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REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D.,
Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1883.

DISTINGUISHED CANADIANS.

THE REV. GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D.*

DR. GRANT for some years occupied a prominent place in the Presbyterian pulpit of the Maritime Provinces. He has more recently obtained still wider recognition, not merely as an earnest and effective preacher, but likewise as an author, and a zealous educational reformer. He was born in 1825, at Albion Mines, or as it is sometimes called, Stellarton, a mining village, in the county of Pictou, Nova Scotia, about a hundred miles to the north-east of Halifax. At the time of his birth, his father, a native of Scotland, taught a school in the village, and was known as a man of ability and high character. A few years later the family removed to the town of Pictou. In the early days of his boyhood the subject of this sketch attended Pictou Academy, where the foundation of his educational training may be said to have been laid. The effects of a boyish freak were destined to accompany him through life. He and some of his playfellows, for the mere love of mischief, were experimenting with a hay-cutter, in the absence of its owner. George Grant's right hand

* We are indebted for the portrait which accompanies this article to the courtesy of the Publisher of Dent's "Last Forty Years; or, Canada since the Union of 1841," from which work it is taken. The life-sketch is abridged from Mr. Dent's "Canadian Portrait Gallery." Four vols., 4to. Toronto: J. B. Magurn. This series of sketches of the leading men of Canada, we regard as a work of national importance, and among the most popular of the author's writings. This sketch appears in this number without the previous knowledge or consent of Dr. Grant.

was caught by the knife and taken completely off. This was at the time regarded as a serious loss, but "use doth breed habit in man," and by the time the wound was healed he could use his left hand with such facility that he scarcely felt the want of that he had lost. The deprivation has never seriously inconvenienced him, and he has been known to say: "I do not know what I would do with a second hand if I had it."

He had strong religious impressions, and from his earliest years had resolved that his life should be devoted to the Christian ministry. He had even at one time serious thoughts of becoming a missionary.

In his sixteenth year he began to attend the West River Seminary of the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia. Here he remained two years, spending the interval between the sessions in teaching school, and thereby unconsciously fitting himself for the important and honourable duties which were to devolve upon him in later life. Having completed his studies at the Seminary, he was elected by the committee of the Synod of Nova Scotia as one of four bursars to be sent to the University of Glasgow, to be fitted for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. He eagerly availed himself of the privilege afforded him, and, having barely completed his eighteenth year, repaired to Scotland. On reaching his destination he began a course of hard study which lasted for eight years.

His career at the University of Glasgow was distinguished by exceptional brilliancy, and long before it had come to a close he might truly have been regarded as, for his years, a sound and accomplished scholar. He was a diligent and successful student in all his classes; in many taking first prizes; in few, if any, coming out without distinction. He was always on the side of manliness; and it says much for him that he concurrently filled the high office of President of the Conservative club, of the Missionary Society, and of the football club—a testimony of the appreciation by his fellow-students of his platform eloquence, his religious convictions, and his love for manly sport. He also engaged zealously in the work of a private tutor in some of the influential families of the city; so that at the end of his course he could look proudly on the fact that he had not only supported himself during his attendance at college, but was able to return the money which the bursary fund of his native province had advanced on his behalf.

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Upon the completion of his theological studies he was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland. His brilliant success at the University had inspired him with a strong desire to devote his time and strength to literary work in the Old Country. Position and speedy preferment in his sacred calling were also offered him at the other side of the Atlantic; but he was a Canadian by preference as well as by birth, and determined that the rest of his life should be spent in his native land. He probably remembered too, that he had been sent over to Glasgow with a special view to his ultimately devoting himself to the service of the Presbyterian Church in Canada; and, though his pecuniary obligations to the bursary fund had been discharged he not unnaturally felt that Canada had the first claim to his services. Duty and inclination concurring, he returned to his native country early in 1861. Immediately upon his arrival he was appointed a missionary in the county of Pictou. He threw himself ardently into his work, and with happy results. A few months afterwards a more extended sphere of usefulness was opened to him in Prince Edward Island, where he spent the best part of two years. In the month of May, 1863, he was inducted into the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, which he retained until his appointment to his present position in 1877. The fourteen years of his incumbency were busy ones, and have left abundant traces behind them.

His love of literature remained unabated, but his active life did not admit of his devoting much time to it, as he was fully occupied with parochial, philanthropic, and Church work more immediately connected with his chosen profession.

In 1870 he began to act on the committee appointed to effect the union of the four branches of the Canada Presbyterian Church. The project gave rise to long negotiations, numerous conferences, and an immense mass of correspondence, in all of which Mr. Grant took his full share. The union was finally effected in 1875, and Mr. Grant, as Moderator, subscribed the articles for the Kirk Synod.

In the summer of the year 1872, it will be remembered, Mr. Sandford Fleming, the Chief Engineer of the Canada Pacific Railway, started on a tour of inspection across the continent, with a view to the location of the line. He was accompanied by a staff of assistants, and Mr. Grant, who felt the need of a change from the long sustained intellectual strain to which his faculties

had been subjected, accompanied the expedition in the capacity of Secretary. The party left Toronto on the 16th of July, 1872, and reached Victoria, British Columbia, on the 9th of October following. Mr. Grant kept a careful diary during the long journey, and after his return home threw it into shape and published it in book-form under the title "Ocean to Ocean." It was well received, and obtained favourable notices from the press of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States. The publication of this work gave the author an extended literary reputation, and the solicitations since made to him by publishers on both sides of the Atlantic have been both numerous and flattering. He wrote for *Good Words* a series of articles on the "Great North-West," which were highly appreciated by the readers of that periodical. To the *Canadian Monthly* he contributed papers on "Joseph Howe," on "Religion and Culture," and other subjects. He also contributed a series of four illustrated articles on Canada to *Scribner's Magazine*, published in New York.

Principal Grant has had immediate association with educational matters during the whole of his life, more especially since his ordination to the ministry. He has also edited that magnificently illustrated work "Picturesque Canada."

It remains only to speak of his career as Principal of Queen's College. He was elected to that position in the month of October, 1877, as successor to Principal Snodgrass. He had no sooner entered upon his new duties than he perceived that something must be done to place the college on a more secure footing. His inauguration of the Building and Endowment Scheme, and his successful exertions in raising the \$150,000 required to carry it out, are too fresh in the public memory to need more than a passing reference in this place. Everyone told him that the raising of such a sum in the short space of six months, and in the midst of hard times, was a sheer impossibility. He did not waste time in argumentative attempts to convince them that they were wrong. He simply went to work with his accustomed energy and did it. Soon after succeeding to the Principal's chair his *alma mater*, the University of Glasgow, conferred upon him the degree of D.D.

A man of such breadth and fervour at the helm of a theological institution can hardly fail to exercise a beneficent and far-reaching influence; and never in the history of mankind was there a

time when such an influence was more imperatively required, in every quarter of the globe, than now.

His lectures are always attractive, and he has the faculty of investing the driest subjects with a strong human interest. One reason why he is always interesting is probably because he is always interested himself. His enthusiasm is as fresh and buoyant as in the days of his early youth. He is fond of teaching, and has a keen sympathy with the unattainable, no less than with the attainable aspirations of young men. He has devoted a good deal of attention to scientific research, and keeps himself abreast of the times with regard to the modern theories of evolution, the cosmogony of the universe, and other kindred matters. He advocates the fullest freedom of thought consonant with the teachings of theology, and does not believe in the ostracism of any man on the score of his honest opinions. He recognizes no conflict between the teachings of true religion, in its broadest sense, and the discoveries of modern science. Truth, he believes, must in the end prevail, and whatever will not stand the test of free and enlightened inquiry is unworthy of being accepted as the truth. The key-note of his theory in educational matters is that the higher education must react on the lower, and that education and religion must go hand in hand if they are to prosper and to bless humanity.

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 tireless the wheels go round and round.

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

Are we spinners of good in this life-web, say ?
Do we furnish and weave a thread each day ?
It were better, then, by far to spin
A beautiful thread, than a thread of sin.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

II.

PROVINCE OF MANITOBA.



CAMPING OUT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

THE Province of Manitoba is situated in the very centre of the continent, being midway between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the East and West, and the Arctic Ocean and Gulf of Mexico on the North and South.

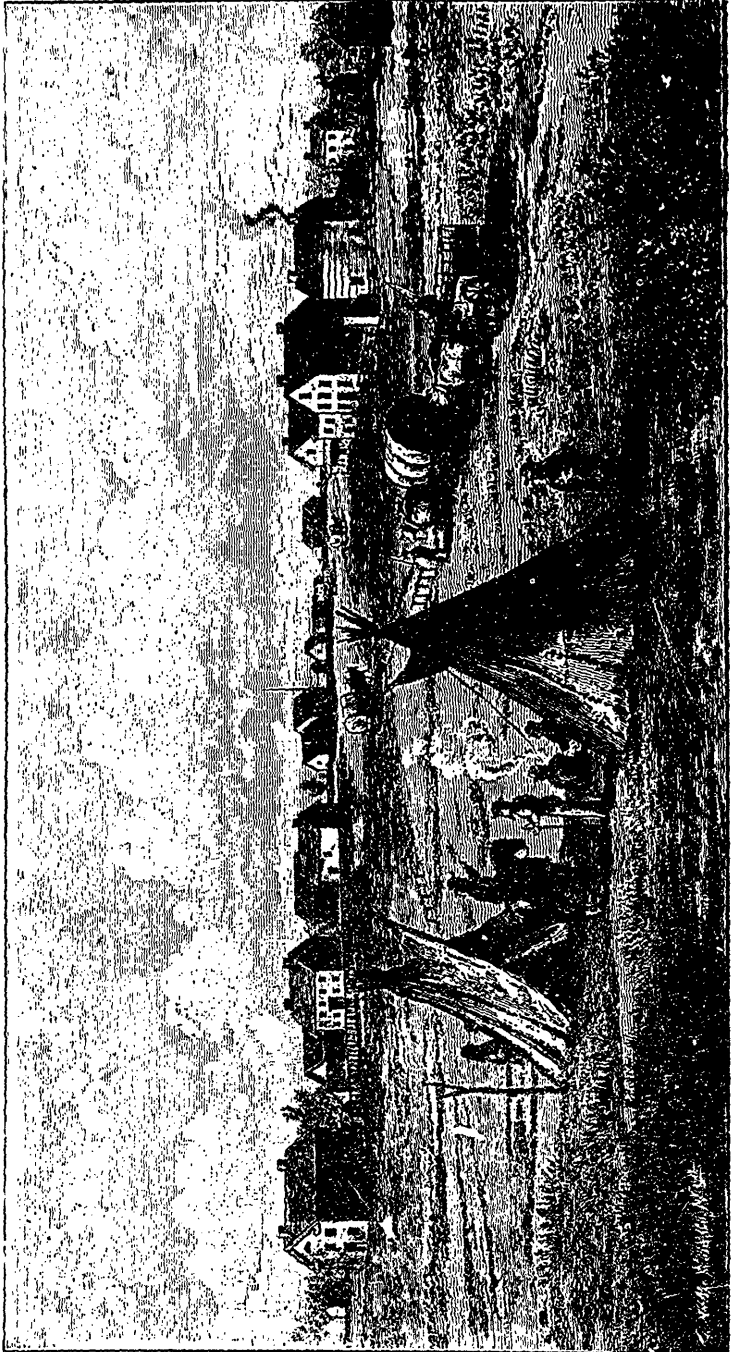
The southern frontier of Manitoba is a little to the south of Paris, and the line being continued would pass through the south of Germany. Manitoba has the same summer suns as that favoured portion of Europe. The contiguous territory, including the great Saskatchewan and Peace River regions, is the equivalent of both the Empires of Russia and Germany on the continent of Europe. To use the eloquent words of Lord Dufferin: "Manitoba may be regarded as the keystone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which spans the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Canada, the owner of half a continent, in the magnitude of her possessions, in the wealth of her resources, in the sinews of her material might, is peer of any power on the earth."

The summer mean temperature of Manitoba is 67° to 76° , which is about the same as the State of New York. But in winter the thermometer sinks to 30° and 40° and sometimes 50° below zero.

THUNDER CAPE, LAKE SUPERIOR.



The atmosphere, however, is very bright and dry, and the sensation of cold is not so unpleasant as that of a temperature at the freezing point in a humid atmosphere.



WINNIPEG IN 1872.

Manitoba and the North-West Territory of Canada are among the absolutely healthiest countries on the globe, and most pleasant to live in. There is no malaria, and there are no diseases arising out of, or peculiar to, either the province or the climate.

The climate drawbacks are occasional storms and "blizzards," and there are sometimes summer frosts. But the liability to these is not greater than in many parts of Canada or the United States as far south as New York.

