life of shame too sad to contemplate;

*A paper read at the Oecumenical Conference, held in City Road Chapel, London, Eng.

these helpless children, can they be reached before sin, with its defilement, has done its work; can the bodies be saved as well as the souls? A simple glance at the report of the London City Mission will, perhaps, furnish the best answer we can give to these questions.

From it we learn that during the past year the 450 missionaries connected with the London City Mission have been the means of sending 3,563 children to school; of receiving 2,188 communicants; of reclaiming 2,508 drunkards; of rescuing 500 fallen women; of inducing 5,746 to attend public worship; have made 314,380 visits; have distributed 17,569 Bibles and portions of Scripture, and 4,004,612 tracts. All this means so much which cannot be written in any report; words of regret, promises of reformation, tears of sorrow for wrong-doing, triumphs over sin, and death, and the grave. Yet when the great mass of sin and wretchedness is considered, what are 450 missionaries, and what the trophies, compared with the numbers from which they have been rescued?

Wonderful is the work which has been accomplished by the Five-point Mission of New York. It is said that 1,000 girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen can be found in the Water-street drinking saloons of New York; and, a writer adds, to this same character and doom 40,000 destitute and vagrant children are drifting. To rescue them that mission was founded. Little girls picked up in the streets, found in the gutter, taken from dens of infamy, many of whom never knew father or mother, have found the mission a home and a resting-place. And as far back as 1869, as many as 20,000 had been rescued from the slums of that city, and had found in society places which they had filled with respectability and usefulness, many of them becoming workers among, and wondrous benefactors of, the class from which they themselves were rescued.

The achievements of the shoe-black societies as well as those of many kindred associations, have put to rest the question of hopelessness. None are too low to be raised, none too abandoned to be hopeless; while the individual instances in which those who were once neglected street Arabs, vagabonds, and pickpockets, became men holding prominent and responsible positions, demonstrate that positions of trust and responsibility are open to those who are found in the ranks of the degraded, and that if determined to lead new lives, the past, however dark, does not bar their future advancement. Suppose, for example, that during the twenty-four years in which the street Arabs have been organized as shoe-black societies they had been neglected, what might have been? It is safe to state that in one way or another they would

have stolen \$250,000; and their imprisonment would have cost the country \$500,000 more; that by being imprisoned with veteran criminals they would have become perfected in crime, and placed amid the class to benefit which is most difficult. What has been the result? In the prosecution of their daily labour during that time they have earned \$1,000,000, and by the habits of thrift which they have acquired, and by the excellent and wholesome discipline under which they have been brought, the foundation has been laid for a life of respectability and usefulness, and the instances are not few where such results have happily followed.

Many instances of individual reformation and advancement are recorded in reports, while names are wisely withheld. "Not long since," says a gentleman long connected with the shoe-black societies, "a handsome man, fashionably dressed, called upon me and said, 'I called to see you, sir. I was a shoe-black; now I am the agent of the — Company in New York. I carry for them as much \$1,000,000; my salary is £500 a year.'" We read of four young men who, with their wives, were dining together in New York. One of the young men was the cashier of a leading New York bank, one a book-keeper in a large insurance company, a third confidential clerk in a leading mercantile house, the fourth a rising lawyer—all had been rescued from the lowest slums of New York.

While all this is gratifying, the fact remains that the dense mass of ignorance and vice never seems to lessen. A few have been rescued from the outworks, but they have been from the outworks only; the citadel appears as impregnable as ever. Now and again one and another is rescued from the terrible vortex, and then the great wave rolls on, deeper, darker, and more angry than before. One would have thought that after what had been accomplished in connection with the Five-point Mission in New York, that the whole locality had been redeemed from its vileness and pollution, and its population elevated to the position of deserving and respected citizens.

We read in the *New York Daily Graphic* of August 8th of the present year:—"Any one who wishes to see humanity in the most abject condition of midsummer wretchedness should visit the New York streets contiguous to the old Five Points on a hot night, such as we are now having. To remain in the wretched, dirty, stifling tenements is impossible, and the entire population precipitates itself on the scarcely less dirty and almost equally uncomfortable pavement. Men, women, and children, in all stages of undress except such as would call for police interference, and in an indescribable stage of grimness, spread themselves out on

the side-walk, and a pedestrian has to pick his steps through them the best way he can;" and, after describing the lager beer saloons, into which they find their way, the writer adds:—"Finally they separate to their miserable abodes, or rather to the side-walks in front of them, and sleep the sleep of the weary and the worn-out, until the scorching morning sun arouses them to another day of languid toil."

How is this great wave of wretchedness and misery to be checked, and changed into all that is pure, and healthful, and life-giving? God's Word must be in the future as it has been in the past, the great instrument in arresting the attention, awakening the conscience, and exciting the understanding to the need of salvation. It must be put into the hands or brought to the homes of those who need it by agents of unmistakable piety, tact, and shrewdness, by those who not only are bringers of the Word, but lovers of the Word, not only readers of the Word, but those who have its truths treasured in their memories and in their hearts. It is but a waste of time to employ any one in this work who does not love it for its own sake, who has not experienced a change of heart, and who has not a love for the souls of men. Herein lies the whole groundwork of the system:—

"The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wandering souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave."

To-day, as in the days of Christ, "the harvest truly is plenteous, the labourers are few." Taking, by way of illustration, this great city, containing probably over 4,000,000, and adding to its population some 90,000 souls a year, it has, in connection with the London City Mission, 450 missionaries. But when the masses among whom they labour are considered, may it not be appropriately asked, what are they among so many? Upon this point the Lord Mayor, while presiding recently at Egyptian Hall, asked, "What are 450 missionaries for the great metropolis?" and at the same meeting Lord Shaftesbury stated that 1,000 would not be one too many. If we rightly estimate the results sure to follow the faithful efforts of every devoted worker in this field, then we may safely conclude that in this wide world there is not one more full of promise. Amid the better classes of society how rarely do we hear of men and women evincing anxiety about their souls. Among the neglected portion of the population how different! Cast out, as it were, from their birth, cut off from society, regarded as loathsome and vile, their dwellings shunned as pest-houses, accustomed to look upon God when

they think upon Him at all, as One whose ways are unequal, when they see their hovels visited by some earnest loving Christian, when with their keen perception they discover not that patronizing spirit which they abhor, not that spirit of curiosity which they resent, but a gentleness and a love which astonishes and then arrests them, when they realize that, cut off as they had supposed themselves to be, not from man and the world only, but from God and heaven, when they hear words of tenderness which they cannot mistake, see a sympathy manifested for them to which they had hitherto been strangers, and realize that the visitor is but bearing to them the message of Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," when they begin to realize not only that man loves them, but that God loves them—better still, that Christ died for them—what a new world dawns upon them—how with new eyes and new ears they resolve to seek new hearts, to give themselves body and soul to Christ! And then what new joys are awakened, not only in those who have been thus rescued from their defilement, not only in those who have been instrumental in leading them to Christ, but in the presence of the angels over ever every such sinner who repenteth.

Jock Hall, the ne'er-do-weel, whose story is so touchingly told by Dr. Norman McLeod, is but a type of many a tramp who has been arrested by words of tenderness from some kindred spirit to Andrew Mercer, and found the story of the Prodigal read to them by some sympathetic John Spence, the means by which they were led to Christ. Many a one as degraded as the pitman when the amazing condescension of Christ became something to him which he could comprehend, has said in his simple, but expressive words:—

"It was not that I might spend my life just as my life's been spent
That He brought me so near to His mighty cross, and taught me what
it meant ;
He doesn't need me to die for Him—He only asks me to live ;
There's nothing of mine that He wants but my heart, and it's all that
I have to give."

How wonderful are the facilities possessed by the worker of to-day in carrying on his work compared with those of the worker of fifty years ago. What thoughtful and earnest workers have suggested earnest and loving Christians have supplied. What a wealth of consecrated labour is put forth to-day in discovering new methods of benefiting those who do so little to benefit themselves. How brain, and hands, and hearts, and willing feet are working to help the helpless. How painter and poet, gentle women and Sunday-school children, how large-hearted, whole-

souled men and women in vast numbers throughout Christendom, think, and speak, and work, and pray for the elevation and salvation of their poor outcast brethren. How the illustrated literature of the present day, not only such works as the *British Workman, Cottager and Artizan, Band of Hope*, and kindred publications, but how the very leaflets, are not only works of art, but treasuries of golden thoughts. How even the loom, the forest, and the mine, in their many useful, attractive, and inexpensive products, become helps to pave the way to dwellings hitherto difficult of access. How the gold and the silver, the fruits of the earth, the flowers of the field and the flowers of the garden, becomes aids to the agent, enabling him by new avenues to find his way to homes and to the hearts of those who dwell in them, filling with light and cheerfulness habitations hitherto dark and forbidding; doing this in that way known only to those taught by God's Spirit, doing this so that self-reliance is awakened and developed, not destroyed; in such a way that cleanliness is seen taking the place of loathsomeness, gentleness that of harshness, reverence that of profanity; to see those who had been strangers to God and heaven become readers of His Word, attendants upon His house, clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

Forty years ago an English statesman (Sir George Grey), during the period of the Chartist riots, said that to the operations of the London City Missions was due "the peace, the comfort, and the safety of this metropolis." If that could be said then, what might be said to-day? If the little leaven of those days had produced results which warranted such an expression from such a speaker, what might be said if the leaven of the kingdom were to-day working upon the entire degraded population of this metropolis, working among them until the whole was leavened? Is this too much to look for, to pray for, to labour for? When will it be, how soon will it be accomplished? Never was there a period in the world's history when it teemed with wealth, as it does to-day; never a period when so much of this wealth was possessed by God's people; when there was so great a readiness on the part of Christians to employ their wealth in God's service; when there were so many willing to labour for their fellow-men. Why, then, is not the work accomplished? When shall we witness on the part of the degraded a mighty turning toward God, not by tens or hundreds merely, but by thousands, so that whole districts may resound with the praises of the living God where now are heard only sounds of blasphemy? Not until the Church as a whole is thoroughly alive, not until the sectional differences which divide and estrange Christians are broken down, not until

the class sought to be benefited fully realizes that Christians are terribly in earnest in reference to their welfare, and that they mean work and not talk; that their reliance is in God's power, and not in man's arm. If there is one field in this world where more than any other such efforts are needed, that field is the one found in this great city. Here is the deepest degradation, here ample ability to meet it in means and workers.

Let but the spirit which influenced the movement recently put forth in this city, which led the ministers of the various denominations to observe Sunday, the 10th of July, as an open-air mission day, be the spirit which animates the entire Church in carrying on this great work, showing to those whom they seek to benefit that, as separate Churches, whatever differences exist among them which keep them apart, in the great work of seeking the best interests of the poor outcast and degraded children of men, they are all one. Let the Church unite in sending into this field without loss of time a greatly increased staff of workers; Christian men await but the application to supply you with the means. Better still, let every Christian man and woman in this great city become a worker, not offering words merely, not simply reminding the degraded of their condition, not merely offering Christ to them as their Saviour when the only feelings of which they are conscious are the gnawings of hunger, and the only shelter which awaits them for the night, the canopy of heaven. Let such workers cheerfully minister to them of their substance, giving if it be but a tithe of what they daily spend upon superfluities, realizing that the poor perishing body needs help as well as the soul. Let every Christian woman of this metropolis take their poor fallen sisters by the hand, many of whom are more sinned against than sinning, many of whom abhor the life, the sad life into which they have drifted, not passing them by as though God had forsaken them, but remembering the words of Him who said to an erring one, "Neither do I condemn thee; go in peace and sin no more;" then, indeed, will results follow such as never have been witnessed in this great metropolis; and the glad tidings will be wafted to every quarter, and men and women everywhere will be led to labour as they have never done before for those that are outcast and degraded.

"In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal government above
Keeps strict account, and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely, do not count the cost,
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run."

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

BY REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

MORE effective and comprehensive provision for the spiritual wants of our children and youth has for some time been a deeply-felt and widely-acknowledged necessity in our Methodism. This is, indeed, a necessity that is more and more appreciated throughout the Christian world as the Churches become more and more awake to their duty, more and more alive to their privileges, and more and more aware of the meaning and scope of the call of God to the salvation of the race. The Church, like the State, lives as it grows. It grows by learning in doctrine, providence, facilities, adaptations and achievements. The conviction that children and youth have spiritual needs is a strong point gained. The persuasion that Christianity in its excellency is for children, has its patiently instructive and social side, can lead youth into business activity for Christ, can even select and sanctify profitable entertainment and direct intellectual culture through mutual aid and improvement, is another very decisive vantage ground. To those who make religion mere dogma or ceremony, it is, indeed, a discovery that Christianity has a social side, or that its chief power and hope are the conversion and spiritual nurture of the youth.

The great Christian movement for the elevation, the ennoblement of woman is of a kindred character, and has similar relations to the Church of God. "The foundations of the earth are out of course," and there are some things now terribly distorted and out of place, that must be levelled up and straightened out before the world can be converted to God. This is what the conversion of the world means; and the world will have been converted when these things shall have been done. Such developments are the best demonstration of the moral and social force of our revealed religion, and the brightest promise of its complete and speedy triumph. This we long for, this we pray for; and if we are logical, liberal, loving and loyal in ready league and covenant, we promptly adopt and faithfully execute the wisest measures at hand to direct the divine energy entrusted to us under the atonement, and hasten the day when our Redeemer shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

It is not that the necessity is actually greater than in the ages past; but it is that it is more clearly discovered, and more cheerfully recognized. Whatever men think or say about it, there are

developments in religion; at least, on the human side of it. Men can live on the wilder and poorer apples and berries, the meaner grains, and the baser breeds of sheep and cattle; but they can also grow and raise and cultivate the better, and live better on them, and be the nobler for it. And in religion there are improvements and enlargements of knowledge; knowledge of God, knowledge of man, knowledge of Bible truth, knowledge of the relations of things with the passing generations according to their fidelity. And there are decided improvements in the directer application and wider extension of spiritual truth and power. The relation of the spiritual and personal to the social, political, material and universal is more clearly seen and more wisely employed. The Churches themselves are better informed on this subject, and more impressed with the relation of children and youth to the Church of God, and the obligations of the Church of God to children and youth.

There is a change of opinion and action in this regard amounting to a revolution, coming over the nations, thrilling the Christian Church, the Body of Christ, and throbbing in its every pulse. So long, as after the thoughts and customs of the ancient heathen, children belonged only to the State, and were kept and educated only for diplomacy and war; or, after the manner of heathen nations of to-day, they are regarded as simply the property of the parents, to be betrothed, sold, or destroyed at pleasure, there would be very little idea that in them is the dignity of immortality and that of such is the kingdom of heaven. So long as our theological systems swept children by decree or baptism into glory, or reprobated even infants to eternal death, there could not be much perception or conviction of the demand for further efforts, of the need of watch, care and instruction; and of the possibilities of the guidance and association of children and youth in the immunities, privileges, employments and honours of the house of God. What do we want of children amid the high parade of ceremonial, the gravity and austerity of reverend presbyters, and the pomp and purple of hierarchs and prelates? On a day like that mothers and their babes may stay at home. So have dogma and system made home a prison as closely bound in as seraglio or zenana. Our fathers and ourselves have imagined and practised that the child cannot get or keep experimental religion; that the youth must "sow his wild oats anyhow;" and that if he is saved at all, it must be after a long carnival in sin by the strong calls and earnest solicitations of the "protracted meeting." There are Methodists living to-day who have not much idea of a conversion, or much appreciation for it, outside of a camp-meeting and a "penitent bench."

We cannot make too much of experimental religion. We cannot value too highly the testimony, "I know I have passed from death unto life," and "the Spirit beareth witness with my spirit." But possibly we have let even the class-meeting backslide and fail of its original work and purpose. And back-slidden class-meetings may make backsliders; so that what John Wesley designed to be a small company for instruction, Christian work, financial convenience, brotherly regard and mutual helpfulness, has fallen in some small measure into a rotation of emotion; a bomb of excitement or a tomb of solemnity and death; a prominence of feeling in religion at the expense of Scriptural and general religious knowledge and earnest Christian fellowship in holy obedience and good works. Wherever such a view and use of the class-meeting obtain, and that old fruitful seed-bed of Methodism is so impoverished, it is not wonderful that need of deeper fertility and wider fruitfulness should come home to earnest pastors, intelligent philanthropists and sagacious Christian workers. It is not wonderful with the broader light and clearer view of this era, that all the Churches should be seeking for the Methodist class-meeting in its original intent, though under other names and forms. It is not wonderful, that our own Church, while maintaining the denominational standard in its integrity, should supplement and aid it to reach the widening fields, the deepening sympathies, the enlarging demands and the growing Christian intelligence of the advancing times.

