

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>									



THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE,

APRIL, 1878.

OVER THE ALLEGHANIES.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

THE great range of the Appalachian or Alleghany Mountains stretches for thirteen hundred miles from Eastern Canada to Northern Alabama. Its names, which are of Indian origin, mean the endless. In the North the Adirondacks and White Mountains are outliers of this range. It attains its culmination in the Black Dome of North Carolina, which is 6,700 feet above the sea. Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is 6,288 feet high. The Alleghanies consist of parallel ranges of gigantic upheaval, like enormous waves in a sea of mountains a hundred miles wide. They are composed of granite and gneissoid rocks of much older date than those of either Alps or Andes. They were elevated before the vast coal measures that fill their basins were deposited, as the capping of the mountains consists of strata of conglomerate rocks which dip beneath the coal beds in the valleys. The rush of the retreating waters as the land was raised above the sea, appears to have opened those "gaps" in the mountains which form such a peculiar feature in their scenery, and which could not have been produced by the action of any existing stream. Embedded in their rocky heart are exhaustless

resources of coal and iron; and in places, gold, silver, and lead ores occur.

For a long period this range formed a barrier to the western extension of the English colonization of the seaboard. The interior was accessible chiefly through the valleys of the Chesapeake, Susquehanna, Delaware and Hudson. The mountain recesses were the resort of wild beasts and savage Indian tribes, that for generations laid waste the frontier settlements. Their slopes were the "dark and bloody ground" of Indian warfare. The military expeditions across the mountains of Washington, Braddock, Forbes, and Bouquet form the most stirring episodes in the colonial annals.

The potent genius of modern civilization has now built its iron road over the mountains, spanned with solid viaducts their rivers, bound in fetters their turbulent streams and made them toil in mill or factory for the welfare of man, divided into the rocky strata for the hidden riches there stored up, and opened the obscurest ravines and recesses to the wandering geologist, sportsman, or tourist in search of the picturesque. Taking a seat in a luxurious palace-car in any of the seaboard cities, one is whirled without an effort



ENTRANCE TO WILD CAT GLEN.



WILD CAT GLEN.

through the romantic gorges and over the summit of the Alleghanies,—on and on across the great central plateau of the continent, and over the mighty ranges of the Rocky Mountains to the shores of the Pacific Sea.

In a previous paper we described this route by way of the Pennsylvania Railway, as far as the head waters of the Juniata River. We will now resume our description of the journey over the Alleghanies, through some of the finest mountain scenery in America.

On the eastern slope or terrace of the Alleghanies there is much fine scenery, not of the sublime and stern, but of a graceful and picturesque character. An example of this we may pause to notice before plunging into the sea of mountains. Wild Cat Glen is a romantic ravine on the Upper Susquehanna, once the haunt of the ferocious lynx, from which it takes its name. The entrance gives little promise of the varied beauty of the Glen itself. A brawling stream plunges recklessly from ledge to ledge, making the forest vocal with its din, and gleaming, flecked with snowy white where the sunlight penetrates the shade. The Glen has been purchased by the Masonic fraternity as a summer resort for the brotherhood.

As the railway sweeps up the valley of the Juniata we enter a region of wilder and sterner character. On the mountain tops and in the secluded valleys eternal solitude seems to brood. On either side are bald, stately bluffs that never wore a smile. In their rocky hearts they keep the secret of their immemorial history, nor tell what forces upheaved them from the vasty deep and bared their lofty brow to heaven's kiss. Nestling in the valley, like a child at its mother's feet, may be seen comfortable farmsteads and fruitful orchards. Almost the only link with the great world beyond the hills is the swift rush of the train and the shrill scream of the engine—then silence and solitude again settle down on the Sleepy Valley. Such is the scene of which we catch a glimpse among the hills of Jack's Narrows, as shown in the accompanying engraving.

At times the valley broadens out into a bouldered plain, leaving wide intervals of fertile land smiling with green or golden fields of grain. In and out among the crowding, jostling hills meanders



IN JACK'S NARROWS.

the lazy stream, reflecting their beauty in its mirror-like surface. As seen from the hill tops, its silver-shining and sinuous course seems like the glistening folds of a huge serpent winding among the emerald hills. Such a scene is depicted in the engraving on the opposite page.

The thriving town of Huntingdon, in the midst of the mountain system of Pennsylvania, and surrounded by some of its most picturesque scenery, has a busy mining and manufacturing population of over thirty thousand. The town was laid out in 1777 by the Rev. Dr. William Smith, provost of the University of Pennsylvania. He named it in honour of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who had been a munificent donor to the funds of the University. Thus the memory of the pious patroness of Whitefield and the Wesleys is forever associated with this beautiful town among the mountains, in the heart of America.

Near the town are some exceedingly bold rock formations. The majestic architecture of nature is of a very striking character, like the huge masonry of the Titans in the days when the earth was young. The rocks are mostly limestone, which the frost and rains and weathering agencies of nature have carved into a thousand fantastic forms. One of these groups, known as Pulpit Rock, is shown in the engraving on page 297. The broad surface of the river gleams like a burnished shield. At the base of the cliffs the lazy canal boat and the swift train convey the treasures of coal and iron from their matrix in the mountains to their varied destinations near and far.

As the train glides rapidly onward, we are hardly conscious that we are steadily climbing the mountains. But such is the fact. Imperceptibly wider and wider horizons sweep around us—vaster and vaster becomes the field of vision. A botanist would notice, also, that the sylvia and flora become more northern in character. Pines and spruces, aspens and larches take the place of the hardwood trees of the lowlands. The rock strata protrude more conspicuously through the thin covering of vegetable soil, as though the earth were getting out at elbows. The eastern aspect of the rocks is weathered and storm-stained, and covered with incrustations of red, brown, and gray lichens. The breeze that sweeps by brings the refreshing coolness of the



SCENE ON THE JUNIATA.

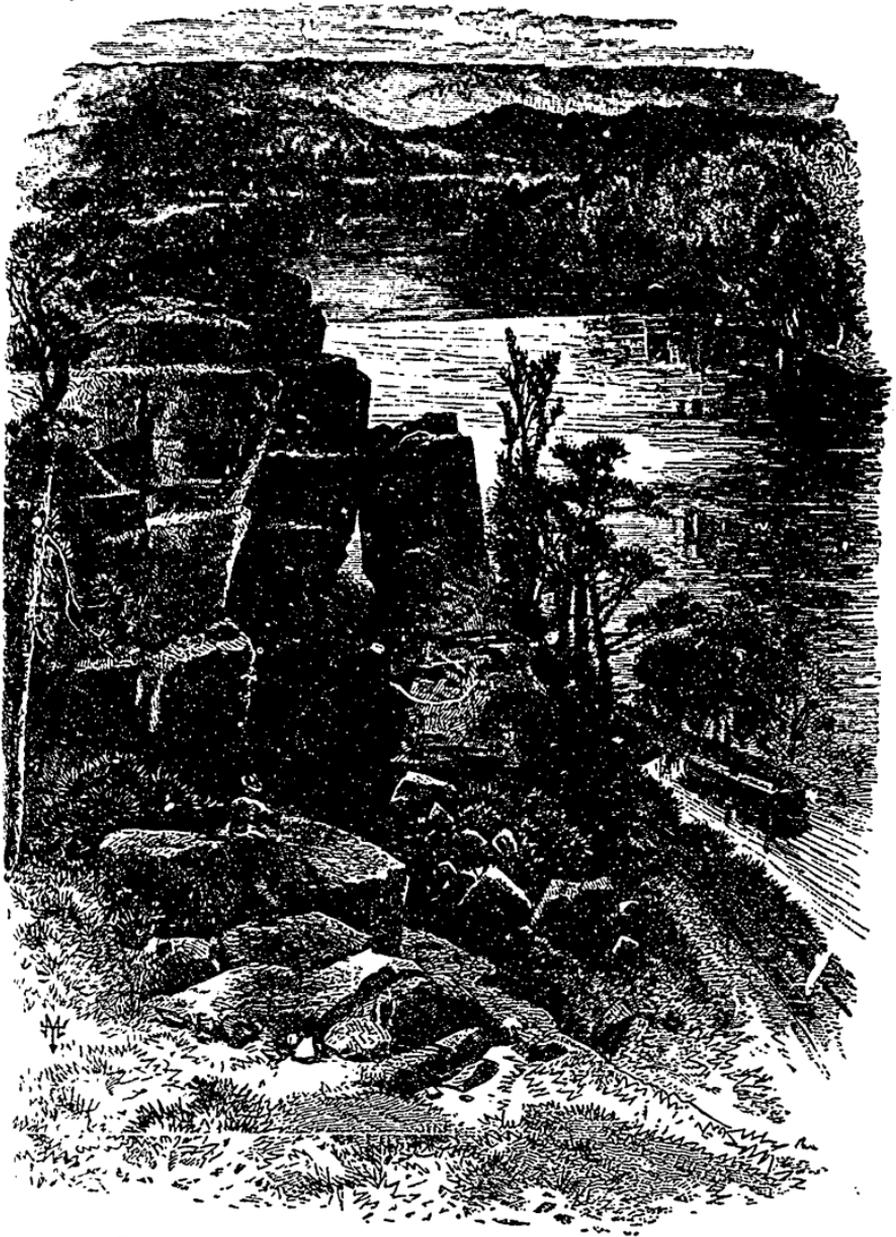
mountains on its breath. The scenery around Spring Hill Cave, shown in the engraving on page 299, is a fine specimen of this sub-Alpine character. The cave has also an interest from the fact that the stream, which enters in a channel twenty feet wide,

never appears again. Like an unwary traveller beguiled into a robbers' den and there murdered, its innocent life is swallowed up in the darkness and it is heard of no more. Three hundred yards from the entrance yawns a deep chasm, into which the waters plunge and are whirled and churned with terrific force. Large logs and pieces of timber are immediately carried out of sight, but where they go has never been ascertained—no outlet for the waters has ever been discovered.

Altoona is the summit city of the Pennsylvania Railway. It is entirely the creation of the Railway Company. In 1850 its site was a wilderness, but the necessities of the road caused it to be selected as the location of its principal workshops. It has now 11,000 inhabitants, eleven churches, a public school with 1,800 pupils, two daily and three weekly papers, and all the adjuncts of advanced civilization. The Company has carefully fostered the best interests of its employees by establishing and maintaining a school, mechanics' library and reading room, water-works, steam fire engine, etc. In this way the best skilled labour of the country is secured and held.

On leaving Altoona, we soon become conscious that we are ascending a steep grade. In fact we are climbing the mountains at the rate of ninety feet in a mile. Two strong engines are attached to the train, and the deep and heavy panting of these Titans tell what giants' labour they are accomplishing. The valleys, to use the language of Mr. Sipes, seem to be sinking, the horizon widens, and new mountains spring, as if by magic, into view. The gorge continues to deepen as the train ascends, until the tops of the tallest trees are far below, and the few cottages visible seem lost in an impenetrable chasm. At Kittanning Point the road is carried around a curve that is a wonder of engineering skill. The valley separates into two chasms, but by a grand horse-shoe curve, the sides of which are, for some distance, parallel with each other—giving trains travelling the same way the appearance of moving in entirely different directions—the road sweeps across the ravines on a high embankment, and makes for itself a foothold on the slope of the mountain. See frontispiece and engraving which faces page 300.

Looking eastward from the curve at the early dawn, the view



PULPIT ROCKS, NEAR HUNTINGDON, ON THE JUNIATA.

as shown in the latter engraving is peculiarly impressive. The train glides on in the shadow of the mountain like a moving village all alight. The broad valley lies far below, dimly seen through the morning mist. The vast and shadowy hills roll away

in billowy swells to the far horizon, fainter and fainter in the distance. The eastern sky is full of the promise of the dawn. A soft pearl gray spreads along the horizon, then deepens to a pale saffron and a warm russet hue. Horizontal bars of cloud are now tinged with crimson and gold. The ancient hills seem to thrill beneath the dawn's first kiss upon their brow. And now the regal sun appears like a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. A thousand homesteads and hamlets among the foldings of the hills wake to life. The forests fling all their leafy banners out; the dew-washed flowers swing their censers in the morning air, and the birds trill their matin song, and another new day is born. As we dwell upon the scene, Longfellow's beautiful poem entitled "Daybreak," is brought to mind :

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow, the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hoar."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

"The very summit of the mountain ridge is now almost reached. A shrill scream burst from the engine, and in a moment more the darkness of the great tunnel enshrouds all. The victory has been gained,—the barrier overcome,—and the iron horse is



FOREST SCENE. ALLEGHANIES—SINKING SPRING CAMP

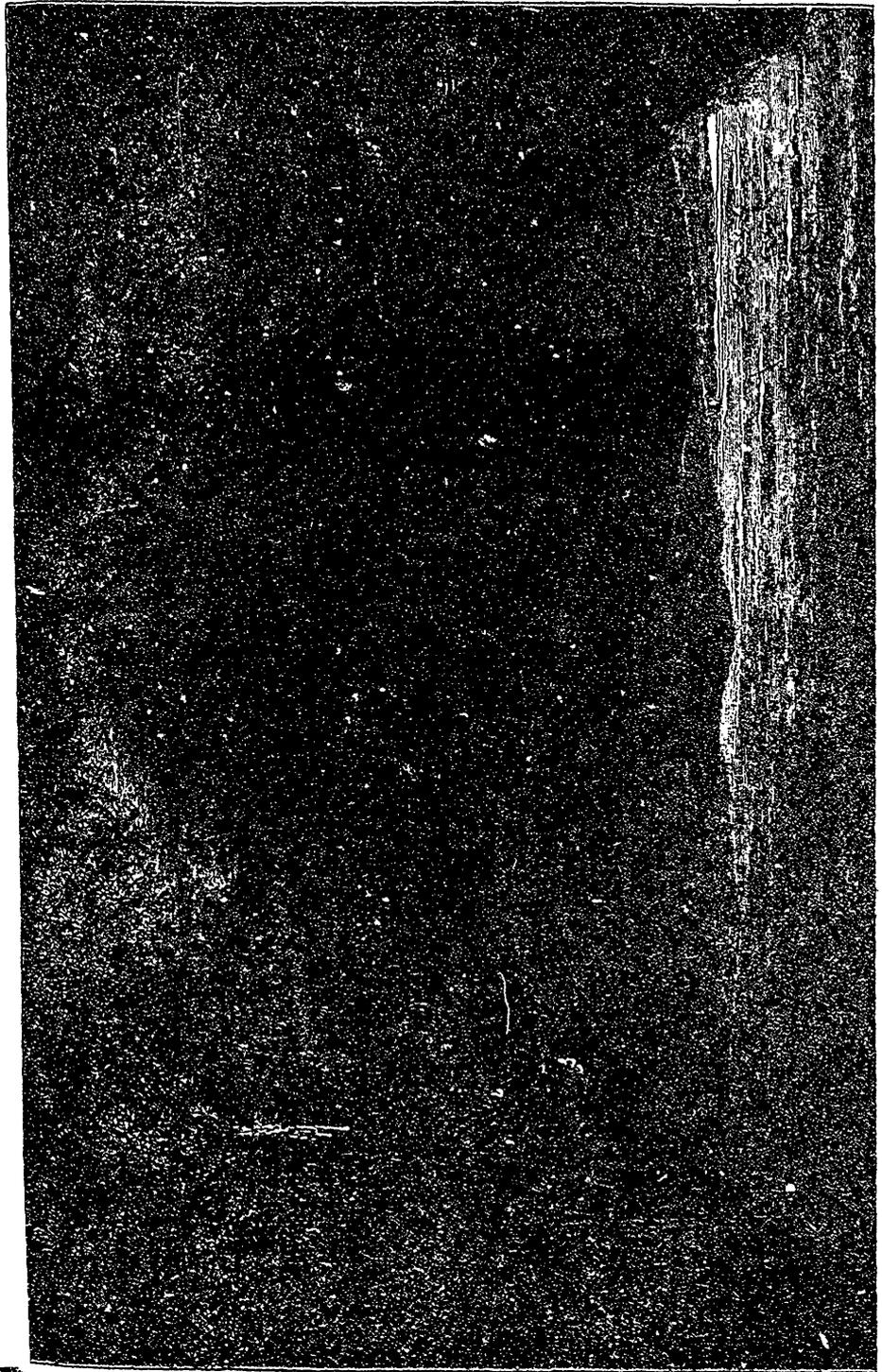
dashing over the summit, more than two thousand feet above the tide line of the Atlantic." Out into the sunlight rushes the train, waving in triumph its snowy pennon of steam in the morning air. The little rivulet by the side of the road is a tributary to the Ohio, which finds its way through the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico. The one at the eastern end of the tunnel flows into the Juniata, through that into the Susquehanna, and finds its destination in the Chesapeake. The waters born of the same summer cloud, after a devious course of a thousand miles, find their way into diverse seas five hundred miles apart.

So, mayhap, two lives, born beneath the same star, nurtured at the same fount, fostered by the same influences, may develop world-wide differences of character and destiny. Causes apparently trivial may decide their future for time and for eternity. An obstruction that one's foot might remove determines whether the waters of these springs upon the mountain top shall descend their eastern or western slopes; but soon half a continent interposes its impassible barrier between. So in our life-career it may happen that some trifle light as air may determine our destiny—that some temptation not resisted, or some obstacle not overcome, may be for us the crisis of fate—the crisis which shall determine whether our life shall be a fertilizing current, gladdening a continent, or a malarious, poison-breathing stream in wandering mazes and in stagnant marshes lost.

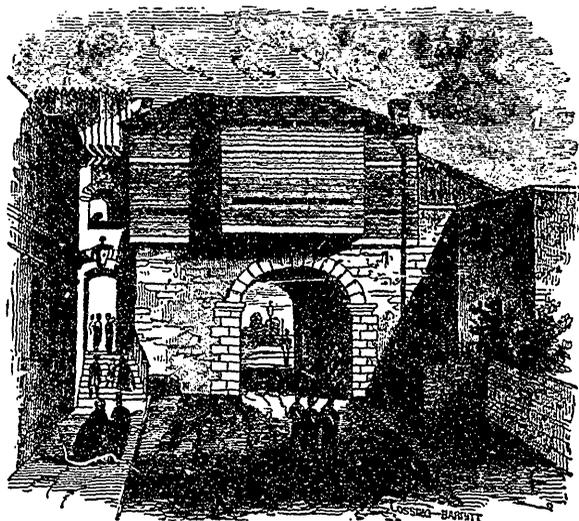
ONLY A CROSSING OVER.

ONLY a crossing over waters all dark and wide,
 Storms on the fearful billows, peace on the other side.
 Only one scene of anguish and sorrow in dark words told,
 Then a sweet sound of singing, softened by harps of gold.

Only one crossing over, sadness and shroud and bier
 Filling one hour of parting, ere he could enter there.
 Only one night of trial borne on the swelling tide;
 Then to the realms of glory safe by the Saviour's side.



THE GATES OF QUEBEC AND THE DUFFERIN
IMPROVEMENTS.



PRESCOTT GATE.

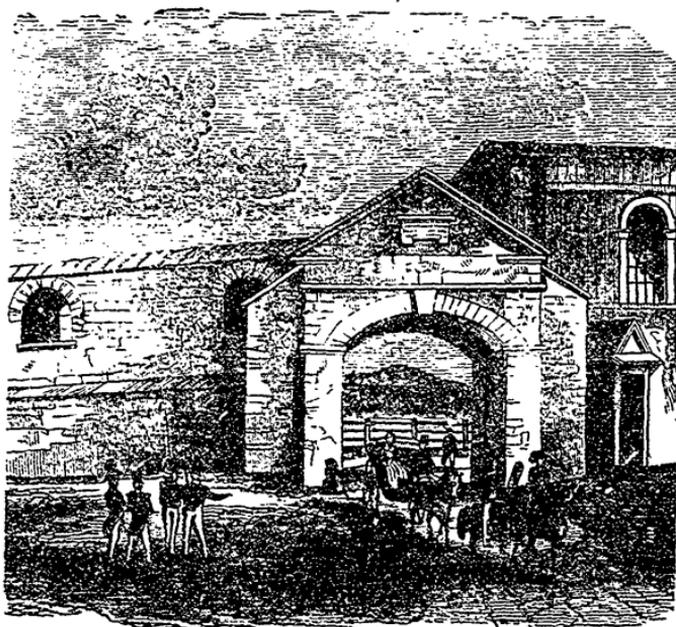
Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables
Like the rocks that round them throng.

—*Longfellow.*

No other city in America, and not many others in the world, can compare with Quebec in the heroic memories with which it is associated, or in the picturesque beauty of its site and surroundings. As the many-bastioned cliff rises on our view, its grand historic traditions throng upon our minds. The names of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, of Frontenac and D'Iberville, of Wolfe and Montcalm, like a bead-roll of heroes, are recalled. But most of all does the battlefield on which was lost to France and won to Great Britain the sovereignty of a continent kindle our patriotic emotions.

To the visitor from a distance the most interesting feature of Quebec is the air of quaint mediævalism by which it is charac-

terized, like a bit of the Old World transferred to the New. The unfamiliar language and customs of the French inhabitants intensify this foreign aspect. The massive fortifications and the wall around the Upper Town, as well as its natural picturesqueness of site, and the superb panorama of scenery by which it is surrounded, still further enhance the interest which it inspires. With the exception of Gibraltar and of Ehrenbreitstein on the Rhine, there is probably no fortress in the world that dominates in such a commanding manner a great water way, or holds the key of such an important strategic position. The great Armstrong guns on Cape Diamond could send a shot or shell through the deck of the strongest ironclad and sink it in a few minutes. The fortress itself is almost impregnable. Like a stern warder it guards this gateway of our country from all assault. We trust,



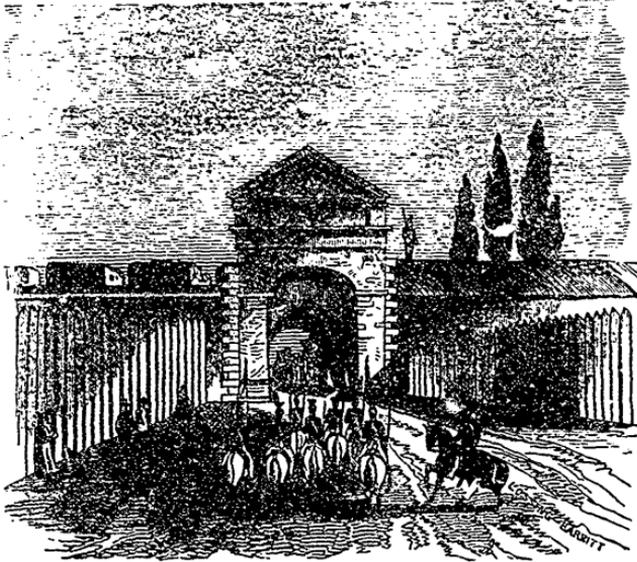
HOPE GATE.

however, that its strength for offense or defense will never be put to the test.