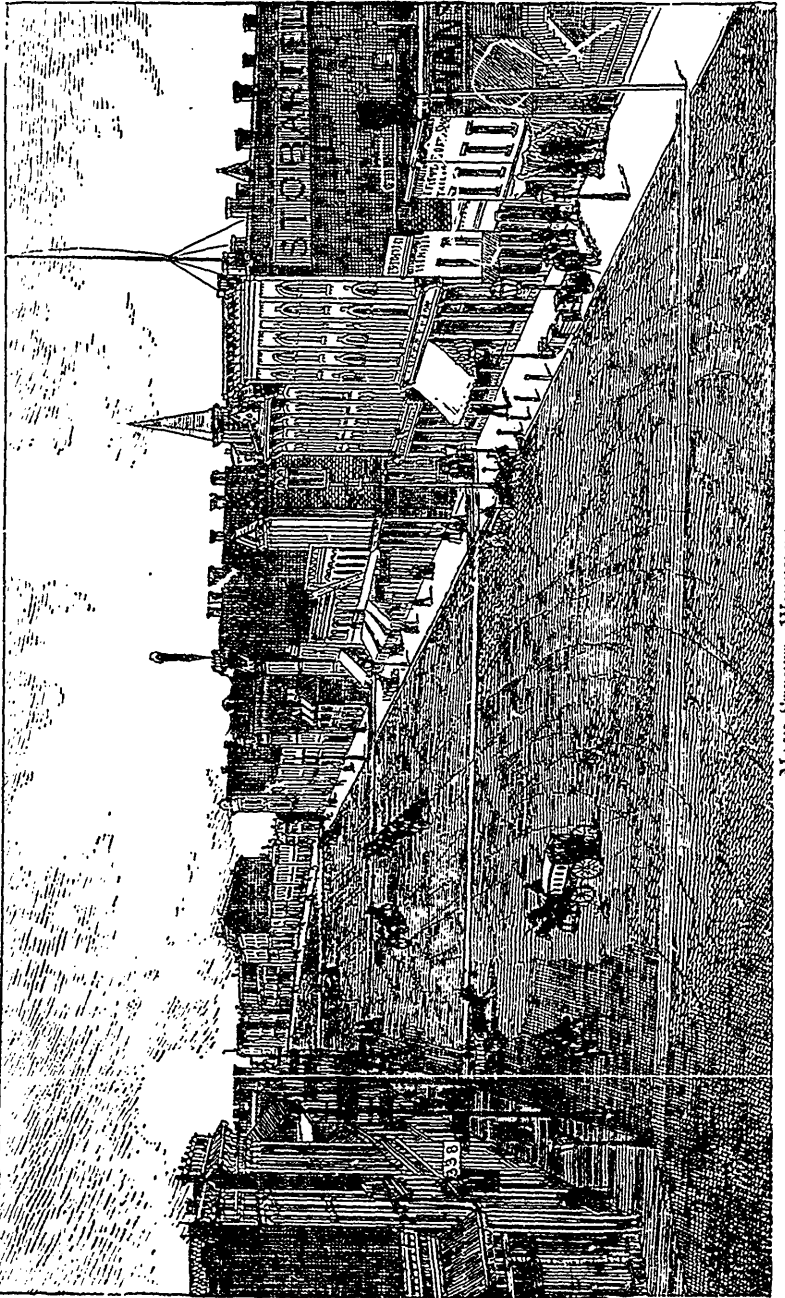
Very little snow falls on the prairies, the average depth being about eighteen inches, and buffaloes and the native horses graze out of doors all winter. The snow goes away and ploughing begins from the 1st to the latter end of April, a fortnight earlier than in the Ottawa region.

The soil is a rich, deep, black argillaceous mould or loam, resting on a deep and very tenacious clay subsoil. It is among the richest, if not the richest, soil in the world, and especially adapted to the growth of wheat. Analyses by chemists in Scotland and Germany have established this fact. The soil is so rich that it does not require the addition of manure for years after the first breaking of the prairie, and in particular places where the black loam is very deep, it is practically inexhaustible.

All the cereals grow and ripen in great abundance. Wheat is especially adapted both to the soil and climate. The wheat grown is very heavy, being from 62 to 66 lbs. per bushel; the average yield, with fair farming, being 25 bushels to the acre. There are much larger yields reported, but there are also smaller, the latter being due to defective farming.

Potatoes and all kinds of field and garden roots grow to large size and in great abundance. Tomatoes and melons ripen in the open air. Hops and flax are at home on the prairies. All the small fruits, such as currants, strawberries, raspberries, etc., are found in abundance. But it is not yet established that the country is adapted for the apple or pear. These fruits, however, do grow at St. Paul; and many think they will in Manitoba.

For grazing and cattle raising the facilities are unbounded. The prairie grasses are nutritious and of illimitable abundance. Hay is cheaply and easily made. Trees are found along the rivers and streams, and they will grow anywhere very rapidly, if protected from prairie fires. Wood for fuel has not been very expensive, and preparations are now being made for bringing coal



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.

into market; of which important mineral there are vast beds further west, which will immediately be brought into use. The whole of the vast territory from the boundary to the Peace River, about 200 miles wide from the Rocky Mountains, is a coal field.

Water is found by digging wells of moderate depth on the prairie. The rivers and "coolies" are also available for water supply. Rain generally falls freely during the spring, while the summer and autumn are generally dry.

The drawbacks to production are occasional visitations of grasshoppers, but Senator Sutherland testified before a Parliamentary Committee that he had known immunity from them for 40 years. This evil is not much feared; but still it might come.

Manitoba has already communication by railway with the Atlantic seaboard and all parts of the continent; that is to say, a railway train may start from Halifax or Quebec, after connection with the ocean steamship, and run continuously on to Winnipeg. It can do the same from New York, Boston, or Portland, and further, the Canadian Pacific Railway, as elsewhere stated, is now completed to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The branch from Thunder Bay, on Lake Superior to Winnipeg, a distance of over 400 miles, is already completed. Other railways are chartered, and it is believed will soon be constructed. A portion of the Manitoba and South-Western has already been opened.

The section of the Pacific Railway now opened to Thunder Bay will place the cereals and other produce of Manitoba in connection with Lake Superior, whence it can be cheaply floated down the great water system of the St. Lawrence and lakes to the ocean steamships in the ports of Montreal and Quebec, while the railway system affords connection as well with the markets of the other provinces as with those of the United States.

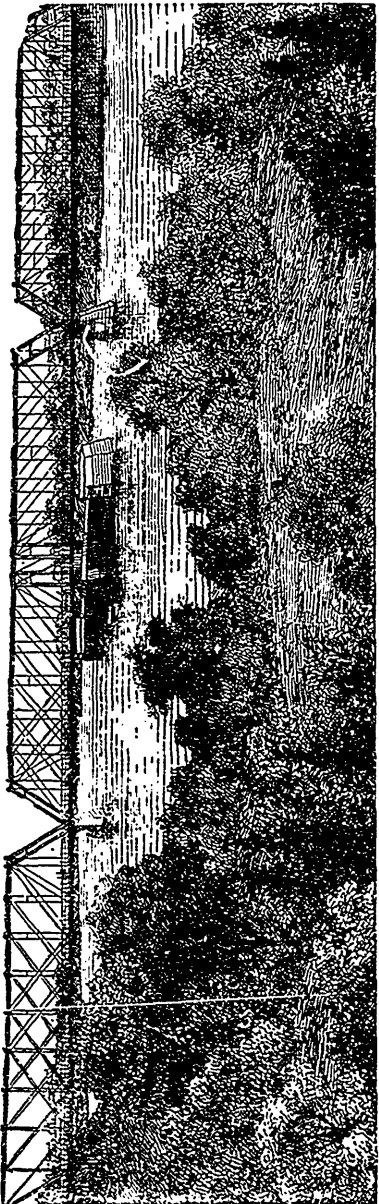
The Canadian Pacific Railway will be immediately and continuously pushed to rapid completion to the Pacific Ocean. It will be by far the shortest line, with the easiest gradients, and the fewest and easiest curves, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and will constitute the shortest and best line for travel and commerce between Great Britain and China and Japan. This line of railway, passing through the fertile, instead of the desert, portion of the continent of America, will constitute one of the most important of the highways of the world.

The river system of Manitoba and the North-West is a striking feature of the country. A steamer can leave Winnipeg and proceed *via* the Saskatchewan to Edmonton, near the base of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of 1,500 miles; and steamers are now plying for a distance of more than 320 miles on the Assiniboine, an affluent of the Red River, which it joins at the city of Winnipeg.

The Red River is navigable for steamers from Moorhead, in the United States, where it is crossed by the Northern Pacific Railway, to Lake Winnipeg, a distance of over 400 miles. Lake Winnipeg is about 280 miles in length, affording an important navigation. The Saskatchewan, which takes its rise in the Rocky Mountains, enters this lake at the northern end, and has a steamboat navigation as far as Fort Edmonton, affording vast commercial facilities for those great areas of fertile lands.

The settler from older countries should be careful to adapt himself to those methods which experience of the country has proved to be wise, rather than try to employ in a new country those practices to which he has been accustomed at home.

For instance, with respect to ploughing, or, as it is called, "breaking" the prairie, the method in Manitoba is quite different from that in the Old Country. The prairie is covered with a rank vegetable growth, and the question is how to subdue this,



LOUISE BRIDGE, ACROSS RED RIVER, WINNIPEG.



WINNIPEG IN 1882.

and so make the land available for farming purposes. Experience has proved that the best way is to plough not deeper than *two inches*, and turn over a furrow from twelve to sixteen inches wide.

It is especially desirable for the farmer who enters early in the spring to put in a crop of oats on the first "breaking." It is found by experience that the sod pulverizes and decomposes under the influence of a growing crop quite as effectually as when simply turned and left by itself for that purpose, if not more so. Large crops of oats are obtained from sowing on the first breaking, and thus not only is the cost defrayed, but there is a profit. It is also of great importance to a settler with limited means to get this crop the first year. One mode of this kind of planting is to scatter the oats on the grass and then turn a thin sod over them. The grain thus buried quickly finds its way through, and in a few weeks the sod is perfectly rotten. Flax is a good crop to put in the first breaking. It yields well, pays well, and rapidly subdues the turned sod.

Potatoes may be put in as late as June the 20th. All that is required is to turn over a furrow, put the potatoes on the ground, and then turn another furrow to cover them, the face of the grass being placed directly on the seed. No hoeing or further cultivation is required except to cut off any weeds that may grow. Very heavy crops of fine potatoes have been grown in this way.

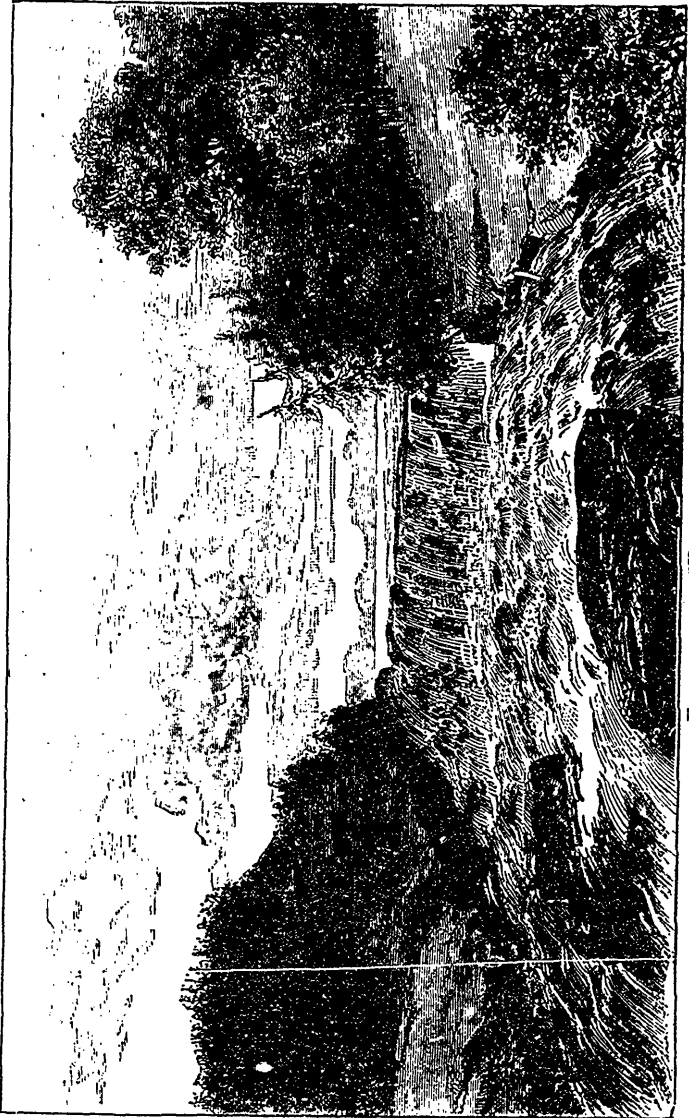
Before the prairie is broken the sod is very tough, and requires great force to break it; but after it has once been turned the subsequent ploughings are very easy from the friability of the soil, and gang ploughs may easily be used.

On account of the great force required to break the prairie in the first instance, there are many who prefer oxen to horses; and there is also a liability of horses becoming sick in Manitoba when first taken there from the older parts of the continent, until they become accustomed to the new feed and the country, especially if they are worked hard.

It is for this reason that oxen, which are not liable to the same casualties as horses, are better suited for breaking the prairie. A pair of oxen will break an acre and a half a day, with very little or no expense at all for feed. Mules have been found to do very well, and they are considered well adapted for prairie work. On the larger farms steam is beginning to be used.

The settler in going to Manitoba should be cautioned against

burdening himself with very heavy luggage. Freight is charged for luggage over 150 lbs. Tools and implements specially adapted to the country can be purchased cheaply in Manitoba.



FALLS ON THE WINNIPEG RIVER.