Already, and for a long time past, some of our faithful and far-seeing ministers have perceived and felt this necessity; and in their own sphere and on their successive fields of labour have, with much effort and prayer, made the best possible provision to meet it. They have organized societies of their young people in connection with or outside of their Sabbath-schools and class meetings; by which those young people have found instruction, inducements to and nurture in divine life, healthful entertainment, proper amusement and practice and joy in benevolent and religious work. What an ennoblement is this! What an accumulation and godly direction of moral and spiritual energy! In some cases our active young people themselves have seen the lack, and in one way or another, with greater or less success, have attempted to supply it. Thus there has arisen quite a diversity of associations, with considerable variety of plan, relation and aim. These very voluntary and commendable efforts are proof of the demand. In the Methodist Church of the United States, of this same necessity and praiseworthy impulse, some half dozen associations of this kind had arisen, spread over mere local bound-

aries, and were extending themselves throughout the land, often instituting two or more in the same place and Church. To avoid confusion, distraction, misdirection of energy and even contention; and to secure harmony and unity of action, wise and effective employment of resources; safe instruction and doctrine, and loyalty to the Church and her operations, it was found desirable to seek the union of all the various societies into one, preserving the excellences of all. This was accomplished in the formation of their Epworth League, which is now rallying their youth to an intimate acquaintance with Methodism, a comprehension of its aims and responsibilities, a firm attachment to it, and combined and ceaseless labours throughout the nation to extend its doctrines, economy and saving power.

Our own Epworth League, so recently and so auspiciously introduced, has like design and hope. While allowing the largest freedom for its numerous and noble purposes and sublime work, it is so formed as to bring it into harmonious movement with the existing authorities of the Church, the pastors, the Conferences, and the Boards. It is not expected or required summarily to crowd out societies already at work within the churches; but it is desired that our young people, under proper direction, may adapt their associations to the constitution of the League; and so all, as speedily as practicable, be working for one aim and along one line. The Epworth League in its several departments makes provision for all kinds, forms and powers of activity now in exercise, or that are likely to be in exercise outside of our Sabbath-schools and general Church arrangements. Bringing fellowship, study, valuable practice and varied work, right entertainment and pure and practical piety in its hand, it commends itself to all; and promises the sweetness, strength and happiness that youth covets, that mature years approve, that the Church sanctions, guides and helps, and that God the Father Himself will abundantly bless.

The possibilities of this League in our Canadian Methodism are delightful and inspiring to contemplate. Organized with the greatest liberty of independent action consistent with the welfare of our Church—and certainly our young people in this regard, properly instructed, desire nothing else—it must raise up a generation better informed in our history, doctrines and polity than even ourselves; better acquainted with missionary and educational enterprises and taking more interest in them; better aware of the limits of the easily confounded territories of godly and worldly amusements, and of sacred and secular work; more appreciative of personal responsibility, and better versed in social Christian

effort and evangelistic toil ; in fact, more earnest, intelligent and practical Christians, better organized and united for pressing onward the Redeemer's cause and kingdom to the ends of the earth.

The League in its enterprises, labours, meetings and conventions must bring our young people into better acquaintance one with the other and with the modes of work throughout the entire Church, and prepare them for those weightier responsibilities that come down in the providence of God upon the succeeding generations. Better equipped men and women may enter more rapidly opening doors, the midday effulgence may the sooner follow the dawn of the morning. Then must come that stimulus and stay of intellect, that perfection of moral and social force, and that spread of deep and solid piety, all combined in entire and universal consecration to Christ, that are indispensable to the final, grand, united onset upon the powers of darkness and to the conversion of the whole world, the riches of the Gentiles and the faith of the Jews to Him that is Lord of All.

Our able and faithful brother,¹ Dr. Withrow, the editor of our unsurpassed Sabbath-school periodicals, and always the friend of our youth, authorized thereto by the proper authorities of our General Conference, is giving himself with great ardour and success to the establishment of branches of the League wherever the pastors and people call for them, and in this, as in all other godly toil, deserves the united support of our ministry and membership, both in their prayers and their unremitting and hearty co-operation. All the more is this support merited, inasmuch as this work of so great necessity and honour, is to him a work of love, and without financial reward. Furthermore, to the Associations themselves this work is attended with but comparatively little expense, but with the greatest conceivable intellectual and spiritual profit. There are really no external obstacles to the formation of branches of the League, and the reward is great.

AS WE MAKE IT.

WE must not hope to be mowers,
 And to gather the ripe gold ears,
 Until we have first been sowers,
 And watered the ground with tears.

It is not just as we take it—
 This mystical world of ours ;
 Life's field returns as we make it,
 A harvest of thorns or flowers.

KATHLEEN CLARE.

AN IRISH STORY.

V.—A MIDNIGHT RIDE.

SUMMER, with its profusion of flowers, and songs of birds, and its azure skies, has passed away; autumn with its golden grain and gorgeous tints, has departed, and sad rains and mournful winds and a cold gray sky tell of the near approach of winter. But Kathleen gives no heed now to the changing months; her whole being is absorbed in the study of the Book left to her by her dying mother. As soon as her duties were accomplished you might have seen her bending over it with earnest brow. She had begun at the beginning, and read straight on. It never occurred to her to do as so many do—that is, to read a verse here, and a chapter there, and then skip over a part and take it up somewhere else, and then get all in a maze and lay it down and say, "I don't understand it—it is all a jumble to me." No, she read right on, just as she would have done any other book that she wished to understand, and soon she lost herself in the most thrilling and astounding story which the world had ever known. She found out very soon that the presence of one Person pervaded the whole volume, some great Hero spoken of under different titles, such as "the seed of the woman," "the seed of David," the "Man of sorrows," "the Shiloh of Israel." The whole Book revolved round this one mighty Being. On she read, eagerly, breathlessly. How would it all end? how would it come out? she wondered. She went on until the last page of the Old Testament was completed, but, urged on by its own absorbing interest, she passed on to the New, and here again she found herself confronted with the same wonderful One, but now it was under the name of "Jesus of Nazareth," the rejected "Sufferer," but above all, under the title of the "Christ," the "Son of God!"

It was finished at last, and, filled with a trembling awe and wonder, Kathleen sat lost in thought. God's Book! Ay, she had no doubt of that. She saw how its sixty-six different books, written by thirty or forty different men, were evidently pervaded by one Omniscient Mind, by which the whole was woven into one harmonious whole. It was scattered over fifteen hundred years and more, yet one voice rang through it down its centuries! How could this be, except as it said, that "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?" Yes, it was God's Book, and in it she saw revealed His plan and purpose with regard to this world which He had created. And to think that she had once thought Him a hard, pitiless God! What love, what grace, what tenderness He had manifested therein! In the beginning of the Book she saw that, although man and the devil had combined at the onset to spoil God's fair creation, yet ere the end of this marvellous Book was reached, she read His gracious promise that there

should be a "new heaven and a new earth," wherein should dwell righteousness. And at what a sacrifice was this accomplished—nothing less than the giving up of God's own Son!

All this was Kathleen able to see intellectually, but it brought her no joy—nay, her heart grew heavier day by day.

It was enough to know there was a God, or that He was her mother's God, when yet she knew Him not as hers. There had been a Saviour in the world—a tender, loving Saviour, but as yet no word of His had reached her heart in saving power. His blood had flowed for sins, but hers, she knew, had not been washed away; and so, still in darkness and sorrow, poor Kathleen groped along. And the children—her mother's dying charge—the very thought of them only filled her soul with anguish; their very laughter which once she so enjoyed to hear, now only jarred painfully upon her ears."

"They are to die," she whispered to herself, "one day; they are to die, and stand before their God, and they are still unsaved."

Often, in the midst of her own doubts and perplexities she would gather them around her, and read portions from the Bible, such as she thought they would understand, and they would all listen with more or less attention—all but one, and that was Pete; he would do his best to get out of the way, or if he listened, it was always under protest.

"I say, Kathleen, let a fellow alone, can't you?" he would say, in his blunt, boyish fashion, "you don't expect I'm going to believe all that, do you?"

"Oh, Pete!" Kathleen would say, clasping her hands imploringly, "it's God's Word, and you ought to believe it."

"Don't you fret yourself, Kathleen," he would answer confidently; "it's nothing of the kind, father don't believe in the Bible, and that's enough for me. Do you think he does not know what's true and what isn't?"

"Oh, Pete, Pete! the Bible is true; didn't mother say so when she was dying?"

"Well, all I can say," said the boy, "it doesn't seem to have done much for you. You've done nothing but mope and be miserable ever since you found it. You used to be good-tempered, but now you're as cross as two sticks; why you're not half the jolly girl you used to be." And feeling the truth of the boy's words, Kathleen was silenced, for she knew not how to answer him.

Another time, when the children were grouped around her, and repeating after her the sweet old Gospel text:

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life," little Bud looked up at her, and said, with sweet child-like confidence:

"I do love God's dear Son, because He died for me; do you believe in Him and love Him, too, Kathleen?"

Poor Kathleen! she started and flushed guiltily; she dare not tell the child a falsehood.

"Oh, no, no, Bud," she cried, "I'm afraid I don't love Him, or believe in Him as I ought to do."

"Here's a pretty thing," cried Pete; "Kathleen is trying to make us believe in God, and she doesn't believe in Him herself!"

And Kathleen, in an agony of shame and misery, would steal away to her mother's grave, and flinging herself down, would cry in bitterness of soul: "Oh, mother, mother, why did you leave me? I am dark—all dark, and I cannot help your little children that you left to me one bit, I only do them harm."

But all this soul trouble was telling sadly upon Kathleen's health. She was growing very thin, and there was much more of the lily than the rose upon her cheeks now.

The children were beginning to count the days when Cecil, their eldest brother, should return from school. He was two years older than Kathleen, and to her he was the beau-ideal of all that was brave, and noble, and true; none knew but herself how she loved and idolized him, and she scarcely knew how all her hopes of the future were centred in Him. How she gloried in the news of his scholastic triumphs! Ah! he would be a great man some day, she had no doubt of that; then he would redeem the failing fortunes of the Clares, and these days of dreary pinching poverty and obscurity would be over.

Such had always been her dreams, but now she longed with an intense longing to ease her heart of this strange new burden, by pouring it all out in his ears. Cecil always had understood her, and surely he would understand and help her now.

The railway scheme—which, alas! seemed as far from completion as ever—had called Mr. Clare away from home for a few days, so the children were alone in the house with old Biddy.

But Kathleen had a new source of anxiety now, for Pete was ill. Only the day after his father left he had come in shivering and complaining of headache and a pain in his throat. Biddy had promptly put him to bed, and coddled him up in her own comfortable way. "Just leave him to me, Miss Kathleen, darlint," she had said the next morning, when she found him ill and feverish. "It may be only a bad cold, or may be it's measles, so you just keep away from him, and see to the children, for we don't want them all down, and Master Cecil just coming home, God bless him."

So, thinking it the wisest thing to do, Kathleen had remained away from him, but he was evidently no better, and Kathleen laid her head upon her pillow that night with an anxious longing for her father to be at home.

The wind was howling dismally round the house, and moaning through the trees, and the dreary sounds seemed to fill her with nervous apprehensions.

She had in spite of it, however, just fallen into a restless uneasy sleep, when she was awakened by a light shining upon her face, and Biddy's voice calling to her. She started up in bed, perfectly wide awake in an instant.

"Is Pete worse?"

"Oh, Miss Kathleen, darlint, he's very bad, it's meself that doesn't like the looks of him at all; his throat's fearful. I'm afraid it's that diphtheria, that takes people off so sudden, and the master's away, and what'll we do about getting a doctor!"

By this time Kathleen was out of bed, and dressing herself as rapidly as her trembling hands would let her. That dreadful word diphtheria had blanched her cheek and filled her with sudden horror.

"Oh, Biddy, why didn't you tell me before how ill he was? You said you thought he had the measles!"

"Sure, Miss, and how could I tell? I thought he'd be taking the turn soon, and I didn't want to frighten ye; but the turn's come, Miss Kathleen, and it's for the worse, and now he's off his head, and burning up wid fever. Oh, what'll I do if he should die, and the master away and all?" and poor Biddy began to rock herself to and fro. Kathleen gazed at her with an awful terror at her heart that for a moment almost paralyzed her. Had it come to that, her bright, bonny Pete in danger of death? Death! and what after death? and he was not saved—and again her mother's words rang through her soul, "Kathleen, under God, I leave my children to you." And she had never accepted the message of God herself yet, or perhaps she might have been able to better lead aright her poor erring brother. Oh, what could she do to save him from death? Oh, for a little more time!

These and many more such thoughts flashed with the quickness of lightning through her brain as she gazed for that one agonized moment into Biddy's face.

Then she woke to action.

"Go and do your best for him, Biddy," she said in a tone so quiet that Biddy looked at her in astonishment; "I'm going to fetch the doctor."

"Oh, Miss, and how can you go down the village at this time of night—it must be eleven o'clock?"

"I must go, Biddy, there is no one else to do it."

"In less time than it takes to tell, Kathleen was equipped and flying down the road to the village doctor. She soon reached his door, and gave a peal at his night-bell.

After waiting a few minutes, which seemed an age, there was a fumbling above at the window; it slowly opened, and a woman's voice called out:

"What do you want?"

"The doctor," cried Kathleen. "Oh, please tell him quickly he's needed at once, the case is serious."

"He's been called away to a patient ten miles off, and we don't expect him back till morning."

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Kathleen, clasping her hands together in agony; "by to-morrow he may be dead."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," from the voice above, "and it makes it all the worse that the nearest doctor is at Hatbridge, fifteen miles away."

"Fifteen miles away!"—at that moment it seemed as bad as fifty.

"With a quick horse you might send a messenger there in an hour."

"I have no messenger," sighed Kathleen; and then suddenly a thought struck her—she would go herself.

Back she flew, urged on by that awful terror at her heart. Biddy met her at the door.

"Oh, Miss Kathleen," she cried, in despairing tones, "where is the doctor? You've never come without him?"

"He's away, Biddy; but I'm going to Hatbridge for another one."

"Miss Kathleen, have you gone clean out of your mind? You couldn't walk there if you were going all night, let alone the awful, dark, lonesome road, which isn't safe for a man to travel at night, let alone a girl like you."

"I'm not going to walk, I'm going to ride on old Black Prince. Oh! do hush, Biddy, you're only hindering me; I must save Pete at all costs. Didn't mother leave the children to me?" and Kathleen bounded up the stairs, and in a few moments descended again, in a black riding-skirt that the girls used when they rode their old horse round the meadows.

"Bless us and save us! To think I'd live to see the day when the young mistress would be going out alone in the middle of the night, and it's blowing and snowing just awful."

"Don't worry about me, poor old Biddy," and Kathleen turned, as she was going off, to throw her arms round the faithful old servant's neck. Go and look after Pete, and I'll be back before you know it, with the doctor."

It was a strange experience in Black Prince's history, to be so rudely disturbed in the midst of his peaceful slumbers, and to feel his young mistress' quick nervous hands arranging the saddle upon him. This was an easy task to Kathleen, who had often done it since the man had left who used to attend to the old horse, once a fine hunter, but now used for little save to amuse the children. He whinnied with pleasure when Kathleen spoke to him and stroked his black sides.

"Dear old Black Prince," she cried, as she threw her arms round his neck, and laid her cheek on his, and just for a moment she let a few tears relieve her overcharged heart. "You'll do your very best to-night, won't you, dear old fellow? it's to save Pete's life."

As if he knew what she said, he tossed his head and answered with a cheery neigh, and soon set off down the dark road, regardless of the driving hail and sleet, at a pace that must have astonished himself, as it certainly did Kathleen.

Away! away! Hedgerows and gaunt skeletons of trees flew past them. Now and then some benighted cattle would start up, and their figures, large and shapeless, would loom out before her in the darkness.

Still on, on! with the pitiless hail and snow beating upon her face, and the biting wind numbing her to the heart with a deathly chill.

"Brave Prince! Good Prince!" she would cry to her horse, "bear on a little longer for dear Pete's sake," and at the sound of her voice and the touch of her gentle hand, with another desperate effort the brave old horse would bound forward.

The road now wound under great elms, whose spreading boughs met in a high arch above.

But what is that sound? Kathleen drew in her reins and listened. Human voices! But instead of bringing cheer and comfort to her, she trembled more at the sound than she did in the fearsome wood, or on the wild lonely moor. It was the noise of loud drunken laughter and ribald jests, proceeding from some half-besotted fellows returning from a midnight carousal.

How dare she go forward and meet them in that lone place? She shuddered at the very thought. Instinctively she drew her horse close under the high overhanging bank surmounted by a hedge, and waited for them to pass. They were close upon her now. Holding her breath lest they might hear her breathing, and trembling till she could scarcely hold on her horse, Kathleen watched them pass along the road, so near to her that she could see their blood-shot eyes and almost feel their hot breath reeking with the fumes of brandy.