Quebec is not only the oldest city in America but it has had the most strangely eventful history. None have endured such numerous sieges nor been the scene of such important conflicts for empire. Byron's spirited lines to the acropolis of Corinth

may be applied with much of their original meaning to this proud fortress of Canada :

“ Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth ; yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands.
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land.”

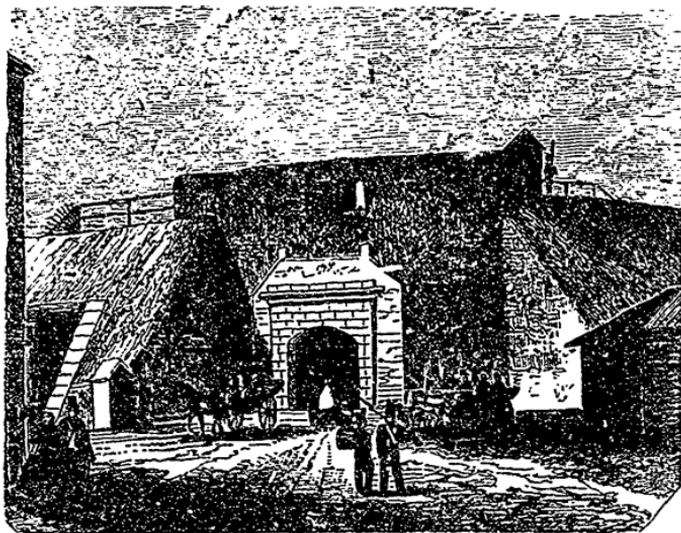


ST. LOUIS GATE.

There are few things which visitors to the old capital of Canada more deeply regret than the removal of its gates. It is true they were an intolerable obstruction to traffic, and gave the city almost the appearance of being perpetually in a state of siege. Nevertheless, the tourist in search of the picturesque found realized in them the object of his search, as rarely happens to that exacting character. But the march of improvement—or of destruction—has swept away all the old gates. The solitary St. John's Gate, erected in 1865, is the only representative of the ancient portals of the city. I shall give a brief account, with engravings, of each of these old gates, and of the improvements proposed under the patronage of His Excellency, Lord Dufferin, who has taken a deep interest in everything pertaining

to the ancient capital. I desire to express my indebtedness for the information given to the admirable volume of Mr. Le Moine,* than whom no man living is more familiar with the history and traditions of the city of Quebec.

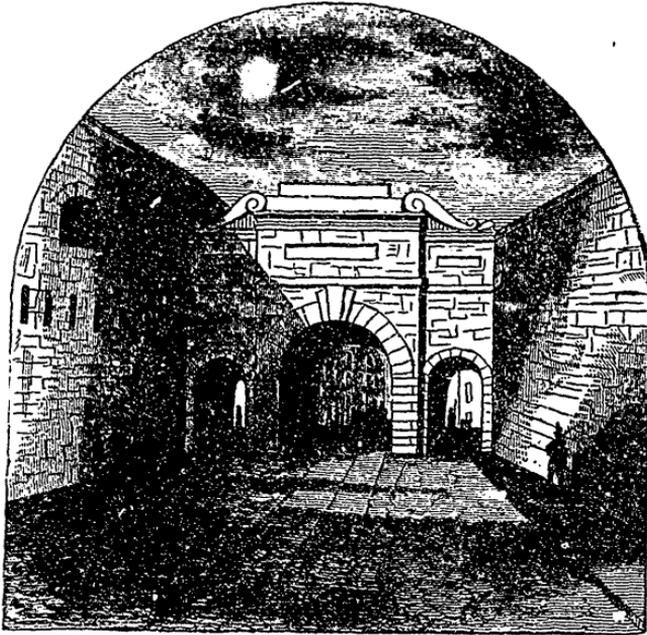
Under the French dominion, says Mr. Le Moine, the city had but three gates. The present fortifications are almost entirely of English construction. Prescott Gate, shown in the engraving at the head of this article, takes its name from Major-General Prescott, Governor-General of Canada, by whom it was erected in 1797. The heavy iron-plated portals, the grim-looking cannon that frowned through the embrasure, and the musketry loopholes above the gate gave it a formidable appearance. As this



OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

gate guarded the principal communication between the Upper and Lower Town, it was a great obstruction to the ceaseless traffic up and down Mountain Hill. It was, therefore, doomed to destruction in 1871, and now an uninterrupted roadway connects the two parts of the city.

* *Quebec Past and Present*. A History of Quebec from 1608 to 1876. By J. M. LE MOINE, author of "*L'Album du Touriste*," "*Maple Leaves*," etc. 8vo, pp. 466; illustrated. Quebec: Augustin, Côté & Co. I beg to express my thanks to Mr. Le Moine for his courtesy in procuring the admirable cuts with which this article is illustrated, and to their owners, Mr. Foote, the proprietor of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Dawson, of Dawson & Co., Quebec, for their kind permission to use them.



PALACE GATE.

Hope Gate, shown on page 302, was of still earlier construction, having been erected, as the inscription on the tablet above the gateway states, in 1786, and named in honour of General Hope, Commander of H. M. Forces in the province.* All the approaches to it were strongly protected, and from its position on the cliff it was almost unassailable.

The growth of the city has been so great that a very considerable portion of it is now without the walls. The devious zig-zag approaches to the gates, so arranged for facility of defense by means of flanking fire upon any attacking force, greatly interfered with communication between the parts of the city within

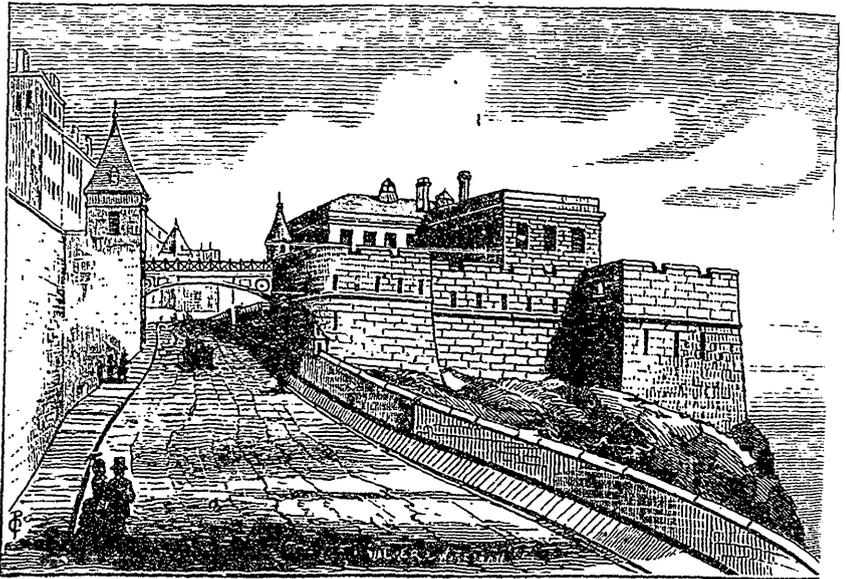
*The inscription reads thus :

HENRICO HOPE
COPIARUM DUCE ET PROVINCIAE SUB PREFECTO
PROTEGENTE ET ADJUVANTE
EXTRUCTA,
GEORGIO III., REGI NOSTRO.
ANNO XXVI. ET SALUTIS MDCCLXXXVI.

—Le Moine's "*Quebec Past and Present*," p. 351.

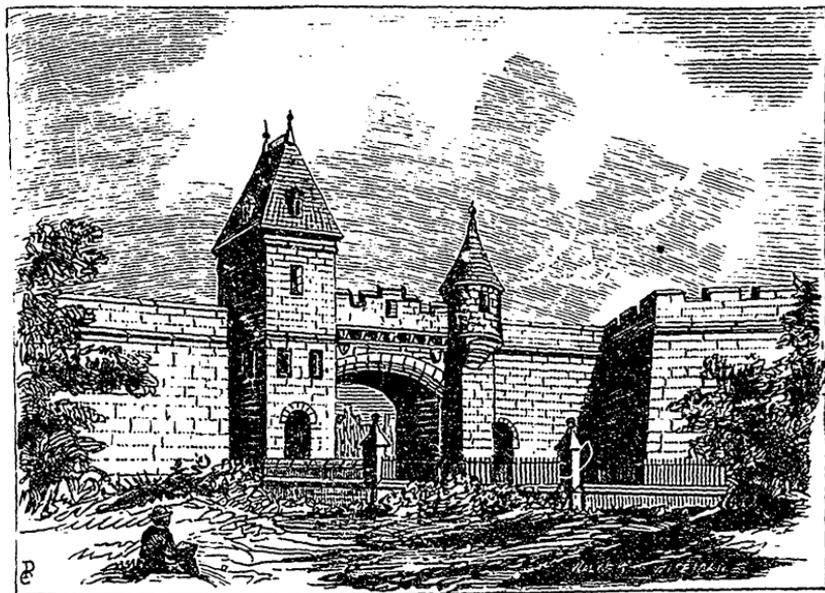
and without the walls. In consequence of this the gates have been removed and the approaches straightened. The St. Louis Gate was one of the three original gates of the city, but in 1791 it was so ruinous that it had to be demolished and rebuilt. The gate shown on page 307 was finally removed in 1871.

St. John's Gate was also one of the original exits from the city. It was first erected in 1694. It was through it and the St. Louis Gate that a great portion of Montcalm's army passed after the defeat on the Plains of Abraham. The recent structure



PROPOSED IRON BRIDGE ON SITE OF PRESCOTT GATE.

shown in the engraving on page 308, formed a part of the "Wellington Fortifications" of 1823. But with the growth of the city it became quite too narrow for the tide of traffic which continually flowed through it. It was therefore razed in 1865. The present structure, with four capacious openings, was erected at a cost of \$40,000, after designs approved by the English War Office.

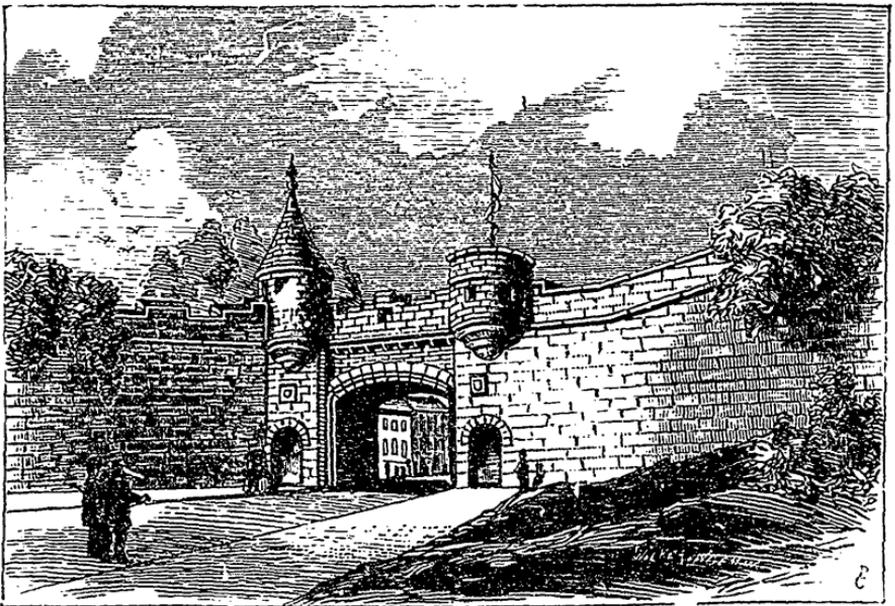


PROPOSED ST. LOUIS GATE.

Palace Gate, the only one remaining to be noticed, was also one of the three original gates of the city. It was through it that the defeated army of Montcalm passed down into the valley of the St. Charles and across the bridge of boats to the Beauport camp. The gate shown in the cut on page 305 was constructed in 1831, upon the model of one of the gates of Pompeii. A large oaken shield, bearing the *fleur de lis*, which was formerly attached to this gate, was taken from its place by General Murray, after the conquest of Quebec, and presented to the corporation of Hastings, England. In the town hall of that city it was suspended as a trophy, and there, probably, it still remains.

The far-famed citadel of Quebec is entirely of English construction. It covers an area of forty acres on the summit of Cape Diamond. Under the French rule there were some slight defensive works on that elevated site, but it was not till the war of American Independence had broken out that the British authorities began its thorough fortification. The citadel and its

walls were completed in 1832, after a design approved by the Duke of Wellington, at a cost, says Mr. Le Moine, of about \$25,000,000. It was about ten years in construction, and the stone and building material were hoisted up from vessels in the river by means of an inclined plane or tramway, the remains of which can still be seen. The strong gate of interwelded cable chains that intercepts the road to the citadel and the large citadel gate were erected under the administration of Lord Dalhousie, and the latter bears his name. The ramparts and bastions form a circuit around the city nearly three miles in extent. For mag-

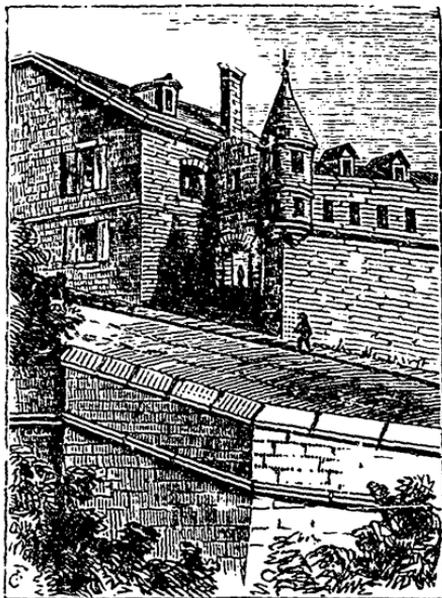


PROPOSED ST. JOHN'S GATE.

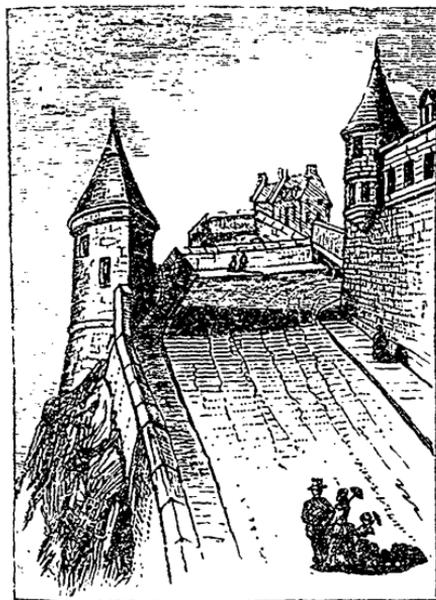
nificance of panoramic view this walk is probably unsurpassed in the world.

It was with a good deal of reluctance that Lord Dufferin, who takes a profound interest in the antiquities of Quebec, consented to the removal of the old gates and the cutting through of the walls of the city. Nevertheless, consideration for the wishes of the citizens and the necessity for increased facility of intercourse

with the suburbs induced him to yield these points. He has proposed, however, that all the gates should be bridged over with viaducts of iron or stone, so as to maintain the continuity of the fortifications. These proposed improvements are shown in the accompanying engravings, which have been generously prepared at the private expense of Mr. Foote, the proprietor of the *Quebec Morning Chronicle*, a gentleman who has ever manifested a



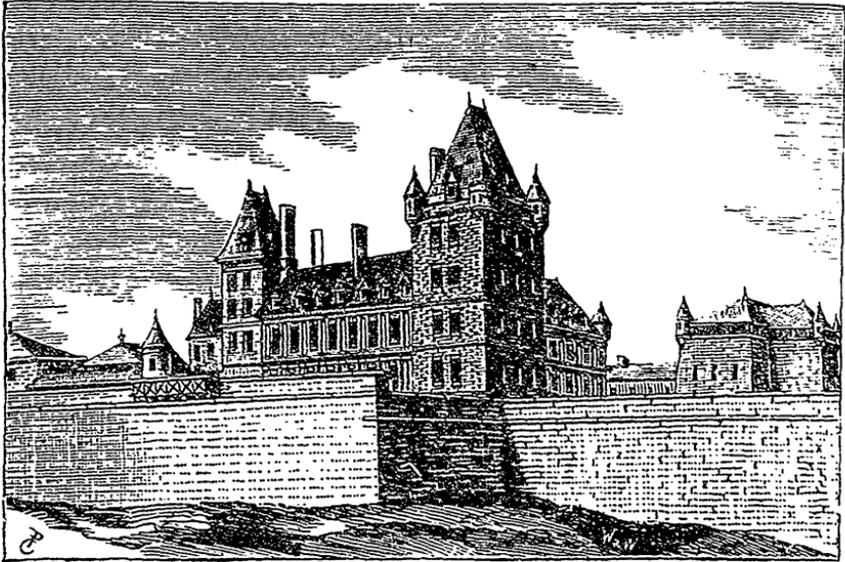
HOPE HILL.



ARTILLERY STORE, PALACE GATE.

deep interest in everything pertaining to the prosperity of the ancient city. The designs have been prepared by Mr. Lynn, an eminent civil engineer, under the direction of Lord Dufferin. It will be perceived that all the bridges or arches over the gates are flanked with picturesque Norman turrets, and the castellated style of architecture is in admirable keeping with the military character of the city. Lord Dufferin has fur-

Other proposed to construct a boulevard around the entire fortifications, which would make one of the grandest promenades and drives in the world, commanding an unrivalled view of far-rolling mountains, fertile valley, sail-studded river, and bastioned cliff and crag.



PROPOSED CHATEAU ST. LOUIS.

Furthermore, His Excellency suggests that on the lofty citadel hill should be erected a new vice-regal residence, or Chateau St. Louis, which should revive the ancient splendours of the historic residence of the ancient Governors of New France. As seen from the river, or any point from which the citadel is visible, this castellated chateau would worthily crown the height, and blend harmoniously with the scenery.

The execution of this grand design would be a magnificent memorial of one of the most popular governors who ever represented royal authority in Canada, and would be a worthy embellishment of the rock-built city, whose thrilling memories are so dear to all our hearts.

DEAD SEA ROSES.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY.
AUTHOR OF "THE CHIEN D'OR."

PART I.

THE Dead Sea roses ; have you seen them bloom ?
A knot of withered roots, plucked long before
In Jordan's shallow pools, were given me
By a swarth Syrian in quaint attire
Of red tarboush, striped gown and ankles bare.
I saw him standing in a bustling crowd
Of summer tourists from the world's four sides,
Going to see Niagara Falls one day
Of that centennial year, made jubilee
By half the continent—for freedom won.

"For freedom won"—that is the current phrase
That slips like smooth-worn coin from hand to hand.
For freedom that was neither lost nor won.
Canadians deem it but a servile plea
For what was done ; for none of English race
Were freedmen ; but, like Paul, freeborn. Too great
Perhaps for quiet living, they forgot
To render each to other, honour due,
Found cause of haughty quarrel in a straw,
And struck the blow, that in their kindred flesh
Left the red sword mark for a hundred years.

"Put them in water, sir ! and they will grow !"
Said the swarth Syrian. These withered roots,
Now looking dry as desert sands at noon,
When the faint camel crouches in the shade
Of some hot rock, his driver by his side,
Longing for the cool oasis far away.
"They need but water, sir, and they will grow,
Shoot forth green leaves and burst at last in flower,
How long 'soever they have dried and spent
Their strength in waiting for the master's hand
To give them water. Give it. They will grow,
And leaf, and bloom, as I have seen the pools
Of Jordan white with them, the summer long."

The man was like a picture I had seen
Of Oriental life, in look and garb,
Old, grey, and aquiline, with eyes as black

As ebon, and lank hands that held a tray
 Filled with outlandish trinkets—flagree,
 And goldsmith's work from Smyrna's old bazaars,
 With amulets of olive wood, and bits
 Chipped from the pavement of that dolorous way,
 The last one trodden by the Son of Man,
 Dragged for our sins, to die on Calvary.

But the dry roots with roses in them, hid,
 Like life in sheath of death, I fancied most.
 "Put them in water, sir! and they will grow,"
 Repeated as by rote the Syrian.

His English words were few, but they did stir
 Me strangely, as I touched the withered roots
 That blossomed once in Jordan, where the voice
 That spake on Sinai spake again: "This is
 My Son beloved in whom I am well pleased."
 And feet of priests bearing the ark of God
 Had brushed these roses in the river bed,
 When Jordan's waters stopped their downward flow
 And Israel's host passed over dry-shod. "Lo!"
 "A miracle!" the scientist exclaims,
 With fine Pyrrhonic sneer upon his lip;
 "Believe you that, against all nature's laws?"

"I do, my friend, as I believe in God.
 Not against nature's laws, but in accord
 With higher laws that link them to their Lord.
 The law of nature is God's rule on earth,
 In hard fast lines, that He alone can bend;
 And miracles the common law of heaven,
 Where all is spiritual flux and force,
 Not bound by earthly elements, but free,
 Like thought, creative of its own rare forms.
 At times and seasons, and for fitting ends,
 The law of higher life descends, enfolds,
 Not crushes nature's laws, but lifts them up
 Plastic to moral forces, till they take
 The shape and pressure of the life within.
 God lifts the veil sometimes. We look therein;
 And miracles are not miraculous,
 Except to him who doubts God or denies.
 To such, creation seems an empty show.
 Self-moving blindlings, whither, whence, or how,
 All his philosophy shall never know!"