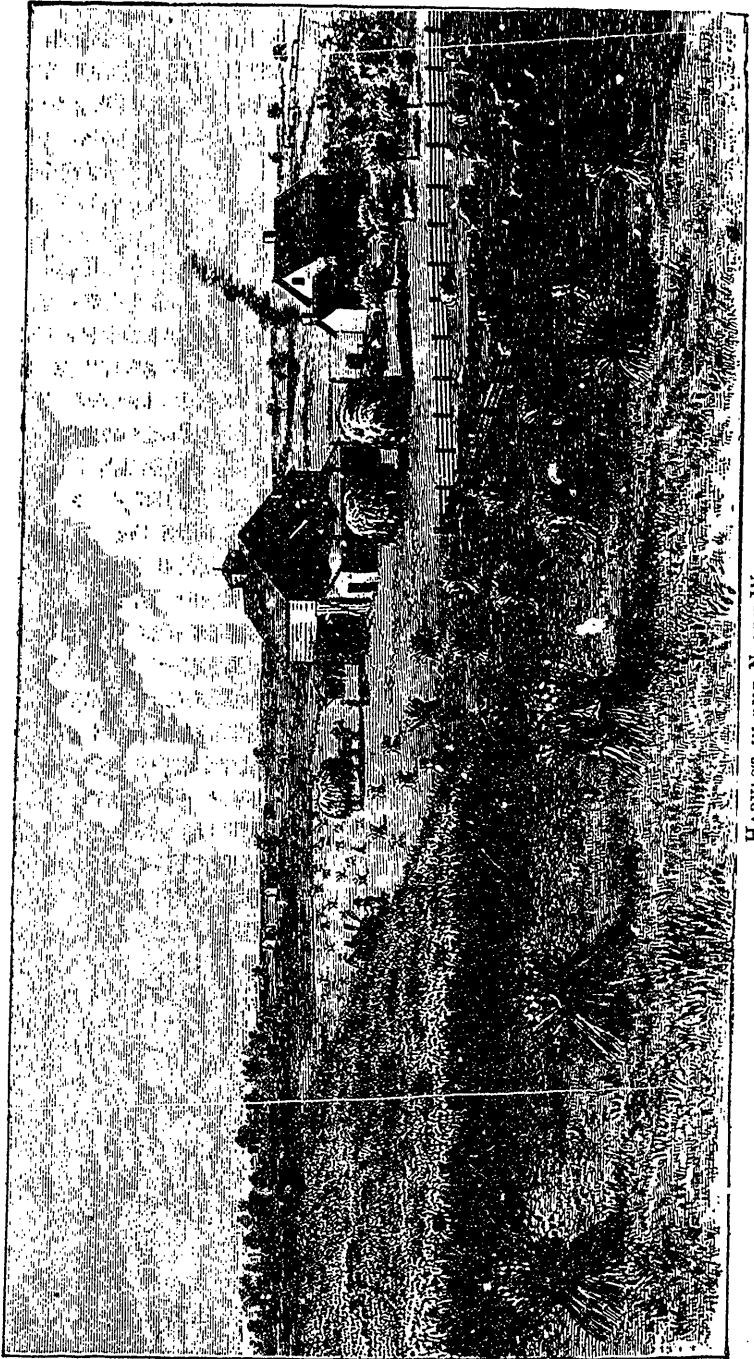
The exception to this general direction is that parties may sometimes hire a car for their effects, and thus take their whole stock

and furniture with them more cheaply than they can be replaced; but the adaptation of any implement to Manitoba should be well ascertained before it is taken.

The intending settler may go by way of the Great Lakes to Thunder Bay, where he will take the railway to Winnipeg. This line is the shortest, and wholly within Canadian territory; and the settler who takes this route is free from the inconvenience of all customs examinations required on entering the United States, or again on entering Manitoba from the United States; or he may take the all rail route *via* Chicago and St. Paul to Winnipeg. The distance by this route is longer, but it is continuous, and there is very little difference in point of time, now that the railway is opened from Thunder Bay.

Manitoba hardships, if they are to be called so, are nothing to be compared with those of regions where the forest must be hewn down before a harvest can be reaped. They are nothing to those endured by our forefathers, when there was no railway to convey in what was needed, or to carry out the surplus product of the soil.

A rivalry, as keen and uncompromising as the old border feuds which divided the English and the Scots into hostile bodies, now excites the citizens of the Canadian Province of Manitoba and the United States Territory of Dakota. Happily, the present contest is bloodless. The relative merit of their respective regions is the subject which is hotly and unscrupulously contested in the columns of newspapers and the circulars of land companies. If the allegations made on the one side are believed, then Dakota is not a fit place for habitation; if credence be given to those on the other, then Manitoba is an arid and Arctic wilderness. It is difficult for the impartial spectator to side with either disputant. When Sir William Hamilton discussed rival systems of philosophy, he expressed the opinion that philosophers were generally right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. This philosophical dictum is applicable to the present case. So long as the citizens of Manitoba and Dakota eulogize their own province or territory they are perfectly right, but when they proceed to disparage the neighbouring province or territory they are glaringly wrong. For many miles on either side of the boundary-line, between this part of the United States and Canada, the soil is identical in character, with no appreciable difference in climate.



HARVEST IN THE NORTH-WEST.

We do not hold that Manitoba is absolutely perfect; when describing it in these pages we set forth its drawbacks as well as its attractions. A country may fall far short of the ideal form in dreams, and yet be a pleasant place to live in. It is possible that the "summer isles of Eden, lying in dark purple spheres of sea," imagined by the poet, may be less charming in reality on account of the insects or venomous reptiles which infest all accessible earthly paradises.

The farmers are as well pleased with the soil as with the climate of Manitoba; they declare that it is a black mould from two feet to four feet in depth, and so rich as to produce, without manure, large crops of vegetables and grain. They state that water is abundant and good, that the finest hay can be procured with little trouble at a trifling cost; that there is no lack of timber; that the *minimum* yield of wheat is nine bushels an acre in excess of the average yield in Minnesota, and the weight of each bushel is 1 lb. heavier; that the average yield of oats is 57 bushels an acre; of barley, 40; of peas, 38; of rye, 60; and of potatoes, "mealy to the core," 318 bushels. It is not uncommon for 500 bushels of the best potatoes to be taken from a single acre of land. Some of the potatoes weigh $4\frac{3}{4}$ lbs.

Whether the soil and climate of Manitoba are as much superior to the soil and climate of Dakota, as many persons assert them to be, may remain a matter of controversy. There is no doubt, however, that the Homestead Act, as regards both citizens of the British Empire and aliens, is far more liberal in Manitoba than in Dakota. This consideration ought to influence the decision of the emigrant from the United Kingdom who desires to obtain, under the beneficent provisions of the Homestead Act, a new home on the North American Continent.

HOME.

BETTER than gold is a peaceful home,
 Where all the fireside characters come:
 The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
 Hallowed by mother, sister or wife.
 However humble the home may be,
 Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
 The blessings that never were bought nor sold,
 And centre there, are better than gold.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

X.



THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.

It was rather amusing than otherwise to observe the readiness of the savages to fire their guns at us. They appeared to think that we were human waifs without parentage, guardianship, or means of protection, for their audacity was excessive. Such frantic creatures, however, could not tempt us to fight them. The river was wide enough, channels innumerable afforded us means of escaping from their mad ferocity, and Providence had kindly supplied us with crooked by-ways and unfrequented paths of water which we might pursue unmolested.

Like hunted beasts of the chase, we sought the gloom and solitude of the wilds. Along the meandering and embowered creeks, hugging the shadows of the o'er-arching woods, we sought for that safety which man refused us. The great river grew sea-like in breadth. There was water sufficient to float the most powerful steamers that float in the Mississippi. On February 24th, faithful Amina, wife of Kachéché, breathed her last, making a most affecting end. I drew my boat alongside of the canoe she was lying in. She was quite sensible, but very weak. "Ah, master!" she said, "I shall never see the sea again. Your child Amina is dying. I have so wished to see the cocoa-nuts and the mangoes; but no—Amina is dying—dying in a pagan land. She will never see Zanzibar. The master has been good to his chil-

dren, and Amina remembers it. It is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it. Good-bye, master; do not forget poor little Amina!" While floating down, we dressed her in her shroud, and laid her tenderly out, and at sunset consigned her body to the depths of the silent river.

The time had now come when we could no longer sneak amongst reedy islets, or wander in secret amongst wildernesses of water; we must once more confront man. The native was no longer the infuriate brute. He appeared to be toning down into the MAN. We now eagerly searched for opportunities to exchange greetings, and to claim kindred with him. Behind a rocky point were three natives fishing. We lay-to on our oars and accosted them. They replied to us clearly and calmly. There was none of that fierce fluster and bluster and wild excitement that we had come to recognize as the preliminary symptoms of a conflict. The word *ndu*—brother—was more frequent; there was a manifest desire to accept our conciliatory sentiments. They readily subscribed to all the requirements of friendship, and an exchange of a few small gifts. About 9 a.m. of the 28th the king of Chumbiri appeared with *éclat*. The initial cut is an admirable likeness of him. A small-eyed man of about fifty or thereabout, with the instincts of a greedy trader cropping out of him at all points, and cunning beyond measure. The type of his curious hat may be seen on the head of any Armenian priest. It was formed out of close-plaited palm fibre, sufficiently durable to outlast his life, though he might live a century. Above his shoulder stood upright the bristles of an elephant's tail.

Our intercourse with the king was very friendly, and it was apparent that we were mutually pleased. An invitation was extended to us to make his own village our home. We were hungry, and accepted the invitation, and crossed the river, drums and double bell-gongs sounding the peaceful advance of our flotilla upon Chumbiri.

The dames of Chumbiri were slaves of fashion. Six-tenths of them wore brass collars two inches in diameter. Fancy the weight of 30 pounds of brass, soldered permanently round the neck! Yet these were the favourite wives of Chumbiri! He boasted to me he possessed "four tens" of wives, and each wife was collared permanently in thick brass. I made a rough calculation, and I estimated that his wives bore about their necks

until death at least 800 pounds of brass ; his daughters—he had six—120 pounds. Add 6 pounds of brass wire to each wife and daughter for arm and leg ornaments, and one is astonished to discover that Chumbiri possesses a portable store of 1396 pounds of brass.

I asked of Chumbiri what he did with the brass on the neck of a dead wife. He smiled. Significantly he drew his finger across his throat.

On the 7th March we parted from the friendly king, with an escort of forty-five men, in three canoes, under the leadership of his eldest son, who was instructed by his father to accompany us as far as the pool, now called Stanley Pool, because of an incident which will be described hereafter.

On the 8th of March we drew our vessels close to a large grove to cook breakfast. Fires were kindled, and the women were attending to the porridge of cassava flour for their husbands. Frank and I were hungrily awaiting our cook's voice to announce our meal ready, when, close to us,



ONE OF THE KING'S WIVES AT CHUMBIRI

several loud musket-shots startled us all, and six of our men fell wounded. Though we were taken considerably at disadvantage, long habit had taught us how to defend ourselves in a bush, and a desperate fight began, and lasted an hour, ending in the retreat of the savages, but leaving us with fourteen of our men wounded. This was our thirty-second fight, and last.

On the right of the river towered a low row of cliffs, white and glistening, so like the cliffs of Dover that Frank at once exclaimed that it was a bit of England. The grassy table-land above the cliffs appeared as green as a lawn, and so much reminded Frank of Kentish Downs that he exclaimed enthusiastically, "I feel we are nearing home."

"Why not call this 'Stanley Pool,' and these cliffs 'Dover Cliffs?'" he said, "for no traveller who may come here again will fail to recognize the cliffs by that name."

Subsequent events brought these words vividly to my recollection, and in accordance with Frank's suggestion I named this lake-like expansion of the river from Dover Cliffs to the first



THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS.

cataract of the Livingstone Falls—embracing about thirty square miles—the Stanley Pool.

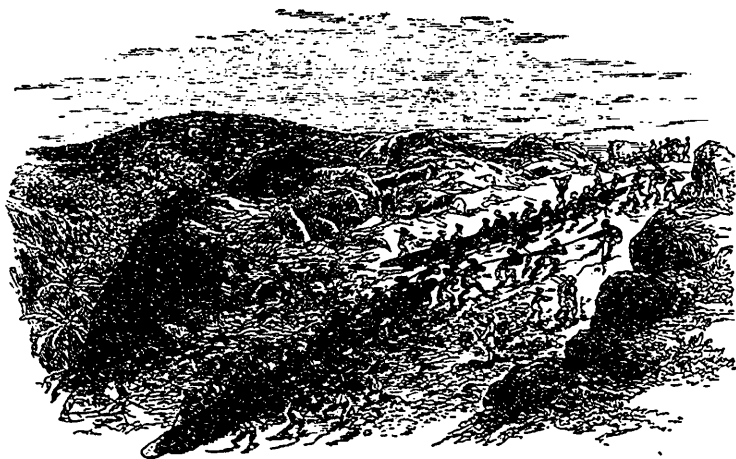
A few hundred yards below we heard, for the first time, the low and sullen thunder of the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls.

The wide, wild land which, by means of the greatest river of Africa we have pierced, is now about to be presented in a milder aspect than that which has filled the preceding pages with records of desperate conflicts and furious onslaughts of savage men. The people no longer resist our advance. Trade has tamed their natural ferocity, until they no longer resent our approach with the fury of beasts of prey.

It is the dread river itself of which we shall now have to complain. It is no longer the stately stream whose mystic beauty, noble grandeur, and gentle uninterrupted flow along a course of nearly nine hundred miles, ever fascinated us, despite the savagery of its peopled shores, but a furious river rushing down a steep bed obstructed by reefs of lava, lines of immense boulders, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids. Our frequent contests with the savages culminated in tragic struggles with the mighty river as it rushed and roared through the deep, yawning pass that leads from the broad table-land down to the Atlantic Ocean. With inconceivable fury the Livingstone sweeps with foaming billows into the broad Congo.

On the 16th of March we began our labours with energy. We had some skilful work to perform to avoid being swept away by the velocity of the current; but whenever we came to rocks we held the rattan hawsers in our hands, and allowed the stream to take the boats beyond these dangerous points. Had a hawser parted nothing could have saved the canoe or the men in it. It was the wildest stretch of river that I have ever seen. Take a strip of sea blown over by a hurricane, four miles in length and half a mile in breadth, and a pretty accurate conception of its leaping waves may be obtained. The roar was tremendous and deafening. The most powerful ocean steamer, going at full speed on this portion of the river would be as helpless as a cockle-boat. I attempted three times, by watching some tree floating down from above, to ascertain the rate of the wild current by observing the time that it occupied in passing two given

points, from which I estimated it to be about thirty miles an hour! On the 17th, after cutting brushwood and laying it over a path of 800 yards in length, we crossed from the upper branch of the Gordon-Bennett River, to the lower branch. On the 21st and the two following days we were engaged in hauling our vessels overland, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, over a broad rocky point. The 25th saw us at work at dawn in a bad piece of river, which is significantly styled the "Cauldron." Our best canoe, 75 feet long, was torn from the hands of fifty men, and swept away in the early morning down to destruction. In the afternoon, the *Glasgow*, parting her cables, was swept away,



OVER ROCKY POINT CLOSE TO GAMPA'S.

but to our great joy, finally recovered. Accidents were numerous; the glazed rocks were very slippery, occasioning dangerous falls to the men. One man dislocated his shoulder, and another had a severe contusion of the head. Too careless for my safety, in my eagerness and anxiety, I fell down, feet first, into a chasm 30 feet deep between two enormous boulders, but fortunately escaped with only a few rib bruises, though for a short time I was half stunned.