"Just another moment, Prince," she whispered, imploringly, and she strove to soothe his restlessness, by softly stroking his neck, "and they will be gone." But at another loud roar of laughter Prince lost command of himself and shied, rustling and crackling the dried branches under his feet as he did so.

"Here's a go!" cried one of the men, almost the last of the party, who, being startled at the sound so close to him, reeled forward to see what had caused it.

"Here's a go," and all turned to see what his shout meant. The horror of that moment was like a night-mare to Kathleen for long afterward.

She saw the wretch inflamed with drink approaching to seize her bridle, the others in another moment would be round her. Quick as thought Kathleen gave her horse a smart cut with her whip. Utterly unused to such treatment, with an amazed and angry snort Prince started forward, the man losing his balance reeled and fell, and in another moment Kathleen was flying onward, followed by the inflamed drunken crew, hooting and yelling like demons.

But she did not fear them now, Prince had got a start and could well match the best of them, and on she sped, the wind whistling in her ears, till far behind she left her pursuers.

But her journey was nearly over, and it was getting time, for poor Kathleen felt unable to bear up much longer. Poor old Prince, too, was in a sorry state, his breath came in deep gasps and the white foam hung in great flakes about him.

"That must be the doctor's," said Kathleen, as she entered the village and saw in front of her a great red lamp. It was hanging over a garden door. Leaning forward, Kathleen seized a bell handle and rang a sounding peal.

Very soon steps were heard approaching along the pathway inside, the door was thrown open, and a gentleman came out and gazed in wonder at the foam-covered horse and its slight girlish rider.

She essayed to speak, but her white lips refused her utterance; a sudden dizziness seized her, and reeling forward she would have fallen had not the gentleman started forward to receive her. Lifting her as easily as a babe in his strong arms, he bore her into the house and laid her fainting form upon a couch.

VI.—HEART REST.

As the light of the study lamp fell upon the girl's unconscious face, Dr. Arundale—for it was none other than he—gave a low cry of astonishment.

"Kathleen Clare! Poor brave child! what new trouble has come upon you to bring you here on such a night as this?"

But in another instant he had left the room, and had taken the stairs in three bounds. "Mother," he cried, "are you awake?"

"Yes, my boy," said a voice lively and attentive, "do you want me?"

"Yes, I do badly, at least some one else does, who has just come to our door in a fainting condition."

"I'll be down in a moment, my son. What a mercy you did sit up so long over your books to-night, although I was going to give you a good scolding in the morning."

"In an incredibly short time, Mrs. Arundale appeared?"

"Poor lamb! Poor little tender lamb!" she cried, in accents of deepest pity, as her eyes fell on the girl's slight delicate figure, and white ethereal face. "What could have happened, Norman, to make her dare the darkness and storm of this fearful night? Why, she's covered with snow and wet and frozen with cold!" And the sweet, cheery old lady began with rapid hands to remove Kathleen's outer garments.

Just pile more wood on the fire, Norman, and make a blaze, and give me that wine. I'll pour a little down her throat; it's the cold that's nearly killed her." And very soon the kind efforts succeeded in restoring Kathleen to consciousness. She began to feel a delightful glow of warmth stealing over her, and she opened her eyes to see the kindly face, with the calm, sunny, trustful blue eyes that she remembered so well, as belonging to her father's guest, bending over her with a look of anxious interest. She was conscious of a feeling of strange relief and restfulness taking possession of her, as she cried with a deep sigh of thankfulness—

"Oh, Dr. Arundale, how strange that I should come to you."

"Why didn't you know that I lived here, Miss Clare?"

"Oh, no, no! I came expecting to find a stranger. But, oh, doctor, why am I sitting here when Pete is at this moment dying or dead. Let us go back this very minute, and with nervous agitation she was rising from the sofa, but fell back helplessly.

"Dear child, you are terribly exhausted, said Mrs. Arundale, coming forward, "just lie quite still for a little, and tell us as calmly as you can what has happened?"

"But where is poor Prince?" cried the girl, suddenly remembering her faithful, brave companion. "He must be far worse than I am!"

"Prince is being well looked after, Miss Clare," said Dr. Arundale, smiling down at her, and then Kathleen in a few rapid pathetic sentences told her story. The doctor looked grave, as she described Pete's symptoms.

"You did well to lose no time, Miss Clare; I must see to this at once. Meanwhile I shall leave you here to-night in the care of my mother, I can answer for it being sufficient. My conveyance will be round at the door directly," and he was about to leave, but Kathleen started up.

"Dr. Arundale! Mrs. Arundale!" and she looked imploringly from one to the other, "I couldn't possibly stay away from Pete to-night; I think I should die with anxiety before morning if I didn't know how he was getting on."

The doctor looked at the girl's white, agonized face, gravely and doubtfully for a moment, and laid his hand upon her pulse.

"We shall have to let her go, mother," he said, and then, aside, "In the highly wrought state that her nervous system is in now, to leave her here would do her far more harm than to let her go."

In a very little while Kathleen, made, by Mrs. Arundale's kind ministrations, dry and warm and comfortable, was nestling down in the conveyance beside Dr. Arundale, almost smothered in a great skin rug that he had tucked round her.

Mrs. Arundale had come to the gate to see them off, for her heart had been drawn out wonderfully to the girl, who with sweet impulsiveness had thrown her arms around her and whispered, "How sweet mothers are! I never knew one before, but I think if mine had lived she must have been just like you!"

"Take great care of her, Norman," she said, as she waved them good-bye.

"Never fear, mother, good-bye. Give the horse her head, Tom!"

"You'll be sure and come and see me again, child, won't you, after the boy's better, which, please God, he will be soon?"

"I will be sure and come, dear Mrs. Arundale," and they were off, the fresh young horse going at a rapid rate.

The storm had blown itself out. A keen frost had set in, the clouds had disappeared, and overhead a crescent moon hung like a jewel on the brow of night, one fair star wandering in her wake.

Kathleen was very silent; the awful anxiety had come stealing back to her heart again. What, if Pete were to die, and he was not saved. Oh, the fearfulness of that thought—not saved!

A great quivering sigh broke from her lips.

"Won't you let me help to bear this burden of sorrow that is weighing you down, Miss Clare?"

Dr. Arundale spoke very gently.

"Oh, it is Pete, doctor, my poor darling boy!"

"I do not think that this is all your trouble—this has only just happened; but what has been weighing upon you for so long past?"

She looked up at him in wonder.

"How do you know, doctor? how can you tell?"

"It is easy to perceive; you have grown quite thin since last I saw you. Your cheek is not pale only with to-night's trouble, your nervous system is weakened by some continued strain. Now I find nothing in your general health to account for this, so I judge it must be some mental harassment that is beginning to tell rather seriously upon you. Is it anything you could confide to me?"

There was something in the sound of his kind, pitying voice that seemed to bring up vividly before her all the bitter soul-trouble that she had been bearing alone since they had parted that sweet summer evening under the stars. The fountain of her grief was stirred, and without speaking, Kathleen burst into a flood of tears.

Not sorry to see them, the doctor let her weep on unrestrained, and after a while she grew quiet; and then, beginning at the time that she had found her mother's letter, she told him all her story.

"Poor child!" he said at last, when the sad voice sank into silence; "no wonder you have broken down under the load you have given yourself to carry. It has not been enough that you have had your own soul-trouble to bear, but you have taken upon you that of your brothers and sisters too."

"Mother left them to me, doctor; and, oh! instead of getting better, and so being able to help them, I grow worse and worse every day. I never, never knew before what a bad wicked heart I'd got. Everything seems to go wrong now, and things seem harder to bear than ever."

"Dear Miss Clare, believe me, Satan does not wish the Lord who died for you to have you for His own without a struggle."

"Oh, Dr. Arundale!" said Kathleen, in awe-struck tones, "do you think—can you mean that the Lord wants me? I can understand a little that in His stupendous grace He might die for a world, but that He should want me—should care for me."—Kathleen could not go on, her breath seemed almost taken at the thought.

"Ah! Miss Clare, that is just what He does want. I believe your dear mother's last written words are indeed being verified, and 'God is surely visiting you,' and this is the meaning of all this soul anguish which you are passing through.

The thought of such marvellous grace was too much for Kathleen, and her tears flowed fast again, but they did not seem bitter now, and as they fell, her heart grew soft and tender. "He loves me," she whispered, "He wants me."

"Have you ever been to Him, Kathleen?" the Doctor's voice broke in gently upon her weeping. "Have you just told Him of all your sins and your sorrows, and asked Him to take them all away?"

"No," cried Kathleen, "never! never! I have not dared to do so. I used to have such hard and bitter thoughts before I knew how He came to die; and He is so holy, and I am so wicked."

"There is but one way, Miss Clare, and that is through the value of His own precious blood, which alone can wash your sins away. Will you not let Him see somewhat of the travail of His soul and be satisfied? Listen to His own utterances by which He strives to woo and win you," and, like music low and tender, Christ's words fell on her weary, burdened heart.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

There was no sound heard for some time after this but the sharp ring of the horse's hoofs upon the frozen ground.

High above, sparkling in the keen, clear air, Orion's jewels blazed resplendent, and with a softer lustre shone the misty Pleiades.

But far beyond these starry clusters Dr. Arundale's thoughts were wandering, as his eyes looked upwards. They had flown as high as God's own throne, and they were interceding there for the girl who sat beside him with the bowed head, for he was persuaded that a great transaction was going on within her breast, the results of which would last for all eternity.

And it was so. Like a tired child, weary of all its waywardness and sins, Kathleen laid her head upon her Saviour's breast and wept out all her guilt and sorrows there; and as she did so her burdened heart grew light, peace dawned upon her soul, and with trembling joy she knew that she was born again."

"Well, it is all settled now?" said Dr. Arundale, when at length she raised her eyes, luminous with her newborn joy, to his.

"Yes," she answered simply. "I have just given all my heart to Jesus, and He has given me rest," and then with a sudden cry of mingled joy and pain, she said, "Oh, mother darling, do you know in heaven that God has saved your child to-night?"

VII.—THE GREAT WHITE THRONE.

The cold gray wintry morn was breaking as Dr. Arundale bent with anxious assiduity over his patient. He was pressing with tender gentleness a cold bandage upon the boy's burning head. For a moment the cloud of delirium parted, and, gazing lucidly into the doctor's face, the boy asked in thick, choking utterances—

"Doctor, am I dying?" And the doctor answered truthfully, "You are very ill, my boy, I cannot say yet how it may go with you."

Then a look of fear, terrible fear, broke over the boy's face as he gasped out—

"Am I really in danger—oh, tell me?"

And again the doctor answered truthfully, "The danger is very great, my boy."

"Father!" cried out the boy, suddenly, and there was a sharp cry of fear in the sound. "Father! where are you? I want you, father." But ere they could answer him, and tell him his father had not yet returned, he again relapsed into a state of semi-consciousness. But after a time he opened his eyes, and fixing them with a dreadful look of terror upon one corner of the room, he began to repeat in awe-struck tones, that chilled his hearers to their hearts,

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire!"

"Oh," whispered Kathleen, tearfully, to the doctor, "those were the verses the children were repeating the very night when he was taken ill; he didn't seem to be listening, but he must have been all the time."

With slow utterance, again the boy went over the solemn words, as if he were trying to take in their awful meaning.

Then again the sharp cry rang out, "Father, father! why don't you come to me? I want you, father!"

"Oh, if father would only come!" cried Kathleen, wringing her hands.

As if in answer to his cries, a quick step was heard ascending the staircase, and Mr. Clare, who had just got in by an early train, came hurriedly into the room with a white anxious face.

"Pete, my boy! Pete!" striding up to the bed, "they tell me you are very ill!"

"Hush, father; hush, listen; is it true?" and the boy, clasping tight his father's hands, again repeated the solemn words:

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the heaven and the earth fled away . . . and I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God! Father, father! is it true, is there a God? Or, is it true what is written in your books, that 'Death is an eternal sleep?' Shall I wake again to stand before that God"—and the soul of the boy, which had to live forever, rushed to his eyes, and gazed in agony into his father's face. And the father, suddenly confronted at the very gate of death with that immortal soul, dared not to speak it falsely—

"There is a God! my boy, there is a God!" The words seemed forced from him.

"And it's all true—those fearful words out of His book. Oh, father, is it all true?"

"Oh, my son, it may be, it may be! I cannot tell!"

"It may be true, father, and you never told me; you kept it all from me. Oh, father, if I go to hell it will be your fault! Cannot you do anything now to save me? can't you give me one word out of all your learned books that will help me now? Oh, father, father!"

"Who can tell how that bitter cry rang through the father's ears. He rushed from the room that he might get away from them, but they seemed to follow him everywhere. "Father, father, you kept the truth from me; can't you do anything to save me now?"

"Man," he said at last, seizing the doctor's hands and wringing them in his agony—"God knows, if I could give my life to save his now, I would do it. Oh, He is your God, cry to Him, pray to Him now to spare his life!"

How often in these moments of the soul's dire necessity, does the poor infidel cling gladly even to the skirts of one who fears God!

Oh, that was a sad day for all that household. The children wandered sadly about, or clustered together weeping bitterly. Dear, bright Pete, would they never have him with them any more?

"And to think," cried Kathleen, "that Cecil isn't at home, and may never see him any more. Oh, if we had only had the thought to send for him this morning, he might have been here now." Suddenly Bob looked up with a look of triumph which he could not hide, even through his tears. You'd like Cecil home would you? well, then, I'll tell you a secret—I expect every moment to hear his knock at the door."

"Oh, Bob, you darling, precious boy," cried Kathleen, "do you really mean it? Who sent for him?"

"Why, I did, of course," he cried, sententiously, "I says to myself this morning, when everybody was flying round like mad, things are all in a sad distress; here I'll just telegraph for Cecil. Of course, I knew if anybody could put things right, he could."

Even as he spoke, his well-known rap was heard, and, scarcely believing for joy, Kathleen bounded to the door to let him in. "Pete!" he cried, "how is he?"

"Oh, Cecil, darling, he's fearfully bad," but, scarcely waiting to hear her answer, he sprang, with light step up the stairs and softly entered the boy's room, Kathleen following.

Mr. Clare was seated at a table, his face was buried in his hands; he dared not look up to meet the sick boy's agonized gaze; the doctor was bending anxiously over him.

A look of surprised gladness spread for a moment over Pete's face as Cecil entered and took his place beside him.

"Why, Pete, old fellow! Pete!" cried Cecil, a world of tender-

ness in his tones, and he bent and kissed his brow, "what's the matter, you dear old boy?"

Great tears began slowly to steal down the sick boy's face.

"I'm going to die, Cecil; and there is a God, and a great white throne. Do you know, Cecil, there is a God," and the boy began to grow excited again.

With every nerve strung to agony, Mr. Clare lifted his eyes and looked at Cecil. Would he, too, turn and curse his father who had kept the knowledge of the truth from him? He never forgot the look of holy, heavenly joy that overspread Cecil's face as he answered, in sweet, soothing tones,

"Yes, Pete, I know there is a God, but I do not fear Him, for He is my God—my joy and my salvation!"

"Kathleen, scarcely believing her ears, sank down beside the bed in silent praise; God was, indeed, surely visiting them!

"You do not fear Him?" cried Pete, wonderingly—"He who will sit on the great white throne?"

"Listen, Pete, once long ago He came to earth; He came that He might, by shedding His own blood, save all who would believe and trust in Him, from being judged at that great day. He had such a loving, tender heart that mothers brought their little babes to Him that He might bless them, and He took them in His arms and did so, and said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Now, Pete, if you had lived there then, would you not have gone to Him and let Him bless you, or would you have feared Him?"

"Oh, no! How could I do so when He was so good and kind?"

"Then do not fear Him now, for He is just the same; He died that He might wash your sins away and have you for His own."

"Say those words again," said the sick boy, faintly, "they sound so sweet and kind," and he repeated them after Cecil.

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Now put your arms around me, Cecil," he whispered, "and I think I'll go to sleep; I don't feel frightened any more."

And the infidel, as he watched the boy fall into a gentle slumber, wondered in his heart, what there was in that strange old Book that even a few words taken from it were enough to work a charm like this? Would any words out of his philosophers' books have brought a ray of comfort to his soul? Ah, no! full well he knew that out of all of them could not be found one word to help a dying soul.

But this Book! surely it must be the very breath of God!

VIII.—A GLAD CHRISTMAS EVE.

Oh! bring in the laurel and the myrtle! rob the woods by armfuls of the crimson-berried holly, and the pale-leaved mystic mistletoe, and laugh, merry-hearted children! laugh and shout with joy, as you deck with green and crimson the dim old dining-room, and twine with wreaths of glossy bay and ivy its dark old panelled walls.