"Put them in water, sir! and they will bloom!"
 Rang in my ear the Syrian's old refrain.
 I thought of life's sweet aftermath, that comes

Like the lush grass on fields that have been mown ;
Like second love to hearts sad and forlorn.
With softest rain and sunshine of the eyes,
Making the waste affections bloom again
With flowers autumnal of imperial hues,
Shedding their perfume in life's evening dews.
The splendour of the setting sun doth fill
The heart with longing for Edenic rest.
The fruit of knowledge is not happiness ;
Far otherwise, alas ! But I could bless
A quiet seat beneath the laden bough,
That bends with fruit, rich, ripe, and golden, all
My own to feast upon ; a rambling vine
That overruns my wall, no longer bare ;
A child's, a woman's love, to soothe my care,
And friends to sit with me my cup to share.

“ Put them in water, sir ! and they will grow ! ”
How many suffering souls are in sore need
Of pity, sympathy, and helpful hand
To ease their burthen ? Footsore and forlorn,
They tramp life's rugged road, outcasts of men,
But not outcasts of Him who died for them.
He bids His servants go and bring them in
From hedges, by-ways, lanes, to fill His house
With guests to eat the supper He prepared,
Which those first bidden did reject with scorn.

“ Put them in water, sir ! and they will grow ! ”
Few heeded the old Syrian's pleading words ;
Few cared to see the roses bloom again
Which Christ had looked upon in Jordan's pools.
The throng of tourists idling on the quay,
Impatient for the signal of the train,
Gazed oft toward the south to catch a glimpse
Of the white cloud that hovers o'er the Falls,
Or strained their ears, thinking they heard the sound
Of rumbling waters falling leagues away.
Both were illusions of that summer day ;
But there were grand realities in sight :
The lake, the river, and the ancient town,
Mother of towns in broad Ontario,
Green woods and plains ; Fort George in ruined heaps,
Niagara's lofty walls, and both renowned
In stirring legends of the days of yore ;
A story worth the telling were it told,
One that would burnish up like well rubbed gold.

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.—WAYSIDE SOWING.

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow ;
The highway furrows stock ;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow ;
Scatter it on the rock.

Thou know'st which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the preeious germs alive
When and wherever strewn.

Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garner in the sky.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

“SAY, Lawrence, have ye any other name ?” asked Dennis one day as he lay in his berth.

“Of course I have,” said Lawrence. “Why do you ask ?”

“Because I niver heard ye called anythin' else.” The shanty men do not often bestow on each other more than one appellation.

“What is it, any way ?” he continued.

“Temple,” was the reply.

“Timple ? Timple Lawrence. Well, that's a quare name, now.”

“No, Lawrence Temple,” said his friend, smiling at the national propensity to put the cart before the horse.

“Oh ! I thought Lawrence was the other name. And what for did they call you such an outlandish name as that ?”

"I was born on the shores of the St. Lawrence. So they called me after the grand old river, and after a good old saint."

"Are ye named after a saint, and ye a Protestant? Well, now, isn't that quare? An' how did ye get your other name?"

"My father's name was Temple. How else would I get it?"

"Av course, I didn't think o' that," said the slow-witted Dennis. After a pause he went on.

"Did ye iver know a praicher o' the name o' Timple?"

"My father was a preacher," said Lawrence, wondering if here was another link with that father's memory.

"Where did yer father praich?" asked Dennis.

"Oh! he preached all over—from the Ottawa to the Bay of Quinte," was the rather indefinite reply.

"Did he now?" exclaimed Dennis, in open-mouthed amazement. "Why, he must have been a bishop, or a canon, or some big gun or other in the Church. Wasn't he?"

"No," said Lawrence, "he was a plain Methodist minister."

"Why, thê man I know'd was a Methodist too," continued the somewhat bewildered Irishman. "An' he used to praich at the Lock's, near Kingston, ye know. There wuz a lot of men workin' at the canal—the Rideau canal, d'ye mind? And this praicher used to come there ivery two weeks. An' I worked wid Squire Holton, an Englishman. Och, an' the good farmer he wuz: Ony to see the prathies and the oats he raised. An' this praicher allus comed to his house, d'ye mind? An' I used to take care av his horse, for he allus rode on horseback, exceptin' when he walked; an' then he didn't, av coorse. An' he was the dacent gintleman, if he wor a Protestant. An' I mind he allus comed to the stable, no matter how cowld or wet he wuz—an' sometimes he wuz powerful wet, ridin' through the bad roads,—an' the roads wuz bad, shure enough, in the spring and fall.

"Well, as I wuz sayin' he allus comed to the stable to see his horse rubbed down and fed—an' its himself knew how to curry a horse be-yutiful, for all he wuz a rale gintleman. 'The merciful man is merciful to his baste, Dennis,' he'd say. An' though he niver gave me saxpince to drink his honour's health, though it's meself often gave him the hint that it wouldn't come amiss, yet many's the time he gave what's betther; he gave me hapes

o' good advice. 'Deed if I had followed it I'd be a betther man the day. An' one day, he says, says he, in his pleasant way, ye mind, 'Dinnis,' says he, 'my health's all right, an' the best dhrink for ye're health is jist cowld wather.' It was his little joke, ye know.

"But I thought I'd be even wid him, an' I up and towld him what Father O'Brady, the praste, said to the tavern-kaper, 'that I just tuk a wee drap for my stomach sake, like Timothy,' ye mind. But didn't he get the joke on me? 'Ye're name's not Timothy,' says he, 'an' there's nuthin' the matther wid ye're stomach, by the way ye made the prathies disappear at dinner.' An' well he knew, for he sat right forninst me at the table, ye see. More by token it 'ud be a long time in the ould coontry afore I'd sit down at the table wid a parson all in black—only he wasn't in black but in butternut, but he had the white choker anyway: an' a rale clergyman he was too, as much as Father O'Brady or any o' thim, if he wuz a Protestant.

"When I was a poor dhrunken body, an' no man cared for my sowl, he talked to me like a father, he did, though he worn't as ould as meself. An' he tuk me one day into the hay mow—'twas jist as he was laving the sarcuit, as they called it—an' he made me knale down wid him on a truss o' hay. An' he knaled down beside me, an' he prayed for me—for me that niver prayed for meself, an' he cried over me, an' he made me promise to quit the dhrink. An' I did for a whole year, I did. Ohone! I wisht I had quit it forever! I think I see him yet, wid the tears a-rinnin' down his cheeks, and him a-talkin' to the Almighty as if he saw Him face to face. Blessed 'argin! it's himself I see forninst me!"

The illusion was not unnatural, for Lawrence was very like his father. He had let Dennis run on in his garrulous way, knowing by experience that to interrupt him or to try to bring him to the point was, like trying to guide an Irish pig to market by a cord fastened to its leg, only to make his wanderings still more erratic. He had listened with deep interest, and his sympathies were so aroused by the progress of the story that the tears stood in his eyes.

"It was my own dear father, Dennis," he said solemnly.

"Ye're fayther," exclaimed Dennis, the conviction of the fact bursting upon his mind like a flash. "An' so it was, blessin's on him, an' on ye too. I might have know'd it, ef it worn't for my born stupidity. Shure the saints haven't forgot me intirely to give me *two* such friends. They've got their hooks into me shure. An' to think that I trated the son of his riverence, Parson Timple, as I trated ye! I'm shure the divil must have *his* hooks into me, too, an' atween em both I don't know which way they'll drag me, to heaven or hell. O wretched man that I am, who shall save me from meself!" And he threw himself in a paroxysm of impassioned grief on his bed, unconscious that he had echoed the cry of the great Apostle of the Gentiles which has been the cry of awakened souls, struggling with their heart of unbelief, through the ages, and shall be to the end of time.

Lawrence kindly pointed him to the only refuge of sinners, trusting in whom the Apostle Paul was able to change his cry of anguish into the doxology of joy, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lōrd."

A few days after, Dennis said to his friend,

"What wuz the name of that Saint ye wor called afther, Mr. Lawrence, dear?"

"Why, Saint Lawrence, of course, who else should it be?" was the reply.

"Wuz it now? But av coorse it wuz, if I had only thought. Wuz he an Irish Saint, now?"

"No, he was a Roman. You never heard his story, I suppose."

"No, nor his name, nayther."

"Well, he was one of the seven archdeacons of the Church at Rome when it was a pagan city, sixteen hundred years ago. The Christians were bitterly persecuted by a heathen Emperor whose name was Valerian. And Lawrence, who had charge of the property of the Church, its silver vessels and the like, thought it no harm to sell them to feed the poor starving persecuted Christians."

"Nayther it was, I'm shure!" interjected Dennis.

“One day,” continued the narrator of the ancient legend, “the Emperor sent a soldier to Lawrence to command him to give up the treasures of the Church. And he took the soldier to a room where were a lot of the old, and sick and poor people whom he had rescued, and he said, ‘These are the treasures of the Church.’ And the soldier wouldn’t believe but that he had gold hidden somewhere, and dragged him before the Emperor, and he was cruelly scourged, and, they say, broiled to death upon a grid-iron.”

“Och! murther, now, wasn’t that the cruel thing to do!” exclaimed the sympathetic listener; “and was *he* a Catholic!”

“He was a Catholic, as all good Christians are Catholics,” said the namesake of the Saint, who would not relinquish to any section of the Church, that grand old title of the Church Universal.

“But ye said he was a Roman,” exclaimed Dennis triumphantly, “so he must have been a Roman Catholic, and that is the best sort I’m thinkin’. Shure ye read me yerself the other night, Saint Paul’s ’pistle to Romans. Did he iver write one to the Methodists now?”

Lawrence was compelled to admit that he had not; but he explained that the Methodist Church had only been in existence for about a hundred years.

“And how long since Paul wrote his ’pistle to the Romans?” asked Dennis eagerly, full of controversial zeal for the honour of his Church.

“Nearly eighteen hundred years,” replied Lawrence.

“An’ is the Catholic Church seventeen hundred years older than the Methodis’? Well, I’m thinkin’ I’ll jist wait till yours catches up to mine afore I’ll jine it.”

Lawrence, more anxious to have the man become a Christian than to have him become a Methodist, waived further argument, knowing that the breath of controversy often withers the tender flowers of religious feeling in the soul.



A LOG LANDING.

(From "The Wooden Age," in *Scribner's Monthly*.)

CHAPTER VIII.—THE LUMBER CAMP IN WINTER.

All night the snow came down, all night,
Silent and soft and silvery white ;
Gently robing in spotless folds
Town and tower and treeless wolds ;
On homes of the living, and graves of the dead,
Where each sleeper lies in his narrow bed ;
On the city's roofs, on the marts of trade,
On rustic hamlet and forest glade.

When the morn arose, all bright and fair,
A wondrous vision gleamed through the air ;
The world, transfigured and glorified,
Shone like the blessed and holy Bride—

The fair new earth, made free from sin,
All pure without and pure within,
Arrayed in robes of spotless white
For the Heavenly Bridegroom in glory dight.

—WITHROW.

THAT beautiful season, the Canadian autumn, passed rapidly by. The air was warm and sunny and exhilarating by day, though cool by night. The fringe of hardwood trees along the river's bank, touched by the early frost as if by an enchanter's wand, was changed to golden and scarlet and crimson, of countless shades, and, in the transmitted sunlight, gleamed with hues of vivid brilliancy. The forest looked like Joseph in his coat of many colours, or like a mediæval herald, the vaunt courier of the winter, with his tabard emblazoned with gules and gold.

Then the autumnal gusts careered like wild bandits through the woods, and wrestled with the gorgeous-foliaged trees, and despoiled them of their gold, and left them stripped naked and bare to shiver in the wintry blast. In their wild and prodigal glee they whirled the stolen gold in lavish largess through the air, and tossed it contemptuously aside to accumulate in drifts in the forest aisles, and in dark eddies by the river side. Then the gloomy sky lowered, and the sad rains wept, and the winds, as if stricken with remorse, wailed a requiem for the dead and perished flowers.

But there came a short season of reprieve before stern winter asserted his sway. A soft golden haze, like the aureole round the head of a saint in Tintoretto's pictures, filled the air. The sun swung lower and lower in the sky, and viewed the earth with a pallid gleam. But the glory of the sunsets increased, and the delicate intricacy of the leafless trees was relieved against the glowing western sky, like a coral grove bathing its branches in a crimson sea.

Clouds of wild pigeons winged their way in wheeling squadrons through the air, at times almost darkening the sun. The wedge-shaped fleets of wild geese steered ever southward, and their strange wild clang fell from the clouds by night like the voice of spirits from the sky. The melancholy cry of the loons and solitary divers was heard, and long whirring flights of wild ducks

rose from the water in the dim and misty dawn to continue their journey from the lonely northern lakes and far off shores of Hudson's Bay to the genial Southern marshes and meres, piloted by that unerring Guide who feedeth the young ravens when they cry and giveth to the beasts of the earth their portion of meat in due season.

The squirrels had laid up their winter store of acorns and beach nuts and could be seen whisking their bushy tails around the bare trunks of the trees. The partridges drummed in the woods, and the quail piped in the open glades. The profusion of feathered game gave quite a flavour of luxury to the meals of the shanty-men, and was a temptation that few resisted to spend the hours of Sunday beating the woods or lurking on the shore for partridge or duck.

One morning, however, late in November, a strange stillness seemed to have fallen on the camp. Not a sound floated to the ear. A deep muffled silence brooded over all things. When Lawrence rose and flung open the door of the shanty the outer world seemed transfigured. The whole earth was clothed in robes of spotless white, "so as no fuller on earth can white them," like a bride adorned for her husband. Each twig and tree was wreathed with "ermine too dear for an earl." The stables and sheds were roofed as with marble of finest Carrara, carved into curving dripts with fine sharp ridges by the delicate chiseling of the wind. A spell seemed brooding over all,

Silence, silence everywhere—
On the earth and on the air ;

and out of the infinite bosom of the sky the feathery silence continued to float down.

But, alas ! earth's brightest beauty fades, its fairest loveliness is oftentimes defiled. Soon the trampling of teamsters, and horses, and lumbermen besmirched and befouled the exquisite whiteness of the snow. But the untrodden forest aisles, and the broad ice-covered river, and the distant hills retained their virgin purity all winter long.

The lumbering operations were carried on with increased vigour during the winter season. War was waged with redoubled zeal

upon the forest veterans, which, wrapping their dark secrets in their breasts and hoary with their covering of snow, looked venerable as Angelo's marble-limbed Hebrew seers. When beneath repeated blows of the axe, like giants stung to death by gnats, they tottered and fell, the feathery flakes flew high in air, and the huge trunks were half buried in the drifts. Then, sawn into logs or trimmed into spars, they were dragged with much shouting and commotion by the straining teams to the river brink, or out on its frozen surface, as shown in the engraving at the head of this chapter, to be carried down by the spring freshets toward their distant destination.

One night, when the snow lay deep upon the ground and a biting frost made the logs of the shanty crack with a report like a pistol shot, quite an adventure occurred in the camp. It was long after midnight, and the weary lumbermen were in their deepest sleep. The fire had smouldered low upon the hearth, and had become a bed of still burning embers. Suddenly there was heard a tremendous commotion as of scratching and clawing on the roof, then a heavy thud on the hearth as from some falling body. This was immediately followed by a deep growl that startled out of sleep everybody not already awake. A smell of singed hair filled the shanty. A large black object was dimly seen in the faint light rolling on the hearth, frantically scattering the red hot coals with its paws. Presently the strange object rolled off the elevated hearth and ran furiously round the large room, and finally attempted to climb one of the bunks. The occupant of the latter, a profane man, and a bully among his comrades, was at heart an arrant coward—as bullies always are. He thought that his last hour had arrived, and that the arch-enemy of mankind had come for his victim, and roared lustily for help. Lawrence, whose bunk was near, although the fellow had been foremost in the persecution of himself, ran to his assistance.

Leaning against the wall was a cant-hook, an instrument much used by lumbermen for rolling logs. It consists of a stout wooden lever, near the end of which is attached by a swivel a strong curved iron bar with a hook at its extremity. Seizing this Lawrence flung it over the bear's head, for bear it was, and

held him pinned to the ground by means of the hook. His friend O'Neal now ran up with a gun which he had hastily snatched from the rack above his bunk. Placing the muzzle close to the bear's head he pulled the trigger expecting to see the animal roll over on the floor. The cap snapped but no flash followed.

"Och, murther," exclaimed Dennis, "it's not loaded at all, shure ! Didn't I draw the charge last night not expecting a visit from a bear before morning !"

Here Bruin, finding the constraint of his position irksome, made a violent struggle and burst away from Lawrence. He went careering round the shanty among the half-dressed men, upsetting benches and tables, snapping and snarling all the while, vigorously belaboured by the shanty-men with clubs, crowbars, and sled-stakes. At last he was driven to bay in a corner. A gun was brought to bear upon him. He received its discharge with a growl and was soon despatched with an axe.

It was found in the morning that, attracted probably by the smell of the bacon that had been cooked for supper, whose savoury odours still filled the shanty, he had climbed on the roof by means of a "lean to" reaching near the ground. The crust of snow near the central opening breaking under his weight, he was precipitated, greatly to his own consternation, as well as that of the inmates of the shanty, plump into the middle of the hearth. His fat carcass made, however, some amends for his unwelcome intrusion, and many a laugh the shanty-men enjoyed over the tender bear-steaks as they recounted the adventures of the night. To Lawrence, by universal assent, was awarded the skin, which proved a comfortable addition to his bed, as well as enabling him to fulfil the parting injunction of his brother Tom.

Poor Dennis did not soon hear the last of his exploit in shooting the bear with an empty gun, but he good-naturedly replied,

"Shure, who expected to see a baste like that come in the door through the roof without so much as 'By yer lave?' or even knockin'?"

The pluck and coolness and daring exhibited by Lawrence on this occasion found him much favour in the eyes of the motley community of shanty-men, as physical courage always will, even

with those who had not appreciated the far nobler quality of his previous exhibitions of moral daring. They saw that the "gentleman," as they had resentfully called him, on account of his quiet personal dignity, was no milksop, at all events, and his boldness in the hour of confusion and danger was contrasted with the craven fear of the bully and pugilist of the camp.

"The Chevalier de la Tour," exclaimed Baptiste, "could not have been braver."

"He was quite a Cœur de Lion," chimed in Matt Evans.

"What's that?" asked one of the men.

"It means he haf de heart of a lion," said Baptiste.

"'Egot the 'eart of the bear any 'ow," remarked a burly Yorkshireman, not seeing the force of the metaphor, "and uncommon good heatin' it were."

During the cold weather the men no longer wandered in the woods on Sunday, but lounged around the camp, some firing at a mark, others snow-balling or indulging in rude horse play. Dennis O'Neal had completely abandoned his Sabbath-breaking practices, and Lawrence read the Bible to him and some others whom he invited to join him. A few loungingly assented and listened indifferently for a while, and then sauntered away. It might be called a Bible-class, only Lawrence answered all the questions, and he had the only Bible in the class. Dennis laboriously endeavoured to learn to read the large type advertisements of an old copy of the *Quebec Chronicle*. He said it was harder work than chopping. And so it looked, to see him crouched with contracted brow and pursed up mouth over the paper, following the letters with his clumsy fingers.

One Sunday he said to Lawrence, "Couldn't ye tip us a bit of a sarmint, my boy? Ye seem a chip o' the ould block, an' ye ought to have praicher's timber in ye, if ye're a son o' yer fayther."

Lawrence was somewhat startled at the suggestion, but he modestly disavowed any ability to teach much less preach to his fellow labourers.

"Here we are all livin' like a lot o' haythens, and sorra a bit o' difference betune Sunday and Monday, except that the men smoke, and swear, and play cards more. Shure can't ye talk to

us all, as ye talked to me, out o' the Good Book, d'ye mind, that time I was hurted?"

A great qualm came over Lawrence's soul at these words. He promised to give an answer before night. He then went out into the wintry woods to think and pray over the matter. The spruces and pines stretched out their snow-laden arms as if waving benedictions upon him.*

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere !
Nature with folded hands seemeth there
Kneeling at her evening prayer,
As one in prayer he stood.

He had endeavoured conscientiously to discharge every duty, and believed himself willing, as he had told his mother, if God and the Church called him, and Providence opened his way to preach the Gospel. But he had thought that such a call must come in a regular way through the ordinary channel—through a vote of the quarterly meeting putting his name on the circuit plan as exhorter and local preacher.

But here, by the mouth of this illiterate Irishman, among rude men and far from Christian sympathy—could this be a call from God to bear this heavy cross? He knelt in the snow and prayed with such sense-absorbing earnestness that he did not feel the biting wind blowing on his bare forehead. He rose from his knees with the resolve that he would be willing to do God's will whatever it might be, but still without the conviction that this was the will of God for him. The doubt was to be solved for him sooner than he thought.

* See this idea beautifully expressed in Longfellow's sonnet on "The Benediction of the Trees."

Not only tongues of the apostles teach
Lessons of love and light, but these expanding
And sheltering boughs with all their leaves implore,
And say in language clear as human speech,
"The peace of God that passeth understanding,
Be and abide with you forever more."

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

THE CONVERSION OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

“WHO is the first and eldest of the gods?” asks the Scandinavian Edda, and gives the answer: “He is called Allfadir. He lives from all ages and rules all things great and small. He made heaven and earth and all that they contain. He made man, and gave him a soul that shall live and never perish, though the body turn to mould or burn to ashes. His is an infinite power, a boundless knowledge, an incorruptible justice. He cannot be confined within the enclosure of walls, nor represented by any likeness of living thing.”

Such was the sublime conception of our old Norse ancestors of the great Allfather of men. But with this august being was associated a progeny of lesser gods, impersonations of the powers of nature. The stern and savage scenery of the Scandinavian mountains and meres, desolate fiords, sombre forests, and swirling maelstroms, gave to the northern superstitions a peculiarly weird and awful character. The gods were incarnations of savage force and waged incessant war with the *Jotuns* or giants—Frost, Fire, and Tempest. Yet Balder, the beautiful, the Sun-god, who quickens with his smile the dead world to life ‘rom the icy rigours of winter, is a nobler conception than the far-dar’ing Phœbus Apollo, and the stern virtues of Odin and Thor shame the vices of Jupiter and Mars.