On the 27th we happily succeeded in passing the fearful Cauldron, but during our last efforts the *Crocodile*, 85 feet long, was swept away into the centre of the Cauldron, heaved upward, and whirled round with quick gyrations, but was at last secured. Leaving Frank Pocock in charge of the camp, I mustered ninety

men—most of the others being stiff from wounds—and proceeded, by making a wooden tramway with sleepers and rollers, to pass



AT WORK PASSING THE LOWER END OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE LIVINUSTONE FALLS, NEAR ROCKY ISLAND.

Rocky Island Falls. By 2 p.m. we were below the falls. The seventeen canoes now left to us were manned according to their capacity. As I was about to embark in my boat to lead the way, I turned to the people to give my last instructions—which were, to follow me, clinging to the right bank, and by no means to venture into mid-river into the current. While delivering my instructions, I observed Kalulu in the *Crocodile*. When I asked him what he wanted in the canoe, he replied, with a deprecating smile and an expostulating tone, “I can pull, sir; see!” “Ah, very well,” I answered. The river was not more than 450 yards wide; but one cast of the sounding-lead close to the bank obtained a depth of 138 feet. In a very few moments we had descended the mile stretch, and before us, 600 yards off, roared the furious falls, since distinguished by the name “Kalulu.”

With a little effort we succeeded in reaching a pretty camping-place on a sandy leach. I was beginning to congratulate myself on having completed a good day's work, when to my horror I saw the *Crocodile*, gliding with the speed of an arrow towards the falls. Human strength availed nothing now, and we watched it in agony, for it had five men on board. It soon reached the island which cleft the falls, and was swept down the left branch. We saw it whirled round three or four times, then plunged down into the depths, out of which the stern presently emerged pointed upward, and we knew then that Kalulu and his canoe-mates were no more.

Fast upon this terrible catastrophe, before we could begin to bewail their loss, another canoe with two men in it darted past the point, borne by irresistibly on the swift current. Then a third canoe darted by, and the brave lad Soudi cried out, “La il Allah, il Allah”—“There is but one God—I am lost! Master!” We watched him for a few moments, and then saw him drop, and then darkness fell upon the day of horror! Nine men lost in one afternoon!

The commencement of “Lady Alice Rapids” was marked by a broad fall, and a lengthy dyke of foaming water. Strong cables were lashed to the bow and stern, and three men were detailed to each, while five assisted me in the boat. But the rapids were more powerful and greater than usual.

We had scarcely ventured near the top of the rapids when the current swept the boat into the centre of the angry, foaming, billowy stream.

"Oars, my boys, and be steady! Uledi, to the helm!" were all the words I was able to shout, after which I guided the coxswain with my hand; for now as we rowed furiously downwards the human voice was weak against the thunder of the angry river. Never did the rocks assume such hardness, such solemn grimness and bigness, never were they invested with such terrors and such grandeur of height, as while we were the cruel sport and prey of the brown-black waves, which whirled us round like a spinning-top, swung us aside, almost engulfed us in the rapidly subsiding



DEATH OF KALULU.

troughs, and then hurled us upon the white, rageful crests of others. Ah! with what feelings we regarded this awful power which the great river had now developed! How we cringed under its imperious, compelling, and irresistible force! What lightning retrospects we cast upon our past lives! How impotent we felt before it!

"La il Allah, il Allah!" screamed young Mabruki. "We are lost!—yes, we are lost!"

The flood was resolved we should taste the bitterness of death. A sudden rumbling noise, like the deadened sound of an earthquake, caused us to look below, and we saw the river heaved

bodily upward, as though a volcano was about to belch around us. Up to the summit of this watery mound we were impelled; and then, divining what was about to take place, I shouted out, "Pull, men, for your lives!" A few frantic strokes and we were precipitated over a fall, and sweeping down towards the lowest line of breakers; but at last we reached land, and my faithful followers rushed up one after another with their exuberant welcome to life. And Frank, my amiable and trusty Frank, was neither last nor least in his professions of love and sympathy, and gratitude to Him who had saved us from a watery grave. The land party then returned with Frank to remove the goods to our new camp, and by night my tent was pitched within a hundred yards of the cataract mouth of the Nkenké. From the tall cliff south of us tumbled a river 400 feet into the great river; and on our right, 200 yards off, the Nkenké rushed down steeply like an enormous cascade from the height of 1000 feet. The noise of the Nkenké torrent resembled the roar of an express train over an iron bridge; that of Cataract River, taking its 400 feet leap from the cliffs, was like the rumble of distant thunder.

We now, surrounded by daily terrors and hope-killing shocks of those apparently endless cataracts, and the loud boom of their baleful fury, remembered with regretful hearts, the Sabbath stillness and dreamy serenity of the Livingstone.

Though our involuntary descent of the Lady Alice Rapids—a distance of three miles—occupied us but fifteen minutes, it was a work of four days, to lower the canoes by cables. The next day, we descended two miles of dangerous rapids and whirlpools, and on the 20th proceeded a distance of four miles, forming camp behind some small islets, near which the river expands to a width of about eight hundred yards. The villagers sent a deputation to us with palm-wine and a small gift of cassava tubers. Upon asking them if there were any more cataracts, they replied that there was only one, and they exaggerated it so much that the very report struck terror and dismay into our people. They described it as falling from a height greater than the position on which their village was situated, which drew exclamations of despair from my followers. The distance we had laboured through from the 16th March to the 21st April inclusive, a period of thirty-seven days, was only 34 miles! Since the fishermen "who ought to know," we said, declared

there was only this tremendous cataract, with a fall of several hundred feet, below us, we resolved to persevere until we had passed it.



"LADA AUCE" OVER THE FALLS.

During the three following days we were engaged in the descent of a six-mile stretch, which enabled us to approach the "terrific" falls described by the Basessé. The "Falls" are called Inkisi. The river, being forced through a chasm only 500 yards wide, is flanked by curling waves of destructive fury, while below is an absolute chaos of mad waters, leaping waves, deep troughs, contending watery ridges, tumbling and tossing for a distance of two miles.

The natives above Inkisi descended from their breezy homes on the table-land to visit the strangers. They were burning to know what we intended to do to extricate ourselves from the embarrassing position in which we found ourselves before these falls. Before replying to their questions, I asked if there was another cataract below. "No," said they, "at least only a little one, which you can pass without trouble." "Ah," thought I to myself. "I will haul my canoes up the mountain and pass over the table-land, and I must now cling to this river to the end, having followed it so long."

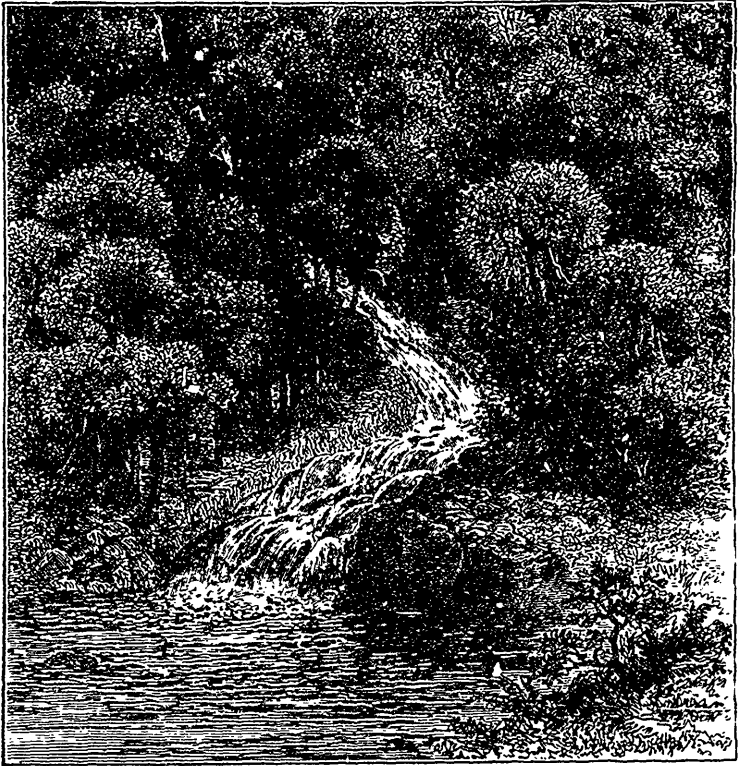
My resolution was soon communicated to my followers, who looked perfectly blank at the proposition. The natives heard me, and, seeing the silence and reluctance of the people, they asked the cause, and I told them it was because I intended to drag our vessels up the mountain.

"Up the mountain!" they repeated, turning their eyes towards the towering height, which was shagged with trees and bristling with crags and hill fragments, with an unspeakable look of horror. They appeared to fancy the world was coming to an end, or some unnatural commotion would take place, for they stared at me with lengthened faces. Then, without a word, they climbed the steep ascent of 1200 feet, and securing their black pigs, fowls, or goats in their houses, spread the report far and wide that the white man intended to fly his canoes over the mountains.

On the other hand, the amiable Basessé, across the river, had gathered in hundreds on the cliffs overlooking the Inkisi Falls, in expectation of seeing a catastrophe, which certainly would have been worth seeing had we been so suicidally inclined as to venture over the falls in our canoes—for that undoubtedly was their idea.

Having fully decided upon the project, it only remained to make a road and to begin, but in order to obtain the assistance

of the aborigines, which I was anxious for in order to relieve my people from much of the fatigue, the first day all hands were mustered for road-making, and, by night, a bush-strewn path 1500 yards in length had been constructed. By 8 a.m. of the 26th our exploring boat and a small canoe were on the summit of the table-land at a new camp we had formed. The native chiefs were in a state of agreeable wonder, for after an hour's



THE NKENKÉ RIVER ENTERING THE LIVINGSTONE BELOW THE LADY ALICE RAPIDS.

“talk” they agreed, for a gift of forty cloths, to bring six hundred men to assist us to haul up the monster canoes we possessed, two or three of which were of heavy teak, over 70 feet in length, and weighing over three tons. A large number of my men were then detailed to cut rattan canes as a substitute for ropes, and as many were brittle and easily broken, this involved frequent delays.

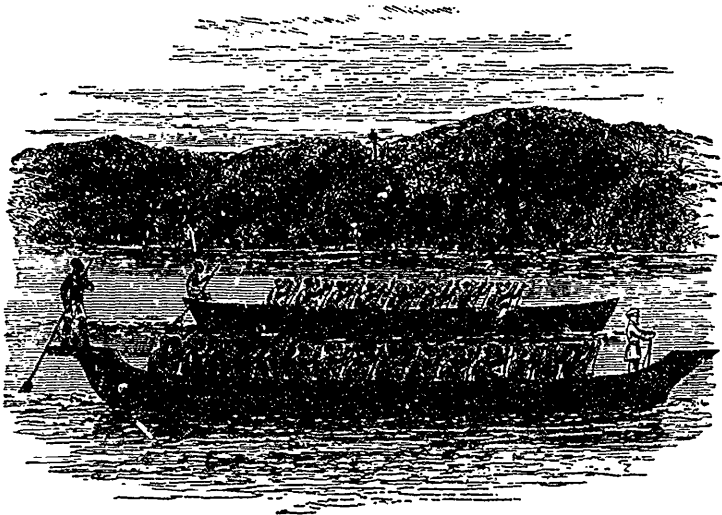
By the evening of the 28th all our vessels were safe on the highest part of the table-land. Having become satisfied that all was going well in camp, I resolved to take Frank and the boat's crew, and goods of the Expedition, and establish a camp near the river, at a point where we should again resume our toil in the deep defile through which the mighty river stormed along its winding course.

The natives were exceedingly friendly. Gunpowder was abundant with them, and every male capable of carrying a gun possessed one, often more. Delft ware and British crockery were also observed in their hands, such as plates, mugs, shallow dishes, wash-basins, galvanized iron spoons, Birmingham cutlery, and other articles of European manufacture obtained through the native markets. We discovered cloth to be so abundant that it was against our conscience to purchase even a fowl, for the nearer we approached civilization cloth became cheaper in value, until finally a fowl cost four yards of our thick sheeting! Our store of sugar and coffee and tea, alas! had come to an end. Yet we could have well parted with a large stock of tea, coffee, and sugar in order to obtain a pair of shoes apiece. As for Frank, he had been wearing sandals made out of my leather portmanteaus, and slippers made of our gutta-percha pontoon; but climbing over the rocks and rugged steeps wore them to tatters in quick succession.

At this period we were all extremely liable to disease, for our system was impoverished. In the absence of positive knowledge as to how long we might be toiling in the cataracts, we were all compelled to be extremely economical. Therefore contentment had to be found in boiled "duff," or cold cassava bread, ground-nuts, or pea-nuts, yams, or green bananas. Our meals were spread out on the medicine-chest which served me for a table, and at once a keen appetite was inspired by the grateful smell of the artful compound. After invoking a short blessing, Frank and I rejoiced our souls and stomachs with the savoury mess, and flattered ourselves that, though British paupers and Sing-Sing convicts might fare better perhaps, thankful content crowned our hermit repast.