Cut down the great yule logs, Cecil, ready to heap high on the wide old hearth to-night, so that the blazes may soar far up the yawning chimney, for Pete is coming down among you!

Pete, from the very portal of the grave, is to be among you all once more! Ah, blame them not if they shout and scream with joy, for the cloud of grief that hung so darkly over them is rolled away.

They go about their happy work with wondering joy, and stop to clasp each other by the hand, and cry, "Pete is not going to die! Just think, dear old Pete is not going to die!" Oh, never, never before did they know how much they loved him!

"Which it's all very well, Miss Kathleen," said old Biddy, gloomily, as Kathleen stepped, singing, through the kitchen, with a beaming face—"Which it's all very well, dressing the rooms up, but what'll we do for the Christmas dinner? Sure holly-berries won't do for roast beef, nor mistletoe for mince pies, I'm thinking."

"Oh, Biddy, you dear old creature, I don't know what we'll do, and what's more, I don't care," said Kathleen, giving her a hearty kiss. "We've got our Pete, our dear old Pete, and what do we mind for anything else?"

"Kathleen!" called out the children in wild, excited tones, "Kathleen! come this minute, quick! something's happened!"

"Why, what is it," cried Kathleen, rushing to the hall.

"It's a hamper, a great big hamper, directed to you. Oh, for goodness sake, Kathleen, do be quick and open it, and out came Bob's knife and severed the strings."

"Here's lusciousness!" cried Bob, "plum-puddings! mince pies! a turkey! a plum cake, and it is plummy. Apples, oranges, nuts!"

"Oh, children," cried Kathleen, "here's a letter, do be quiet and let me see who it's from!" and she read aloud:

"Dearest Kathleen, may I call you so? It has just struck me that, of course, you have been too absorbed in your late terrible suspense to think about the usual Christmas preparations, so I am just putting you up a few things so that the dear children shall not be disappointed when Christmas-day comes. Do not mind me doing this, but if you feel under any obligation, we will settle it in this way: I never had a daughter of my own, will you come to me sometimes, so that I may have at least the sweet pretence of thinking I have one? I know more of you than you think,

Kathleen, and my heart is drawn to you. Come to me often, then, dear child; there may be times when I can be a help to you, who have no mother. Yours most lovingly,
S. ARUNDALE."

"Oh, how sweet, how kind!" cried Kathleen, a flood of happy tears falling as she read. "To think of her caring for me like that!"

"Sure, and what mischief are you after now, Master Bob?" cried Biddy.

"Sure, and I'm only afther eating a nice mince poi, Biddy," cried Bob saucily, with his mouth full.

"Save us and bless us, Miss Kathleen," cried Biddy, making a dash at the hamper, and swiftly taking possession of it, "and if I hadn't come this very minute they would not have left a single thing out of what Providence has sent us for the Christmas dinner. Oh, don't I know you children well?" And shaking her fist at them, she gazed sternly round, as each munched with great satisfaction a large mince pie, which, taking advantage of Kathleen's reading her letter, they had quietly abstracted.

"Oh, Cecil, darling," said Kathleen, later on, as they stood with arms entwined, admiring their decorations, "you don't know how sweet it is to have you home; it seems to take such a load of care from me."

"Kathleen," and Cecil put his hands on her shoulders and gazed into her eyes, "I have only just been finding out how much my brave little sister has been bearing for years, how she has been bearing trials and worries that are enough to break down one much stronger than she, and I am ashamed at my own selfishness and blindness that I have not discovered it before. But this shall be all changed now, dear, please God; I will take much of this burden from your shoulders."

"What do you mean?" said Kathleen, gazing at him in wonder.

There was a strangely earnest look in his eyes as he said:-

"Kathleen, I shall not go back to my studies any more; I am going to stay at home, and work the old mill."

"Oh, Cecil and give up all your brilliant prospects? Oh, never, never do that," and she thought sadly of all her hopes and dreams of his future greatness.

"Kathleen, it has been a great struggle, but it is my duty, and I will do it for my Master's sake."

"But father will be rich some day, won't he, Cecil?" said his sister, wistfully.

"Kathleen, and he lowered his voice and looked around as though he were speaking treason, "I believe father's railway scheme is a myth—a fantasy that will never be accomplished; an *ignis fatuus* that is only leading him into a quagmire of insolvency. God only knows what we shall do if he goes on pursuing it; meanwhile I am determined at least to do something practical."

But there was no more time for grave talk, for the invalid was

making a triumphal entry into the room in his father's arms, surrounded by the merry, laughing children.

Oh, what a joyous meal they had. Mr. Clare's heart was too happy in the safety of his boy to check their mirth, and their laughter rang out, and the great logs crackled, and the flames leaped, and the holly-berries gleamed, and the ivy shone, and the old paintings of ancient Clares seemed to smile down upon the happy, radiant circle.

But the meal is over at last, and Pete, pale and weak, but very happy, is lying on the sofa in their midst, each one vieing with the other to pay him loving attentions.

But soon, led on by Cecil, their clear young voices rose in sweet accord in a hymn that he had taught them:

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise:
He justly claims a song from thee,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!"

Biddy, hearing their happy voices, stole inside the door and listened with glistening eyes.

"It's a long day since a hymn rang through these walls," she whispered, as she wiped her tears away, "Surely God has taken the curse from the old house at last!"

Apart from the group of children sat Mr. Clare. He was supposed to be reading, but his eyes never strayed from the first page he had turned to.

What were his thoughts as he sat there, with his head on his hand? Did he long to be one in heart with that happy group? Did he yearn for something better than the cold philosophy of Voltaire? Who can tell?

Just at that moment, little Bud, whose tender heart felt by some instinct that her father sat lonely and apart from them, ran to him, and twining her little arms round his neck and laying her cheek on his, whispered, "Father, won't you love my dear, dear Jesus, too."

And Mr. Clare, started for a moment out of his reserve, pressed her to him, as he whispered back, while a sigh rose from the depths of his soul, "Would God, my child, I had a simple faith like yours!"

We dream sometimes of that dim far-off land,
Our journey's end, our home, our second birth;
We only dream—we cannot understand
That wondrous riddance of the woes of earth.

No failure there, no loss and no decay,
No tempest, but clear shining after rain;
Like mists, life's myriad cares shall fade away,
While all good things we knew on earth remain.

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

V.—JOE PLEASES HIS FATHER.

IN every life there are moments which are turning-points. After them nothing is quite the same, and no effort brings back the something which has been lost or changed. Joe left Edith Bradley's presence conscious of this feeling, and half resentful at it. He asked himself what Luke Bradley's daughter could be to him. He had been taught to hate Luke Bradley, and he had done so thoroughly. To love Edith was, in a fashion, to eat his own and his father's words. "Father would have a good right to be topping angry at me if I did such a thing," he mused; "and I'm sure he'd think that I did it just to make him angry. I wouldn't do that, not I!"

But, in spite of his efforts he could not keep the beautiful Edith out of his mind. He decided to leave Harrowgate, and then found half a dozen reasons for not doing so. In three days he was deeply in love and beginning to realize his position. It was all the harder now to contemplate giving up all hope of winning Edith, because she had been so genuinely kind to him. In many ways she had shown her pleasure in his society and her preference for it, and Joe found it impossible to resist her many charms when he was within their influence.

One evening, as Joe was walking through the pretty town, full of vague longings and very positive anxieties, he met Edith. She was so unaffectedly glad to see him, and she blushed so brightly when she looked into his face, that Joe forgot everything but the delight of the hour.

They found a rustic stile leading into a shady pasture, and, as if in obedience to his unspoken desires, Edith walked through the grass by his side. In the twilight they drew closer to each other and began to converse softly about their own past lives. Edith told him that she had been educated in Bristol because she had an aunt living there; and she had scarcely returned home ere her father died, and that, ever since, she had lived at Bradley Court.

Joe thought she must be lonely there, and wondered how she could manage so large an estate. And Edith admitted that she very often was a little lonely; but that, as for the estate, it was easily managed. She had her father's old lawyer and agents to help her, and, she added with a sharp laugh, "I should know very well, though, how to take care of it without them."

During that walk Joe's last scruples gave way. He determined to win Edith if it were possible; and when this determination had been arrived at, he began to tell himself that his father had, in a

manner, cast him off; that nothing he could do would be likely to be satisfactory, and that, therefore, he might as well marry the woman he loved.

And he thought about Edith's riches until they became quite unobjectionable. His profession had been, as yet, a failure. He had adopted it in a kind of bravado; he did not like it, and he had no special genius for it. In his heart he knew that he was never likely to be a successful lawyer. His money was nearly gone. His father was practically dead to him, his aunt too poor to give him pecuniary aid; four years of luxury and self-indulgence had made him far less inclined to face the strife of life than he had been on that night when he elected to take his own way and £5,000.

To be master of Bradley Manor and the husband of the handsome Edith Bradley was surely not a bad lot in life. If fortune designed him so much favour, why should he throw it away for a few sentimental objections? The idea became familiarly pleasant to him. He was determined to let everything go in order to realize it,

And Edith had that proud nature which would rather confer an obligation than accept one. Still, she was more cautious than impulsive. She desired to be better acquainted with her lover's character. One afternoon as they walked in the garden, with the glory and the freshness of the spring around them, Joe asked Edith to be his wife, and Edith gave her consent.

The few hours that followed were so wonderful to Joe that they actually changed for a short space the youth's countenance. It was so bright and joyous, he held his head so high and stepped so proudly, that Martha Thrale could not but notice his exaltation.

"Well, Joe," she said, cheerfully, "thou looks middling happy to-night; and I'm glad to see it. Whatever is up with thee?"

"The best bit of luck that can come to any man, Aunt Martha."

"Does ta mean wedding?"

"Yes, I mean wedding. What do you think of it?"

"I never waste time in thinking o' it. I am too old, and thou art too poor. Wedding is naught in my line, nor in thine either, I sud say."

"But aunt, I have won the noblest prize in England."

"I hev heard a sight o' men and women say t' varry same thing, when the craze to get wed comes over 'em. And I hev noticed that it is most sure to come to such foolish folk as hev no knowledge o' private arithmetic and can't reckon up ta difference between their incomings and outgoings."

"I am not one of that kind, aunt. And if money can make us happy, she has plenty of it."

"I don't say that money can make you happy, Joe; not it! Folks usually expect a deal more happiness from money than it iver gives, either men or women. Who is ta going to marry? Or, rather, who is going to marry thee."

"Miss Bradley."

"Niver! Niver!! Niver!!!

"She is that, though. And there is not a better or a lovelier woman in the world."

"Owd Luke Bradley's daughter?"

"To be sure."

"I wouldn't hev thought it of thee! Does ta remember all t' wrongs he did thy father? I'm not on t' side of Amos Braithwaite mostly, but I do think it is a shame o' thee to tak' t' daughter of his life-long enemy for thy wife; I do that! Why, he'll niver forgive thee."

"I stood by my father while he stood by me. Now he never so much as asks if I be living or dead. He can hardly expect me to give up Edith in order to carry on his spite against a dead man. I'd be a fool if I did."

"I never said thou wert a wise man, but I don't think a fool is iver a big fool until he gets himsen married. Thou hasn't made £50 in a twelvemonths. How is ta going to keep a rich, fashionable lass like Edith Bradley?"

"Miss Bradley has £6,000 a year, beside the income from Bradley Manor. That is something."

"Happen it is and happen it isn't. But if ta wants to marry £6,000, do it, my lad. I don't think thou wilt be any too good for such a job if ta tak's to it, Joe."

Nothing Joe could say reconciled Martha Thrale to the marriage. "Good lasses comes from good stock," she said angrily; "and I think little o' Luke Bradley."

"I never heard any one but father say anything wrong of Luke Bradley. He was a very good churchman, and his hands all spoke well of him."

"Thy father had his own opinions of Bradley, and if ta was a good son thou would surely stand by thine own family."

"Right or wrong?"

"Right or wrong, for sure! But I mak' no doubt thou would go against me also, if there was £6,000 a year for that job too. When is ta going to be wed?"

"In a month."

"My word! Thou is in a hurry. I sud think thou might give thy father a chance to say a word about bringing the Bradleys into his family. It isn't fair, Joe; it isn't a bit fair of thee."

Such conversations were very common during the hurried interval, though, as the wedding day drew, Martha Thrale grew more and more taciturn. She wanted Amos to know the step his son was contemplating, and yet she could not make up her mind to be the informant. The news, however, reached Amos in a still more direct way.

It happened that Joshua Perkins had the management of the Bradley estate, and a few days before the proposed marriage was to be celebrated, Joe and Edith rode over to his office together in order to sign some papers. The business was pleasantly transacted, and the lovers were cantering up the street together, when Amos Braithwaite's gig stopped at the lawyer's door.

Perkins stood just within it, shading his eyes with his hands, and watching the happy, handsome couple. When Amos was at his side, he pointed them out to him, with a soft, unctuous laugh, said, "Dost ta see that bay gelding thy Joe is riding? It's worth four hundred guineas if it's worth a halfpenny; and it can do '*proputtly! prop-ut-ty! prop-ut-ty!*' quite as well as that farmer's nag some o' them great poets made a song about."

"Whatever is ta talking about?"

"That is Joe Braithwaite."

"I don't need thee to tell me that, I think."

"Does ta know t' lass he is with?"

"Not I. I'd be middling busy if I tried to keep up wi' Joe's sweetheart."

"Ay; but thou wilt hev to know this one. Why, it's Luke Bradley's daughter, and thy Joe and her are bound to mak' a wedding of it."

"Joshua Perkins, be quiet, will ta! Our Joe and Bradley's lass! Thou doesn't know what ta is saying!"

"I know varry well what I'm saying, and thou wilt find it come out so, whether ta believes me or not."

"Thou caps me! It's a bit o' news I can't tak' into my head at all."

"Well, I don't blame thee. Thou may well hev a wondering spell. But it is true, I hev drawn out the settlements, and they hev just signed 'em. My word! but she is a clever lass! She'll keep what's her awn on the safe side."

"Joe wer' allays going up and down among t' women wi' his heart in his hand! but to think o' Bradley's lass taking it! Is she worth much?"

"Bradley Manor and £6,000 a year. And she is varry handsome, and sharp as a steel trap."

"Say no more, Perkins. Joe will be knocking his head against t' stars soon; he'll be that set up. Lookee, Perkins," and Amos drew a long bill from his pocket-book and pointed out certain items against which he had put a pencil-mark.

"What does ta mean by charging me i' this way? I'll niver pay it—niver."

"Business, Braithwaite, business."

"Cheat'ry, thou means. If this is business, thou sud hev taken out a license to steal. I want to start an action against John Deaconson for me'lling with my beck, but thou sall not touch a paper till this bill is settled. Now, then, what is ta going to do about it?"

"The charges are quite regular."

"I'm reg'lar, too, in t' courts; and I'm almost as good a lawyer as thysen."

Perkins laughed, and then ran his pen through the objectionable items as he said: "One bear does not bite another bear, Braithwaite, and it wouldn't pay me to eat thee up."

"I sud think it woul'n't. There's outsiders for thee to whet thy

teeth on. See here, now." Then he laid before the lawyer his complaint and his instructions, and in their consideration he seemed to have entirely forgotten the news about his son. But he had not. As he rode back to Bevin Mill he thought of nothing else, and he looked at the affair in a way that would probably never have suggested itself to any one but Amos Braithwaite.

He had begun his manufacturing life as a hand in Bradley's mill, and in the subsequent years all the relations between the men had been of the most exasperating kind. But Amos regarded his son's marriage with Bradley's daughter and heiress as a kind of providential retribution in his favour, and he was in a triumphant state as he muttered to himself, "How t' owd turkey-cock used to snub me! How he used to gobble round and set me in Cold-shoulder Lane as often as iver he could! And only to think o' Luke Bradley tueing and scrimping himsen and saving a' his brass for my Joe! It caps me all to bits!" and he flecked his whip so emphatically that the horse really imagined him in a hurry, and went at a pace through Bevin village that would have astonished Amos himself had he been conscious of it.

But in that hour some very unusual thoughts had possession of his mind. Unknowingly, almost defiantly, Joe Braithwaite had done a thing which seemed to Joe's father a particular providence for the settlement of his claims against the dead-and-gone Luke Bradley. Amos could believe in a special providence when it took the righting of his peculiar personal grievances, and he kept ejaculating in the excitement of satisfaction, "It's fair wonderful! It's a clear providence! It's what I niver could hev expected! And I hev no doubt at all that t' proud, miserly owd fellow knows all about it. My word! If he does, my Joe will be plaguing him far worse than even t' devil himsen can manage it! He will that!"