The religion of the North seems to us to have been instinct with a nobler ethical spirit and a purer morality than the sensuous worship of beauty of the soft and sunny isles of Greece. Hence, in the providence of God, the vigorous Gothic races were chosen to supplant the effete civilization of the South, and to become the fathers of modern Europe. The noble Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic civilization of the world to-day, the foster parent of social order, stable government, and religious liberty, is the result of the religion of the Bible grafted upon the sturdy stock

of that old Norse ancestry whose honest blood flows in all our veins. Many elements of our character and history, of our popular belief and folk-lore have their roots far back in that ancient past. In the very names of the days of the week, the memories of Thor and Woden, of Friga and Tuesco, are perpetuated. It is especially befitting that the sons of "that true North" of which the English laureate has sung should become familiar with the traditions which tell how the worship of the 'White Christ' took the place of the superstitions of the dark Odin:

A monkish legend records that as the Emperor Charlemagne was once banqueting at Narbonne, some strange swift barks were seen gliding into the harbour. None knew whence they came, but the company surmised that the crew were either Jewish, African, or British traders. The keen eye of the great Emperor soon perceived that this was no friendly visit. From the window he gazed long upon the hostile barks and the bystanders, continues the legend, observed tears in his eyes. At length, breaking the silence, he remarked, "It is not with merchandise that yonder vessels are laden. They bear most terrible enemies. It is not for myself that I am weeping, but to think that even while I am yet alive they have dared to approach these shores. What will they not do when I am dead?"

The fears of the far-seeing Emperor were only too well founded. Under the degenerate kings of the Carlovingian line,—Charles the Bald, Charles the Fat, Charles the Simple, and the other unworthy successors of Charles the Great—the piratical fleets of the Norseman ravaged the coasts, sailed up the rivers, sacked the towns and laid waste the fair fields of France.

"Take a map," writes Sir Francis Palgrave,* "and colour with vermilion the provinces, districts, and shores which the Northmen visited, as the record of each invasion. The colouring will have to be repeated more than ninety times successively before you arrive at the conclusion of the Carlovingian dynasty. Furthermore, mark by the usual symbol of war, two crossed swords, the localities where battles were fought by or against the pirates; where they were defeated or triumphant, or where they pillaged, burned,

* History of Normandy and England, vol. i., p. 419.

destroyed; and the valleys and banks of the Elbe, Rhine, and Moselle, Scheldt, Meuse, Somme, and Seine, Loire, Garonne, and Adour, the inland Allier and all the coasts and coastlands between estuary and estuary, and the countries between the river-streams will appear bristling as with *chevaux-de-frise*. The strongly fenced Roman cities, the venerated abbeys, and their dependent *bourgades*, often more flourishing and extensive than the ancient seats of government, the opulent seaports and trading towns, were all equally exposed to the Danish attacks, stunned by the Northmen's approach, subjugated by their fury."

Similar has been the history of Britain; and forms of speech, local names, seafaring instincts and many other characteristics give evidence of the frequent invasions and permanent influence of the stern sea-kings and their stormy followers. It is the strain of wild viking blood in the veins of her sailor sons that gives to Britain the empire of the waves, and flaunts her flag in every zone.

While these rude Northmen were thus extending their conquests from Iceland to Sicily, and even menacing Byzantium and Rome, there were men of the South who achieved over their victors more glorious victories than those of any sea-king of them all. Serge-clad missionary monks, with no weapons but their cross and missal, braved the wrath of the heathen to bring them to Christ. One of the most notable of these was Anskar, the Apostle of Denmark. He was born near Amiens in the first year of the ninth century, and even in childhood manifested an intense religious enthusiasm. While Anskar was still in his early youth, the Emperor Charlemagne died, and the story of his strange entombment profoundly affected the mind of the lad then an acolyte in the Abbey of Corbey. Deep were his searchings of heart as the monks whispered with bated breath in the cloisters of the Abbey, how the dead monarch was ensepulchred "sitting in his curule chair, clad in his silken robes, ponderous with broidery, pearls, and orfray, the imperial diadem on his head, his closed eyelids covered, his face swathed in the death-clothes, girt with his baldric, the ivory horn slung in his scarf, his good sword 'Joyeuse' by his side, the Gospel-book open on his lap,

musk and amber and sweet spices all around."* The youthful acolyte vividly realized the power of the great Conqueror who knocks alike at the palace of kings and the cottage of the peasant† and the solemn question was forced upon his thought, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" He devoted himself with a new and intenser consecration to a religious life, and a few years later he embraced with joy the opportunity of proceeding as a missionary to the country of the yet pagan Jutes and Danes.

After successful labours in Schleswig, he with a companion in labour pressed on with impassioned zeal to preach the Gospel amid the fiords and valleys of Sweden. But fierce Norse pirates captured the vessel, plundered the missionaries, and barely allowed them to escape with their lives. Undeterred by disaster, they reached the neighbourhood of Stockholm and won converts to the cross even in this stronghold of heathenism. Anskar, now a bishop, made Hamburg the centre of his diocese and redeemed from slavery many Christian youths, captured by the pirates. A heathen invasion, however, ravaged his diocese, pillaged and burned his church and monastery, and drove the missionaries as homeless fugitives amid the meres and marshes of the wild Baltic strand. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord," exclaimed the exiled bishop as he took his last look at the ruins of his devastated church. He strengthened his heart with the prophetic thought, "Whatsoever we have striven to accomplish for the glory of Christ shall yet, by God's grace, bring forth fruit; until the name of the Lord is made known to the uttermost ends of the earth."‡

And Anskar lived to see abundant fruit of his labours. Through the influence of such faith and zeal even the rude pirates of the North were led to repentance for sin and obedience to Christ. To the Saint they even ascribed miraculous powers. But these he himself disclaimed. "One miracle," he said, "I

* PALGRAVE.—History of Normandy and England, vol. i., p. 518.

† Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres.—HOR. *Ad. L. Sextium*.

‡ Vita S. Anskarii, cap. xxxiv.

would, if worthy, ask the Lord to grant me; that is that by His grace He would make me a good man."

Only one source of disquietude, writes his biographer, troubled his last hours—that he had not been counted worthy to die as a martyr for his Lord. But his forty years of missionary toil and peril and suffering had been a living martyrdom that claims, across the centuries, our loving reverence and admiration.

It was not, however, till the following century that Christianity was established in Norway. Several previous attempts at its introduction were made, which were frustrated by the bitterness of the pagan persecution. One of these sprang from our own Anglo-Saxon Church. Hacon, the son of Harold the Fair-haired, King of Norway, was brought up at the court of our English Athelstan. He was there baptized and nurtured in the Christian faith. Succeeding to the throne of Norway, he sought to establish the Christian religion; and is remembered in history as Hacon the Good. At the Frostething, or assembly of jarls and chieftains, he proposed that all should "be baptized, believe in one God, and Christ the son of Mary. abstain from heathen sacrifices, and keep the Christian feasts." The pirates and the heathen faction strenuously opposed this apostacy from the old gods, and Hacon died without accomplishing much more than grafting some Christian superstitions upon the pagan Yule-tide feasts, traces of which still remain in the festivities of Christmas.

The Constantine of the North who made Christianity the religion of Norway, was King Olaf. This conversion he effected in true viking fashion by sturdy blows and battles, rather than by the more potent influence of reason and conviction. Hence that conversion exerted relatively little restraint over the warlike instincts of the nation, and it long continued by piracy and invasion to be the terror and the scourge of Europe.

Olaf was, for those days, a great traveller. He had visited the stormy Hebrides, England, Germany, Russia, and even far-off Greece and Byzantium. In Germany he met a stalwart priest, Thangbrand by name, who subsequently became his fellow-labourer in the conversion of Norway. The martial ecclesiastic won the heart of the viking by the strange gift of a shield on which was embossed in gold the figure of our Saviour on the

Cross. In one of his many voyages Olaf touched at the Scilly Islands, where he was taught by a venerable hermit the mysteries of the Christian faith and was baptized with all his pirate crew. Repairing to Ireland, he married, in Dublin, the sister of the Danish king of that country, who had previously embraced Christianity. Full of zeal for the conversion of his native country, he sailed with his warrior crew for Norway. The story of his labours and success is chronicled in runic rhymes in the "Heimskringla" of Snorri Sturlason the Icelandic poet. The stirring tale has been repeated by Longfellow in a poem full of martial fire and vigour, "The Saga of King Olaf." From this, in illustration of our subject, we shall quote freely.

As the brave sea-king approached the rugged coast of Norway, he heard, or thought he heard, above the grinding of the glaciers and the rending of the ice floes, the stern challenge of Thor :

"I am the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer !
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever !

"Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still it is Thor's-day !

"Thou art a God, too,
O Galilean !
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat,
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee !"

Over the sea-swell came the stern defiance and fell upon ears that gave it eager welcome—so the ancient Skald represents under outward form the subjective phenomena of mind :

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword,

As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed ;
And the red light glanced and gleamed
On the armour that he wore ;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and sifted,
" I accept thy challenge, Thor ! "

Thus came Olaf to his own,
When upon the night wind blown
Passed that cry along the shore ;
And he answered, while the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and drifted,
" I accept thy challenge, Thor ! "

So Olaf set to work in stern warrior fashion to extirpate idolatry by the strong arm and sharp sword. " I command," he declared, at a stormy Husting of the jarls and thanes " that all Norway become Christian or die." As the Saga records it .

King Olaf answered : " I command
This land to be a Christian land ;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes ! "

There in the temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them.

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold-inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke :
" Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter ! "

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
" O King, baptize us with thy holy water ! "

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

In carrying out this short and easy method with pagans, Olaf

had a worthy ally in the priest Thangbrand, a notable specimen of the Church *militant* of the period. He is thus described in the Saga :

All the prayers he knew by rote,
He could preach like Chrysostome,
From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's priest.

Olaf at length declared that he had everywhere made an end of the old idolatry and subdued his kingdom to the religion of the Cross.

"All the old gods are dead,
All the wild warlocks fled ;
But the White Christ lives and reigns,
And throughout my wide domains
His Gospel shall be spread !"
On the Evangelists,
Thus swore King Olaf.

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
"The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the jarls and thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread."
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop.

Whereupon Olaf swore a mighty oath that he would conquer all the pagan vikings "or be brought back in his shroud." One of these especially, Raud the Strong, was not only a confirmed idolater but a great warlock and skilled in wizardry as well. "But," the bishop piously remarked, "the Lord is not affrighted at the witchcraft of His foes." Raud lived at Salten Fiord, where so dangerous was the swirling tideway that it was more dreaded than even the terrible Maelstrom itself. A violent tempest, raised, Olaf believed, by the evil art of Raud, prevented his landing. But the bishop offered prayers and the choristers chanted psalms and swung their censers.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes like one transfigured,
And the crucifix he planted
High amidst the rain and mist ;

Then with holy water sprinkled
 All the ship ; the mass-bells-tinkled ;
 Loud the monks around him chanted,
 Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted,
 On each side the water parted ;
 Down a path like silver molten
 Steadily rowed King Olaf's ships.

Steadily burned all night the tapers,
 And the White Christ through the vapours
 Gleamed across the fiord of Salten,
 As though John's Apocalypse.

Then King Olaf said ; " O Sea-king !
 Little time have we for speaking ;
 Choose between the good and evil ;
 Be baptized, or thou shalt die ! "

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
 Answered : " I disdain thy offer ;
 Neither fear I God nor Devil ;
 Thee and thy Gospel I defy ! "

Dire was the conflict that followed, but it ended in the total discomfiture of the heathen and the enforced conversion, nominal at least, of the whole surrounding country.

Then baptized they all that region,
 Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
 Far as swims the salmon, leaping
 Up the streams of Salteufjord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
 Lay in dust and ashes trodden,
 As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
 Preached the Gospel with his sword.

At the Yule-tide feast King Olaf sat with his berserks strong, drinking the nut-brown ale. It was a half-pagan assembly and the song of the Skald and shouts of the berserks were more in praise of Odin than of Christ. The choleric king was prompt to vindicate the honour of his Lord.

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of his sword, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said, "Do not refuse ;
Count well the gain and loss,
Thor's hammer or Christ's cross :
Choose !"

And Halfred the Skald said, "This,
In the name of the Lord, I kiss,
Who on it was crucified !"
And a shout went round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died !"

But not by such methods as these was the conversion of Norway to be effected. By the word of the Gospel not by the sword of the warrior were the souls of men to be brought into subjection to the obedience of Christ Jesus. We would not, of course, expect in the wild viking the toleration of the philosopher, the wisdom of the sage, nor the meekness of the saint. But it was not for this man of blood to build the house of the Lord. Nevertheless, he might, like David, prepare the way for that sublime result. The wise Master-Builder often uses strange means, and 'God fulfils Himself in many ways.'

The end of this stormy life was in keeping with its wild career. "Worsted in a tremendous engagement with the united forces of Denmark and Sweden, rather than yield to his enemies, he flung himself into the sea, and sank beneath the waves." This was about the year 1000. His was the true viking soul. His life-wish was fulfilled. He died, as he had lived, on the sea.

And the young grew old and gray,
And never more, by night nor day,
In his kingdom of Norroway
Was King Olaf seen again.

Far away in the convent of Drontheim—so runs the Saga—the Abbess Astrid knelt in prayer upon the floor of stone. And above the tempest, amid the darkness she heard a voice as of one who answered ; and in solemn cadence it chanted this response to the challenge of Thor :

“It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle !
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest.

“Cross against corslet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that o’ercemeth
Hath power o’er the nations !

“Stronger than steel,
Is the sword of the Spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The life of the truth is :
Greater than anger
Is love and subdueth !

“The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless ;
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us ;
Christ is eternal.”

Another Olaf, remember! in history as Olaf the Saint,* succeeded the wild viking. He invited Christian clergy to the country, and endeavoured to banish paganism from his realm. But it still lingered in secluded valley and lonely forest, and the heathen faction stirred up perpetual revolt. The King testified his sincerity by permitting none to fight under his standard save those who would receive baptism and wear upon their shield the sign of the cross. In his last battle against the heathen he gave the war-cry “Forward, Christ’s-men !” but he was himself defeated and slain.

When Canute the Dane seated himself upon the throne of England and wedded an English spouse, he sent Christian missionaries to evangelize his Scandinavian possessions. Schools

* The Church of St. Olaves in London, as well as others in Ireland and even in distant Constantinople, commemorated his name.

and monasteries arose, learning and civilization were diffused, and the worship of Thor and Odin gradually faded away, as the shades of midnight before the dawn of day.

The Scandinavian peninsula early embraced the Reformed Faith and in the Great Gustavus presented a bulwark of Protestantism against the aggressions of Rome. Under the domination of a State Church, nearly devoid of spiritual life, Evangelical religion almost died out in the land. But English and American Methodism have successful missions in that country, and with the establishment of Sunday-schools and the increased circulation of the Scriptures are bringing rich and spiritual blessings to that old historic land.

EASTER EVE.

Earth, what a precious burden dost thou bear,
This day and night, within thy rugged breast !
With steadier course about the sun should fare
Thy footsteps, lest they break this sacred rest.

All, all is ended ; now the form so marred
Lies, like a wind-worn blossom closed again,
Till morn restore its beauty,—yea, but scarred,
Lest our glad hearts forget too soon the pain.

Yea, lest our hearts forget or disbelieve,
The prints are left in hands, and feet, and side ;
So ev'n the sins those sufferings pardon leave
Upon our hearts such traces as abide.

Ah ! day, delay not, as in Ajalon,
To garner richer harvest in Death's store ;
But speed more swiftly to that joyful sun,
That sees Death spoiled, and terrible go more.

F. W. B.

O D D C H A R A C T E R S .

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"BUY-'EM-OF-THE-GROWER."

I.

IN the poorer parts of my district nicknames were rather the rule than the exception. All who were in any way recognised as characters in the neighbourhood—and many who were not so recognised—were best known by some sobriquet, founded upon their calling, personal appearance, or characteristic quality. In not a few instances, indeed, they had more than one nickname by which they were familiarly known. Thus, if you had asked those living in the same street with him whether they knew Mr. Smith, or even Jim Smith, nine out of ten of them would in all probability have answered, "Not as they know'd on." But if asked whether they knew "Old Buy-'em-of-the-grower," or "Grumpy," they would as promptly have replied that they "should rather think they did." By one or other, or both of those names, he was well known. He was a costermonger, a man of about fifty years of age, given to dressing in such tight-fitting garments, that the wags of the neighbourhood were wont to observe, jestingly, that he looked as if he had been born in them; and certain it was that they brought his tall, gaunt, somewhat ungainly figure into unnecessarily strong relief. His face was always smoothly shaven, his grisly iron-grey hair closely cropped. Altogether he was a hard-featured customer, and was generally allowed to be hard-headed; while there were not wanting some who declared that he was hard-hearted also.

Of its kind Buy-'em-of-the-grower did as good a business as any in the neighbourhood—a business which he had established and maintained by uprightness of dealing. He was perhaps a little more brusque in his manner to customers than he ought to have been. "No two prices" was one of his trade mottoes, and he promptly, and with a standing formula borrowed from the "patter" of the cheap Jacks, cut short any attempt to "beat him

down." "I've named my price," he would say, "I'll ask no more and I'll take no less—sell it or never sell it, buy it who may."

But it was found by experience that, quality considered, his goods were considered as cheap as those of traders who would allow their prices to be beaten down, and that his word could always be relied upon. His manner, doubtless, drove away some customers, but upon the whole his mode of dealing led to his retaining the class of customers who were best worth having. That he did do a good and paying business was a matter of common knowledge among those who knew him, and it being also known that he had only a small household to maintain, that he was and always had been a frugal man, and was a staunch teetotaler, it was inferred that "he must have a tidy old stocking somewhere."

He had married rather late in life, and at the time of which we are writing was a widower with an only child, a boy of fifteen who was known as "Young Buy-'em." He had kept the boy regularly at day-school, until at eleven years of age he had withdrawn him to assist in the business, and from that time he had sent him to an evening class held in a neighbouring ragged school, and taught by volunteers from among the managers. It had been started as an adult class, and the bulk of those attending it were adults; but thanks to his having been sent to day-school at a very early age, and kept at it with exemplary regularity, and to his being naturally a bright and intelligent boy, young Buy-'em, in addition to being one of the most punctual attendants at the evening class, was also one of the most advanced pupils in it. When, therefore, at the period of which I am now writing, a week passed without anything having been seen or heard of him at the school, I determined to call at his home with a view to ascertain the reason of his absence. I knew that about four in the afternoon would be the likeliest time to find either him or his father in the house, and accordingly I made my call at that hour.

Young Buy-'em, who was big for his age, and smartly and strongly built, was standing in the doorway as I turned into the street, and I noticed that he coloured deeply on catching sight of me. On getting up to him I could easily guess the cause of his

embarrassment. He had a black eye, and bore other marks of having been engaged in a pugilistic encounter.

"Ah! I see now why you haven't been to school," I said; "and I'm sorry for it, I didn't think *you* were the kind of boy to get brawling and fighting."

"I hope you don't think so now, sir," he said, in a rather injured tone; "no one ever saw me with a face like this before, and that's why I was so ashamed of it, and didn't care about coming to school till it got better; but it wasn't my fault, sir, I couldn't help the fight."

"Did you try to help it?" I asked.

He appeared at a loss for an answer, and while he was hesitating his father stepped to the door, and, taking up the conversation, said—

"Well, begging your pardon, sir, and meaning no disrespect to you, I should hope that he didn't try to help it."

"I don't like to hear a father encourage a child in fighting," I said, in a tone of rebuke.

"No more don't I, in a general way," he answered, "and *no one* can say as I've encouraged my Jim here, but more the other way about; for when, boy-like, he was inclined to fight over little things, I've always brought him in, and taught him that such things weren't worth fighting about. But you see, sir, 'circumstances alter cases,' as the sayen is. He found a young feller—a young gentleman I suppose he would call himself, though there couldn't have been a grain of a gentleman in his whole carcase—a insulting of Sweet Lavender and making her cry, and so he slipped into him; and, though he was three or four years older, and a head taller than Jim, he gave him a sound thrashing, though he caught it pretty warm, as you can see by his face. However, he'll get over that, and I should 'a been ready to have disowned him if he'd done less than he did. I should have done the same, either when I was his age, or old as I am now. Knowing the poor little lass, and seeing her molested, I don't see that there was anything else for Jim but a word and a blow, and the blow first."

"I differ from you there," I said.

"Well, I daresay you do," he answered, "and perhaps it's me

that's in the wrong ; but, as the thing's past, there's no use arguing about it. According to my way of thinking, the boy ain't got no cause to be ashamed of how he came by his damaged face—all the same, he was ashamed to show up at the school with it for fear of disgracing his class and getting into the black books with the gentleman ; but I hope none of you will think anything the wuss of him."

"We shall all be very glad to see him back again," I said ; "but tell me, who is Sweet Lavender ?"

"Sing-song Thompson's child, wus luck for her to have such a father, poor little soul ! She takes all after her mother,—is a delicate, soft-hearted, shy little thing, as the life he brings her up to must be pretty well slow death to, beside breaking her mother's heart. He wasn't content with sending her out with lavender—which wasn't so bad, as it only took her among women—but now he must make her go out button-hole-flower selling by day, and cigar-light selling by night. If I had a pretty little girl like that, I'd work till my arms dropped off rather'n send her out street-selling at all ; but all he thinks about is how he may have an idle life of it by living on the earnings of his wife and child, never minding what they suffer, or what risk they run."

"Oh, I should hope there was scarcely any one so bad as that," I said.

"Which, putting *him* for that, sir, I should hope the same ; but there is no mistake about his badness. He is about as bad a lot as could well be put together, and, to reckon him up in a word, and at a proper price, he is a willain. I should say that there has many a better man than him been hanged. I never see him a strutting and a swaggering past me but what I feel my fingers a tingling, and think to myself, 'You paving-stone-hearted image, you, wouldn't I just like to take hold of you by the scruff of the neck, and shake the sawdust out of you ?'"

"But who at all is Sing-song Thompson ?" I asked. "Do I know him ?"