On the morning of the 29th April, after obtaining the promise of the natives that they would do their utmost to help in transporting the vessels over the three miles of ground between Inkisi Falls and Nzabi, I led the caravan, loaded with the goods, down

to a cove at the upper end of Nzabi. Meanwhile I explored a thick forest of tall trees, which flourished to an immense height along a narrow terrace, and up the steep slopes of Nzabi. As I wandered about among the gigantic trees, the thought struck me that, while the working parties and natives were hauling our vessels a distance of three miles over the table land, a new canoe might be built to replace one of the nine which had been lost. The largest tree measured in girth 13 feet 6 inches; trunk unbranched for about 60 feet. We "blazed" very many of the



THE NEW CANOES, THE "LIVINGSTONE" AND THE "STANLEY."

largest with our hatchets, in order to discover the most suitable for lightness and softness with sufficient strength.

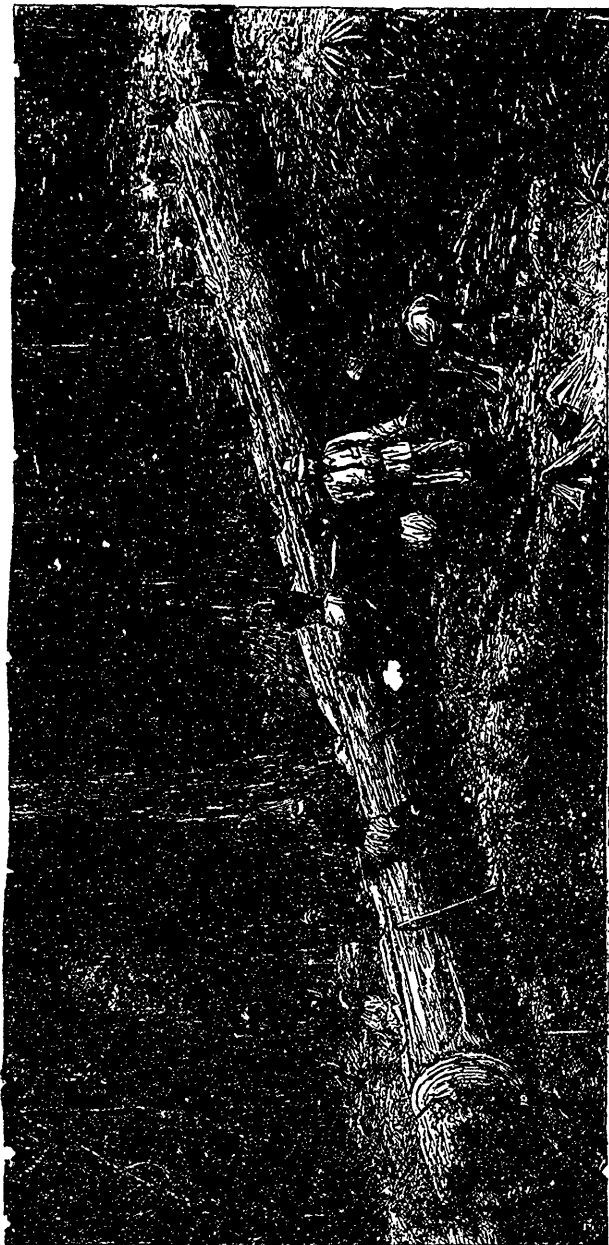
On the 1st May, Uledi, with a cry of "Bismillah!" at the first blow, struck his axe into the tree, and two others chimed in, and in two hours, with a roaring crash, the tree fell. I measured out the log, 37 feet 5 inches; depth 2 feet; breadth, 2 feet 8 inches, and out of this we carved the *Stanley* canoe. It was refreshing to see, during the whole time he was employed on it, how Uledi swung his axe like a proficient workman who loved his work. On the 8th the canoe was finished. In the meantime Manwa Sera was steadily advancing with the boats, and by the evening of the 15th was in our camp to receive a hearty

meed of praise for the completion of his task. After such a gigantic task as that of hauling the canoes up 1200 feet of a steep slope, and over three miles of ground, and the lowering them 1200 feet into the river again, the people deserved a rest.

On the 22nd May another magnificent teak canoe, the *Livingstone*, perfectly complete, was launched with the aid of one hundred happy and good-humoured natives. In order to prove its capacity we embarked forty-six people, which only brought its gunwales within six inches of the water. Its measurements were 54 feet in length, 4in. deep, and 3 feet 2in. wide. The people were now sufficiently rested to resume the dangerous passage of the cataracts, and on the 23rd we made a movement, Frank standing up in the bow, and Uledi, as usual, at the helm of the *Lady Alice*; but as this was the first time Frank had played the pioneer over cataracts, I observed he was a little confused—he waved his hand too often, and thereby confused the steersman—in consequence of which it was guided over the very worst part of the rapids, and the boat, whose timbers had never been fractured before, now plunged over a rock, which crashed a hole 6 inches in diameter in her stern, and nearly sent Frank headlong over the bow. “Ah, Frank! Frank! Frank!” I cried, “my boat, my poor boat, after so many thousands of miles, so many cataracts, to receive such a blow as this, on a contemptible bit of rapids!” I could have wept aloud; but the leader of an Expedition has but little leisure for tears, or sentiment, so I turned to repair her, and this, with the aid of Frank, I was enabled to do most effectually in one day.

Writing on paper, taking observations, sketching or taking notes, or the performance of any act new or curious to the natives, is sufficient to excite them to hostilities. On the third day of our stay at Mowa, I began to write down in my note-book. I had proceeded only a few minutes when I observed a strange commotion amongst the people and presently they ran away. In a short time we heard war-cries ringing loudly and shrilly over the table-land. Two hours afterwards, a long line of warriors, armed with muskets, were seen descending the table-land and advancing towards our camp. There may have been between five hundred and six hundred of them. “What is the matter, my friends?” I asked. “Why do you come with guns in your hands in such numbers, as though you were coming to fight? Fight!

Fight us, your friends! Tut! this is some great mistake, surely.” “Mundelé,” replied one of them, “Our people saw you yesterday make marks on some tara-tara” (paper). “This is very bad.



CUTTING OUT THE NEW "LIVINGSTONE" CANOE.

Our country will waste, our goats will die, our bananas will rot. What have we done to you, that you should wish to kill us? We have gathered together to fight you if you do not burn that tara-tara now before our eyes. If you burn it we go away, and shall be friends as heretofore."

I told them to rest there, that I should return. My tent was not fifty yards from the spot, but while going toward it my brain was busy in devising some plan to foil this superstitious madness. My note-book contained a vast number of valuable notes: plans of falls, creeks, villages, sketches of localities, ethnological and philological details, sufficient to fill two octavo volumes—everything was of general interest to the public. I could not sacrifice it to the childish caprice of savages. As I was rummaging my book-box I came across a volume of Shakespeare (Chandos edition), much worn and well thumbed, and which was of the same size as my field-book; its cover was similar also, and it might be passed for the note-book provided that no one remembered its appearance too well. I took it too them.

"Is this the tara-tara, friends, that you wish burnt?"

"Yes, yes, that is it!"

"Well, take it, and burn it or keep it."

"No, no, no. We will not touch it. It is fetish. You must burn it."

"I! Well, let it be so. I will do anything to please my good friends of Mowa."

We walked to the nearest fire. I breathed a regretful farewell to my genial companion, which during many weary hours of night had assisted to relieve my mind when oppressed by almost intolerable woes, and then gravely consigned the innocent Shakespeare to the flames, heaping the brush-fuel over it with ceremonious care.

"Ah-h-h," breathed the poor deluded natives, sighing their relief. "The Mundelé is good—is very good. He loves his Mowa friends. There is no trouble now, Mundelé. The Mowa people are not bad." And something approaching to a cheer was shouted among them, which terminated the episode of the Burning of Shakespeare.

As usual, Frank Pocock and I spent our evenings together in my tent. The ulcers by which he was afflicted had by this time become most virulent. Though he doctored them assiduously,

he was unable to travel about in active superintendence of the men; yet he was seldom idle. Bead-bags required sewing, tents patching, and clothes becoming tattered needed repairing, and while he was at work his fine voice broke out into song, or some hymn which he was accustomed to sing in Rochester Church. Joyous and light-hearted as a linnet, Frank indulged for ever in song, and this night the crippled man sang his best, raising his sweet voice in melody, lightening my heart, and for the time dispelling my anxieties. In my troubles his face was my cheer; his English voice recalled me to my aims, and out of his brave bold heart he uttered, in my own language, words of comfort to my thirsty ears. Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance, and true had been his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion; the companion had soon become a friend. At these nightly chats, when face looked into face, and the true eyes beamed with friendly warmth, and the kindly voice replied with animation, many were the airy castles we built together, and many were the brilliant prospects we hopefully sketched. Alas! alas!



MOUNT EDWIN ARNOLD.

SIGNS OF OUR TIME.

BY THE REV. GEORGE M. GRANT, D.D.,

Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

I AM taking my holidays this summer in the North-West, and, to put it mildly, one might go elsewhere and far worse. Lifting my eyes from the paper on which this article is being written, and looking out from the window, I see stretching away to an horizon eight or ten miles distant, the level prairie, beautiful as a floral garden, and full of richest promise to the farmer, were the yoke of speculators only broken, so that he could get it at a price that would give him a fair return for his money and his labour. The sky looks ampler and nearer than in the Eastern Provinces, and as it is seldom without patches of cloud and the clouds have a delicacy of outline and variety of form and of colouring to be seen nowhere else, the picture overhead presents new beauties every day. And there is certainly no monotony under foot. Seen from a railway train, the prairie may appear only one vast unbroken field of green grass. But it is very different to the traveller who crosses it on foot or mounted on one of the sure-footed ponies of the half-breeds. It does not require a skilled botanist to collect an hundred varieties of flowers in an hour. Yesterday I was at a Sunday-school pic-nic, and in the first five minutes almost every one of more than a hundred girls had a beautiful bouquet. In these bright July and August days you tread at every step on white and red prairie roses, tender blue-bells, richly-coloured marigolds, lilies, vetches and ornamental grasses and flowering shrubs. A combined aroma of crushed strawberries and roses fills the air as you walk across the country, and the abundant electricity in the atmosphere purifies and stirs the blood with a stimulus that has in it no threat of after lassitude or depression.

Here and there, granite boulders are imbedded in the dark, loamy soil, stray foreigners from far distant regions, testifying to very different forces from those to which we owe the regular stratified rocks of limestone that underlie the whole of this Red River valley. Not far from us is a quarry where stones are being quarried, the workmen say for the railway bridge over the South

Saskatchewan; and the fossil shells and curiously inwrought chain coral tell, as clearly as the printed page, of the time when all this now resplendent sea of green and gold was the bottom of a vast lake whose ancient bounds are indicated by clearly defined distant escarpments, and whose present comparatively modest dimensions are indicated by the shores of Lake Winnipeg and of its adjoining little sisters, Manitoba and Winnipegosis. The deeply-scored striæ on the limestone still point out the course that the icebergs took during the glacial epoch, and no better testimony to their grinding pressure can be desired than such lines on the polished surface of the hard rock everywhere else.

And now, after the long reign of the waters, and the upheavals and subsidences of geologic ages, and the slow formation of the rich surface loam by the death of countless generations of all kinds of vegetable life, we have come to the time of man's appearance on the scene, with the demand that this portion of earth shall no longer be only pasture for buffaloes and a hunting-ground for a few Indians, but that it shall yield tribute and tilth to him to whom dominion over all the earth has been given.

From my window I can see ten or twelve teams at work, "breaking" the prairie, and so inaugurating the new epoch. The ploughs are all of the same pattern, so made that the ploughman can turn the sod completely upside down. The breaking is judged by this test. As far as possible, an unbroken level of dark earth with the old gay wealth of vegetable life rotting underneath should be the result. The teams are curiously different, according to the means or views of the owners. Some have two horses, others have three, and they all seem needed, for the sod is wondrously tough, especially after a long time of dry weather. One team consists of oxen, and their motion is so slow that at a distance they appear stationary; another of mules that seem to combine the stay of oxen with the pulling power of horses; another of two horses and a mule; and another of two mules and a horse. An English gentleman is driving one, and when asked his opinion of Manitoba he grumbles a little because he does not get as much "comfort" here as in the Old Country. The presence of mosquitoes and the absence of home-brewed beer evidently weigh with him. Not far from him is a Galway boy, who answers your congratulations on his having obtained work

with a merry twinkle, and "it would be just as fine a country if there wasn't quite so much work." A Scotchman drives a third team. That span of horses is his own. He has his own homestead, and is breaking for a neighbour who can afford to pay ready money for the work. He is not the man to depreciate Scotland; but with all his slowness in coming to a conclusion and all his reserve, he has no doubt "this is a better country, sir, for a poor man." A young farmer from an Eastern Province comes next. He too owns his own acres, but—for a consideration—spares some time away from them, before haying or harvest has commenced. He tells you plainly that "he wouldn't swap a farm here for one in Ontario."