VI.—MASTER AND MISTRESS OF BRADLEY.

The whole affair was such a wonder to Amos that he could not eat his dinner. "I'm more than satisfied. I'm heart-full," he said, as he pushed the platter and plate aside. "A bit o' tobacco is all as iver I need to-night; my own thoughts are a good meal, and plenty o' it. Joe has given me my dinner, and a right good one it is! T' lad is no fool, why, of course he isn't. He's my son. It 'ud be a varry strange thing if he didn't know what side his bread was best t' buttered on."

Then it occurred to him that he might go into Bradford and buy the handsomest bit o' silverware or jewellery he could put his hands on. He had never said he wouldn't give Joe's wife a present, and he could send it without a name, and so avoid the bother of thanks, which might lead to an interview, and far more

concession than he had any intention of making at this time, even under circumstances so agreeable to him.

He lay awake a long time that night, picking and choosing among Joshua Wilson's fine silverware and brooches and bracelets. And as men wake and muse in the dark midnight, they are either better or worse than their usual selves. Amos was better. He remembered Joe's pleasant ways and bright presence and handsome face. Vague, longing plans for bringing back his banished son flitted through his mind. He was quite resolved to send Edith a silver tea service, and as handsome a bracelet as he could put his fingers on. And feeling all the glow of his kind intention, he fell happily asleep.

But while he slept some evil angel whispered doubtful and irritating suspicions into his ear. He awoke with a sense of injury, and the first thoughts of his heart were: "Mebbe, now, Joe is marrying Edith Bradley just because he knows I hated her father so heartfully. He thinks it will spite me, happen. Or, I fudn't wonder if he isn't aiming to set himsen above me. He'll hev more more brass now to fling away than I hev, and he'll get among gentry that wouldn't know Amos Braithwaite, no, not if they passed him fifty times a day. I hev'n't any objection, I'm sure—only, come to think o' it, I'd be more than a fool to waste my money on owd Bradley's lass. I won't do it! Folks hev a lot o' soft thoughts in t' night time, to be sure. It's a blessing that a bit o' common sense comes back wi' t' sun up."

His experience of life had led Amos always to attribute the lowest motives to the human heart; and so he let these baser second thoughts rule him. Yet he was morose and unhappy under their sway, and his hands, with the intuitive penetration of servants, divined the cause of his ill-temper, and decided with great satisfaction that "he hadn't been invited to t' wedding, and thet it served him right."

But one morning there came to him a note in white satin and silver. It was an invitation to be present at the marriage of Joseph Braithwaite and Edith Bradley, at Bradley Court. Within this fine missive there was a strip of ordinary writing paper, and on it Joe had written four words, "Do come, dear father."

He held the whole in his large, brown, hairy hand a few minutes, looking steadily at them. Then, with a smile, in which anger and satisfaction were queerly blended, he dropped the gay festival cards into the fire, and as he watched them turn to ashes he slowly fingered the slip of paper that bore his son's entreating message, "Do come, dear father."

He hesitated about burning it, and to hesitate is generally to give up or to give in. After a few moments had passed, he took out his pocket-book, and put the bit of paper into a compartment intended for postage stamps, but which he never used for that purpose. And while doing so the question of a wedding present again crossed his mind. But this time it came when everything was adverse for its realization. He had just been buying

largely, and needed all his ready cash, and, besides, it suddenly struck him that silver or jewellery was just so much cash buried in a casket or drawer and not paying a penny of interest.

"A bit of good chinaware is all I hev, and all I want in my house, and I niver owned aught in t' way o' jewellery but a silver watch mysen," he muttered; and Amos was not the man to think the requirements of any other person greater than his own. Thus, every kindly thought perished in suspicion and avarice.

It would have made Joe happy if he had known of their existence, transient as it was. He watched anxiously for some answer to his request, and he was hurt and disappointed when none came. All the more so, because Martha Thrale had also positively refused to be present at the marriage. She had taken a great dislike to Miss Bradley at their first interview. She fancied that the young lady tried to patronize her, a mode of treatment which highly offended the independent Yorkshire woman.

"She wanted naught that Edith Bradley hed; she was welcome to her fine house, and her grand friends, ay, and her handsome husband, too. She hedn't a word to say either for t' wedding, or against it. It was none of her affairs," etc. Yet to her favourite Wesleyan preacher she admitted that "Miss Bradley was that kind o' young woman an allays set her teeth on edge."

"Her tenants speak well of her, Miss Thrale," he rejoined, "and it is our duty to hope for the best."

"To be sure, sir. I hev heard that she is sweet as May flowers to them as she can order and hector! Niver mind! It won't be very long before Joe Braithwaite will get to see into his folly a bit."

"She is lady of the Manor, you know, Miss Thrale, and it is her duty to take some authority upon her. She ought to reprove the idle and the slovenly, and see that those under her do their duty."

"She does it vary well, and vary often, if all reports be true. And, if she is anything like her father, she'll tak' t' sharp edge off Joe Braithwaite quick enough, if she thinks he's getting a bit too for'ard or independent. I hope she will. I'm not sorry for Joe, but I am for Joe's father. I don't set much store by Amos Braithwaite, but I know this wedding will be vinegar and gall to him. Joe hed a right to think of his father, and it's hard on me too, it is that! I've done iverything for Joe, and then he marries such a lass as I cannot abide to go to t' wedding. And me that fond of going to weddings, and allays full of good wishes for young things beginning life together."

"It is a little hard, Miss Thrale, but perhaps you may yet make up your mind to go."

"Me go! Why! I've never said I wouldn't go. I am none o' them women who say no, and then yes."

But though Martha stayed at home to please her own kind of pride, she deeply regretted not having seen all the fine dresses and wedding presents, and not having been present at a feast which included among its guests a bishop, a baronet, and a member of Parliament. There was a full report of all the grand

doings in the local paper, and Martha Thrale read every word of it with the greatest interest and the most minute attention.

Amos also read it; and he had his own opinion of the proceedings, and of their probable results.

"A bishop and two parsons!" he said, sarcastically. "I wer' married by t' Methody preacher in Baildon Chapel, and I found out as t' job wer' varry well done."

He had noticed Joshua Perkins's name among the list of guests, and he waited anxiously for him to call and say something about the ceremony. But Perkins did not even pass Bevin Mill.

"He thinks if I have to go and see him I'll bring a bit o' business wi' me, as an excuse—for he sells every word he speaks, does Joshua, or tries to—but I'll do nowt o' t' sort. It would be such a wedding as niver was if t' news of it was worth paying for."

So he went to see Perkins, and made no excuse for the visit. "I heard that thou was at Joe's wedding," he said, without any preliminary. "Well, then, what kind of a time did ta hev there?"

"It was a varry grand affair, Mr. Braithwaite."

"What is ta 'mistering' me for? Thou knows my name well enough, and thou hes call'd me by it a few times, I think."

"I was thinking of thee as connected with t' young couple of Bradley Manor, I suppose, so a little formality would come natural."

"Think o' me by mysen, will ta? I'm not a mite better for t' connection, and I don't think mysen any better for it. Why sud I? So there was great stirrings, I hear?"

"The best people in the county were there."

"To be sure, and I hope t' best people did something to show what they were."

"If ta means in t' way o' presents, Amos, I think they did, ay, I think they did. Varry handsome, indeed! I heard the silver alone was worth £2,000. I'm astonished thou didn't send a bit o' plate o' some sort."

"Thou would hev been far more astonished if I had sent a bit of any sort at all. They'll be going to live at Bradley Court, I reckon?"

"Eventually."

"*Eventually!* Now, whativer does ta mean?"

"I mean that they are gone abroad for some months."

"Gone abroad! Gone abroad! What nonsense! Where hev they gone to?"

"To Paris first, and then to Rome."

"Well, that caps all I ever heard of. Paris and Rome! Joe ought to be 'shamed o' himsen. He knows what I think o' such carryings on. I sud hev thought London and Edinburgh might hev been good enough for 'em."

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" quoted Perkins, for the moment quite well pleased with his own adaptation. But Amos did not understand the allusion, and he answered with some asperity, "What is ta saying? Them sound varry like Bible words."

"They are Bible words."

"Then what is ta using 'em here for? Thy office isn't a fit place to be talking of t' Bible in, I sud think. When is Joe coming back to England?"

"Now then, Amos, I am not thy catechism; and I'm partic'lar busy this morning. There is going to be a big fight between John Henry Wade and Timothy Crawley about t' right and t' wrong of their spinning-jenny patent; and I hev to tak' a hand in it."

"Hes ta? Then I'm sorry for t' man, whoiver he is, as thou art going to mak' out to be t' varry biggest blackguard in a' England."

The compliment was fully appreciated by Perkins; and it put him in a good humour. He rose and laid his hand upon Amos in a friendly way. "Listen to me a bit," he said. "Don't 'ee worry thyself about Joe Braithwaite. He's done a grand thing in wedding Edith Bradley. Why, a tell thee, Amos, he may be i' Parliament at the next general election. I'll back him for it. Thou ought to be proud o' such a lad. He does thy bringing up a deal o' credit. And thou ought to hev been at his wedding, and sent him off wi' a thousand pounds in his pocket. I wish ta hed."

"I dare say ta does, seeing thou wouldn't hev been any loser by it. Good morning to thee."

"Good morning, Amos. Thou may tak' things middling comfortable about Joe now; my word for it."

"Don't thee charge me for thy word; mind that. I didn't come here to ask thee for it. I'll not pay owt for it."

In the main, Joe was at this time quite of the same opinion as Perkins, with regard to his marriage. True, there had been several slight disagreements before the ceremony with regard to its arrangements. Perhaps, with reason, Joe had felt Edith to be more positive than he liked; but then a woman may surely be positive about a circumstance so directly and distinctly personal. Still she had failed him on a point equally important to his own feelings. For he had wished her to write to his father and aunt, and try to conciliate them a little; and her firm refusal to do so had pained him very much. The glory of his marriage feast was dimmed by their absence, and he was almost painfully conscious of the exclusively Bradley influence.

Edith had reigned at Bradley Court as sole mistress, and the habit of authority was easily confirmed in a woman of her temper. And whatever power she might delegate to Joe after their union, it was very evident he could not assume any control before it. So that, necessarily, he was frequently placed in a position apparently subordinate to Edith. However, men in love generally assume with voluntary eagerness just this part, and Joe, as a lover, was scarcely averse to Edith's pretty, masterful ways.

And after she became his wife, circumstances for a time were all in Joe's favour. They were nearly a year upon the continent, travelling in countries whose language Edith could not speak. But Joe, in spite of his father's opposition, had managed to acquire a very fair knowledge of French and German, and Edith was,

therefore, compelled to rely entirely upon him in all the exigencies of travel and dangers of foreign shopping.

So during their ten months of travel Joe had everything very much his own way. In all their movements Edith deferred, with a charming air of reliance, to his judgment; and Joe found a certain pleasure in very often relinquishing his judgment for her desires.

But when Edith returned to Bradley she was on her native ground, and she quietly but firmly resumed the power she had temporarily abdicated. Nor could Joe very well complain. He knew nothing of the affairs of Bradley Manor, and Edith knew all its sources of revenue, knew the capabilities of every acre, the net results of meadow and corn land, and the probable amount of rent.

The day after their arrival at home, Perkins came to Bradley Court, and had a long interview with its mistress. Joe happened to be at the stables when the consultation began, and when he returned to the house no one remembered to call him to it. And the young husband was too proud, perhaps too offended, to make any claim to a privilege not, under the circumstances, offered to him. He waited half an hour, in hopes of being summoned, and then ordered his horse and rode into Leeds to see Martha Thrale.

He had some fine lace for her, and a Roman brooch; and the dear old lady was not proof against such a peace offering. She kissed Joe tenderly, and he was glad of this evidence of a love, long-suffering and faithful, even through slight and neglect. For he had not written to her at all while he was away, and there was still a little heartburning about her absence from Joe's wedding. She had only wanted a little personal urging from Joe and Edith, and they had not given it. So in her heart she believed that she was not really wanted; that, in fact, they were both a bit ashamed of her homely speech and unfashionable ways.

But all her anger vanished when Joe took her hands and stooped his handsome head for her welcoming kiss. She was pleased with his remembrance and willing to forget her own sense of wrong. She asked many questions about Edith, and in the course of conversation learned of Perkins's visit.

It was the first thing which brought a cloud upon her sunny face. "Thou sud hev taken thy proper place, Joe, this morning, and that was at thy wife's side. Thou hes made a big mistake, I fear me."

"I was not asked to take it. And when I heard them counting money, I did not care to seem to make a claim about it, so I thought I would come over and see you for an hour. At any rate, if I have to speak to Edith on this matter, it is better to do so when we are alone. I never trusted in Perkins's friendship."

"Now, then, I'll tell thee what will happen. When ta gets home, Edith will be on her dignity a bit, or else she'll be heving a 'hurt' feeling at thee. She'll pretend that thou doesn't like business,

and that thou got out of t' way of it by coming to see me. Thou hes played into her hand, my lad, finely."

"You see, aunt, she might be settling up with Perkins. I can attend to her business quite as well as he can for the future. If they were having a final settlement, it was better for me not to interfere."

"Does ta believe that Perkins will give up to thee? Not if he can help it. Now, then, stand up for thy rights, Joe. Edith is that kind of woman as will think the better of thee for it."

And, somehow, though Martha had not intended to do so, she sent Joe home with a slight sense of injury in his heart, and a slight stubbornness of will in regard to his own future.

FROM CENTRE TO CIRCUMFERENCE.

BY THE REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

SOVEREIGN Lord, be Thou the centre
Of Thy servant's works and ways;
Into widening realms we enter
Out of life's bewildering maze,
'Neath the truth Thy Word displays.

Oh, the fields of hopeful labour
Opening to the watchful eye!
Let us work and never waver,
Work for ends that never die,
Thou, our trust, art ever nigh.

Christ is with us; we shall conquer!
Stands His Cross our light and guide,
Fight old Satan's hate and rancour,
Meet the world's contempt and pride,
Spread God's Kingdom far and wide.

Kingdom of abiding blessing,
Righteousness, and peace, and joy,
Power, all other powers surpassing,
Shall the works of hell destroy,
Saving power shall never die.

Christ before the throne is pleading,
Legions move beneath His will,
Myriads are His message heeding,—
And His Spirit worketh still
All the world with love to fill.

Soveign Lord, Eternal Centre
Of Thy realm's circumference,
In Thy Kingly glory enter,
Drive the alien forces thence,
Reign in Love's Omnipotence!

THOMASBURG, Ont.

REMINISCENCES OF EMERSON AND OTHER AMERICAN
CELEBRITIES.

BY JAS. N. SHANNON.

THE appearance of the Life and Letters of Louisa M. Alcott, who passed away within a day or two of her father, the gentle philosopher of Concord—brings to mind several opportunities during the winter of 1878-9, of seeing and hearing some of the famous literary men and women of Boston and vicinity, the fame of some of whom is as wide-spread as the language their works have enriched and adorned.

One memorable afternoon I had the privilege of hearing a lecture by Ralph Waldo Emerson, given at the instance of a certain lady in her own parlours in Boston, to which many friends had been invited, enough to crowd three good-sized rooms that opened into each other. Through the kindness of a friend, I received an invitation, and, on my friend's account solely, I held a position of honour throughout the lecture, and was given a front seat in the one room reserved for distinguished visitors and for the renowned lecturer himself. On the one side of me sat Mr. Alcott, tall, slightly bent, his silvery locks surmounting a countenance all beaming, and on the other side William Lloyd Garrison, stern and stolid as became the great anti-slavery son of thunder. Among others in the room were Miss Louisa M. Alcott, Miss Abba May, Prof. Munro of the School of Oratory, and other celebrities whose names I have forgotten.

Just opposite to me on the farther side of a small table, so near I could almost touch it with my foot, sat Emerson, wrinkled and aged, with beetling eyebrows, high full forehead crowned with thin light hair, the outward tenement of the profound master-mind within.

It was a very rare thing at this time for his voice to be heard even in a private gathering like this, for the weight of years had pressed heavily on his small attenuated frame, had weakened his voice, and imparted a certain restlessness to his manner, and a slight cloudiness to his mind. His daughter sat close by on a seat a little lower than the rest, and was no small aid in keeping the old man up to his task. He spoke slowly, and at times indistinctly, but always in a tone so low that when I, who was so near, could just hear him, and that was all, the guests in the other parlours must have fared badly enough. To increase the difficulty of hearing, he read sitting down, his head bent over the manuscript as if he were reading aloud to himself quite oblivious

to the numbers eager to catch his every word. He often hesitated and seemed to lose his place, and once he stuck fast, as a child would do at a big word or a long sentence, and his daughter said to him, "Now, father, you had better go back a line or two." "Oh, yes," said he, quietly and half dreamily; "yes, let me see, where was I?" Most of the time his thin hands, wedged between his knees, moved restlessly against each other, while he kept a slow time with his feet, by raising them on tip-toe and letting them down again.