"Well, if you dcn't know him," answered Buy-'em-of-the-grower, in the same grim tone in which he had spoken since the mention of this man, "that ain't much of a loss, but you must have seen him in some of your rambles, and he's the sort of customer

that, once seen, is sure to be remembered. Not that there's anything partic'lar in his face or figure, for he's a good-looking feller; it's his dress and his style as you'll know him by. He's what I call not a shabby-genteel for I suppose there's plenty has to be that from no fault of their own, but a beggarly-genteel; a feller that would sooner wear any dirty ragged cloth cast-offs, than sound clean working clothes. He wears his hair long, his hat cocked on one side, a cloak over his shoulders, and his trousers strapped over his boots; and he walks with a strut, and rolls his eyes. Any one that didn't know him, and that saw him a swaggering along a street as if it belonged to him, might just laugh at him and think he was off his head; but it's bad not mad, rogue not fool, that he is."

By Buy-'em-of-the-grower's description I did recognise a man whom I remembered having occasionally seen in the course of my walks about my district. He was certainly a somewhat eccentric-looking personage, but though I had sometimes wondered who or what he was, I had made no inquiries on that head, and now merely observed—

"Oh, so that is Sing-song Thompson, is it?—performs at the taverns in the neighbourhood, I suppose?"

"Well, yes," was the answer, "after a fashion—his own fashion. He is too idle and drunken, and good-for-nothing, to do even that in anything like a steady way. He had regular engagements at them when he first came to live hereabout, but he soon tired out the proprietors, and now he is more of a hanger-on to them than a performer at them. According to his own story—and I daresay it is true so far—he had been a regular actor in his day; and he talks very large about what great things he *could* have done in that line, and neglected talent, and such like, but I'll be bound to say that if he ever had any talent, it was drink and being too big for his boots, as the sayen is, as spoilt it. But anyway he is a bad lot, and, as I told you, lives on the earnings of his wife and child; and though he wants to carry his own scamping head so high, and make out that he's above work, he doesn't care how low he makes them come, or how hard he slaves them, or makes them live. They are very quiet over it,

poor things, for they're both of them of the patient, soft-hearted sort; but for all that, the wife must feel it bitter hard."

Some new idea now appeared to have occurred to the old man, for he suddenly asked—

"Would you mind stepping inside, sir?"

"Not at all," I said; "I should be pleased to do so."

"Come along, then," he said, and at once led the way into his living room, which looked very clean and orderly, and was, in a plain style, very comfortably furnished. Glancing round the apartment, I was pleased to notice about a score of volumes arranged on a little sideboard, and among them a large-print Bible that had a look of being well used.

"I am glad to see this here," I said, taking the Bible in my hand.

"Not more glad than I am to have it, sir, I know," he said, in his most emphatic tone. "Why, sir, if I was to talk to you for a week I couldn't tell you the comfort that I've got out of that. I was only too long in coming to know what good there is in it. It was just after my wife's death—ten years ago now—that I first took to reading my Bible. We'd been about as happy together as I suppose any couple could well be. When she was took from me I felt as if all was took that was worth living for. I got don't-careish and down-hearted, and said there was no more comfort for me. But the Scriptor-reader who had visited my wife when she was on her death-bed used to drop in to see me after, and one day, when I was answering him in the gloomy, ill-tempered way I had fell into, he says to me, 'But there's comfort for you where there is comfort for all.' 'And where might that be?' I asked. 'Here,' he answers me, holding up his Bible; 'here, in God's Word. There is comfort there'—I remember his very words—'for all who seek it, and more than comfort—hope and salvation.' I thought to myself at the moment, 'Oh, it's your trade to talk in that style.'

"But, thank God, His servant had done His work well! When he was gone his words kept ringing in my ears, and at night I dreamt of them. The next day they were still running in my mind, and I said to myself there must be something in what he said; I feel that I must get a Bible and see. So when I

came home from my round I went to a shop, and bought that very Bible you hold in your hand. I hurried home with it, and putting it on the table, and letting it fall open just where it liked, the first words as my eyes fell upon was, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.' Talk of the right word in the right place, sir, them was such to me at that moment, and no mistake. I felt 'em strike on me quite solemn. I know'd enough about the Bible to be aware that it had been wrote long years and years afore I was born, and yet here, the instant I opened it, there were words a-staring me in the face as seemed as if they had been wrote a purpose for me. I was heavy-laden, and though I couldn' have put it into words properly myself, my feeling just was that I wanted for there to be somebody that could say to me, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' And here was the invitation coming to me in what even at that moment—though I have understood it better since—I couldn't help feeling was a voice from heaven. I sent for the Scripiter-reader, and told him what I had done and how I was fixed, and asked him to help me, and he did. He explained to me what a bitter and heavy yoke our Lord had taken upon Him for us, how we were to take His yoke upon us, and what a light and loving yoke it was. He prayed with me, and prayed for me, and then sent me to the Book again with better heart and better light. It became like a companion and guide to me; and, as I told you, I found in it the comfort I wanted.

"But there, sir, I didn't mean to take up your time talkin' about myself, only, you see, your takin' notice of the Bible brought all it had done for me into my mind; and out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh. My reason for askin' you in was, that while I was speaking to you it came into my head that perhaps it might fall in your way to be able to do a good turn for Thompson's wife or child, and so I should like to tell you about them. Perhaps you may think, from the way I spoke about him, that it is more spite agen him than pity for them, that makes me speak, but though I can't help losing my temper a bit when I think of him, it's on their account I'm speakin', and if it

wasn't for them, I wouldn't think it worth while to spend breath in so much as namin' him."

"I can quite believe that you are speaking from a good motive," I said; "but does this man ill-use his wife or child?"

"If you mean lay hands upon 'em, he doesn't," was the answer. "It's said that there is summat of good even in bad things, and that's the one bit of good that comes out of the high-flyin' notions as he makes the excuse for his lazy, good-for-nothing way of life. He'd think wife-beating vulgar; and it is,—and goodness forbid that I should ever say a word that seemed to make light of it—but, as the Book says, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel; and though it's wrong o' us, poor mortals, to condemn one another, I will say that this Thompson is one of the wicked. He don't break his wife's head, but he is breaking her heart daily, and, in fact, killing her by inches, and, as you may say, through her mother's love, for that is what he works on: and if he don't beat his child, he does pretty well as bad—grinds her young bones to make his bread."

"What do the mother and child do?" I asked.

"Well, as I told you just now, the little girl goes street-selling. She takes lavender when it is in season—that's how she come to be called 'Sweet Lavender'—a. At other times flowers, or cigar-lights. The mother does a breakfast-and-tea round with water-creases, and fills up her time at the slop shirt-making. Of course there are plenty of other women and children hereabout do the like, and nothing thought of it; but then, you see, they've been brought up to it, and these haven't, and that makes all the difference."

"Where do they live?" I asked.

"Just opposite," he answered; "that's how I come to know so much about them, and to feel for 'em, which I do, goodness knows."

"What has the woman been?" was my next question.

"Well, I couldn't, as you may say, go to regular give you her history," answered Buy-'em-of-the-grower, meditatively. "I've neighboured with her as much as I could see my way how, and as circumstances would allow, but I have never asked her any-

thing as to who she was or what she might have been before she had the misfortune to fall in with her precious husband. It didn't want much of a head-piece for you to understand that that would be a painful thing for her to talk about, and though I know I'm not reckoned much of a soft-hearted one, I'd sooner cut my tongue out than 'a let it said a word—if I'd know'd it—to hurt her feelings; she has 'em quite enough hurt without that, poor thing. Still, from words that have been dropped now and then, and by keeping my eyes and ears open, I think I can pretty well put two and two together over the matter. Lumping it, as you may say, the story of her life is pretty much this way:—When the husband was an actor, he was one of your dashing blades as could act off the stage as well as on, and she meeting him when she was quite a girl, and havin' her head full of non-sensical notions, as girls often do, took him to be the grand what-you-may-call he set himself up for being."

I think Buy-'em-of-the-grower meant "hero," but I did not interrupt him to ask.

"She fell in love with him," he went on, "and he, thinking it would be a good thing for him, persuaded her to run away with him and marry him. But though she was a lady in manners, and had been well brought up, neither she nor her people were well-to-do; and when he found, instead of having a wife to keep him, he had a wife that he was expected to keep, he began to come out in his true colours. Seeing that the thing couldn't be undone, some of her friends did, for her sake, help them a little; but when they couldn't do it any longer, and she through her child was tied to him, they began to go down hill fast, and at last they landed here. They weren't quite so badly off then as they are now, but the first time I set eyes on her I said to myself, 'Ah, you've seen the day when you never thought of living in a place like this.' I could see how she dropped her eyes as she passed along the street, and how her colour went and came under the staring of the neighbours. It was the same with the child too. Though it was poorly dressed, it was always as clean and as neat as a pink. You could see that it hadn't been left to scratch for itself like most of those hereabout are, and if it had to come out among them it seemed quite frightened. I had seen

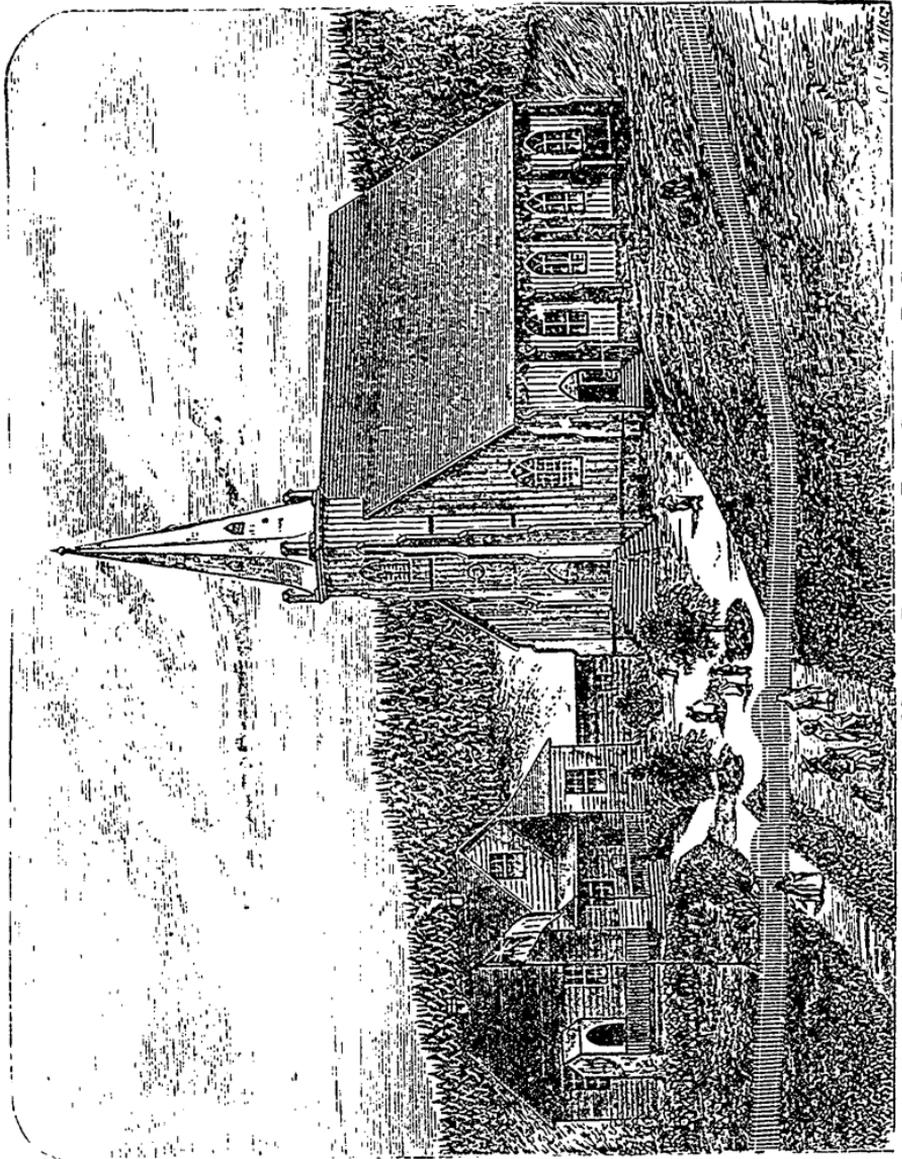
both them before I saw him, but the instant I did clap eyes on him I knew why the family were there—that it was through him.

“They kept themselves pretty much to themselves, but still, living opposite to them, I could see a good deal of their way of life. In a narrow street like this, the shadows on the blinds tell tales to those who like to watch them, and can put two and two together. Many a night I’ve stood in my own room watching the shadows moving about in theirs, and I ain’t ashamed to own it, for though I say it, as perhaps shouldn’t, I watched them as much from kindness as curiosity. I saw things as made my heart sore, but I saw things, too, as it was grand to see—things as might ’a been a lesson to many. I’ve known them to be pretty nigh all day without breaking their fast; I’ve seen them crying in each other’s arms as though their hearts would break; but I saw, too, that the child was never sent to bed a night without saying her prayers at the mother’s knees; and when in the summer months, they had their room-window open like the rest of us, I could hear the words of the prayers, and they always ended with a ‘Pray God bless father and make him a better man.’

“For all his bad behaviour, she was always loving and patient with him too; and though, mark you, I’ve spoke my mind to you about him, I wouldn’t say a word agen him to her. His faults have been her misfortune, and she suffers enough through ’em without people talking to her about them.”

INFLUENCE.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land
Or healthful store.



CHURCH AND PREMISES, FORT SIMPSON, B. C.

INDIAN MISSION WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY J. E. M'MILLAN.

I.

HAVING read with much interest the account of the trip made by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., among the Indians on the north shore of Lake Haron, the idea was suggested to my mind that possibly an account of the Indian Mission work in this far western section of the Dominion of Canada would not be unacceptable to the readers of the METHODIST MAGAZINE.

It is no idle boast of the Methodist Church that it is pre-eminently a Missionary Church ; and in this fact it has established its claim, beyond all controversy, as being in the true Apostolic succession. It is not too much to say that in no period of the Church's history have the triumphs of the cross in heathen lands been more signal, or cheering to the friends of missionary enterprise, than at this present moment, nor have there ever been so many open doors inviting the ambassadors of the cross to enter and proclaim "the unsearchable riches of Christ."

The readers of the METHODIST MAGAZINE are kept well posted in reference to the mission work in Japan, and among the natives of our great "Lone Land" east of the Rocky Mountains, but the impression on my mind is that they have but a very imperfect idea of the wonderful work going on in this Province among the native tribes along our seaboard. Probably never in the history of Christian missions has there been anything to surpass it.

Methodism was established in British Columbia late in the year 1858, or beginning of 1859, but little or nothing was done in the way of Christianizing the natives until about the year 1864, when Rev. T. Crosby entered upon the work as a lay teacher at Nanaimo. He readily acquired a knowledge of the native dialect of the people, and here the first converts from heathenism were won for Christ, of whom not a few have passed on to the "better land" in the triumphs of faith, while others remain until this day, witnessing a good profession and adorning the doctrines of Christ

by a holy life and godly conversation. Subsequently, on the Fraser River, Mr. Crosby carried the message of a free salvation to the natives of that section, which they gladly received, and by faith in the simple story of the cross were made happy partakers of the Saviour's love. The seed there sowed by Mr. Crosby fell upon good ground, and brought forth fruit an hundredfold, and the harvest of precious souls is still going on under the energetic and self-denying labours of Bro. C. M. Tate.

It was not until November, 1869, that an effort was put forth by a few friends of the cause of Jesus in Victoria, to do something to ameliorate the moral and religious condition of the natives resident in this vicinity. There was at this time a large Indian population in Victoria, representing tribes throughout the whole country, from Fraser River to Queen Charlotte's Island, a distance of about eight hundred miles, and a more vicious and degraded class of people could scarcely be found anywhere on earth. Bad apparently by nature, they were made infinitely worse by contact with the whites, whose vices they readily acquired, and became moral pests to the community.

At a meeting held in the house of Mr. Wm. McKay in the month of November, 1869, it was resolved to undertake the organization of a Sabbath-school among the Indians, notwithstanding it was the opinion of some present that the task was a hopeless one, the natives of the place being so utterly depraved that not even the gospel could make any salutary impression upon them. The work, however, was commenced, confident that He who said "Lo I am with you always" would honour His own cause and bless the labours of His people. It was decided to commence operations among the Songish (or Flathead) people, as it was among that race Mr. Crosby had hitherto laboured, and whose language he had learned to speak fluently. Messrs. W. McKay and Alfred Lyne were deputed as a kind of prospecting committee to visit the Songish camp and ascertain what number, if any, could be induced to join the school. The old people listened to what the committee had to say, were quite willing to help the school along if paid for so doing, but when informed that there was no "chickamin" (money) in the enterprise, they declined to have anything to do with it. Some of the younger

people, however, took a more favourable view of the matter, among whom were Amos Sa-hat-ston and wife, who gave in their names, and from the first took a lively interest in the welfare of the school. At first not more than three or four could be persuaded to attend, but by careful management and much prayer for Divine direction the number gradually increased to eight or ten.

On the 2nd of February, 1870, Amos Sa-hat-ston and two other Indians of the same tribe experienced the converting grace of God, and, after the usual three months' probation, were baptized and received into the Church. For upwards of six years Amos walked humbly before God, was ever present at class and prayer meetings, and took a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of his people until God, "who doeth all things well," called him from earth to heaven in the fall of 1876, after a few days' illness of small-pox. No sooner did Amos and his friends experience a change of heart than they began earnestly to exhort their brethren to seek the same blessing, and engaged audibly in prayer whenever an opportunity offered. Their teachers laboured under the great disadvantage of not knowing a word of their language, nor even of the Chinook jargon, a language common to all the tribes of this coast, but quite distinct from the native dialect of any one of them, and, consequently, they could form no correct opinion from what they heard either in prayer or experience as to whether they fully comprehended the subject of Christian faith or not; and the Indians themselves were very little better up in English than their teachers were in Indian. It was not until Mr. Crosby visited them, and heard them speak and pray, and responded to their utterances with a hearty "Amen" and "Glory to God," that their teachers were fully satisfied that they knew and felt the power of Divine grace.

Until the Fall of 1872 the number attending the school was seldom or never more than from ten to a dozen of the Songish tribe, and not unfrequently was it reduced to three or four. At this time, however, a circumstance occurred which led to one of the most remarkable revivals of religion ever recorded in the history of the natives of this or any country. One Sabbath morning, in the month of October, 1872, an Indian woman named Elizabeth Diex, a chieftess of the Tshimpsean tribe, happening to pass by

the school-house during the hour of service, and hearing singing going on inside, asked a little girl standing at the door what was doing there, and, on being told, inquired whether she would be at liberty to go in? Being answered in the affirmative, she opened the door and entered and took a seat. She watched the proceedings carefully and retired at the close very much pleased with all she had seen and heard, and resolved to go again. Next Sabbath at the same hour she again visited the school, and on invitation of one of the teachers took a seat in one of the classes. She had received some precious instruction, could say her letters correctly, and even read a little in the First Book of Lessons; besides which she could converse tolerably well in English and understood pretty much all the teachers said. At this meeting one of the female teachers was called on and engaged in prayer, and, as she prayed with great earnestness and power, Elizabeth Diex, as she afterwards remarked, could not resist the temptation to look around and see what kind of a book she was praying from, and to her great surprise discovered that the lady was not using a book at all. This was the first time she ever heard a person pray without a book, and was greatly surprised that such a thing was possible. On the afternoon of the same day she attended school again, and brought a friend or two with her. On this occasion she heard Amos engage in prayer, using the Chinook language, every word of which she understood, and was deeply impressed with all she had witnessed and heard.

The next Sabbath, at the close of the school, she made a request that the "good white people" of the school would visit her house some evening during the week and hold a prayer-meeting for the benefit of herself and such of her Tshimpsean friends as she could in the meantime induce to attend. The following Wednesday evening was agreed upon, and at the appointed hour some half-dozen whites attended, found everything in readiness, and some eight or ten Indian friends present. That meeting proved to be the beginning of a revival which lasted continuously for nine weeks, and resulted in the conversion of upwards of forty natives. Among the first-fruits of this revival was Elizabeth Diex herself, a woman of commanding appearance and great force of character. Being an hereditary chieftess among her people, she exerts a great influence

over them, and is a power for good among them. No sooner did she experience a change of heart, and realize the power of Divine grace in the soul, than she entered into the work of bringing others to Christ with a zeal and devotion such as is but rarely equalled even among those who have had all the advantages of early Christian training. At Fort Simpson, five hundred miles from Victoria, only fifteen miles from the Alaska frontier, she had an only son whom she had not seen for some years, who was noted as a desperate character, and held in dread by all who knew him. Almost the first thought of this Indian mother, after God spoke peace to her own soul, was for her wild and reckless son, and she "took him to the Lord in prayer," spending whole nights wrestling with God that her son might be induced to visit Victoria and be converted. This she told more than once in the meetings, and asked the prayers of God's people on behalf of her "wicked son Alfred." At this very time, and, as she afterwards told us, after spending a whole night in earnest prayer to God, her son Alfred, with his wife and child and some ten or a dozen other natives, arrived at Victoria in a large northern canoe direct from Fort Simpson. Some people would call this "a remarkable coincidence," Professor Tyndall would ascribe it to "chance," but believers in prayer will see in it a direct answer by God to the effectual fervent prayer of a believing mother.

Scarcely had Alfred Dudoward and his wife Kate taken their seats under the maternal roof when the faithful mother opened up to them the subject of religion, and told them of the "pearl of great price" she herself had found. Alfred listened respectfully to what his mother had to say, but intimated that he had no desire to share in her religious enjoyment. That evening the mother attended the meeting alone, but the greater part of that night was spent by her in conversation with her children on the subject of religion and in prayer to God on their behalf. The next evening Alfred consented to go with his wife and mother to the meeting, and sat a silent spectator of what was passing before him. He retired with a stubborn will, but a convicted conscience. Not so his wife; she heard the words of eternal life, believed there was a reality in what she witnessed, and made up her mind to seek and obtain the blessing her mother and others had found. It was.

with great reluctance and after much persuasion by his mother that Alfred was induced again to attend the meeting. He did so, however, and the arrow of conviction found a lodgment in his heart, and before the meeting closed he was on his knees crying for mercy, and finally found peace in believing, as did his wife also.