It is a pleasant sight to see this great expanse of prairie undergoing the preliminary processes of breaking, and to reflect that it will from this time forward yield food for the hungry. Here it has been lying unoccupied for ages; bearing its crops of grass, flowers, and shrubs, under the influence of soft rains and summer skies, but with no one save the Eternal to rejoice in its beauty. And now myriads are coming from older lands to plough and sow and reap the fertile wilderness. Fifty thousand entered in 1882, and more than thirty thousand in the first half of this year. They are flowing in quietly as a river. They appear for a moment at the railway stations, and then they vanish, leaving as little trace as yesterday's thunder shower which this morning's sun and breeze licked up in two or three hours. Go where you will, the land is waiting for inhabitants. Cultivated fields here and there have as yet made on it scarcely any perceptible difference. No settler takes up less than 160 acres, or a quarter section, and he does well if he gets fifty acres in crop in the course of the first three or four years. Some have 320 acres, and others, being land-hungry, or over-ambitious, or sufficiently wealthy, have secured a whole section, or it may be twice as much. These large farms are attended with sundry inconveniences, and these inconveniences are intensified by other facts that have to be considered. The land adjoining may be in the hands of speculators or reserved for half-breed minors. It may be a Hudson Bay Company's or a school section; or, still more likely, it may belong to a Land or Colonization Company, or to the Syndicate. Hitherto, the great mass of the immigrants consist of men who have come to homestead and

not to buy land; and they are finding out that, although the country is practically unpeopled, it is every day increasingly difficult to obtain homesteads anywhere near a real or proposed line of railway. Accordingly they are driven farther west or into Dakota. All these causes tend to keep the country in a sparsely settled state.

We cannot eat our cake and have it. So too, not to speak, of the effect of Syndicate and Companies, and reserves of one kind or another, people are finding out that they cannot have mammoth farms and the advantages of compact settlement. A dozen families, perhaps half a dozen, or fewer still, have to build the school-house and pay the teacher. And when it comes to the matter of public worship, why the ordinary congregations are not of a size or kind calculated to inspire eloquence.

It is Sunday morning, and though tired with the work of the week and—even on Sunday morning—with the work of house, stable, and dairy, the horses are hitched to the big waggon and the family drives to the kirk in the nearest village. Of course, it is not called a village. There are no villages in the North-West. It is called a city, or has at least “ville” tacked to its tail. The population of the city and of the country for three or four miles round is somewhere about five or six hundred souls. Is there not something delightful in the thought that these toilers, from various provinces and lands beyond the sea can meet together at least once a week, and through the indwelling of one Spirit be drawn in sacred nearness to one another and to the common Father and Saviour? But, alas, they do not meet together. This village, like every other village and railway station in the country, is expected to become an important centre, and it was a race with the Churches which should occupy it first. “We must go there without delay, or the Methodists will.” “The Presbyterians have a man there, and so should we.” And the various Mission Boards listened and acted promptly. This village in particular has already four resident clergymen, a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, and an Episcopal. In one of the little churches the congregation numbers one hundred, more or less; in another fifty, generally less; in the third and fourth, deponent ventures not to say how many. There is the utmost good-feeling between all classes of the people and between the ministers themselves. “No matter what Church a man belongs to, we don’t make any difference,”

philosophically remarked the village Nestor on this point. If any one gets a reputation for "bigotry," he may as well leave the place. We shall hear in all probability pretty much the same doctrine, no matter into which of the little churches we enter. The minister who insists on preaching about the Five Points or any other disputed points of doctrine, or who ventures, in zeal for the good old way, to raise one of the old war-cries, will soon find himself severely let alone. And yet, with all this basis of true unity, the people are divided by impassable but none the less impassable barriers. They act together in municipal, political, social, and educational affairs; but in religion, which should be the bond of cohesion between man and man as well as between man and God; in religion, which, if it be a living force at all, determines as well as sanctifies the whole life; in that region where more than in any other subtle influences stream out by which they may help all other men and receive help from all others, they are separatists and sectarian in spite of themselves. They stand aloof from those who are of the same household of faith, cultivating a one-sided development and presenting a weak and sickly spiritual life to the world. And every other department of life suffers accordingly.

This is the state of matters all over the country, though it is felt most severely in the North-West. This is the state of matters in our time. Are we discerning the signs of the times, and are we willing to make the sacrifices that they call for, or is the Lord Jesus turning away from us, also, saying, "Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time?"

God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Man too is the same. The God-man is the same. And therefore all the ages are alike. But it is none the less true that every age has its own atmosphere of thought and its own need. There is, therefore, a work to be done that can be done only in it, and unto that rather than to the easy and popular work of building the tombs of the prophets and garnishing the sepulchres of the righteous are the men of the age called. John Calvin did a great work in the sixteenth century. He more than any other single man saved the principles of the Reformation; and men who have entered into his labours should know more about him than that he sanctioned the putting to death of Servetus. The Puritan divines did

a great work in the seventeenth century. Men of God, they were also men of their own time. Their doctrines reflected the spiritual experiences of the age; and, intolerant themselves, they gained the battle of freedom by identifying the good cause with religion. The Westminster Standards indicate the victories that religious thought and life then attained; and every section has on it the marks of battle. When we disparage these, let us also look with contempt on the flags that tell of the triumphs won by our ancestors on those foughten fields where our name and fame and liberties were won. But surely I may accept what William of Orange did for the British Islands without becoming an Orangeman. Is not peace rather than war the true note of life? Is not the kingdom of Jesus Christ peace? John Wesley did a great work in the eighteenth century. He more than any other man saved England from lapsing into paganism. But of him I need not speak in a Methodist Magazine,

And, what is the great lesson to be learned from all these facts? Simply this: that if any one of these men were living now, he would do a different work from that which he did in his day and generation. He would do the work that is needed in the nineteenth century.

We are living under a condition of things totally different from anything that has been on earth before. "The thoughts of men have widened with the process of the suns." The Reformers, in declaring that the Holy Ghost speaking in the Scriptures was the only infallible Interpreter and Judge of the meaning of Scripture, believed that the Holy Ghost would act as a judge does in other cases, and therefore inferred that intellectual agreement on all points ought to be and could be arrived at by Christians. History shows that they were mistaken. No such agreement has been attained. It would seem that the Holy Ghost says one thing to one man or Church, another to a second, and something different to a third. Churches, each holding a different interpretation of parts of Scripture have multiplied and prospered. Each is as firm in its views as at the beginning. Each can boast of scholars and saints. Each has persecuted, as far as it has had power and opportunity, at one time with the sword of the State, at another time with the more cruel swords of pen and tongue; and it did so with the conviction that it was doing God service, for was it not fighting for "the truth?" At length, however, all the

Churches are coming to think and to confess, albeit in a confused and half-hearted way, that the realms in which alone agreement is to be looked for are those of saving truth and holy living. The brief Apostles' Creed sums up the supernatural facts of Christianity. Still more briefly does St. Paul sum up saving truth as "repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ." And holy living is light that can be seen of all men. Christians are now beginning to feel that we dishonour the Holy Spirit when we cover with His name our speculations, theologizings, sermonizings deductions, one-sidedness, and human limitations generally; and that we muffle the truth when we ignore or obscure the relative importance of truths. Consequently, the various Churches now acknowledge each other, though still in a hesitating and inconsistent way. Each professes to be only a branch of the Church, a regiment of one army. And yet we have never accommodated ourselves to these new and true conceptions. Each Church still acts as if it were the only true Church, and deals with all others, not on the principle of frank and cordial co-operation, but at best on the principle of competition. Has not the time come for formulating and acting upon that unity which Christians everywhere feel? This does not mean fusion. Possibly, fusion may not be a good thing. At any rate, we are not ripe for fusion. But are we not ripe for some alliance corresponding to federal union in the political sphere? As Provincial Parliaments attend to local affairs and a Central Parliament to matters of general importance, might not the Courts of each Church attend to matters immediately affecting themselves, while a general Synod or Conference composed of representatives of the various Churches attend to the extension of Christ's kingdom, the one great work given to the Church in its militant state? Are we not ripe at any rate for a hearty acceptance of the principle of non-interference both in the Home and Foreign Mission Fields.

In the village to which I have referred, the four ministers—all of them good men—are all supported, in part, by their respective Boards. The waste of men and money, in view of the admitted fact that the field is the world, is a scandal and a sin. But the waste of labour and of money is the least evil. Of course, we concede the right of ten, or five, or three men, or women, to call a minister of their choice, and to worship God according to the

forms to which they have been accustomed. We concede the right of any one man or woman to engage a private chaplain. But other people should not be expected to pay part of the chaplain's salary, on the plea that the Church should support missions. Wealthy people will have luxuries. But the Church should not provide luxuries for the few, while the many are starving for lack of bread. Doubtless the present state of things, which I have not hesitated to call a scandal and a sin, is the result of historical facts and growths, and no one Church is to blame. Neither can one Church effect a reform. But any two Churches can effect much.

And let us lift up our hearts. For, in the first place, we are moving. Twenty years ago, there would probably have been in the village two or three bits of kirks instead of one, and two or three Methodist meeting-houses instead of one; and there never lived more conscientious men than those who introduced those divisions into Canada, and who would have taken joyfully the spoiling of their goods rather than have withheld their testifying. In the second place, it is impossible to believe that the present state of things is according to the will of God. It cannot therefore be permanent. He will overturn, overturn, overturn. He will shake all the creeds and organizations that the things which are true in all may stand out and remain. Through what intervening stages the Church must pass, we know not. What steps should be taken first to bring about a greater measure of unity it is not for me to say. Tentative efforts must be tried. We may be assured of this, that unity is not to be brought about by argument, and that the first thing needed is that the Churches should see clearly and appreciate the evils of the present state of things. Then, the remedy is not far off; for there is a marvellous power in Christianity to triumph over the diseases that have been fatal to all other religions, and to rise out of present decay and death into a renewed youth. Christianity is a life and therefore it grows; a divine life and therefore it is perennial. It assimilates to itself the ideas of every age, and clothes itself in new forms of beauty and power to win new generations of men and bring them to the obedience of Christ.

The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set.

While, blazoned as on heaven's eternal noon,
The Cross leads generations on.

THE WATER STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

To one approaching Water-street either from the upper portion of New York or by the way of Fulton Ferry from Brooklyn, it is difficult to believe that the word "slums" can be applicable. On week days the whirl of business life; the hurrying masses of preoccupied-looking men; the constant stream of drays and heavy waggons, and the bales and piles of goods of every description, from rolls of leather and towers of paper boxes up to sugar hogsheads and enormous boilers, indicate only the American devotion to its god, the dollar. And on Sunday the utter absence of all ordinary sights and sounds; the deserted streets and silent warehouses, would seem to evidence the most careful keeping of the fourth commandment. For two or three blocks, stoves and boilers are sole proprietors of the deserted thoroughfare, and only as Peck Slip is passed does a suggestion of what is to come suddenly dawn upon one, as the whole character suddenly changes, and the sound of music from a sailors' boarding house is heard. With Dover-street and the great pier of the East River bridge ends the dominion of trade in its higher forms, and a new trade, old as the foundations of the world—the trade in men's souls—takes its place. In a former article the general feeling of the locality was given, but on Sunday a special effort seems to be made to enhance the attractions of the vile dens, thick set for blocks, till warehouses again take their place. Fresh sand sawdust is strewn; a more tempting arrangement of bottles and kegs is made, and before every den, sitting in doorways or out on sidewalks, a little more tinsel adornment, a little more paint, ghastly white and crude red, are the poor souls whose business is to decoy and ruin; the most hopeless, unapproachable class in all that region. With them, however, we have nothing to do to-day. From some side alley comes a woman's scream, and the swarm of ragged children runs eagerly to see what fun is to be had. A scuffle is going on in the nearest den; blows are heard, and a stream of oaths, and it is a relief to see the open door of 316, and hear the men's voices singing:

"Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save."

This preliminary half-hour or less of singing is one of the strongest elements in drawing in the rough and dangerous men, who come perhaps from a cock-fight, or a pugilistic match, and stop for a moment to beat time to the sharply-accented rhythm of those airs. To the sailor, turned adrift after his last penny is gone, or the wretch so steeped in liquor and prolonged debauch that hardly an avenue to mind or soul remains open, the attraction is the same. Brutal or vacant faces peer in at the window, then at the door, and at last creep into a back seat and listen with hanging heads, and often tears stealing down the coarse, unutterably grimy cheeks.

On this particular Sunday which I have in mind, the singing stopped for a few moments, as one and another crowded about "old Padgett," the "old" in this case being rather an adjective of interest than to be taken literally. Six years before, at the time the meetings began, Padgett was one of the steadiest drunkards in the ward; able to "carry more liquor and do a bigger day's work on it than any six common swiggers." Unfortunately his wife answered the first portion of his characterization, but not the last, and their home, a basement on Cherry street, was a foul and horrible den.

"My clothes, and my wife's, an' all we had in the world, wouldn't 'a' brought a dollar at auction," Padgett had said at one of the meetings. "I earned wages, but I swallowed 'em, an' so did she, an' when I come into the old building, and seen Jerry an' his different looks, I wouldn't believe my eyes. I give my heart to God that very night, an' the next day I says, down on the dock, where I work now, same's I did then, 'I've struck, boys; I'm not goin' to serve the Devil no longer.'

"'You!' they says, 'You! That's a great go. Here, old Padgett, we'll give you this one day for your holding out. No, we'll give you till you get the first dollar. We'll see about you, then.' Well, they've seen. I haint fallen, though I've been tempted many a time, but it came hard to bring my wife round."

Here a moon-faced woman, with wide almost vacant blue eyes, had risen.

"Yes, it did come hard. Many's the time he's come home to find me dead drunk on the floor, with the money he'd given me to get his supper with, but he wouldn't lose patience. He'd pray an' pray, an' he kep' bringin' me here. I come a year before I

seemed to have any sense. I was Catholic, and anyway I couldn't seem to understand. But it come. I remember the night. They was singin', 'Light in the darkness, sailor; day is at hand;' an' it streamed into my mind like sunrise. From that day to this I've held on, an' I won't let go, please the Lord, as long as I've got breath to say: 'Jesus save me.' I try to be a good wife."

"That's so, Jinny," said old Padgett as she had sat down, flushed with feeling, and all vacancy gone from the blue eyes. "That's so."

To-day old Padgett's eyes were swollen with weeping, and his voice shook as he told one and another that he had left his work and tried for almost a month to care for his wife, whose mind had gradually been failing, and who was now violently insane.