The lecture itself was a fund of enjoyment from beginning to end, brimful of deep thought, that required the closest attention and provided an ample field for mental browsing for some time afterwards.

Consoling as must have been to himself his own great thoughts at this the sunset of his long life, one could wish for him, too, that better, more enduring consolation—the peace that comes from simple faith in Jesus Christ. But his early relinquishment of the Christian religion, both as a doctrine and as an experience, leaves, I fear, but little room for that devout wish being gratified.

A memorial service that same winter to Bayard Taylor brought out many distinguished literary men, and I had the privilege of hearing Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem written by Longfellow for the occasion, the first stanza of which began:

"Dead he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks."

Longfellow was never well enough to bear the excitement of any of these interesting occasions. To quote his own words when declining an invitation, he was "suffering the discipline of pain, which has tied my tongue and hid my memory."

Though but a decade has rolled away since then, most of the eminent writers and thinkers mentioned have closed their earthly career. William Lloyd Garrison was the first to go, indeed before the year closed. Professor Munro soon followed him. Emerson and Longfellow lived but two or three years longer. And more recently have father and daughter—the aged philosopher and the authoress of "Little Women"—passed within the same portals into whose mysteries so many have entered, though untried as yet to us who live and move. As the younger of these two said of the elder, so may others say of us, "Sorrow has no place at such a time when death comes in the likeness of a friend."

"When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; then with new powers
Will rising wonders sing."

The Christian Life.

CONSECRATION.

I, ALSO, where the scathing flames,
About your martyr brows are bound,
Have come to join the battle's front
And charge with you the foeman's ground.

What do I ask ? The right to strive
For all that maketh virtue strong ;
To stand on guard till morn shall break,
Though midnight hours are cold and long.

Though when our banners white with peace,
Above the hard-won field are flung ;
Over my long-sealed ears in vain
Shall victory's glad song be sung.

It is reward enough for me
To share the danger and the shame ;
Comrades, outstretch your martyr hands,
And welcome me to sword and flame !

— M. E. H. Everett.

WANTED—AN OLD-FASHIONED REVIVAL.

Dr. Dale has recently expressed a conviction that the evangelical Churches are on the eve of a great spiritual movement. From the bottom of our heart we hope and pray that he may prove to be a true prophet. That would settle all our difficulties, and herald the Twentieth Century with a blaze of pure and immortal happiness. The whole civilized world is wandering to and fro seeking rest and finding none. Atheists, Agnostics and Positivists are uttering bitter cries in brilliant essays, and orations, with which they are vainly endeavouring to conceal their misery. What Europe really wants is the manly, rational, brotherly Christianity of Jesus Christ. There never was a time when civilized man seemed so greatly to need and so ready to appreciate the primitive and Scriptural Gospel of God.

What is lacking? Why does not the great work begin on a gigantic scale? Let each Church speak for itself. What we want is a good old-fashioned "Revival." When Mr. McAulay was elected President, he said, that Methodism was born in a Revival, and could not live without Revivals. That remark was profoundly

true, and cannot be too often repeated. In the living Church, as in Nature, there are both gradual and sudden forces at work. After the very slow and gradual action of water comes the sudden catastrophic overwhelming agency of volcanic fire. Oh! for the volcanic fire of a great national revival! We want to see a revival "break out"—striking phrase to signify the suddenness and yet more the spontaneity with which those great movements used to take place. In the absence of all elaborate preparation whatever, the great work began and many were converted. When a revival "broke out" the congregations generally used to "break down"—another striking phrase by which our forefathers expressed the fact that at such times even the most hardened and obstinate hearers were overwhelmed with divine conviction, and humbled into the very dust at the feet of Christ. When shall we report such "breakings out" and "breakings down" in every part of the land?

As a rule these great revivals begin in the pulpit, and spread thence to the pews. The minister receives some fresh baptism of Divine Power. Could our ministers at this important and somewhat critical hour of our history do better than agree, every one of them, to read John Wesley's Journals right through during the next three weeks? That would at once put them in touch with the glorious continuous revival of the last century. Would it not be well for them, simultaneously to read the most rousing of Wesley's sermons, so that they might catch the tone and spirit of them, and preach in the same direct and urgent style? Of course, we include all the local preachers in this suggestion. Three-fourths of the work would be left undone unless they did it. Then might not every class-leader invite his class to united daily prayer for a Revival? Ministers and preachers, both on Sundays and week days, might implore the people to join in direct and urgent prayer for this special national blessing. Surely we should not pray in vain. How much time and thought and effort we often spend over various methods of raising money. Is it unscriptural to believe that a similar amount of time, thought, and effort spent in united and prolonged prayer, would bring down such a blessing upon our churches that our financial and other difficulties would disappear as the clouds of night vanish at the rising of the sun? At any rate, let all our readers spend ten minutes every day in praying God to grant us quickly, for the sake of Jesus Christ and the unsaved millions of England, an old-fashioned glorious "Revival" all over the land.—*Methodist Times.*

THE DEATH OF SENATOR MACDONALD.

SELDOM has the whole Canadian community been so deeply moved by any death as by that of the Hon. John Macdonald. To thousands who knew him only by reputation his loss was felt to be a public calamity. But those who knew him best feel that the world is incomparably the poorer for his departure. The readers of this MAGAZINE, whose pages he so often enriched with his thoughtful and inspiring papers, have reason for regret that no more shall they be favoured with the graphic productions of his pen. Like a voice from the grave is the philanthropic essay in this number which a few weeks ago we received permission to print. It breathes the spirit of sympathy with the suffering and degraded, of earnest desire for their moral elevation, and of intense conviction of the power of the Gospel to save the lost, which were the key note of his Christian life.

The lessons of that life are writ so large that he who runs may read. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." By his fidelity and energy Mr. Macdonald built up a colossal business, and yet found time to engage in schemes of widest usefulness, and was called to fill a prominent place and exert a potent influence in the councils of his Church and of his country. But while diligent in business, he was above all fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. A prominent characteristic of his life was an all-pervading sense of responsibility to God, of Christian stewardship. He seemed to hear ever the words, "Occupy till I come." And how well he fulfilled that injunction only the great day shall reveal, for many of his benefactions were known only to God and to the recipient. He was one of those who

"Did good by stealth and blushed to find it fame."

When he permitted his benefactions

to be known, it was with the object of stimulating others to Christian beneficence, to more largely help the cause of God.

Another note of his character was the fidelity with which, amid the engrossments of business, of travel, of public duty, he maintained his personal religious life. This was the secret of his moral strength. He kept on his desk in his office his well-worn Bible, and often in conversation would turn to some favourite passage, perhaps in the Minor Prophets, or in some of the less familiar books, for an apt illustration of some subject under discussion. Many a man calling on business or seeking aid has received spiritual as well as material help, and has had his mind lifted to higher interests than those of time. Ever near at hand was the old companion of nearly half a century in which were marked the texts which he had heard preached from when a youth.

Religion was not to him a thing apart from his daily life, but its very vital air. Religious subjects were not dragged into the conversation, they sprang up spontaneously, like the daisies in the meadows, as the most natural thing in the world.

He did not, like some men, leave his religion behind him when he went abroad or relaxed its claims upon the performance of religious duty. Readers of his recent notes on travel in the Far West will have observed how amid the general laxness in the observance of the Sabbath, his fidelity to duty was a rebuke to ungodliness and an encouragement to those who were endeavouring to maintain the ancient landmarks of piety. There was nothing austere in the religion of our departed friend. He lived in a sunny atmosphere. He was a thoroughly genial Christian gentleman, ever considerate of the feelings of others, and sedulous to promote their happiness. Those who have had the privilege of travel or sojourn with

him will recall countless illustrations of this beautiful trait. The warmth of his affection and the tenderness of his family relations are subjects too sacred for reference here. He was keenly alive to the beauties of nature and art; he had refined poetic sensibilities, which often found expression in verse of superior merit. But the chief inspiration of his muse was moral loveliness and religious feeling.

Amid the occupations of a busy life, Mr. Macdonald kept up a wide range of reading, and always had some literary project on hand. He was much in request as a preacher at church openings and anniversary occasions, and he greatly enjoyed the pleasure of sermon-making, delving into the inspired Word, and finding ever new wealth of Divine wisdom and beauty.

He was an extensive traveller, and by his graphic and interesting article contributions, frequently made the public share the pleasure and mental profit of his journeys. He was a true patriot, and ever sought the moral advancement and material interests of his country. He rendered it important service by setting forth its economic resources, and seeking to promote closer relations with the West Indies, South America, Newfoundland and elsewhere.

In political life he maintained the same sturdy independence, which characterized his other relations. While from conviction a Liberal statesman, he was no partisan, and commanded, as few men have done, the confidence and respect of both sides of the House. The tributes paid to his memory by his fellow Senators were numerous and striking. Senator McInnes, who knew him long and intimately, said, with deep emotion: "In business he was scrupulously honourable, and by his ability and good management he succeeded in accumulating a handsome fortune. He has been largely his own administrator during his lifetime in his bountiful bequests to many charities, and he never sent away any deserving applicant to his charity empty-

handed. His death is a great loss to the House and to the community amongst which he lived. To me the loss was irreparable."

Senator Allan said: "I am sure I shall have the assent of every one who hears me when I say that from the time that Mr. Macdonald took his seat among us until the last time he appeared in this House, in everything he said and every thought that he gave he was actuated by the highest and most patriotic motives."

The late Senator was devotedly attached to British institutions and to British connection. His Highland blood warmed to the old land. We shall never forget the enthusiasm he exhibited during a visit to Edinburgh in recounting the heroic traditions and historic and poetic associations of his native land.

One of his most remarkable characteristics was the breadth and receptivity of his mind and the catholicity of his sympathies. There is scarcely a phase of human interest in which he was not concerned. In the commercial councils of the country he took an active part. Its great religious movements had no more intelligent and energetic worker. In the councils of his own Church no voice commanded greater respect, or carried greater weight. Of its Missionary Society he was Lay Treasurer for over a score of years. He was ever an advocate of the most aggressive measures. To him is largely due the successful Japan Mission. He greatly promoted the early mission work in the Far West, which has already developed into two Conferences and has room for many more. One of the latest propositions of his life was the establishing of a mission in the West Indies. To stimulate an intelligent enthusiasm for missions he had published at his own expense large editions of the *Life of the heroic Dr. Duff*, for free distribution among the two-thirds of the ministers of the Dominion. For the same purpose he offered a prize of £100, which he made 100 guineas, for the best essays on missions. The interest thus created was very widespread. From England, Ireland,

Scotland, Norway, France, the West Indies, and from nearly every State in the Union and Province of the Dominion came competing essays; and the impetus given to missionary studies and missionary givings must have been very great. With a similar object he offered a liberal prize for the best essay on systematic giving, a subject which lay near his heart and which he faithfully practised. The result was a wide stirring of thought on this important theme, and the publication of several books upon it. Another subject on which he similarly encouraged writing was, the best way of promoting a revival of religion. These donations were all made anonymously, and now for the first time the present writer feels at liberty to break the seal of silence and publicly reveal the source of these beneficent gifts.

While loyal to the Church of his choice and liberally supporting its institutions, he did not confine his sympathies or its benefactions to its pale. Not a branch, we think, of the Christian Church in Canada, did not share his donations; and the Roman Catholic nuns knew that in the sacred name of charity they would receive generous aid. He was a munificent patron of learning, and both Victoria and Toronto Universities received liberal help at his hands. Of the Young Men's Christian Association he was one of the warmest friends and most generous supporters. Toward every form of philanthropy his heart warmed. One of the latest acts of his life was the gift of \$40,000, increased by his will to \$100,000, toward an hospital in Toronto, in memory of a beloved daughter who, on her deathbed,

requested that his love for her might take this expression.

No house in the Dominion was the scene of more frequent social and ~~religious~~ gatherings where Christian workers of all denominations could pleasantly meet than his hospitable home. As a host he was the very soul of courtesy, alert with the warm welcome, the unwearying attention, the kind farewell. Not merely in his own Church, or in his own land, is his memory cherished and beloved, but in every Church and in many lands the tear of sympathy will fall at the thought of his departure, which in many hearts will be felt with the keen sense of a personal loss.

Such men are God's best gifts to His Church. They are the most striking "evidences of Christianity," demonstrations of the power of godliness which the caviller and the infidel cannot gainsay, "living epistles known and read of all men."

We magnify, not the man, but the grace of God in him. All that he was he owed to that Divine power. It was that sacred charism that emptied him of selfishness and self-seeking, that opened his heart wide as suffering humanity, that gave such sweetness and tenderness to his spirit, that enabled him to walk so closely in the footsteps of the Master whom he served, and to spend his life so largely in going about and doing good. May his example be an inspiration to us all, especially to the young men of this Dominion, to build up a noble Christian manhood like his, to seek as their highest good the welfare of their fellow-men, to be a follower of him as he was a follower of the Lord Jesus.

God holds the key of all unknown,
 And I am glad;
 If other hands should hold the key,
 Or if He trusted it to me,
 I might be sad.
 'What if to-morrow's cares were here
 Without its rest?
 Better that He unlock the day,
 And as the doors swing open say,
 "My will is best."

TENNYSON'S LAST POEMS.*

In our venerable Laureate, the Scripture is strikingly fulfilled—"They shall still bring forth fruit in old age." And what a rich aftermath it is at the close of a singularly fertile life. There is here no sign of failing faculties or exhausted powers. There is the old sweetness of phrase, the old subtlety of thought, the old delicacy of imagination. The sweet swan sings on sweetly as ever in his eightieth year. The principal poem of the volume, "Demeter and Persephone," breathes the very spirit of the classic muse, with something of human tenderness and Christian sentiment superadded, for which we seek in vain in pagan verse. What strength and tenderness are in the following lines:

"Child, when thou wert gone,
I envied human wives, and nested
birds,
Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in
search of thee
Thro' many a palace, many a cot and
gave
Thy breast to ailing infants in the
night,
And set the mother waking in amaze
To find her sick one whole; and forth
again
Among the wail of midnight winds,
and cried,
'Where is my loved one? Where-
fore do ye wail?'
And out from all the night an answer
shrill'd,
'We know not, and we know not
why we wail.'
I climbed on all the cliffs of all the
seas,
And ask'd the waves that moan
about the world,
'Where do ye make your moaning
for my child?'
And round from the world the voices
came,
'We know not, and we know not
why we moan.'"

"Then I, Earth-Goddess, cursed the
Gods of Heaven. . . .

The man that only lives and loves an
hour,
Seem'd nobler thaa their hard eter-
nities."

What a majestic and peculiarly
Tennysonian figure is this:

"At times our Britain cannot rest,
At times her steps are swift and
rash;
She moving, at her girdle clash
The golden keys of East and West."

The Queen's jubilee hymn is a
rather perfunctory performance,
though having fine lines and closing
with a serene confidence of the tri-
umph of right:

"Are there thunders moaning in the
distance?
Are there spectres moving in the
darkness?
Trust the Hand of Light will lead
her people,
Till the thunders pass, the spectres
vanish,
And the Light is Victor, and the
darkness
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages."

The dialect story of "Owd Roä,"
has not the rich humour of the
"Northern Farmer," but it has a
touching pathos of its own. It is a
commemoration of a faithful dog,
"Old Rover," which saved a child
from a burning house. An old man
is recounting the story to his son:

"But I meän fur to maäke 'is owd age
as 'appy as iver I can,
Fur I owäss owd Roäver moor nor I
iver owäd mottal man."

"An' e' sarvéd me sa well when 'e
lived, that, Dick, when 'e coomes
to be deäd,
I thinks as I'd like fur to hev soom
soort of a sarvice reäd."

'Fur 'e's moor good sense na the Par-
liament man 'at stans fur us 'ere,

* *Demeter and Other Poems*, by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON. London and New York: Macmillan, & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

An' I'd voät fur 'im, my oän sen, if
'e could but stan fur the Shere.

"Faaiithful an' True"—them words be
i' Scriptur—an' Faaiithful an' True
Ull be fun upo' four short legs ten
times fur one upo' two. . . .

"But I couldn't see fur the smoäke
wehere thou was a-liggin, my lad,
An' Roäver was theree i' the chaum-
ber a-yowlin' an' yaupin' like
mad.

"Then I called out Roä, Roä, Roä,
thaw I did'nt haäfe think as 'e'd
'ear,
*But 'e com'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn
'is mouth to the winder theree!*

"He coom'd like a Hangel o' marcy as
soon as 'e 'eärd 'is name,
Or like tother Hangel i' Scriptur 'at
summun seed i' the flaäme,

"When summun 'ed hax'd fur a son,
an' 'e promised a son to she,
An' Roä was as good as the Hangel
i' säavin' a son fur me."