The conversion of this couple was the first-fruits of what has subsequently been developed into a rich harvest of precious souls and the establishment of the Fort Simpson Mission. Both Alfred and his wife Kate could speak English, and also read and write. The latter, in her youthful days, had received the benefit of a tolerably fair English education under the instruction of the Sisters of Charity in this city, which has proved to be a blessing to the Tshimpsean people, little dreamed of by the good Sisters when storing her mind with useful knowledge. Both Alfred and Kate entered heartily into the spirit of the revival, and were a great assistance alike to whites and natives during the progress of the work. After the revival meetings had been brought to a close, there were some six or eight of the converted natives who could read a little in the Bible, and at their request a Bible-class was established at the house of Mrs. Diex. They would have made very slow progress had it not been for Kate, who readily translated into Tshimpsean what the teacher said. And frequently, as she would get interested in the subject of the lesson, she would stand up with the Bible in her hand, and, looking at the text, read it off in Tshimpsean, while the tears of those who heard her would be seen trickling down the cheeks as she explained to them the story of Jesus and His love.

After a residence of nearly ten months in Victoria, Alfred and Kate Dudoward, with eight or ten others, left for their homes at Fort Simpson. They carried with them a dozen Bibles, several copies of the Methodist Catechism, and fifty copies of the First Book of Lessons, Canadian Series, the gift of kind friends in Victoria. On arriving at their northern homes they immediately set to work to organize a school and hold religious services among their people. The change that had been wrought in the conduct and temper of Alfred, caused no little surprise to those who knew what his previous character had been. The desperado, who but

a few months before was the terror of the whole surrounding country, had all at once become a meek and quiet citizen and a zealous working Christian. "Old things had passed away, and behold all things had become new." The chiefs and old men of the place wanted to know what all this meant, and what had so changed the character of the lion-hearted Alfred? Alfred at once told the story of his conversion, of the wonderful work he had witnessed in Victoria, and of the resolution he and his wife and friends had come to to endeavour as best they could to point the people of Fort Simpson to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," until a missionary could be obtained to take charge of the work. The same means employed at Victoria were adopted at Fort Simpson, viz., the reading and exposition of God's word, so far as they knew how, prayer and experience meetings, and the organization of classes. Besides this, Alfred and his wife commenced a day school, which in a very short time was attended by upwards of two hundred pupils.

Letter after letter was received by friends in Victoria urging them to use their influence to procure the appointment of a missionary for Fort Simpson, and for fully nine months did these people, pending the arrival of a missionary, carry on this remarkable work themselves, aided only by the operations of the Divine Spirit. When the Rev. W. Pollard, Chairman of the District, visited Fort Simpson, in the Spring of 1874, he wrote on his return as follows: "Not fewer than five hundred people attend the means of grace, some of whom are hopefully converted to God. There is not a family in Fort Simpson that has not renounced paganism, and is impatiently waiting the arrival of the missionary. When Mr. Crosby and his devoted and accomplished wife arrived at the scene of their future labours they found a glorious work going on, and were received by the people of their charge with such demonstrations of rejoicing as must have inspired them with a feeling of devout thankfulness to God for all He had done for those natives of the forest, and for having permitted them to be chosen as instruments in His hands to continue the work so auspiciously begun. One of the first things Mr. Crosby did on his arrival at Fort Simpson was to call a meeting of his "parishioners" and ascertain from them what they were willing to contri-

bute towards the erection of a church and parsonage. They told him they were willing to do all they could, and backed up their words by substantial contributions of money and money's worth to the extent of several hundred dollars, and to-day they have a church capable of seating eight hundred persons—in fact the most commodious Methodist Church in the Province, and a comfortable parsonage for the missionary. Its size is forty by fifty feet, with a spire 110 feet high, and its general appearance is well shown in the engraving preceding this article. Much of the material for the church was contributed and much of the work was done by the Indians themselves.

Another paper will record the sequel of this remarkable story of missionary enterprise.

VICTORIA, B. C.

AT THE CROSS—AN EASTER HYMN.

FROM the cross the blood is falling,
 And to us a voice is calling,
 Like a trumpet silver clear ;
 'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
 It is finished ! is its burden,
 Pardon to the far and near.

Peace that precious blood is sealing,
 All our wounds forever healing,
 And removing every load :
 Words of peace that voice has spoken,
 Peace that shall no more be broken,
 Peace between the soul and God.

Love, its fullness there unfolding,
 Stand we here in joy beholding,
 To the exiled sons of men ;
 Love, the gladness past all naming
 Of an open heaven proclaiming,
 Love, that bids us enter in.

Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
 Round thee winds the one great story
 Of this ever-changing earth.
 Centre of the true and holy,
 Grave of human sin and folly,
 Womb of nature's second birth.

A MISTAKE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

NOT a little proud, not a little precise, crisp as the air of a winter's morning, yet genial at heart as the fire of a winter's evening was Miss Eunice Hastings. Growing old gracefully, or, at least, honestly, hiding with no paint or powder the tell-tale lines on her forehead, nor disguising with any device the waving hair that had changed from brown to silver.

Miss Eunice's house was like herself, plain, substantial, a trifle old style, with its prim angles counterbalanced by sunny windows; in unruffled serenity and faultless order always, and—was that like her too?—a little lonely in its quiet. What could have possessed her to introduce into that house such a whirlwind, in small human form, as her nephew Philly was a problem over which old Martha in the kitchen pondered long and vainly.

It might have been because of that suspicion of loneliness about the place, for Miss Eunice had been abroad for about three years, and the old home felt new. Then, with her faint frostiness of reserve, she made friends slowly, and being, moreover, a High-church woman, and strongly attached to her chosen ritual of worship, she did not visit the "Non-conformist chapel," as she designated the pretty little village church, the only one that Hillsdale afforded; and so she was shut out in great measure from the parish work and interests.

Whatever had been the cause of his coming, Philly disapproved of this state of affairs, and moved about restlessly as a long Sunday morning wore on.

"I don't see," he remarked with his nose flattened against a window-pane, "why we don't go to church or Sunday-school, or somewhere."

"There is no church of ours here, dear," answered Miss Eunice from over her velvet prayer-book.

"Ours?" replied Philly slowly, pondering the question of proprietorship. "Well, ain't there any of God's churches here, Auntie? 'Cause I'd just as lief go to one of them."

Miss Eunice looked a trifle disconcerted, but in the afternoon Master Philly was committed to Martha's charge, and allowed to visit the village school.

One day Miss Eunice was absently running her eyes over the note she had just written—an invitation to two old acquaintances, artist sisters, whom she had not seen since her return from abroad.

"Dear Friends,—I am quite settled at home again, and I am anxious to see you, and hear how the business in which you are so interested has prospered. Can you depend to-morrow afternoon with me? Do come, if possible, and let us have a talk in old style over a social cup of tea. Excuse my not visiting you when I was so near; I will explain the reason hereafter."

"O Auntie! I'll mail it for you; mamma let me mail one of hers at home. You just run down to the corner and drop 'em in a box; I'd just as lief do it as not."

"No, dear; it has no envelope on," answered Miss Eunice, thoughtlessly. "Run away now, I must write some labels for Martha's fruit while I have pen and paper about."

Philly wandered out to the stairs and amused himself for awhile, but soon bethought him once more of Aunt Eunice's letter, and that it might be time to attend it. Miss Eunice had left the room for a minute, but the letter lay there neatly folded in a blank white envelope.

"Yes, it's ready!" Philly nodded his curly head in satisfaction, and took possession of the document at once, passing out of the house and down the broad walk to the road with an exceedingly business-like air. When he had walked a short distance, however, he paused and looked about him.

"Ho! they don't have any lamp-posts out here, and they can't have any mail boxes on 'em; must be somewhere else."

Having settled that point, he was quite determined to find the somewhere else, and cheerfully trudged on again; but he walked fast and far without discovering anything that looked like a receptacle for letters. At last, when he began to think of abandoning his search, a boy passed him, and stopping in front of a house, slipped a paper into a box nailed just inside the fence.

"Well! I didn't ever think of looking in such a place," scilicet

quized the delighted Philly. But of course the place for papers was the place for letters ; and he deposited his and turned homeward in great glee, remarking complacently, " Won't Aunt Eunice be s'prised ? "

Miss Eunice certainly was, and annoyed also.

" O Philly ! you have lost my note ! " That was all her first thought ; but as Philly proceeded with great eagerness to assure her that it must have been put in just the right place, because the box was nailed up for something and he saw a boy put a paper there, she grew dismayed. " In somebody's paper-box, where it will surely be found ! How very awkward ! What will the people of the house think of finding a letter of mine in that way ? "

Philly, strictly questioned, described as nearly as possible the house at which he had left it.

" Way down the road ; brown house with green shutters, and a big tree in the corner of the yard," recapitulated Martha. " That's the minister's as sure as you're alive ! "

" Do you think so ? I must take the earliest opportunity of explaining the matter to them. They will surely think it very strange that a private epistle of mine should be thrust upon their notice in that style," replied Miss Eunice earnestly, deeming, in her slightly formal code of etiquette, that an occurrence so unusual might be considered as bordering very closely upon rudeness or, at least, impropriety.

In the brown house down the road the note was the subject of still longer discussion. In the little sitting-room, dim with faded carpet and curtains, but bright with flowers and children's laughter, little Mrs. Corry sat with the letter in her hands, and read it slowly and wonderingly.

" Why, James, this is an invitation from Miss Hastings ! "

" Miss Hastings ? " questioned the minister, lifting from his paper a face so meditative and uncomprehending that it betrayed at once his habit of abstraction with regard to things around him.

" An invitation to tea," pursued Mrs. Corry.

" To tea ? " repeated the minister like an echo ; and his wife quite familiar with this style of proceeding, placed the note in

his hand as the only way of arousing him to any understanding of the case.

“But so odd—from her, when we have never known her—and just dropped in the box at the gate!”

“My dear,” interposed the minister, rather guiltily, “you were away, you know, and I think the children went to the pasture for berries; and sometimes, if I am alone, I do not hear when any one knocks”—

Sometimes! He never did when he was deep in his writing, Mrs. Corry well knew; and she caught at the explanation at once.

“It was brought to the door, then, probably, and dropped in the box afterward, when, whoever brought it, thought we were not at home. Strange it was not addressed! But then of course they expected to deliver to one or the other of us personally. James, she never used to attend our church.

“She has been away so long, and time and absence work many changes,” replied Mr. Corry.

She says she will explain why she did not call,” continued his wife, meditatively, “and that she is anxious to know about our work. O James, I am so glad of that! I have been trying to think and plan for poor Mrs. Searls and her little ones. My heart aches every time I think of them; but I really have done nearly all for them that I can do, and asked help in a number of places, too. If Miss Hastings only could be interested in them! It seems almost like a providence, doesn’t it?” And the earnest little woman’s eyes filled with tears.

One would have thought, glancing at her face, which years of care had touched none too lightly, that her days for dreaming were done; yet she indulged in a little castle-building that evening, when she sat up late, after other duties were done, to take a stitch here and there in the minister’s coat and linen, which, like himself, had grown thin and worn with long service. If Miss Hastings only could be interested in the parish work how much good she might do! How many things, easily spared from the great house, might brighten the humble homes around it!

Quite unconscious of either the thoughts or prayers was the object of them; and when, the next morning, a little boy whom

Martha pronounced "one of the minister's children," came up the walk and shyly placed a note in the servant's hand, Miss Eunice observed,

"Ah! they have discovered and returned my unfortunate letter, then. Very thoughtful of them, really."

But on opening the paper she read in amazement an acceptance of her invitation; and then, for the first time, she remembered that her lost note had been unaddressed.

"Dear me!—how very awkward! What else could they think to be sure? And yet—what can I do about it?" she cried, quite startled out of her usual graceful serenity by such an unexpected turn of affairs.

"I know what *I* can do," murmured Martha to herself, emphatically nodding her head—"make some of my best cream muffins for tea; for if she hasn't invited them, I take it that Providence has, and that's the sort of company that's going to have the nicest supper I can get!"

Philly tried to comfort Aunt Eunice with the assurance that if she only wanted company he guessed the minister's folks would be just as nice as the other people, ten miles away, whom she had meant to send for.

But it was not the company for a single afternoon that troubled Miss Eunice, but the false position in which she found herself—that she, who had no intention of linking herself in any way with the "Non-conformist chapel," should have made such an advance, and in so informal a manner that the very act seemed to ask for future friendship and intercourse. Yet she could make no explanation—even she who so prided herself on perfect honesty. All her kindness of heart, as well as her fine sense of courtesy, forbade her placing in so unpleasant and humiliating a position those who were really her guests, even though invited by mistake. She was responsible for the blunder, and she must accept its awkwardness as best she could.

"Dear me!" she said, fingering her prayer-book nervously, as she dressed that afternoon. "The Litany has petitions for deliverance from lightning and tempest and famine and battle, but none at all for these miserable little happenings that make one so uncomfortable. I really think there should be, for there may

be some profit in great trials, but what wise purpose could there be in such vexations?"

Yet when she met the grave, quiet, rather abstracted pastor, and his plain little wife, they did not look formidable enough to represent any great evil, and she entered heartily into making for them a pleasant afternoon; while Mrs. Corry, glancing through the large rooms so much handsomer than any she was accustomed to—than any Hillsdale afforded—grew doubly thankful that this lady wanted to hear of the parish work. Being sure that she had been asked to do so, she was not long in finding a way to introduce what lay so near her heart; and while the minister wandered into the library to examine some of the choice treasures gathered abroad, she told simply and earnestly of the school, the struggling missionary society, and of some of the families around them.

She did not know that in her recital she was betraying her own life, its patience, unselfishness, and earnest work for others; its self-denial and sweet, strong faith. She did not mention herself except incidentally, and was quite unconscious of the story that her hostess was reading—a story pathetic in its simplicity, and one that made the listener's heart grow humble and self-accusing. She had walked so easily and carelessly over what had been such a rough way to others, and had given neither helping hand nor word of cheer while these poor toil-worn fingers had done so much. If her eyes filled with sudden tears it was not altogether because of the description of the Searls family; and her interest in poor drunken Tim's efforts at reformation was awakened chiefly by seeing how much it meant to this tender, helpful soul.

How the little woman's eyes did brighten when Miss Eunice brought down some soft, warm dresses, and discussed their possibilities of making over for the Searls children! And seeing this, Miss Eunice volunteered her assistance in the work, and also to call with her carriage the next day for Mrs. Corry, that they might go together to take the proper measurements.

"For," as she said, when her visitor had departed, "the Christianity that can't help others in a good work because they differ from us in creed, can't be that of our Lord, I am quite sure."

That was the beginning, It is easy to foresee what would follow; that where Miss Eunice's prompt, efficient hands began to labour, her honest, kindly heart would soon grow warmly engaged; that having fitted numerous little waifs for the Sunday-school, she should visit it herself to see how they progressed, find her assistance needed there, and that she should discover it not all impossible to worship with those with whom she had already united in service. In truth, though remaining attached to her own Church by name and by many old and tender associations, she yet gradually arrived at Philly's conclusion,—satisfied to attend “any of God's churches;” and from this conviction sprang much mutual good to Hillsdale and herself—the result of what old Martha privately christened “a blessed blunder.”—*National Repository.*

THE HOLY COMMUNION—A GOOD FRIDAY MEDITATION.

I THINK of my sins, O Christ !
My endless sins against thee !
“Nay, rather,” a voice replied,
“Remember me.”

I think of the wasted years,
No fruit on this barren tree :
“Yet, since I can raise the dead,
Remember me.”

Alas ! I may know thy law,
But what will the doing be !
“I can baptize with fire :
Remember me.

“Poor is thy love, indeed,
To that which I bear to thee ;
Forget thyself—for an hour
Remember me.”

And as I gaze at His cross—
Gaze till my eyes are dim—
The strength comes back to my heart,
Remembering Him.

O Lord and Giver of life,
Do as Thou wilt with me !
I feed upon heavenly bread,
Remembering Thee !

THE HIGHER LIFE—A FULL CONSECRATION.

BY THE REV. W. B. POPE, D.D.,

President of the Wesleyan Conference, England.

PERHAPS I touch the most hidden spring in your heart, as I do in my own, when I urge the necessity of the most entire and unlimited self-consecration to the Lord. This ideal of undivided devotion the Holy Ghost never suffers those in whom He dwells to forget. It is evermore appealing to our souls with an irresistible might. But even this clear note is not clear to all. It is the hard necessity of our over-critical age that we must carry controversy into even the most sacred recesses of experience. There are many who cannot read the words "Consecration" and "Perfection" without asking what these words mean, and in Christian experience what is their relation to each other. Perhaps you are one of those questioners. Then for your sake—though without controversy—let me say something of a three-fold perfection of which it seems to me the Scripture speaks.

First, there is doubtless an introductory or preliminary perfection which sheds its sanctity over the very threshold of the temple: the absolute surrender and abandonment of all we have and are to the will of God in Christ. No words of our Master are more plain, none are more uncompromising, none more unvarying, than those in which He lays down the conditions of entering into His service. "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath he cannot be My disciple;" on this steadfast ordinance there is no variation; this also is a Scripture which cannot be broken; this decree changeth not.

To comply with the Lord's requirement by Divine grace is to enter perfectly into His good pleasure; to hesitate, to shrink back, to retain one's own will, to have any subordinate end or aim, is to tarry in the outer court, waiting—alas, how often long waiting!—for the final initiation. I have no time to ask how this effects the case of many who have not yet risen into this higher life, and yet in the Lord's gentle forbearance are reckoned

His own. Suffice that the Master's rule is peremptory, as the Gospels everywhere show; and that it is the reigning law of religion throughout the New Testament. Every Christian man is supposed by the theory to be perfect in this sense, that the love of Christ constraineth him—that is, binds him down or shuts him up to one only course of thought and feeling and action; he judges that in Him who died for all he himself died to self and must live to his Lord.

Let us not think of this controversially. Do not ask if this means a baptism of the Holy Ghost raising common believers into the higher and better Christian estate. Suffice that the Spirit, the one and Selfsame Spirit, given to all who are Christ's, is given to you already to that end, though His purpose may hitherto have been defeated. Inquire diligently in the secret oracle of your conscience if it has been defeated in you. But go straight to the feet of Jesus, and make the inquiry in His presence—there alone can such questions be safely asked and answered. Take your Self, as it were, in your hand, and never rest until you know that He has taken it into His. In your great and high intention do this: leave Him to do the rest. But never be satisfied until it is done, and done effectually; until your inmost soul is filled with His Spirit, the Spirit of an entire consecration, delivering you from the dominion of the aims of self as perfectly as if self were literally dead within you.

Until they have reached this first perfection the Lord has a controversy with His followers. When it is their happiness to have suffered the loss of all that is their own for Him, they enter on a second course of perfection, which St. Paul calls "perfecting holiness in the fear of God." This is walking in the house of God with a perfect heart; ordering the conversation, interior and exterior, according to the "perfect law of liberty," that law which is fulfilled in love; and therefore to lead the perfect life, though it is only as yet on the way to perfection. It is simply carrying out the principle of entire consecration into all its daily details; living for God and in God; finding our supreme and only satisfaction in Him; denying self wherever self is found; thinking, speaking, and acting always with a conscious or unconscious reference to the Divine will and approval. It is the supreme

love of Jesus, showing itself not in the ardours of devotion simply, but in the strength of self-surrendering obedience. It is the love of our fellows approving itself in the deeds and words of self-sacrificing charity.

Let me counsel you to dedicate yourself afresh to this interior, higher, and hidden life: a life which will then be manifest also to all who see you, but shown in deep humility. Let your daily course be ordered by the strictest rules of the straitest sect of our religion. Crucified with Christ, die with Him daily to sin: reckoning yourself, even before the final hour, dead to all unholy affections. Live in your Lord, and with Him, and to Him: as if you and He were alone in the world, "hid with Christ in God." This is perfection: the process of the perfecting of love to God and man. It is living within the temple; more than that, on the altar itself; and, still more, within the very holiest. Set the clear eye of your mind, and the unlimited strength of your heart, on this heavenly experience on earth. Thrice blessed will you be if you evermore strive to live this life.

A third perfection there is to which these two lead, and which is reached in no other way. Reached, I say; but not at all by any effort of our own as such, being the supreme, direct, and consummating act of the Spirit of Holiness, reducing the evil principle to naught, destroying utterly the body of sin, abolishing that inbred corruption which is our personal share in the original sin of the race, and giving the love of God in us "her perfect work." Mistake not for this perfection its preliminary processes; but let not its preliminary processes satisfy you without that to which they lead.

Having in the strength of the Holy Ghost given up self once for all to Christ, living daily under the gentle and stern pressure of His cross; then let your faith continually hear His "Follow Me," and go on, encouraged by hope, towards the mystical moment of your great release from sin. Proclaim such a privilege, though as yet you know it not. But do it discreetly; give it no name but that which you find in Scripture, not committing yourself to any rigid assertions, as to either the Divine evidence or the human confession of entire sanctification from sin. Never fail to declare that in this life, and by a ministration

of the Spirit before the severance of soul and body, the corruption of the nature is to be done away. Meanwhile, let me humbly charge you, as I charge myself, to make this your own personal goal of aspiration. While others are discussing the various theories of holiness, keep your whole soul set upon this experimental solution of every difficulty.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

ALL day, all night I can hear the jar
Of the loom of life, and near and far
It thrills with its deep and muffled sound,
As the tireless wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom,
In the light of day and the midnight's gloom,
The wheels are turning early and late,
And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with its arm outspread,
To catch in its meshes each glancing thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done?
In a thousand years, perhaps, or one;
Or to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I,
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Are we spinners of wool for this life-web--say?
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver, the years are slow,
But each one is nearer the end, I know;
And some day the last thread shall be woven in,
Go! gr it be love instead of sin.

REVIEW OF CANON FARRAR'S SERMON ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.*

BY THE REV. JAMES GRAHAM.