"I could manage her up to yesterday," he said, "but she took to breakin' everythin'. She wanted dishes an' all in a pile in the middle o' the room, an' then let fly at 'em, an' at last she let fly at me anything that came handy. They said it was dangerous, an' I made up my mind to take her to the Tombs, so't she could be sent up to the 'sylum, but it come hard. Oh, it did come hard! When I see them gates shut, an' she never lookin' back, seems as if my heart just broke. 'Thy will be done,' I tried to say, but I can't but just do it. Pray for me."

"The great physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus."

began the organist, who had listened with closest attention, and Padgett joined in, though tears were streaming down his weather-beaten face. Jerry was in his place, and kneeling now, said:

"Let us all pray for our brother in trouble, and for everybody in trouble, here an' everywhere."

The comprehensive petition ended, a young man with strong Scotch accent, read the parable of the Prodigal Son, giving immense emphasis as he came to the verse, "And he did fill his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."

"That's what you come to," he said, looking about, "husks, prickly and choky, and no good for anything but filling. You begin an' think the Devil'll give you a good belly-ful off the fat o' the land, an' maybe he does to get you well started, wheels greased for the down track. Then away you go, and all to once you bring up at the bottom, in a mound o' shucks, and fill your-

self with them when you aint swallowing the east wind. Anyway you get an emptiness and a crawling, but it's astonishing how long you'll stand it before you'll get ready to say, 'I will arise and go to my father.' Victuals and to spare don't seem so good as an old husk out of a field, that maybe the very swine wouldn't chew on, but you come to it some time. Come to it to-day. Ain't you tired of it all? Do you want to be kicked round any longer? I didn't, I tell ye. I'd gone bummin' around this ward, cursin' an' swearin', an' I got enough long before I knew how to stop. Here's a chance for every one of you."

"Eleven!" called Jerry, and they all sang:

"There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing,
O depth of mercy! can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me?"

Jerry was silent for a moment as the refrain ended. Every eye was fixed upon him.

"—— Can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?"

he repeated, rising slowly. "I tell you it astonishes me more every time I think of it. You think I'd get tired telling this same story over an' over. People say: 'Oh, I should think there'd be a awful sameness about your meetings. Don't you get tired of them?' Tired! Is a man tired o' bein' pulled out o' the fire, or tired o' bein' the one that pulls? Not much! I tell you, it's as fresh to-day as it was eleven years ago. I remember what I was, and I'll tell you now. Not to tickle anybody's ears, though. Do you suppose it tickles my ears to stand up here an' say I was a thief—a dirty rascal of a thief? Don't you think I'd like to be quiet about it? Well, but I shan't be quiet. There's a man here just out of prison; been in for a ten-year term. There's another—my eye's on him now; out on the river last night, an' I know it. There's a lot down by the door; ragged and dirty, the way I was. I shan't take the time now. The meeting's open. Let every man and woman here that's been saved from sin and shame, speak up and tell it. Tell it lively too. Chop off both ends and give us the middle. There's your

card; one minute apiece, but a minute holds a pile: I don't suppose it took Peter a minute to sing out when he felt himself going. I don't suppose the thief on the cross drawled his words to fill out a minute, when he said, 'Lord remember me, when thou comest into thy Kingdom.' Speak out. Tell the story."

"There can't be anybody in a bigger hurry to tell it than me," said a pale, haggard-looking man about thirty-five. "I was a drunkard, the worst kind. My children would a' starved but for the neighbours; four children with barely rags to cover 'em, and them an' my wife barefoot in the cold winter weather. I'd been on a spree a fortnight when I came in here to hear a song. A man that's here to-night invited me in to hear a song, an' when I went out, didn't I hate that man! I kep' a comin' though. God's Sperrit followed me up tight. Then I moved, and my wife says, 'You'd better stay where you are. Folks know you here, but go anywhere else, and everybody 'll point at your naked young ones.' I felt bad. I says: 'I'm goin' to the devil in this rum-hole, an' I won't stay no longer.' I went to a new place, but spread worse'n ever. At last I give in. I went up to that bench an' knelt down, a dirty, nasty drunkard, an' prayed to be made clean. That was ten months ago. To-night I *am* clean. My children's got decent clothes and a bed; the first bed in their lives. I met a man as I came along, that used to sell me rum. 'Hallo Sam!' says he; 'You've turned soft. Jerry McAuley on the brain!' 'Yes' says I, 'I suppose it is soft to keep my money to feed my own children instead o' feedin' yours.' 'Humph!' says he, an' went off. I've run over the minute, I ax your pardon all round."

"All right," said Jerry, "You've got 'it pretty well boiled down."

"It'd take the minute to tell the prisons I've been in," said a tall, wiry man wearing a pair of heavy silver-bowed spectacles, "I'm fifty-three years old, and thirty-five year o' me life I've been in Sidney an' Gibraltar, and in many a one in 'this country. I knowed Jerry well when he was a thief, an' the 18th o' last March I come in here to see him, bein' just out, after three year in. He warned me to stop, an' I did stop. I was born a thief; trained by me own father an' mother to steal, an' all of us in quod together when I was eight years old, me an' me mother and aunt. I've been an honest man eleven weeks, and I done my first day's

honest work awhile back ; the first honest dollar I ever earned in me life. If I can turn round, anybody can, and I ask your prayers that I mayn't go back."

"Jesus keep me near the cross,"

began the organist, who from long familiarity with both hymns and people knew precisely what met the need of the moment.

A young man with the cropped-head of a recent prisoner, a head and face indicating the rough and criminal, yet lighted by a pair of brilliant dark eyes, rose hastily.

"I want to tell yees all, me dear friends ; I was troubled with an affliction very bad. I was an infidel. I ciphered it all out my own way. There wasn't no God nor no hell ; nayther no heaven, an' I had that smart feelin' about it, I said any man wid since might do the same, an' save himself a heap o' trouble. I come here to fight another man. I meant to lick him good for gettin' up here and sayin' 'Jasus saves me,' after me been teachin' him for months there wasn't no Jasus. But something got a holt of me. I wint out scared like, an' I come agin, an' yees all know, it's seven months now an' better since I caved in an' wint up to that bench, and give me heart to the Lord. I'll never take it back long's He gives me power to hold on, an' I'm an honest man now, an' in a good place too. No more prison for me. I'm a free man, body an' soul

"I haint got much to say," said an old man, bent over a cane on which he leaned. "I was seventy year old, when I come here three year ago. Seventy year o' sin an' wickedness ; me children gone to the bad, an' meself a miserable old drunkard. But I was saved then, an' Mr. McAuley knows if I've stuck it out an' been faithful. I don't deserve it. I says every day I don't deserve it, but I've got it, an' the sins o' my life is forgiven, bless His Holy name."

Then came :

"The mistakes of my life have been many,
The sins of my heart have been more ;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I'll enter the open door."

"That's as true a word as ever a set of sinners sung," began a powerful looking man, who rose before the chorus ended to make sure of his turn. "I tell ye I'd spent forty year, just bummin'

around. Do two or maybe three days' work, an' then spree the rest o' the time. I wasn't a thief never, but I was everything else; gambler an' swearer, an' all. I served the devil lively. Did for him with legs an' arms too. Smashed things up in the bar-room; smashed the bar-keeper too, an' everything else that came handy. But I got so low I hadn't nothin' but an old flannel shirt an' pants, an' my boots with a ventilatin' hole for every toe, an' my heels right out plain an' wisible. Had the horrors twice, an' was about ready to go off the dock. I'd had enough you see, but something brought me in here one night. I didn't even know there was such a place, but I heard the singin' and come in, an' though I was drunk I had sense enough to go up to that bench, an' I said then, It's nip an' tuck now. I'll either go to the devil hand and foot, or to the Lord the same way; all there is, any how. Show me which! Well, you'll see which. Look at me. I've been clean an' decent over two year. I've got a wife an' a baby too, an' a home I aint ashamed of, an' I'm happy, an' that I never was before. You fellers all know me, and know just what I was. Oh, why don't everybody come to this Jesus?"

Another hymn and then a running fire of short experiences, some eight or ten occupying not more than five minutes. Then a woman rose; a markedly Jewish face, and the strong accent of the German Jew.

"I bless Gott dat ever I come here. Oh, my tear friends, how vill I tell you how vicked I vas! So vicked! I schvear, and tell lies, und haf such a demper, I trow de dishes at mine husband ven he come to eat. And I hated Christians. I say, dey should be killed every one. I would hurt dem if I could. One time a Bible reader, she come and gif me ein Bible. When I see de New Testament, I begin with my fingers, and efery day I pinch out de name of Jesus. It take a good vhile. Every day I haf to read so to see de name of Jesus, an' efery day I pinch him out. Then at last it is all out, an' I am glad. Oh, vhat shame it makes me now to see dat Bible so! Then my husband run away, an' leaf me an' de five children, an' I cannot get work enough, an' we go hungry. I vas in such drouble. And one day mine neighbour comes, and she say, 'Come mit me.' I go to a nice place. All de time I remember some words I read in dat Testament, and dey stick to me. So I come, but I say, 'I am a Jew, I like not to come.' Dere vas a man, an' he say he been a

Jew too, an' I could spit on him, but den I begins to gry I feels so queer, and den some one say : ' Come ; it vont hurt you to be prayed for,' but I say, ' Got away mit you, I vill not.' I keep comin'. It seem good; and at last I did understand, an' I pray, an' beg everybody pray. Oh, my sins are so big ! I want to lose dem. I want to love Jesus ! I keep prayin', an' in one day dey are all gone. Oh, I am so happy. You vill not believe. I do not ever vant to schvear any more. No, not any more. I do not vant to holler an' be mad. No, not any more. I do not vant to tell lies ; no, not any more. Gott is goot to me. I could not be vicket any more. Oh, pray for me, an' help me to be goot."

At this point an interruption occurred. Among the rougher men near the door an old man in a sailor's blue shirt had taken his place ; a man between sixty and seventy with every mark of long dissipation. His hat was gone, as is often the case, and he had come from across the street, barefoot, having pawned his shoes for a final drink. Heavy and gross ; his nose bulging with rum-blossoms ; his thin white hair gone in patches, like the forlorn mangy white dogs of this locality ; trembling with weakness and incipient " horrors," and looking about with twinkling, uncertain, blue eyes, he seemed one of the saddest illustrations of what the old Water street had power to do. His seat had not satisfied him. Once or twice he had changed, and now he arose and stumbled up the aisle to the front, sitting down with a thump, and looking about curiously at the new faces. Jerry eyed him a moment, but apparently decided the case needed no interference. The organ sounded the first notes of " The Sweet By and By," and the old man dropped his head upon his breast, and shed a drunken tear or two. Then he folded his arms, and looking at Jerry said, with a strong Scotch buzz :

" O, dear-r dear-r, dearie me ! Here I be : here I be !" As the words ended, it seemed to occur to him, that, like Mr. Wegg, he had " fallen into poetry unawares," and with great cheerfulness and briskness he repeated his couplet, looking about for approbation. One of the " regulars " came and sat down by him and whispered a few words.

" All right," was the prompt answer, and for a time he remained silent. A slender, delicate-looking young man, not over twenty-five, had risen, and as the hymn ended began :

" You've heard me before, but it's a story I'll tell as long as I

have breath to tell it. Eleven months ago I come in here, the wretchedest man you ever see. It wasn't for want of money either. I had three hundred dollars in my pocket. But I'll tell you what was the matter. I was sick of sin, an' didn't know how to stop. I was sent up to Trenton when I wasn't but seventeen for a burglary, and I'd just come out from a seven years' term. I was one of the tough cases, an' I'd been punished till I was that ugly I'd a killed them keepers gladly. I cracked a place not long after I come out, an' this money was from that, but I'd made up my mind I wouldn't run no more risks, an' I come down to Jerry to see if I could get any honest work. Oh, my heart ached, I was so tired o' bein' knocked around! I'd been on the street since I was four years old, all owin' to drink in my family, an' I hadn't never drunk I hated it so, but I'd done everything else. I knelt down when Jerry asked me to, and prayed I might be honest, but it wasn't till that ill-gotten money was gone, an' I came to that bench before you all, an' confessed what I had been, an' told you what I meant to be, that I got peace. God knows I was honest, an' Jesus saved me then, an' to-day there ain't a happier man in New York. I've got a good home, the first I ever had, an' I'm so full of thankfulness I can't keep still hardly."

A slight pause came here.

"What's the matter?" asked Jerry. "You don't mean, after hearin' that kind of a story, that you're goin' to lie back an' take it easy! Time's most gone. Speak out, an' tell what the Lord has done for you."

Three or four were on their feet at once, and the experiences followed quickly. "I was a thief, too, but praise the Lord I ain't one no more." "I was a regular old bumner, but Jesus saved me." "I wasn't a bumner nor a thief, I was respectable and didn't mean to get into such a crowd, but I did, and here I am, saved." "I'm a sinner, more than I want to tell, but Jesus saves even me."

"That's the way it ought to be," said Jerry, approvingly. "There ain't one here but has something to say, an' the more that say it, the better meeting we have. Go on, friends."

"I tell ye," said a small, alert man, "I've got plenty to say, an' no mind to keep back any of it if I had time for the hull. What I want to say is, tobacco was my stumbling block. Jerry's right

when he says we'd better all give it up. There I was after I was converted ; knocked off liquor, but clung to that tobacco. Chew and smoke, smoke and chew, an' then spit ! And that thirsty ! Drink the river dry, an' not have enough. But I knew it was a nasty habit. I got sick o' workin', standin' in a puddle o' tobacco juice, an' I tried to stop. *Couldn't* stop. Knocked off, an' then begun agin. Then I prayed, an' got you to pray here, an' the Lord took away the appetite. I went down to the dock an' chucked in my tobacco, an' from that hour to this I hain't touched it. Glory be to God, He saves me from all them sins. I've got enough now to keep me busy, but I hain't no more trouble from tobacco."