The noble poem entitled "Vast-
ness" opens in a vein of pessimism—
a nineteenth century echo of the Book
of Ecclesiastes—but closes in a trium-
phant pæan of faith :

"Many a hearth upon our dark globe
sighs after many a vanished face,
Many a planet by many a sun may
roll with the dust of a vanished
race.

"Raving politics, never at rest—as this
poor earth's pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants
in the gleam of a million million of
suns?

"What the philosophies, all the
sciences, poesy, varying voices of
prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest,
all that is filthy with all that is
fair?

"What is it all, if we all of us end but
in being our own' corpse-coffins at
last,
Swallowed in Vastness, lost in Silence,
drown'd in the deeps of a meaning-
less Past?

"What, but a murmur of gnats in the
gloom, or a moment's anger of bees
in their hive?—

Peace, let it be ! for I loved him, and
love him forever ; the dead are not
dead, but alive."

The dramatic fragment, "The
Ring," is in a minor chord ; but Ten-
nyson is essentially lyrical, and lacks
the dramatic faculty which is so
marked in Browning.

The weird poem, "Forlorn," with
its wild refrain, express the very
essence of sadness :

"In the night, in the night,
When the ghosts are fleeting."

"In the night, O the night !
O the deathwatch beating !"

"In the night, O the night,
While the Fiend is prowling."

"In the night, O the night,
When the wolves are howling."

"Up, get up, the time is short,
Tell him now or never !
Tell him all before you die,
Lest you die for ever
In the night, O the night,
Where there's no forgetting."

"The Leper's Bride" is a tragic
episode of mediæval times. The
noble Count Ulric, a warrior of the
Holy Cross, contracted in Palestine
the dread disease of leprosy, and
was doomed, after a burial service to
a living burial in a leper's hut upon
a solitary moor ; but his faithful
wife resolved to share his fate in
those impassioned words :

"I loved you first when young and fair,
but now I love you most ;
The fairest flesh at last is filth on
which the worm will feast ;
This poor rib-grated dungeon of the
holy human ghost,
This house with all its hateful
needs no cleaner than the beast.

"The beauty that endures on the
Spiritual height,
When we shall stand transfigured,
like Christ on Hermon hill,
And moving each to music, soul in
soul and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a
moment as we will."

“ ‘Libera me, Domine!’ you sang the Psalm, and when
The Priest pronounced you dead,
and flung the mould upon your feet,
A beauty came upon your face, not
that of living men,
But seen upon the silent brow
when life has ceased to beat.

“ ‘Libera nos, Domine!’—you know not
one was there
Who saw you kneel beside your bier,
and weeping scarce could see;
May I come a little nearer, I that
heard, and changed the prayer
And sang the married ‘nos’ for
the solitary ‘me.’ ”

“The Priest, who join’d you to the
dead, has joined our hands of
old;
If man and wife be but one flesh,
let mine be leprous too,
As dead from all the human race as
if beneath the mould;
If you be dead, then I am dead,
who only live for you.”

“There, there! he buried you, the
Priest; the Priest is not to
blame,
He joins us one again, to his either
office true:
I thank him. I am happy, happy.
Kiss me. In the name
Of the everlasting God, I will live
and die with you.”

“The Progress of the Spring”
and “Merlin and the Gleam” are full
of the loftiest spiritual suggestions.
“Romney’s Remorse” shows the
infinite inferiority of name and fame
and fortune—“the nation praising
one afar” to the joys of domestic
affection.

“Romney married at nineteen, and
because Sir Joshua and others had said
that ‘marriage spoils an artist’ almost
immediately left his wife in the North
and scarce saw her till the end of his
life; when old, nearly mad and quite
desolate, he went back to her and she
received him and nursed him till he
died.”

“Ay, but when the shout
Of His descending peals from Heaven,
and throbs
Thro’ earth, and all her graves, if *He*
should ask

‘Why left you wife and children? for
My sake,
According to My word?’ and I replied
‘Nay, Lord, for *Art*,’ why, that would
sound so mean
That all the dead, who wait the doom
of hell
For bolder sins than mine, . . .
Would turn and glare at me, and point
and jeer,
And gibber at the worm, who living,
made
The wife of wives a widow-bride, and
lost
Salvation for a sketch.”

We know not if the following is
autobiographic but it is ideally beau-
tiful:

“Rose, on this terrace fifty years ago,
When I was in my June, you in
your May,
Two words, ‘*My Rose*’ set all your
face aglow,
And now that I am white, and you
are gray,
That blush of fifty years ago, my
dear,
Blooms in the Past, but close to
me to-day
As this red rose, which on our ter-
race here
Glows in the blue of fifty miles
away.”

The last poem is a fitting ending
of the volume, and a summing up of
the venerable poet’s Christian faith
and hope:

“Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me
And may there be no moaning of the
bar,
When I put out to sea,

“But such a tide as moving seems
asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

“Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of fare-
well,
When I embark;

“For tho’ from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.”

Similar faith and hope breathe
through the latest verses of the
octogenarian Quaker poet Whittier:

"I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have
blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

"As low my fires of driftwood burn,
I hear that sea's deep sounds in-
crease,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted Isles and Peace."

So, too, the veteran Browning
dies with this song of triumph upon
his lips:

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed tho' right was
worsted wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to
fight better,
Sleep or wake."

Elsewhere he illustrates the saying
of Augustine, "O God, Thou madest
us for Thyself, and our hearts are
restless till they find rest in thee."

"And what is that I hunger for but
God?
My God, my God, let me for once
look on Thee
As though nought else existed, we
alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's
spark
Expands till I can say,—'Even from
myself
I need Thee, and I feel Thee, and I
love Thee.'"

We know no finer argument for the
immortality of the soul than the poem
of Holmes, "On the Chambered Nauti-
lus," concluding,

"Build thee more stately mansions, O
my soul."

Lowell in his "Sir Launfal" sings:

"Lo it is I, be not afraid:
In many climes without avail
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy
Grail;
Behold it is here—this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for me but
now:
This crust is my body broken for thee,

The water His blood that died on
the tree,
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with another's
need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself, with his alms
feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour
and me."

Longfellow is permeated through
and through with the spirit of
Christianity. Thank God, the great-
est poets of the age are Christian in
life and character. The days of your
mocking Byrons and Shelleys have
gone for ever. True poetry kindles
its torch at the altar of eternal
truth and is linked with all the
moral forces of the universe in the
battle of eternal right against ancient
wrong. Its purpose, to use the
noble words of Milton, is "to cele-
brate in glorious and lofty hymns
the throne and equipage of God's
almightiness; to sing victorious
agonies of martyrs and saints; the
deeds and triumphs of just and
pious nations doing valiantly through
faith against the enemies of truth."
And this, he further avows, is not to
be obtained "by the invocation of
dame memory and her syren daugh-
ters, but by devout prayer to that
Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with
all utterance and knowledge, and
sends out His seraphim with the hal-
lowed fire of His altar to touch and
purify the lips of whom He pleases."

All the higher learning, the stronger
thought, the truer science, the purer
and the nobler music of the ages
shall bring their tribute—their gifts
of gold and frankincense and myrrh—
to the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem.
The majestic Newton was as devout
in his piety as he was lofty in his
range of thought. "I know no expla-
nation of the force of gravitation,"
said the clear-eyed Herschell, "but
the ever-acting will of God." Old
blind Handel in the very rapture of the
hallelujah chorus of the "Messiah" saw, he says, "the very heavens
opened and the great God Himself
sitting on the throne of the universe
amid the sevenfold chorus and harp-
ing symphonies of the redeemed."

TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

The almost complete destruction by fire of the noble buildings of Toronto University was not merely a provincial, but a national calamity. Its institutions of higher learning are among the noblest monuments of the intellectual life of the nation. For so young a country, the architectural magnificence, the learned faculty, the general equipment of the Provincial University, were a crown of glory to the Province. Our universities are not, as is sometimes thought, mere institutions for the rich. They are essentially democratic. The poorest boy in the land, if he show aptness, industry and energy, may enjoy all the advantages which they offer to all. And even those who never enter their halls receive very great benefits therefrom. They are, as the late Chancellor Nelles used to say, quoting from Bacon, "Like the mountain tops on which the rains of heaven distil, watering the valleys and making more fruitful and richer the far-off plains." So every one of us shares the loss caused by the late disastrous fire.

We doubt not that the building will arise from its ashes fairer than before. The real strength of the institution was not in its carved wood and goodly stones, but in its learned faculty, its energetic *alumni*, its noble traditions. This rich and growing Province can amply sustain all the legitimate requirements of its noble University, the crowning feature of its educational system. In some respects the loss is irreparable. Some of the perished treasures were unique. For a comparatively small library, it was of remarkable value. It had, as Librarian Vander-Smissen remarked, "no rubbish," and it had some very rare and some

very complete collections. In the department of natural science, for instance, especially that of chemistry, it was very rich. In that of archaeology and epigraphy, under the fostering care of the late Dr. McCaul, one of the greatest epigraphists of his time in the world, it was by far the best on this continent. We have personally examined nearly all the other great collections of books north of Mexico, and found none that in this department at all equal to that of Toronto University. There were other college buildings of larger size, of greater cost, and of more venerable age, but we know of none, if we except the ancient foundations of Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin, that more completely fulfilled one's ideal of the learned repose and stately dignity of what a great college ought to be.

The pity of it is that this great loss should result from such a trivial cause, not to say criminal carelessness. It is appalling to think what might have been the result, had the fire occurred from an overturned lamp a couple of hours later, when the Convocation Hall would have been crowded with the guests of the evening. There would probably have been such a holocaust as the page of history seldom records. Prompt legislation should enforce ample provision to extinguish at the very beginning incipient fires. A few fire grenades on the walls, or a portable chemical fire-extinguisher, would often prevent just such a disaster, or even one much worse. Many of our public buildings, even some of our best churches, are perfect death-traps, should a fire occur during a crowded meeting. Let a rigid inspection, and, if necessary, reconstruction, of exits be enforced.

As in nature, so in heart, so in grace: it is rough treatment that gives souls as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect His people.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Methodism is stronger than Anglicanism throughout the world. The highest calculations do not give the latter more than 20,000,000 adherents. But Methodism alone has at least 25,000,000. Thus a community which is but of yesterday outnumbers the old historic Established Church of Great Britain and its offshoots in every land. Professor John Stewart Blackie says, "The Methodists have always been a great moral force in these islands and a potent spur in the lazy flanks of John Bull."

Amongst the interesting items which occupied the attention of the Book Committee in London at a late monthly meeting, was a suggestion from Lancashire respecting the re-introduction of John Wesley's portraits into the hymn-book.

There are four Wesleyan Theological Colleges in England, with a total of 228 students.

The last Sunday-school statistics report 6,900 schools, 129,000 teachers, 928,000 scholars, of whom 82,000 are Church members.

The Treasurer of the Worn-out Ministers' Fund has received from the publishers of the *Methodist Times* the sum of \$1,137, as the profits of that periodical for the past year.

Rev. C. Garrett, of Liverpool, has instituted a "Home" for friendless orphan lads. Bishop Ryle, who could not be present at the opening, sent a handsome donation to the funds.

The Birmingham Central Hall Mission has opened a savings bank, to encourage poor people to make provision for the future.

The East-End Mission (London) has now five important centres. During its four years' history, \$50,000 has been expended on the purchase and alteration of buildings. It is intended to put a strong evangelist

at the head of each centre. The large number of voluntary assistants who give their services gratis often come into contact with the most awful scenes of depravity, and though much discouraged, they hope for good to result from their self-denying labours.

Some have complained of the expensiveness of the London Mission, to which the Rev. H. P. Hughes replies that \$7,500 per year is all that has been received. There are two ministers, three lay agents and twelve lady helpers employed. Mr. Pearse also preaches every Sabbath morning and once during the week. Mr. Hughes hopes that by securing the services of the Rev. W. D. Walters as secretary that there will be a rapid increase of income, and more missions will be established. [We presume that the heavy expense of rentals is not included in this estimate.—Ed.]

One of the "Sisters" has a class in which several Soho French women are members. She arranges to have hymns sung which have been translated into French by the Salvation Army, so that all can join in the singing, and conducts part of the proceedings in French.

A diamond digger who was returning to Africa, but missed the steamer, strayed into St. James' Hall, the word pierced his heart, and he went into the inquiry-room for further instruction. This man has had an extraordinary career; he had fought at Ulandi, had been captured by the Kaffirs, and had many encounters with lions and other wild beasts.

By the time these notes are published, the centenary of the oldest Wesleyan Sunday-school in the north of England will have been celebrated, "the Orphan House," Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This celebrated "House"

was one of Mr. Wesley's stopping-places, where he generally spent a few weeks every year.

A few years ago, the Rev. W. D. Sarjeant and wife undertook to provide a House of Rest for their fellow-labourers in the vineyard of the Lord, and they are now desirous to erect a "House" where at least 1,000 persons needing a few days' rest could be accommodated, after which they would return to their employment. The amount required is about \$30,000. During the two years that a temporary "House" has been provided, many ministers, local preachers, Bible-women and others have enjoyed the hospitality thus provided.

The Conference Evangelists, Revs. Messrs. Cook and Waugh, are fully employed, and can only stay about ten days at one place. The hearty co-operation of ministers and others greatly promotes success. Entire sanctification is held forth prominently. In some instances as many as 700 conversions are reported.

There is evidently a growth of Christian brotherly feeling among all the branches of Methodism. The papers received from England contain accounts of evangelistic services held in different churches at which the ministers unite in hearty co-operation. Preliminary meetings have been held, looking toward the union of the New Connexion and Free Methodist Churches.

Afflictive intelligence comes from Fiji. For many years French priests have laboured in vain to seduce the people from the simplicity of the Gospel. It appears that the Pope has taken the mission under his own immediate care. A Bishop, fortified by his special benediction and accompanied by a strong band of priests and nuns, has commenced operations on a grand scale. He goes about in more than vice-regal state, hoists the French flag, and receives salutes from French frigates in a British colony! The grand display thus made necessarily impresses the natives, and fears are entertained as to the results.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Rev. A. McCurdy, in consequence of declining health, has retired from the Secretariate of several connexional funds. A testimonial is to be presented to him at the approaching Conference as an acknowledgment of his valuable services.

A New Years' Covenant service was held at West Hartlepool, when the Rev. H. Jeff gave the right hand of fellowship to twenty-five persons.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.

A new church was recently dedicated at Highbury Vale, London.

The young men who are students in the Manchester College report 500 cases of conversion during the present Connexional year.

The church and schools at Leighton Buzzard, were recently destroyed by fire. The Wesleyans manifested their sympathy by making a collection of \$83, which was forwarded to the Treasurer of the Trust Fund.

The Fernando Mission, West Africa, has made great progress. A new missionary, Rev. Jabez Bell, has been sent out.

Great good has resulted from the establishment of the Evangelists' Home at Birmingham. It is said that hundreds of conversions have taken place.

Rev. Peter Mackenzie, Wesleyan, has been accustomed for several years past to begin each New Year by preaching and lecturing for his Primitive friends at Mayfield Grove, Nottingham. His last visit yielded \$650.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONNEXION.

It is announced that Rev. J. Jackson Wray will be a monthly contributor to the Magazine for the year 1890.

Foundation stones for a new place of worship were laid at Iddlesleigh, Devon. The Earl of Iddlesleigh kindly gave the site and stone for the walls.

Numerous Circuit Conventions to promote holiness have been held.

At Chepstow the meeting was one of extraordinary power. Several ministers and officials professed to receive the fulness of perfect love.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Rev. Dr. Vernon, who was eighteen years a missionary in Italy, says that among the first converts was a man who learned to read the Bible in prison. It was sent to him under the coal and ashes of a brazier. Ten years later there was organized in the city of Rome a Methodist Conference, and now twenty-four churches have been established, with twenty-eight native ministers. An edition of the Discipline in Italian has been issued by Dr. Furt.

Bishop Newman has created quite a sensation by an article which he published favouring three General Conferences of Methodists, the third to be that of coloured Methodists. Some think that this is carrying division too far on the colour line.

The Book Concern in New York is being formally opened as these notes are being prepared. The *Churchman* of that city, referring to the event, says, "The Methodist Book Concern is the most admirable enterprise of its kind in the world, and reflects great credit on the energetic and self-denying labours of its managers."

The Methodists in Chicago have planted the Gospel standard in one of the worst purlieus of the city, where the red flag was displayed. Service will be held for the present in a private dwelling. There are forty-four missions, which were thus commenced in needy districts, five of which were made self-sustaining last year and ten more are likely to follow their example. Arrangements are being made for the erection of churches at all the missions.