A LATE British writer has said—“I believe in the Divine origin of the Bible because it has survived the attacks of its paid defenders.” We confess that after reading the sermon referred to at the head of this paper we inclined to the opinion that there is some truth in this. Canon Farrar's *Life of Christ* might be pronounced a literary, though not a theological success. It is graphic and taking, though neither quite accurate nor very profound. But, certainly, it does not indicate either the qualifications or capacity which would enable a man to achieve success in refuting most of the Biblical criticism, and remodelling the creed of Christendom. And this is what Canon Farrar undertakes in the sermon now under review. Though we could not have previously decided that he would achieve success in this line; yet, we could not have decided beforehand that all he would be able to present us with is a shrivelled mummy, dragged from the dark and dusty ruins of pagan theosophy, galvanized into motion, and uttering, over again, in the speech of modern criticism the withered sophistries of antique error. But this is what he has done.

Canon Farrar informs us that there are three words which must be banished from “our erroneous” translation of the Bible; and “claiming the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge” they will “not stand in the revised version of the Bible if the revisers have understood their duty.” The three words are “damnation,” “hell,”

and “everlasting.” We will let himself present the indictment against each:—

“The verb ‘to damn’ in the Greek Testament is neither more nor less than ‘to condemn,’ and the word translated ‘damnation,’ or rather the two words, are simply the words which, in the vast majority of instances, the very same translators have translated, and rightly translated, by ‘judgment’ and ‘condemnation.’”

This is all that we are favoured with on this terrible word “damnation.” If we accept condemnation, or judgment involving punishment, it will afford no support to the doctrine of the restoration of those dying in sin, after death; nor to a limited duration of the punishment involved in the condemnation of the impenitent sinner, in the world to come. Nor does Canon Farrar attempt to prove this; but after he has drawn a sensational picture of hell, professedly from writers who have dealt largely in such wares, he assumes that the impression his lurid picture has produced will prepare the minds of his hearers to accept the sham he presents as a substitute for the true teaching of the Bible. But if the writers to whom he refers have drawn exaggerated pictures of the *nature* of future punishment, how absurd to infer from this that the *duration* of it, as taught in the Bible, must be limited. Does not this Royal preacher know that, even in our ordinary standard dictionaries, condemnation and damnation are used synonymously. *Hercester* gives as the first meaning of condemnation—“The act of con-

* Preached in Westminster Abbey, Nov. 11th, 1877.

demning; a sentence of punishment for guilt;" and, for "damnation," he gives first—"condemnation, judgment, punishment;" and second, its theological meaning as—"sentence to future punishment; condemnation to everlasting misery." If then, we accept "condemnation" or "judgment," for "damnation," we lose nothing, and Canon Farrar gains nothing until it is ascertained from the Bible what is involved in the condemnation or judgment. And we venture the opinion, that the revisers of the Bible will substitute no word for damnation, applied to the condition of those who have died in impenitent sin, that can give the slightest support to Canon Farrar's theory of their restoration to holiness and heaven. Old toothless heresy, and par-blind philosophy, have long ago faded this style of so-called criticism; and it is not much to the credit of Canon Farrar's originality, notwithstanding that he boasts of his "theological precision," lectures the Bible revisers, and speaks with "the authority of knowledge," that he has not been able to produce anything better than that often refuted error, with a newly painted face.

Finally, on this word condemnation, let us look at one passage where "our erroneous" translation seems right. St. Paul describing the qualifications fitting a bishop, says he must be—"not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil."* Two questions arise here. What is involved in the condemnation of the devil? And if a bishop happens to fall into it must he have to endure it as long as the devil will? *Condemnation* in this passage expresses the punishment under which the devil suffers, and *damnation* applied to his condition, could express no more. Man may fall into the same condemnation. How trivial then, the quibble, which ob-

jects to "damnation," being applied to him in that state, while the term "condemnation" is sanctioned, though both involve the same punishment. Furthermore, if a man who has fallen into the condemnation of the devil may be restored to happiness and heaven, why may not the devil be restored too, seeing both are in the same condemnation?

But we hasten on to the consideration of other errors in "our erroneous translation." How attractive, especially to students of Biblical criticism, must be the following specimen of the "higher criticism:"

"The word *aionion* translated "everlasting," is simply the word which, in its first sense, means "age-long," and it is, in the Bible itself, applied over and over again to things which utterly and long since passed away: and, in its second sense, it is something above and beyond time—something spiritual, as when the knowledge of God is said to have eternal life. So that when, with your futile billions of years, you foist into the word *aionion* the fiction of an endless time, you do but give the lie to the mighty oath of that great angel who set one foot on the sea and the other on the land; and, with one hand uplifted to heaven, swore, by Him that liveth forever, that time should be no more."

Now, though we cannot admire, yet we must stand amazed at the effrontery that could put this forth as additional knowledge. For fifteen centuries it has been known in the Christian world; and it has often been refuted. We refer to the word *aionion* translated everlasting. Far abler critics—we must be excused for saying so—than Canon Farrar have refuted his notion long ago. A volume could be compiled from them. In opposition to the opinion that the "first" sense of *aionion* is "age-long," it has been shown that it is its *secondary* or "accommodated" sense, and that its primary sense, and also that of its

Hebrew equivalent—*olam*, is strictly everlasting. Dr. A. Clarke's criticism on this word we deem sufficient in the case. "Gen. 21. 33. *Yehovah el olam*—translated the "everlasting God" or the *Eternal One*. This is the first place in Scripture in which *olam* occurs as an attribute of God. The *Septuagint* renders the word *olam aionion*—*ever existing God*; and the Vulgate has *Invocavit ibi nomen Domini Dei aeterni*—there he invoked the name of the Lord, the eternal God. The Arabic is nearly the same. From this application of both the Hebrew and Greek words we learn that *olam* and *aion* originally signified ETERNAL, or duration without end. . . . In all languages words have, in process of time, deviated from their original acceptation, and have become accommodated to particular purposes, and limited to particular meanings. This has happened to the Hebrew *olam* and the Greek *aion*; they have been both used to express limited time, but in general a time the limits of which are unknown; and thus a pointed reference to the original meaning is kept up. Those who bring any of these terms in an accommodated sense to favour a particular doctrine, must depend upon the good graces of their opponents for permission to use them in this way. For as the real grammatical meaning of both words is *eternal*, and all other meanings are only accommodated ones, sound criticism, in all matters of dispute concerning a word or term, must have recourse to the grammatical meaning, and its use among the earliest and most correct writers in the language, and will determine all accommodated meanings by this alone. Now the first and best writers in both these languages apply *olam* and *aion* to express *eternal*, in the proper meaning of that word; and this is their proper meaning in the Old and New Testaments, when applied to God, His attributes, His operations taken in

connection with the *ends* for which He performs them, for *whatsoever He doeth, it shall be for ever—yihijeh le olam—it shall be for eternity*. Eccl. 3. 14. Forms and appearances of created things may change, but the counsels and purposes of God relative to them are permanent and eternal, and none of them can be frustrated; hence the words, when applied to things which from their nature must have a limited duration, are properly to be understood in this sense, because those things, though temporal in themselves, shadow forth things which are eternal. Thus the Jewish dispensation, which in the whole and in its parts is frequently said to be *leolam*, for ever, and which has terminated in the Christian dispensation, has the word properly applied to it, because it typified and introduced that dispensation which is to continue not only while time shall last, but is to have its incessant accumulating consummation throughout eternity. The word is, with the same strict propriety, applied to the duration of the rewards and punishments of a future state. And the argument that pretends to prove (it is only pretension) that in the future punishment of the wicked 'the worm shall die' and 'the fire shall be quenched,' will apply as forcibly to the state of happy spirits, and as fully prove that a point in eternity shall arrive when the repose of the righteous shall be interrupted, and the glorification of the children of God have an eternal end."*

We submit that the argument and criticism of Dr. Clarke is quite sufficient to cover with oblivion the worm-eaten sophism, which Canon Farrar has disinterred from the catacombs of heresy. Noticing the shallow attempts at criticism which Canon Farrar's critical forefathers presented on the statement of Christ recorded in Matt. 25. 46, Dr. A. Clarke says:—"I have seen the

* Commentary notes on Gen. 21. 33.

best things that have been written in favour of the final redemption of damned spirits; but I never saw an argument against that doctrine, drawn from this verse, but what sound learning and criticism should be ashamed to acknowledge." But we have not yet done with the preacher in the above quotation. He very mildly and elegantly tells us that, if we hold "the fiction" of "endless time" in *aionion*, "we give the lie to the mighty oath of that great angel," who will yet pronounce "*time* shall be no more." We do not see the force of this charge. We do not remember having read of any angel who swore that time should be "no more," but we have that time should be "no longer;" and we do not give him the "lie" when we attach the idea of endless time to *aionion*. The sense of "time," as used by the angel,* means that the period had arrived when the Divine purpose must be accomplished; but *time* expressed by Jesus himself in *aionion* means simple *duration* and that endless. We may safely challenge the proof that *time*, as used by the angel, and *aionion*, as used by Christ,† are the same; and till this is proven there is no giving "the lie" to the angel.

Just here we may dispose of an argument used by some critics, and seems to be not far away from the thoughts of the sermon now under review. They argue that "as *aionion* implies the idea of *time*, it cannot be used to imply endlessness, or eternity, as time bears no analogy to eternity." Noah Webster disposes of this sophism in the following paragraph:—"All that men can do in this case is to express their ideas by a word of indefinite meaning; and what better mode can men take to express their limited ideas of what is unlimited, than to use a word which expresses enlargement or extension. Eternity, then, is *unlimited extent in duration*; and that

the Greek word is often used in that sense, is a fact which no critic can disprove, and no rational critic can deny." This is sound criticism; and shows that the proper inference to be drawn from the employment of terms which imply the "idea of *time*," is *not* that the *thing* or *being* referred to by those terms is also limited; but, that these terms of indefinite extension are the best that we can get to denote what we apprehend as unlimited, but cannot comprehend.

But it is time that we turned to look at another deliverance of the learned Canon, who "claims the fullest right to speak with the authority of knowledge;" and, "with the most accurate theological precision." The subject is "hell," and the following is the final voice of the oracle:—

"And, finally, the word rendered hell is in one place the Greek word 'Tartarus,' borrowed, as a word, for the prison of evil spirits, not after, but before the resurrection. It is in five places 'hades,' which simply means the world beneath the grave, and it is in twelve places 'gehenna,' which means primarily the valley of Hinnom outside Jerusalem, in which, after it had been polluted by Moloch worship, corpses were flung and fires were lit; and, secondly, it is a metaphor, not of final and hopeless, but of that purifying and corrective punishment which, as we all believe, does await impenitent sin, both here and beyond the grave. But, be it solemnly observed, the Jews to whom, and in whose metaphorical sense the record was used by our blessed Lord, never did, either then or at any period, attach to that word 'gehenna,' which He used, that meaning of endless torment which we have been taught to apply to hell. To them, and therefore on the lips of our Saviour who addressed them, it means not a material and everlasting fire, but an intermediate, a metaphorical and terminable retribution."

* Rev. 10. 26.

† Matt. 25. 46.

What an imposing array of assumption, without the slightest attempt at proof in any part of the discourse! On the last "solemn" declaration which the Canon has made, we will try him by the standard furnished by himself; and with it let the matter rest. The position is this—Jesus Christ teaches that hell is a state of "terminable, corrective retribution," and that "the Jews to whom he spoke of it understood Him so." There is not one word of truth in this, but ample proof of the contrary. In Luke xvi. 23-26, Christ says of the rich man—"In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment," and that there is "a great gulf *fixea*" between him and Lazarus which "cannot be passed over." Do the fixedness and "cannot" connected with this gulf look like the "terminable" and corrective theory of future punishment? Again, Christ says, Mark viii. 38, "Whosoever is ashamed of me in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." Mark! it is being ashamed of Christ "in this generation," on which his rejection at the judgment of Christ turns. Anyone who does so to Christ in *this* world, meets rejection by Him at judgment. Again, Jesus, speaking of the future punishment which should fall upon the rejectors of the apostolic message, says:—"Verily I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment, than for that city." Matt. x. 15. The same statement is repeated in the eleventh chapter from the 21st to the 24th verse, with respect to Chorazin and Bethsaida, Tyre and Sidon. Now, it is evident that the former wicked inhabitants of those cities appear at the last judgment to receive the sentence of condemnation, and the rejectors of Christ appear, also, to receive a "greater condemnation" Where, then, in such cases, is there the

slightest support for the "corrective" and "terminable" theory of future punishment, either between death and judgment, or after the judgment. Lastly, Jesus calls *hell* "the fire that shall never be quenched." Mark ix. 43. Does this look like "terminable" and "corrective retribution," in the future state? The case stands thus: There is no evidence that Christ ever intimated that the state of future punishment was either "terminable" or "corrective;" but there is ample evidence from His own lips—if the Bible is a correct report of what He said—to make the denial of its retributive and endless character impossible, without contradicting *Him*.

But, we are informed in this sermon of "theological precision," that "the *Jews* to whom Christ spoke," understood Him to teach that hell—gehenna—was an "intermediate, corrective, and terminable retribution." That the Saviour never taught such a doctrine, we think, has been proved by the preceding argument: and therefore, if the Jews did believe it, like some of our modern theologues, they were in an error. But the Jews whom Christ addressed did not understand Him as teaching any such doctrine. The statement that they did is not supported by any evidence—not an author is quoted, not a name is given.

Finally, on this point, were not the Apostles Jews, as well as Christians? How did they understand the Saviour's teaching on the subject of hell, or "gehenna?" Did any of them understand the Master as teaching that future punishment was an "intermediate" and "terminable retribution?" Let us see. We have already seen what the Evangelists say of Christ's teaching, now we produce other evidence. Paul, speaking of the doom of persecutors and enemies of the Gospel, 2 Thess. i. 7, 9, says, that at the judgment by Jesus Christ, they "shall be punished with everlasting

destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power." Now, this sentence pronounced by Jesus Christ at the last Judgment, is based on their disobedience to the Gospel and persecution of its true believers, *during the present life*. There is no "purifying and corrective" process in "the world beyond the grave" here; and, if the doom is "everlasting" after Judgment, there can be *no* "corrective punishment." This one passage proves, that as is the moral character at death, so it is at Judgment, and so it is for ever. Paul understood the teaching of his Lord and Master, and his own teaching corresponds with it. We quote once more. St. Paul writing to the Corinthians says: "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things *done* in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.*" Now, it is for deeds done "*in the body*," that we are all to be judged at the last day, and punished or rewarded as they are good or bad. Now, if some are restored from sin to holiness, by purgatorial fire, between death and judgment, and some condemned at judgment for continuing in impenitence during the same time, they are punished or rewarded for what was done *out* of the body; and, this flatly contradicts St. Paul when he says that we are acquitted or condemned for deeds done *in the body*. We conclude that the apostles, though Jews, did not understand Christ as teaching that "hell" meant an "intermediate and terminable retribution" for "purifying and correcting beyond the grave."

We must make room for one more quotation from this sermon of "theological precision" and "authority of knowledge." In view of it we feel like exclaiming, "audacity, audacity, always audacity." Do not censure, but look at this picture of

"the faith of the Church in every age," and of Biblical exegesis:—

"But this much, at any rate, that the fate of man is not finally, and irreversibly, and necessarily sealed at death, you yourselves—unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less certainly—admit, and declare, and confess every time you repeat the Apostle's Creed; for then you say that Christ descended into hell; and the sole passage which proves that article of the Creed is the passage in which St. Peter tells us that Christ went and preached to the spirits in prison who sometimes were disobedient. St. Peter tells you in so many words, in the passage which I have chosen for my text, (1 Peter iv. 6,) that the Gospel was preached to them that are dead; and if, as the Church in every age has held, the fate of those dead sinners was not irrevocably fixed by death, then it must be clear and obvious to the very meanest understanding that neither of necessity is ours."

For baselessness of assumption, and deceitfulness of colouring—"unwittingly, perhaps, but none the less certainly,"—this paragraph equals any thing we have seen. Humboldt tells us that he met, one day in his travels, with a naked Indian, who had painted his body so as to represent a blue jacket and trousers, with black buttons. Now, if the colouring on that Indian is a sailor's dress, then Canon Farrar's representation is the teaching of "St. Peter," and that of "the Church in every age." In the first place, the cause—"He descended into hell," was not in the Apostle's Creed for over three hundred years of the Church's history; though the doctrine was held by some; and, secondly, the Church has never held that Christ went to the hell of the damned, though it has been held by many as the meaning of that clause in the Creed; and, thirdly, those who have taught that Christ went to the hell of the wicked, have taught—with very few exceptions—that

* 2 Cor. 5. 10.

He did not go there to restore to holiness and happiness the sinners who were there. Ample proof of these positions is given in Bishop Pearson's "Exposition of the Apostle's Creed;" and in Dr. Hagenbach's "History of Doctrines." This is the truth as regards the clause—"He descended into hell." But in the sermon under review it is assumed that Christ's soul descended into the hell of the wicked after death; and "the sole passage" which proves it is that of St. Peter, when he tells us "He went and preached to the spirits in prison." Now, against this use of that text of St. Peter, and against the theory of restoration after death, we will produce the argument of a learned prelate, Bishop Pearson. The Bishop says:—

"The next place of Scripture brought to confirm the descent is not so near in words, but thought to signify the end of that descent, and that part of His humanity by which He descended. For Christ, saith St. Peter, was 'put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison:' (1 Peter iii. 18, 19 :) where 'the Spirit' seems to be the soul of Christ, and 'the spirits in prison,' the souls of them that were in hell, or in some place at least separated from the joys of heaven: whither because we never read our Saviour went at any other time, we may conceive He went in Spirit then, when His soul departed from His body on the cross. . . . But yet those words of St. Peter have no such power of probation; except we were certain that 'the Spirit' there spoken of were the soul of Christ, and that the time intended for that preaching were after His death, and before His resurrection. Whereas, if it were so interpreted, the difficulties are so many, that they staggered St. Augustine, and caused him at last to think that these words of St. Peter belonged not to the doctrine of

Christ's descending into hell; but, indeed, 'the Spirit' by which He was said to preach was not the soul of Christ, but that Spirit by which He was 'quickened,' as appeareth by the coherence of the words, 'Being put to death in the flesh but, quickened by the Spirit by which also He went and preached unto the spirits in prison.' Now that Spirit by which Christ was quickened, is that by which He was raised from the dead, that is, the power of His Divinity; as St. Paul expresseth it, 'Though He was crucified through weakness, yet He liveth by the power of God:' (2 Cor. 1. 3, 4 :) in respect of which He went and preached to those which were disobedient in the days of Noah, as we have already shown.*

We submit that the bishop has here given the meaning of St. Peter, according to the analogy of Scripture, on the point in dispute; and if so, what becomes of Canon Farrar's theory of Christ going into the hell of the wicked, to preach to them restoration from their sins? With other idols it goes to the region of the moles and bats. We may here remark that the theory of restoration set up by Canon Farrar; namely, that those dying in impenitent sin may be saved, by restoration from hell in a future state, is not the doctrine of any Church Symbol in the whole of Christendom; though we are told that "the Church in every age has held that the fate of those dead sinners was not irrevocably fixed by death." That the preaching of the Gospel to souls in hell for restoration therefrom, by Christ, was a prevalent opinion among the "Fathers," we readily admit. We know, too, that they took it from the Apocrypha. Others believed that Christ descended to bring the souls of patriarchs, and prophets, and all the people of God to a state more glorious and happy. On the point now under considera-

* Exposition of the Creed, pp. 331, 332.

tion, Dr. Shedd says: "Those of the early Fathers who held the doctrine of an intermediate place, made no practical distinction between the condition of the soul previous to the resurrection and its condition after it. The wicked were miserable, and the good were happy,—and that eternally."* Dr. Hagenbach, speaking in reference to the doctrine of the intermediate state from the year 80 to 254, says: "The ancient Oriental and Persic idea of a purifying fire already occurs in Clement of Alexandria and Origen, but was not yet transferred to the intermediate state."† We conclude then, that the purifying of "that *gehenna* of *atonion* fire beyond the grave," which is now taught by Mr. Farrar, is pagan in its origin, not sanctioned by any Church Symbol—except, perhaps, the Romish—and contrary to the analogy of Scripture.

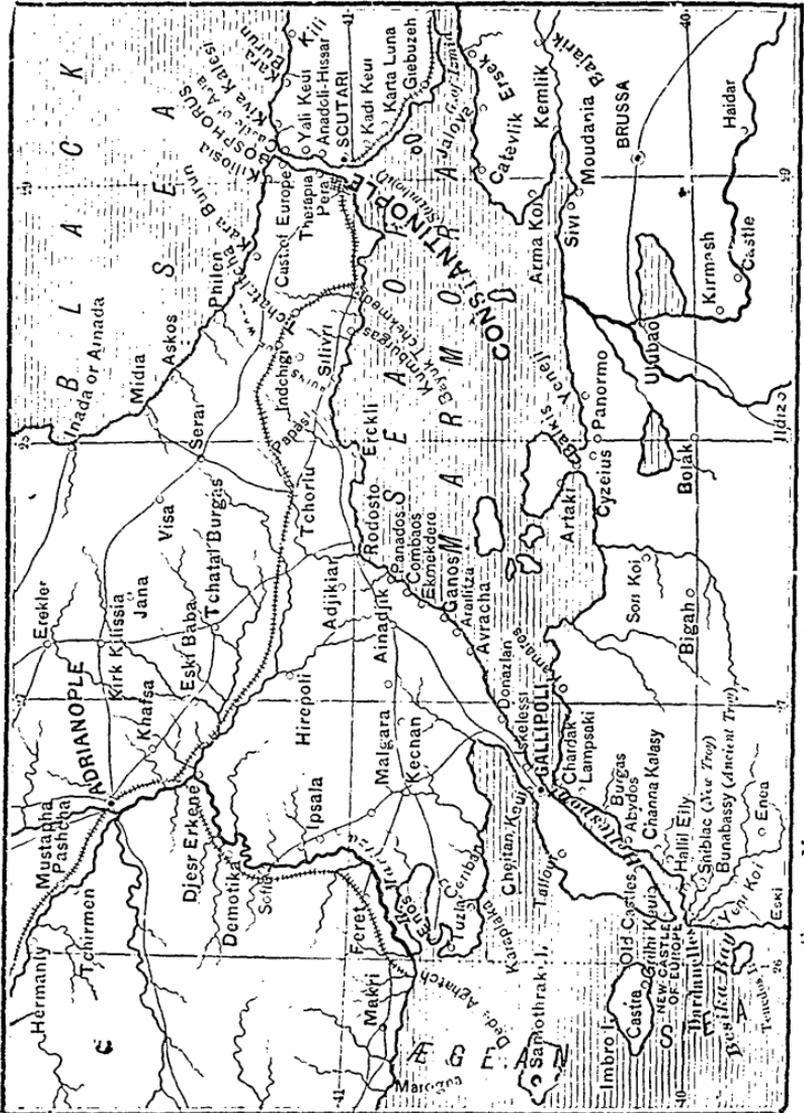
The passages of Scripture referred to in this sermon as supporting the theory of restoration to holiness, after death, by means of purgatorial fire, give no support to that doctrine. In support of a foregone conclusion those passages which explicitly, or implicitly deny it are contradicted, while others are twisted from their context, and the whole analogy of faith, in order to sanction it. What makes this procedure appear more astounding is, that the author in the first part of his sermon, utters a fierce denunciation against the practice of forming dogma on a few "isolated texts." But within the

same limits, we have never seen a more glaring instance of this practice than is shown in this sermon. We have read of a few young wags who on Hallowe'en took a sign-board from over the door of a chair-maker's shop, and put it up over the door of a lawyer's office, on which was written these words:—"All sorts of turning and twisting performed in here." Whether such sign was appropriate in this position we do not decide; but, we do think, that when some preachments which have been given to the world of late were going on in Westminster Abbey, such a motto over the main entrance would be quite suitable. Space forbids our noticing such mal-practice further.

We turn from such treatment of the Word of God as we have passed in review, with a feeling of sadness. The Bible, in the hands of some professors of the "higher criticism," resembles some kind of jelly-fish, which are not injured by being turned inside out, which could perform its functions just as well when its skin was made its stomach, and its stomach its skin. To preach, or write in the style of this sermon is not difficult. Assumption is all that is required. Profess that you speak with "theological precision" and "the fullest right of the authority of knowledge," and many who are indisposed to think, but disposed to adopt any plausible excuse for continuance in the sins they love, will pretend to admire your learning, or even to be awed by your solemnity. To admire such a procedure would be little short of the idolatry of assumption.

* *History of Doctrine*: By W. G. T. Shedd, D.D. Vol. II., p. 408.

† *History of Doctrines*: By K. R. Hagenbach, D.D. Vol. I., p. 222.



SEA OF MARMORA AND ITS VICINITY—FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE PEACE AND PEACE PROSPECTS.

The long agony and bloodshed of many months has, thank God, been stayed, for a time at least, by the Peace of Constantinople. Whether that Peace, however, will be a permanent settlement of the vexed Eastern Question may well be doubted. The language of Lord Beaconsfield only increases this doubt. "Whether England is to enter a conference or a campaign," he said in the House of Lords, "it is of the utmost importance that we should enter as a united people." After the manner of conquerors, Russia has demanded an immense war indemnity and important territorial concessions. Bulgaria is to be created a principality, to include the greater part of Thrace and Macedonia, and a portion of Roumelia. The armed occupation of the City of the Sultan is foregone; but the bulk of the Russian army will embark for Odessa at some Turkish port, probably Rodosto, shown on the map. This may be considered as chiefly a sanitary precaution, as the carriages of the Turkish and Bulgarian railways are so infected with small-pox and typhus, from conveying sick soldiers, as to imperil the lives of those obliged to use them. From the ancient city of Adrian, which the bulk of the Russian army had reached, to Rodosto, is almost continuous railway communication which would greatly facilitate the transit of troops and heavy war *matériel*.

The eyes of the world will be fixed for some weeks on the little city of Baden-Baden, selected as the scene of the conference or congress which is to settle the fate of Europe. Meanwhile in English dockyards and arsenals, by day and night, workmen are urging on the completion of ships

and naval and military equipment. Austria is mobilising her army. Russia has called out reserves. Only the Ruler of the universe can guide and mould these discordant and war-charged elements to the maintenance of peace. Admiral Hornby with his fleet of iron-clads awaits the issue of affairs at Prince's Island, within a few miles of the Golden Horn. It was a gallant sight as the British fleet left its anchorage in Besika Bay and steamed proudly up the Dardanelles with shotted guns and gatlings in the tops, running the gauntlet of the forts on either side. "Then the boldest held his breath for a time." But the grim Krupp cannon were silent, the slumbering torpedoes awoke not, and England's fleet in majesty swept on.

Should the approaching congress fail to avert war, the accompanying map, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Gordon L. Ford, Esq., of the *New York Tribune*, will indicate the scene of the conflict. Those classic shores which from the times of the Argonauts and the Trojan war have echoed the world's debate will again be shaken by a struggle of Titans surpassing aught that Xerxes or Alexander, Belisarius or Chosroes, Moslem or Crusader ever witnessed. Gallipoli is the key of the situation. Whoever holds it holds the door of the Hellespont. The isthmus is only six miles wide. From its steep escarpment a plunging fire could sink the strongest iron-clad. It could be supplied from Cheita. Keui as a base whence water connection with Malta, Gibraltar, and England is always open. That Lord Napier would at once occupy this in force, may be taken for granted. The Russians evidently had an eye on it till check-

mated by Admiral Hornby, who had instructions to sweep the isthmus with his guns to prevent its occupation. Did any hostile power hold it, a British fleet in the Sea of Marmora would be in a trap from which escape would be extremely difficult.

Constantinople at present is in a state of fearful disorganization. It swarms with 250,000 refugees, for whose relief the Porte affirms its inability to do anything. More than once during the recent war, the Sultan, we read, was about to abandon his capital and remove his Government to Brussa, as shown on the map, about fifty miles due south, on the same meridian. The channel of the Bosphorus is about seventeen miles long, and varies from 600 to 1600 yards in width. On each side of its narrowest part, from the castles of Europe and Asia, defended the one with sixty and the other with one hundred and seven guns of heaviest calibre.

While we devoutly trust that war may be averted, it is gratifying to know that Old England is so well prepared to maintain her honour and her interests. Her fleet is by far the most powerful afloat, and her facilities for naval construction surpass those of any nation. Her army, including her Indian auxiliaries, is equal to any she is likely to meet,* and is armed, and equipped at least as well as any in Europe, and better than most. Her

* The army estimates of this year give its strength as 625,199 men.

credit in all the bourses in the world is higher than that of any other power. She lends to all nations and borrows of none. Her military reserves, at home, in the colonies, and in her vast Indian Empire, are immense, almost inexhaustible. Throughout the Empire an enthusiastic loyalty prevails, a loyalty well expressed in the following spirited lines by one of our own ministers, the Rev. M. R. Knight, of Souris, P. E. I. :—

“ Let the great cable call for aid,
And ere the next appeal is made
Ten thousand warriors will reply,
And speed to victory or die.
Call, Mother, when thy cause demands,
Call twice ten thousand hearts and hands,
And we will prove our sympathy,
With cavalry and infantry.”

It is a curious coincidence that almost simultaneously with the appearance of these lines, a cablegram was received at Ottawa from England authorizing the enrollment—if required—of ten thousand Canadian troops for European service. The proposal met with a hearty response, and should the dear old mother-land require it from Canada, from India, from the far Antipodes— from her forty colonies around the world—a mighty host of her gallant sons would haste to offer their hearts, their hands, their lives in her defence.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Popular Science Monthly and Supplement. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

We have repeatedly commended these periodicals as in our judgment the best of their class extant. They not only maintain but increase their reputation. Among the notable recent articles are an admirable series

on the Growth of the Steam Engine, by Prof. Thurston, beautifully illustrated; A New Theory of Geysers, by Prof. Le Conte; A Popular Exposition of the Telephone, and other well illustrated papers. Spontaneous Generation is keenly discussed *pro* and *con* by Drs. Bastian and Tyndall; conclusively demonstrating, we think,

its impossibility. The controversy between Dr. Carpenter and Mr. Wallace on the subject of Spiritualism is continued with quite sufficient vivacity. Prof. Haeckel and Prof. Virchow, probably the strongest advocate and most eminent opponent of Evolution, each discuss the subject in vigorous articles. Probably the most remarkable paper is that by Prof. Goldwin Smith on the "Proposed Substitutes for Religion." We make room for a few extracts :

"Religion teaches that we have our being in a Power whose character and purposes are indicated to us by our moral nature, in whom we are united, and by the union made sacred to each other ; whose voice conscience, however generated, is ; whose eye is always upon us, sees all our acts, and sees them as they are morally, without reference to worldly success, or to the opinion of the world ; to whom at death we return ; and our relations to whom, together with His own nature, are an assurance that, according as we promote or fail to promote His design by self-improvement, and the improvement of our kind, it will be well or ill for us in the sum of things.

"The simple truths of religion are intelligible to all, and strike all minds with equal force, though they may not have the same influence with all moral natures. A child learns them perfectly at its mother's knee. Honest ignorance in the mine, on the sea, at the forge, striving to do its coarse and perilous duty, performing the lowliest functions of humanity, contributing in the humblest way to human progress, itself scarcely sunned by a ray of what more cultivated natures would deem happiness, takes in as fully as the sublime philosopher the idea of a God who sees and cares for all, who keeps account of the work well done or the kind act, marks the secret fault, and will hereafter make up to duty for the hardness of its present lot."

With these powerful motives he

contrasts the weak influence of the materialists' "Cosmic Emotion," "The Worship of Humanity," and "The Love of Posthumous Reputation" as substitutes for the hope of immortality, and concludes as follows :

"The denial of the existence of God and of a future state, in a word, is the dethronement of conscience ; and society will pass, to say the least, through a dangerous interval before social science can fill the vacant throne. The doctrines of Natural Selection and the Survival of the Fittest are beginning to generate a morality of their own, with the inevitable corollary that the proof of superior fitness is to survive—to survive either by force or cunning, like the other animals which by dint of force or cunning have come out victorious from the universal war and asserted for themselves a place in Nature.

"There has been nothing in the history of man like the present situation. The decadence of the ancient mythologies is very far from affording a parallel. The connection of those mythologies with morality was comparatively slight. The Reformation was a tremendous earthquake ; it shook down the fabric of mediæval religion, and as a consequence of the disturbance in the religious sphere, filled the world with revolutions and wars. But it left the authority of the Bible unshaken, and men might feel that the destructive process had its limit, and that adamant was still beneath their feet. But a world which is intellectually and keenly alive to the significance of these questions, reading all that is written about them with almost passionate avidity, finds itself brought to a crisis, the character of which any one may realize by distinctly presenting to himself the idea of existence without a God."

The price of the Monthly is \$5, of the Supplement \$3. We will supply the Monthly and this Magazine for \$5.75, the Supplement and this

Magazine for \$4.25, or the three together for \$8.00.

The Early Years of Christianity, vol. iv. *Christian Life and Practice in the Early Church*. By E. DE PRESSENSE, D.D. Cr. 8vo., pp. 528. New York: Nelson & Phillips; Toronto: S. Rose.

If we were asked from what sources, apart from contemporary monumental or bibliographical evidence, one could gain the best conception of the early Church, we would mention the volumes of this series (vol. i. Apostolic Era; vol. ii. Martyrs and Apologists; vol. iii. Heresy and Christian Doctrine) and some other good book on the Catacombs of Rome,—our modesty prevents our mentioning any in particular. The writings of the Fathers will always be the great authorities on the doctrine, discipline, and practice of the first three centuries, but Dr. Pressense gives the result of the profound study of those authorities better than any other writer that we know. The present volume discusses in three books Ecclesiastical Life, Private and Public Worship, and the Moral Life of the Early Centuries. The institutions and practices of Rome find no countenance in this study of primitive Christianity.

Primitive worship, rites and institutions, its hymns and liturgies, creeds and confessions and general archæology are clearly described, and we are introduced in imagination to a public service of the Alexandrian Church and listen to one of the earnest homilies which used to fire the souls of our spiritual kinsmen in those early centuries so long ago.

The beauty, simplicity, and purity of Christian family life amid the unspeakable corruptions of Paganism are the noblest evidence of the new moral leaven that was to quicken and regenerate society. The relations of Christianity to slavery and free labour, to the state and social life, to art and amusements are set forth with the accuracy of solid learn-

ing and with a fascination of style that holds the attention to the close of the volume.

"There is no historical monument," says Pressense, "comparable to the Catacombs as a source of intimate knowledge of a religion through the feelings of its faithful adherents." He devotes, however, only twenty pages to this important testimony. We have cited elsewhere their copious evidence on primitive doctrine, discipline, rites, institutions, life and practice, social and domestic relations, art, literature, relations to the state, army, slavery, etc. (See *Withrow's Catacombs passim*, and especially pp. 203-553.)

The Pope, the Kings, and the People: A History of the Movement to make the Pope Governor of the World by a Universal Reconstruction of Society, From the Issue of the Syllabus to Close of the Vatican Council. By WM. ARTHUR. In two Volumes. London: Wm. Mullan & Son. 1877.

This important work has not yet reached this country. We therefore reproduce the following notice from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, preliminary to a fuller one on a personal examination:—

Mr. Arthur has spared no pains in the collecting, the sifting and the arranging of the materials for these volumes. The research involved is immense.

This work is not only all its title states, but all it intimates. It is no disparagement to former histories of the Vatican Council to say that this is decidedly the best. It is a broad, minute, scrupulously accurate and laboriously complete record of the leading events, and many of the interesting and illustrative minor incidents, connected with one of the strangest and most significant movements of modern times; but more than this, it lays bare its secret springs, interprets its import, and points out its bearings on the general interests of mankind. The eminent

author has, in this his masterpiece, brought out all his rich variety of power. We have narration, animated and pictorial, yet easy, natural and unstrained; pleasantly discursive, and enriched with anecdote and aphorism; now twinkling with humour, and now pulsing with pathos, anon billowing with a burst of indignant eloquence, and again bubbling with a gush of genuine Methodist fervour. We have painterly description of scenery and delineation of character. But we have also the weighty deductions of the philosophical historian. The Church-principles evoked or affirmed are purely Scriptural. One great virtue of the book is its candour: which "nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice." No doubt it is terribly trenchant at times, but it is with the trenchancy of plain-spoken and outspoken truth. It is piercingly brilliant; but its flashing keenness is the point of Ithuriel's spear. He has fully exposed the audacious conspiracy to make the Bishop of Rome the apex and autocrat of reconstructed society.

Forty Years' Mission Work in Polynesia and New Guinea. By the Rev. A. W. MURRAY. Cr. 8vo., pp. 509. Illustrated. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

Twelve Months in Madagascar. By JOSEPH MULLENS, D.D., Foreign Secretary London Missionary Society. Cr. 8vo. pp. 334. Illustrated, with map. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

The Temperance Reform and its Great Reformers. By the Rev. W. H. DANIELS, A.M. 8vo. pp. 612. Illustrated. New York: Nelson and Phillips.

The Footsteps of St. Peter. By J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. Cr. 8vo. pp. 632. Illustrated. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

Four Years in Ashantee. By the Missionaries Ramsayve and Kuhne. Cr. 8vo. pp. 320. Illustrated. New York: Robt. Carter & Brothers.

Notes of an Idle Excursion. By MARK TWAIN. Toronto: Belford-Rose, Publishing Co.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

CHINA.

Great changes have been wrought in China during the last fifty years. There are now thirty Christian denominations at work in the "celestial empire," and the number of Christians is increasing six-fold every ten years. Bishop Wiley of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, has recently organised a Conference in Northern China, where he laboured as a Missionary more than twenty years ago.

A memorial church to the memory of Bishop Marvin is about to be erected at Shanghai, and the North Carolina Conference has taken steps to raise funds for that purpose.

The work of education is advancing among the Chinese children, and the following facts prove that some of them at least are possessed of very tenacious memories:—

At a recent examination a little girl is reported to have repeated the whole Epistle to the Hebrews, with-

out a single mistake. Besides this she has committed to memory all the rest of the New Testament but the Acts, and also all the Psalms, and portions of Isaiah.

MEXICO.

A great work is now progressing in this country. Dr. Butler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church Mission, says the Roman Catholics are aroused now as never before. They appear to be alarmed at the progress of Protestantism and to see the necessity of doing something to stay it, if possible. Their papers are full of appeals to the faithful to be constant to the Church and not to allow themselves to be led out of the fold. The organ of the Woman's Catholic Society of Mexico gives a horrible picture of Protestantism. Its system is a "licence for sin," its Churches are "pigsties," its ministers "wretches," its services "the worship of the Devil," and its orphan children will "burn in hell to all eternity."

CANADA.

The Rev. Dr. Fraser, Presbyterian Missionary at Formosa, China, having lost his excellent wife, has been compelled to return home to Canada with his little children. He has the sympathy of his own Church, and that of the Churches generally. Another Missionary has embarked for Formosa. The Presbyterian Church nobly sustains this Mission.

The recent issue of the *Missionary Notices* from the Methodist Mission Rooms, contains an unusual number of very interesting communications from British Columbia, Japan, and Manitoba. Our brethren in all those places have great and effectual doors set before them, which they would gladly enter, if the requisite means were at their command. We feel sure that the Committee would soon send out additional labourers were it not that the limited funds at their disposal forbid them to increase their expenditure. On the 31st of January only seven thousand, six

hundred and seven dollars and eleven cents had been received on the present year's income, so that it will be readily seen that to extend operations is simply impossible.

New churches are rising up in various parts of the Dominion. This is certainly very gratifying, but it is hoped that while local enterprises are receiving liberal patronage, that the Missionary work will not suffer any diminution of support. From Newfoundland to British Columbia we hear joyful tidings of aggressive movements being made on the empire of sin.

EVANGELISTIC MOVEMENTS.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are still labouring with great success in various parts of New England. Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins have become meet co-workers with these distinguished men. At Hartford, where they succeeded Messrs. Moody and Sankey, they were eminently successful. The preaching of Mr. Pentecost is of a high order in all respects, in richness of Biblical truth, in the unfolding and illustration of that truth and in impressive delivery and spiritual power. His discourses on the study and books of the Bible were very interesting and instructive, while in the inquiry meetings he shows equal wisdom and skill in dealing with souls and enlisting Christians in the work. Mr. Stebbins' singing is very attractive, not a few even preferring it to Mr. Sankey's.—Dr. Somerville and Mr. Varley are addressing large congregations in Australia. The movement is unprecedented in the religious world of Victoria.

—A Swede is preaching in the Swedish language to twenty-five hundred of his countrymen in Mr. Moody's Church at Chicago, the sermons being literal translations of Mr. Moody's discourses in different parts of the country. The preacher was converted in Sweden, it is said, by reading Mr. Moody's sermons,

and resembles Mr. Moody very closely in appearance.

Three years ago Mr. Moody began the noon prayer meetings in St. George's Church, Glasgow. The meeting is still vigorously sustained, and has been greatly blessed. The Sunday morning "free breakfasts" are regularly attended by about two thousand one hundred. One minister has received sixty members to his church who traced their conversion to the influence of these breakfasts. A hundred young women who had fallen into sin have been reclaimed.—Another nobleman, Earl Musgrove, has begun to hold evangelistic services in England. At the latest accounts, he was labouring with great enthusiasm among the fishermen of Essex.—It is said that Prince Leopold, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, is about to become a clergyman in the Church of England.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

In reference to our own Sabbath-schools in Canada, there are a few facts stated in the tabular report of the Secretary, Rev. A. Andrews, which we think are not very flattering to the Church. For instance, taking the six conferences into account, there are less than half the preaching places at which there are Sabbath-schools. Of the former there are 3,318, but only 1,620 of the latter. We are glad that 5,748 conversions are reported as occurring during the year, and that 14,599 of the scholars are reported as meeting in class, but then, remember, there are 114,183 scholars in the schools. The number of *Sunday-school Adverts* taken by the schools: only 14,337, not *one* copy for every eighth child. The number of the *Sunday-school Banner* taken is only 4,742,

but as we have 14,991 officers and teachers it will be seen that not one-third of them take this excellent magazine, which they would find to be an invaluable help in the study of their lessons. We know from experience how difficult it is to secure accurate statistical returns, but, we venture to hope that as a report of our Sabbath-school work will have to be prepared for the General Conference, that all who are connected with these matters will do their utmost to make their respective departments as perfect as possible.

ITEMS.

—The fraternity of the two Methodisms, North and South, as settled by the committee at Cape May, N.J., has just received another demonstration in New Orleans, where the property of three churches, valued at \$20,000, had been in dispute ever since the war. The title has now been confirmed in the Methodist Episcopal Church, (North.) The negotiations were conducted in the most fraternal Christian spirit on both sides. One after another the barriers are giving way. Time, patience, grace, will overcome all things.—The distinguished Dr. Duff, who was for so many years a Presbyterian Missionary in India, has gone to his reward. He visited Canada more than twenty years ago. We heard him speak for three hours to a crowded audience in Richmond Street Church, Toronto. He was a noble man, a hero among the servants of God.

—Rev. Henry Badger, Wesleyan Missionary for many years in Western Africa, chiefly at Sierra Leone, "the white man's grave," has also gone to his reward. He was an earnest, disinterested servant of God.

EASTER ANTHEM.

WORDS, SELECTED.

MUSIC BY HENRY WHITE.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, He is ris'n in - deed; Christ, the Lord, is

ris'n to-day, He is ris'n in-deed. He cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty, He

robbl'd the grave of vic - to - ry, He broke the bars of death, He broke the bars of

death, the bars of death. — Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah. A - men.

2 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, He is ris'n indeed;
 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, He is ris'n indeed;
 Let every mourning soul rejoice
 And sing with one unite^d voice,
 The Saviour rose to-day.
 The Saviour rose to-day.

Hallelujah, etc.

3 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, He is ris'n indeed;
 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, He is ris'n indeed;
 The great and glorious work is done,
 Free grace to all, through Christ, the Son;
 Hosanna to His name.
 Hosanna to His name.

Hallelujah, etc.

4 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, He is ris'n indeed;
 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, He is ris'n indeed;
 Let all that fill the earth and sea,
 Break forth in tuneful melody,
 And swell the mighty song,
 And swell the mighty song.

Hallelujah, &c.