An important representative meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Chicago, in February, in the interest of the Epworth League. Over 2,000 branches have been formed in nine months, and 100,000 members are enrolled. The movement has become of national importance. The formation of Canadian Leagues was noted with approval.

A Japanese Mission has been commenced at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. A missionary has been sent out to take charge of the mission, which bids fair to be successful.

A number of ladies in New York, having heard that some of the frontier missionaries were receiving only \$300 per year for themselves and families, opened a correspondence with the Presiding Elders, and found that the number of such self-denying labourers was much larger than they anticipated. These benevolent women have collected clothing and money, which they have distributed to the most necessitous.

Rev. O. F. Burgess says that the four Protestant nations most interested in missions, viz., Germany, Holland, Great Britain, and the United States of America, are also most closely identified with the liquor traffic with those same countries they are trying to evangelize. "Christian America has been sending liquor to other countries at the rate of 6,000,000 gallons per year, including 807,000 gallons to Africa. For every missionary sent to Africa America is sending 100,000 gallons of Boston rum. For every hundred souls converted by American missionaries, one thousand are ruined by American rum."

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Messrs. Hunter and Crossley, after labouring in Hamilton and London, are now in Montreal, where their evangelistic labours are crowned with very great success. Trinity Church is crowded to its utmost capacity. Occasional services are also being held in other Methodist Churches. Two services are held almost daily but this number is exceeded on Sabbaths.

The Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, now has forty students. The endowment been has increased by Senator Ferrier's bequest, to \$51,000. Senator Ferrier's benefactions amount to \$25,000. The college needs enlargement.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Cochran, of Japan, is slowly recovering from his recent severe illness.

There are now in Japan about 250 churches with a membership of 25,000. Last year the baptisms were 7,000.

Japan has decided no longer to tax Christian churches, and they are therefore on an equality with Buddhist and Shinto temples.

Methodism in Victoria, British Columbia, is advancing. A few years ago a second church was erected, which is well attended. The old church, built when the mission was inaugurated, has become too small, and the congregation on a recent Sabbath pledged themselves to contribute \$20,000 toward rebuilding.

Revs. Dr. Shaw and J. Woodsworth, General Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba Conference, are spending several weeks in the Maritime Provinces in aid of the mission cause. Brother Woodsworth wants twenty-five additional labourers for the North-West.

The Methodist people have great demands made upon their liberality. The ecclesiastical year is rapidly advancing. Brethren on missions and poor circuits are necessarily greatly interested in the Conference collections. The Sustentation Fund is not the least deserving among those funds. Several ministers will probably receive less than \$500 this year from all sources. Let our readers remember this when the Sustentation collection is made. St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, recently gave a collection for a similar fund in the Presbyterian Church, which amounted to nearly \$2,000. How many hearts would rejoice if a few Methodist congregations would do likewise.

A brother in St. John's, Newfoundland, writes, "We raised \$1,824 on Thanksgiving Sunday (Jan. 21st) in this Circuit, St. John's West, toward our church debt, by plate collections. Good, wasn't it? George Street Church alone raised \$1,712 of it. A fortnight ago the other Circuit, East, had their Thanksgiving, and raised between \$1,100 and \$1,200."

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. R. T. Tracy, M.A., probably

the oldest Methodist minister in the world, died recently at Limerick, Ireland, after a brief illness. He was born in 1790, hence he was nearly one hundred years old. He retained his faculties to the last.

Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, died from an attack of acute congestion of the lungs. He was only sixty-one years old. He was at once one of the greatest theological scholars and an eminent Bishop. Canon Liddon said, in his funeral sermon, that he "was one of the band of Cambridge scholars who have rolled back an assault upon the New Testament more formidable in many respects than any to which the title deeds of our holy religion have been exposed since the first age of Christianity." The Bishop's personal character was as beautiful as his scholarship was splendid. He gave his entire salary to the erection of churches in his diocese.

Rev. David Edgar, of Ballynahinch, after being in the pastorate sixty years, entered in rest December 8th. Two weeks before he and his wife attended a communion together. On the way home she caught cold, and died in a few days. He soon followed her, so that in death they were not divided.

We regret to learn of the death, at Brooklyn, N.Y., of the Rev. R. Duncan, a member of the New Brunswick Conference, who had been placed on the supernumerary list in 1885, and who for the past two years had been living in Brooklyn. Bro. Duncan was a native of St. John, was educated for the Methodist ministry, and was ordained in 1857. He filled, in order given, the following stations:—Bermuda, Halifax, Barington, N.S., Pownal, P.E.I., Bermuda, Point de Bute, Moncton, Carleton, Portland, Marysville and St. Stephen. He was at one time president of the N.B. and P.E.I. Conference and several times chairman of districts. He was a man of sterling merit and a faithful pastor, whose death will be sincerely mourned wherever he was known.

Book Notices.

A Thousand Miles up the Nile. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. Square 8vo, pp. xxviii.-500. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Full gilt. Price \$2.50.

The visit to the United States and Canada of the accomplished author of this book gives it, in addition to its intrinsic merit, a special attraction. It is already one of classical authority on the subject which it treats.

We are apt to think that Egyptology, in its more learned aspects, is one that can only be studied in dry-as-dust tomes. But here one of the most vivacious of writers shows herself to be also one of the most learned of Egyptologists. She is one of the most eminent of living authorities on the archaeology, art, symbolism, architecture, and history of this ancient mother of science and learning. Miss Edwards can not only decipher the hieroglyphic language of Egypt herself, but she can make its revelations of intensest interest to others. What a spell that old land of Nile exerts upon the mind! Old, even in the days of Herodotus, its peasant life to-day is the *fac-simile* of that pictured in undying colours on its tombs and temples five thousand years ago. Like one of its own mummies, it is wrapped in cerecloths which, when unwound, reveal the long dead past in the verisimilitude of life. How delightful a journey a thousand miles up the sacred river which

“Flows through old, hushed Egypt
and its sands,

Like some grave, mighty thought,
threading a dream.”

The mystery of the half-buried Sphinx is a type of the mystery of this ancient land. We come here upon the very roots of the history of civilization. Miss Edwards gives cuts of the very oldest known portrait busts in the world; and in the Boulak Museum we come face to face with the Pharaoh of the Exodus.

But this is anything but a book of dry-as-dust archæology. The accomplished author sketches with pen and pencil the picturesque aspects of things both ancient and modern. She gives vivid pictures of the many-coloured life of Cairo, of the strange blending of the Orient and Occident in the leisurely sketching and exploring tour up the storied stream, of the stranger blending of the majestic past and squalid present amid the ruins of Thebes and Karnak, of Philæ and Luxor. A feature of much importance is the series of over seventy engravings, many of them full page; and the author bears witness to the fidelity and artistic taste with which her sketches have been engraved.

Geological Studies. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Professor of Paleontology in the University of Michigan. Pp. xxvi.-513. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.50.

By his original investigations and scientific writings Dr. Winchell has achieved a very distinguished reputation not only in his own country, but throughout the republic of letters. His “Sketches of Creation” and “World-Life” are masterly productions. We have here the fullest and ripest result of his studies in the fascinating subject of geology. While adapted for high schools and colleges, it is no less adapted for private study. The value of the work is evidenced by the fact that it has reached a third edition. Its value is greatly enhanced by its admirable illustration by nearly 400 engravings. Many of these are of superior excellence.

Professor Winchell employs the inductive method in the study of geology. He teaches his students from the observation of the facts around them to learn their meaning. This, especially for beginners, we think the only proper method of study. In this way the drift

phenomena, boulders, stratification, erosion, sedimentation, and the like, are carefully examined. The latter part of the book is devoted to a logical arrangement of the facts observed, and to the study of lithological, structural, dynamical, paleontological and historical geology. The whole subject is as interesting as a novel. If our younger readers, especially, would take it up systematically, it would give them a key to much of the unexplained significance of the universe around them, and give a perennial delight to their observations of nature. To the readers of this MAGAZINE it will detract nothing from the interest in this book to know that Dr. Winchell has been for many years an honoured member of the Methodist Church.

Imago Christi: The Example of Christ. By the Rev. JAMES STALKER, M. A. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Mr. Stalker is well known as the author of one of the most popular Lives of Christ—a book selected for use by the Epworth Leagues throughout the continent. This book is the outcome of studies connected with that work. One of the most influential books in all Christian literature is the "Imitation of Christ," attributed to Thomas à Kempis—a book which throbs with devotion to Christ, and stirs the hearts of Christians in every age. But the "Imitation" bears marks of the evil time in which it was written. There are in it elements of superstition and Mariolatry, which the Protestant conscience rejects. This book has much of the moral spell of the old mediæval manual of devotion. It is also marked by that spiritual power which comes only from contact with the Divine. It is forever true that Christ, if He be lifted up, will draw all men unto Him. In this volume the image of our Lord is set forth as influencing the home, the state, the Church and society; as a friend, a worker, a preacher and teacher, a sufferer, and as a lover and winner of souls. As

we walk with Him in thought "our hearts burn within us," as did the hearts of the disciples on the way to Emmaus.

The Biblical Illustrator. By the Rev. JOSEPH S. EXCELL, M. A. St. Luke. Vol. III. 8vo, pp. 684. London: James Nisbet & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

This is one of the most extensive and comprehensive works illustrative of the Gospel of St. Luke that we know. Its character may be briefly summed up in the announcement on the title page. It contains "Anecdotes, similes, emblems—illustrations, expository, scientific, geographical, historical, and homiletical—gathered from a wide range of home and foreign literature on the verses of the Bible." What lends special interest and value to the book at the present time is that it covers very fully the greater part of the Sunday-school lessons of the year 1890. The greater part, we say, for this volume begins at the fourteenth chapter and continues to the end of the Gospel. Two other volumes give the earlier part of the Gospel. Nothing fixes upon the mind a religious truth as an apt illustration. Such illustrations are plentifully given in these pages, the close printing of which compresses a vast amount of material within their scope.

Supreme things in their Practical Relations. By the Rev. E. F. BURR, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 430. New York: American Tract Society; and Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Price \$1.75.

Dr. Burr is well known as the author of those admirable works, "Ecce Cœlum," "Ad Fidem," "Celestial Empires," etc., which have been previously reviewed in these pages. In this book his pen has not forgot its cunning. He is master of a singularly felicitous style—easy to read and easy to remember. He discourses here of the most important themes in the universe—the supreme Book, the Bible; the

supreme government, that of God; the supreme institution, the Church; the supreme good and evil, sin and holiness; the supreme remedy, contact with Christ; the supreme career, the path of life; the supreme person, Christ as Helper and Friend. Such, and such like, are the august themes discussed in this book, which we commend to every thoughtful reader.

Simon Peter; His Early Life and Times. By CHAS. S. ROBINSON, D.D. New York: American Tract Society; and William Briggs, Toronto.

The character of Simon Peter is one of fascinating interest. We never grow weary of the study of the frank, fearless, impetuous disciple. Dr. Robinson has in this volume made him the subject of careful and discriminative analysis. He presents him in the environment of his times—the busy scenes and occupations of Palestine in the time of Christ. Many side-lights are thrown upon his life and character, and a result of the study of this book will be, we think, a more just appreciation of one of the foremost of the disciples—foremost in denying and foremost, also, in confessing his Lord.

Studies in St. Luke's Gospel. First Series. By CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D.D. New York: American Tract Society. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.25

Focussed on the Gospel of St. Luke, as are the eyes of the Bible reading world during this year of grace, anything that throws light on the sacred page will be gladly welcomed by multitudes of diligent Bible students. These chapters are especially adapted for purposes of Sunday-school illustration. Dr. Robinson is well known as being in close touch and sympathy with Sunday-school work and teaching. In these chapters that sympathy is abundantly manifested; and we cordially commend the book to all Sunday-school workers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Principal Austin brings out a new edition of 15,000 of his trenchant pamphlet on the Jesuits, re-inforced by articles by Professor Goldwin Smith and the Hon. John Carlton.

Prof. Ashley is editing a series of studies in political science; the first of which is "The Organization of an Ontario Township," by Mr. J. M. MacEvoy, one of his students.

The Rev. S. C. Kendal, of the Montreal Conference, issues a well written temperance story, showing the effects of the Scott Act in a rural community in Canada.

The Canadian Musical Herald is the title of a bright-looking new monthly, ably edited by W. E. Haslam and P. W. Mitchell, and published by Mr. E. T. Coates, Toronto. Price \$1.00 a year. We commend it to two classes of patrons: those who understand music, and those who do not. The former will find in it much to suit the taste of even the most cultured; the latter will find it very useful in assisting their neglected musical education.

We are glad to note that that distinguished scholar and writer, and broad-minded divine, the Rev. Professor Clark, LL.D., of Trinity College, Toronto, has assumed the editorial management of the *Dominion Churchman*, henceforth to be known as the *Canadian Churchman*. This is a guarantee that it will be conducted in the spirit of high-souled Christian courtesy.

The leading article in the February number of *Christian Thought*, edited by Dr. Deems, New York, is an able discussion, by the Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D., of "The Service of Free Thought to Christianity." This is the substance of an address given by Dr. Stafford at the summer meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, at Key West, N.Y. This society, composed of leading thinkers and writers, gives much attention to problems of Christian Philosophy. *Christian Thought* is its organ. New York: Wilbur B. Ketcham. \$2 a year. Clergymen \$1.50.

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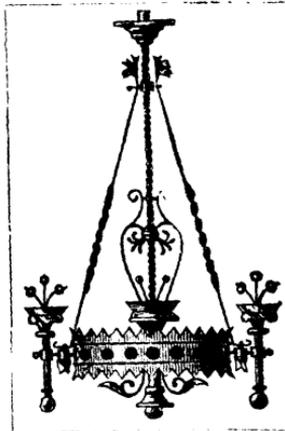
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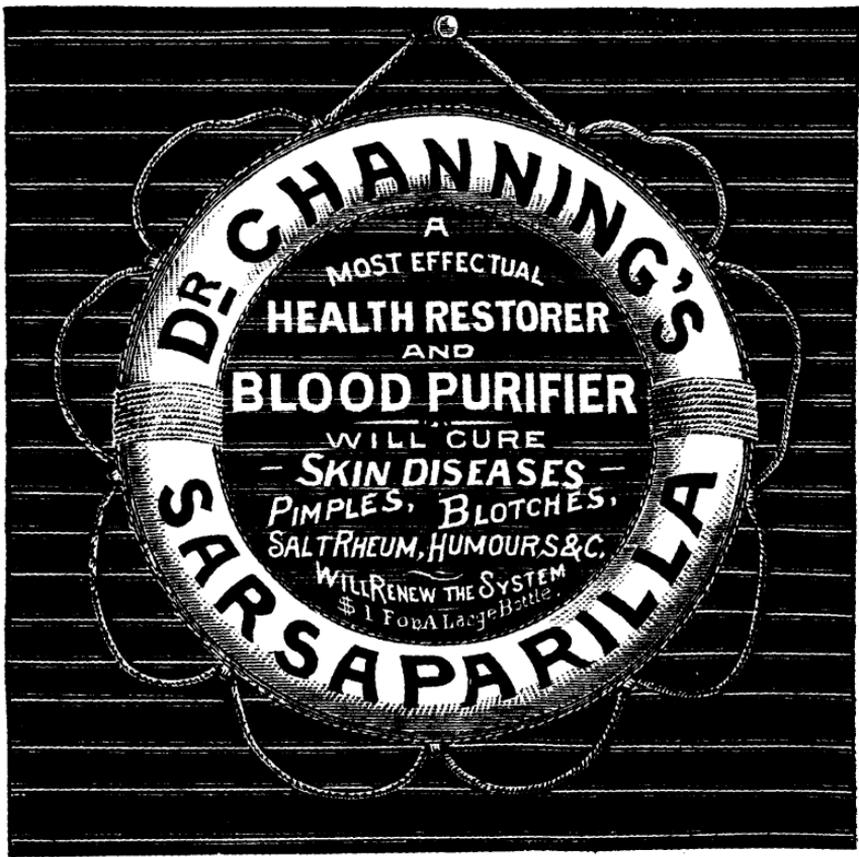
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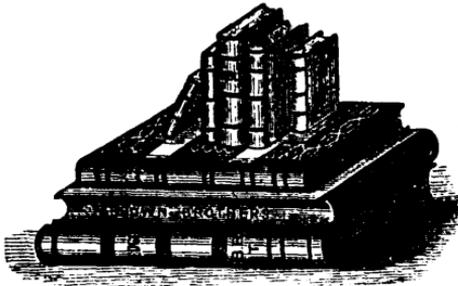
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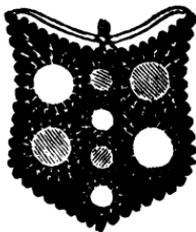
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