"Nor me," said a deep voice on the opposite side. "It all goes together. I chewed, an' then drank because I was thirsty, and then chewed some more, an' got drunk about every day. Then I had the toothache awful bad, an' a man told me smokin' cured it. That was after I was converted, an' was thinkin' about givin' it up. Then I thought I couldn't ; but at last I did, an' it seemed as if every tooth in my head would hop out. Oh, I couldn't stand it ! So I come up to the bench, an' I says, 'I give it up for God's glory. I didn't want to lead no man into temptation, an' do help me not go back.' Do you know that ended that toothache ? Sure's you're alive. I hain't had it from that day to this, an' that's why I know Jesus can do anything. Jest take it to the Lord in prayer. That's all."

"Have you trials and temptations?"

sang the people, and another man stood up.

"I want to tell you, my friends, salt's salt, an' if the salt you salt with ain't salt, how you goin' to salt it?"

A pause, and the man flushing deeply sat down.

"You're tangled up like, that's all," said Jerry. "I see well enough, you want us to be lively Christians ; plenty o' seasonin', an' no wishy-washiness. Ain't that it?"

"That's it," said the embarrassed speaker with a smile of relief, and another arose.

"I tell ye a man's passions ride up jest the way his collar does sometimes. You ever fought with your own shirt-collar, when a button's off an' it rides up an' rasps your ears, an' skins your neck, an' you'd give half a dollar to keep it down ? That's me,

an' tobacco, an' liquor, and swearin': I tell ye I had more'n I could do. I thought I'd reform on my own hook. I didn't want no hangin' on' to somebody's skirts, an' goin' into Heaven that way. But I had to come to it. I was jest beaten every time. An' now I hang on, an' the harder I hang the better I get along, an' that's me."

"If Heaven had cost me five dollars I couldn't a got there," said another. "I was that ragged an old clothes man wouldn't a bid on me; no, nor a rag-picker a taken me up on his hook; but here I am. Oh, I tell ye, anybody can be saved. I said I couldn't be. Jesus took holt of me just the way He saved wretches when He was down here, an' don't you suppose His arm is long enough to reach across eighteen hundred years an' a holt of you? Try it."

"I was a swearer. I swore enough for the whole ward;" said another. "I tell ye my tongue just *licked round* them oaths. I spent time makin' up the worst ones I could think of. But I hain't swore but once for eleven months, an' that was when a man madded me so I was pretty nigh killing him. But I come to, ever then, an' walked away from him, an' that night I confessed it here, an' I hain't wanted to since, though I'm tempted enough every day of my life. Life ain't so easy when you board, an' a lot o' fellers slings boots at you if you pray, but I'm bound to stick it out, an' I get such joy and comfort. I'd go through fire for it. I tell you this religion's a blessin'."

"Jesus leads me such a way—such a way! Well, it beats me!" said another, explosively, and then sat down.

"It beats us all," said Jerry, rising. "It's time to change the meeting, an' I wish it wasn't, for there's plenty more all ready to speak. I see it in their eyes. But we want to pray for those men by the door. Which one of you will stand up for prayers? The whole row! Bless the Lord! Don't you be afraid. Sit down again a minute, while I tell you the way it used to be with me. You've heard I was a bummer an' a thief, but you didn't know how far down I got. There was a time I'd plenty of money. War time; when I sneaked round at home, and got men drunk, so's to enlist 'em an' take half their money. But that flew. The devil's money always does. I get more now out o' five dollars than I used out of fifty. I got that low down I'd hang round the bucket shops, and sawdust the floor and clean up the nastiness

just for one glass o' bad rum. And I'd hang round, an' look at every soul that come in like a hungry dog, hopin' they'd treat. They'd send me out. 'Come Jerry; give us a rest.' Go out and take a cool-off round the block.' Oh, how mean I'd feel! But I'd come out. I was like as if I'd die, if I didn't get a drink. I had a home, too. Want to know what it was like? I'll tell you. It was a cellar on Front street. Me an' three men slept on some foul straw in the corner. Often the tide came in, and we'd wake an' the water well over us an' risin'. We kept a log there, an' we'd get up on the log, an' float round till it went down. One night some fellows stole the log an' locked the door for fun. The tide was high, an' we were pretty drunk, an' couldn't find the log nor the door neither, an' before we kicked the door down the water was up to our necks, an' we sober enough, an' scared to death for fear we'd drown. Then I had another home. That was the same kind, only I changed my base an' tried a Brooklyn cellar instead of a New York one. There aint much choice. Oh, wasn't I a dirty rag-shop of a man! You ought to see the home I've got now; right up-stairs here. Any of you may go and look that wants to. I tell you, I sit down, an' the tears come in my eyes many a time, when I see my pretty, nice furniture an' carpets, an' everything good an' comfortable, an' think what a thing I was, an' what the Lord gives me now. Want to know how I started being a drunken bummer! Lemonade with a stick in it. That's the way I begun, an' then I wanted my stick bigger, an' soon I wanted it straight. I tell ye I got to be deader 'n Lazarus, but God lifted me out of that grave an' saved me. None of my people would look at me, I disgraced 'em all. My sister begged me to clear out an' not bring no more shame on 'em, an' my mother the same. I'd a patch on my nose the year round, an' a black eye, too; sometimes a pair of 'em. Get into a fight an' smash things. Turn off the gas for fun, an' then break chairs an' everything else. Get taken up an' off to the station house. Next morning up to Tombs. 'Ten days, young man.' 'Six months, young man.' Nice kind o' fun, wasn't it? Now it's done with, an' the worst of it is I'm most done with, too. I spent the best o' my life in deviltry, an' now when I want to live an' bring souls to Christ, I've got to go before very long. But as long as I've a breath I'll say this one thing: that there ain't one of you so far gone but that Jesus will save you an' make a new

man of you. Now sing, 'Just as I am, without one plea,' and every one come up that is tired of sin, an' wants to try an' be different."

The old man in front had listened intently, and rose at once, falling on his knees, and covering his face. The bench filled, another had to be vacated before all could find place. Jerry's face glowed, and so did that of his wife as she led forward the last candidate, a sailor boy of eighteen or twenty. Both prayed with an intensity of earnestness that no repetition seemed ever able to lessen. Then came the prayer from each one of the kneeling figures, broken by sobs, or murmured so that none could hear, yet fervent and far-reaching beyond any word in their past lives; the first conscious appeal to the mysterious power working in and for them. Then all rose to their places, and Jerry hesitated a moment as he saw the twinkling eyes of the old sailor fixed full upon him, then turned to the other end of the bench. One or two refused to speak, but the majority rose at once, and declared their intention to lead a better life, one man laughing with purest happiness as he said:

"I tell ye, my friends, I can't hardly hold in. I was that down when I come up here, I jest wished the floor'd open an' take me in, an' when I said just now, 'Lord Jesus, do take my wicked soul and show me how to do different,' seemed like as if a door opened an' I seen sunshine, an' my trouble just went. Oh, how I feel!"

At last the old man was reached.

"Do you feel you are a great sinner?" asked Jerry, and the whole bench turned, as the answer came with prompt distinctness:

"Never sinned in me life."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I ain't a thief nor a blackguard. I hain't been in prison. The most I've done ain't much. Mought a told a lee, now an' again; mought a told a lee, but it was for fun. Never sinned in me life."

"Do you want to be saved? Do you believe you can be saved?"

"To be sure, an, why not?" returned the old man, in a high, interrogative key, and Jerry, who saw he was too drunk to be responsible, turned to the next and last, a short, thick-set man,

with heavy face and beetling eyebrows, a face working with emotion, as he rose and for a moment stood silent.

"I'm Perky Joe," he said, at last. "I'm Perky Joe, and there ain't a man in the Seventh Ward but knows just what I was. I've fit in many a match, an' I don't suppose a worse sinner ever come up here. I don't know what made me come, but I'm tired of knockin' around. I'm nigh seventy, too, though I don't look it, and it's about time I made up my mind where I'll fetch up. I'd like to start for heaven, an' I made a vow I will, but the Lord knows if I'll keep it."

"You won't, in your own strength," said Jerry. "You will, if you trust the Lord."

"I'm a goin' to if I can find out how," said Perky Joe. "But it's somethin' I don't know nothin' about, though I want to. I've got to be shown how. I'm comin' here agin to find out."

"You needn't be afraid but what you will if you are honest," said a voice from the audience. "Folks that go up in earnest won't be let go in doubt. I know that well enough, for it was so with me."

"Some o' this fuss mought better be made over me," said the old sailor, rising with an injured expression, but the first chord of the doxology was struck and all joined at once, thus hindering further interruption.

The men of the little society connected with the mission, whose business it is to provide shelter and food for a few days, till the new convert has obtained respectable work, gathered about the occupants of the bench, while the sailor lad told his story to Mrs. McAuley. The heartiest of greetings passed between the various members. Invitations to tea were freely circulated, and one husband and wife whom I knew well, and whose home was only one room, went away with a train of four guests.

"Do you believe these are genuine cases?" asked a skeptical stranger, and remembering my own doubts at first, I made haste to answer in detail:

"I can point out two frauds as we stand, but that is not a very startling proportion among the three hundred and more here today. And I can give you names and numbers of men and women here who have been reformed since I began to know the mission, and whose homes, under my own eyes, have changed

from filthy dens to clean and decent rooms, with comfortable appointments."

"Then you know them personally? I did not suppose any but the missionaries went among this class. They are dangerous, are they not? You can't go round in such places."

"They were dangerous, but are not. Come again, and you can find out for yourself. That is always more satisfactory."

"I can't understand it at all," said my interlocutor, the puzzled expression deepening. "These people seem so respectable. They don't *look bad*. They look good. If they've been as bad as they say, why don't they show it more?"

"The Lord wipes out the lines," said Mrs. McAuley's pleasant voice. "I watch them going out week by week. You'd think they never could. Deep seams in their faces, and yet they all go. See what a good face that boy has? They call him 'Sunshine,' he's always so happy, but you never saw a harder looking boy than he was two years ago; swearing every other word. There are plenty like him."

The stranger went slowly away, looking curiously in each face as he passed, and stopping at the door to slip a bill into the small box for contributions.

"He'll come again, and he'll learn something, too," said Jerry.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
 In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
 To make the music and the beauty, needs
 The Master's touch, the Sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, teach us with Thy skilful hand;
 Let not the music that is in us die!
 Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
 Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke, do with us as Thou wilt!
 Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred,
 Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
 Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord!

—Bonar.

THE FOUR-FOLD HUMILIATION OF OUR LORD.

BY THE REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.,

*Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada.**

FIRST PAPER.

FIRST, He took upon Him the *form of a servant*. Second, He was made in the *likeness of men*. Third, He became *obedient unto death*. Fourth, The death of a criminal, even the *death of the cross*.

These are the stupendous leaps of the Son of God—from Heaven's most resplendent heights to Hades' darkest depths—to save man fallen into sin, and sinking in ruin and woe. Our degradation and loss were moral, intellectual, spiritual, physical, social, aye, universal within the orb of our being; and His humiliations were also moral, intellectual, spiritual, social, and physical. The atonement sweeps the entire ground of our nature and need. Downward from stage to stage of moral being, through every gradation of rank and experience, from eternity and through infinity, under the impulse of a love all divine, sprang the Son of God from a throne of power, riches, and glory, to the hut of the poor, the scorn of the out-cast, and the malefactor's death, that He might lift into light and everlasting joy a race that had plunged itself into darkness and distress. As though the disobedient child in its wanderings had fallen over the precipice into the cavern of deepest shades, noisome air, and reptiles, and ravenous beasts; and the elder brother, drawn by the wanderer's cries, had, with throbbing heart of love, leaped from ledge to ledge, and crag to crag, down the abyss, that even by the loss of his own life he might lift the brother lost into life and light. And yet not as that, but far beyond; yea, beyond every conception and human thought; for in the successive self-renunciations of the divine Messiah, the King of kings, and Lord of lords—Very God—became a servant; the servant became a man; the man became

* Since this paper was written, Dr. Carman has been elected by the first united General Conference of the Methodist Churches in Canada one of the Superintendents of the proposed Methodist Church.—ED.

obedient to death, and died even the death of the cross. What wonder our poet sings :

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes, the Prince of Peace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and, O amazing love !
He flew to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he sped ;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak !

If we examine these marvellous self-renunciations of our adorable Lord separately and successively, and then as combined in His amazing descent from Heaven's heights of glory and peace to the darkness and sharpness of death, it may help us to a clearer view of the Divine idea of government and law, of the relation of atonement to law on the one hand, and pardon on the other, and of the dignity and rank of different orders of being in the estates of the universe, and the purposes of its Supreme Ruler. It may also impress us more deeply with God's conception of sin, His infinite repugnance to it, and His prodigious efforts for its correction and removal. And it may show us more fully the spirit, nature and end of the Christian life ; the magnitude and value of the personal sacrifices through which, perpetuated in the Church, the Gospel must win its conquests ; and thus have its practical import in setting forth as our example the mind of Christ in its majesty and meekness, its loveliness and love.

Two grand and solid ideas of our theology we must carry with us in this examination. First, as against Arians and Unitarians, we must hold firmly to the doctrine of the essential Deity, and therefore the eternity of Jesus Christ ; and, Second, as against the Socinians and their kin, we must hold to the pre-existence of Christ, that is, His presence on earth and in the Church before

His incarnation. All this is simply to say: We must accept the Scriptures: "But unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." "Before Abraham was, I am;" and, "Thus shalt thou [Moses] say unto the children of Israel: I Am hath sent me unto you."

First, He took upon Him the form of a servant. "Being in the form of God, He thought it not robbery to be equal with God." This equality with God had nothing of violence or usurpation, for He is God. The Word was; was with God; was God. All things were made by Him. He was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His Person. By Him God made the worlds. He was heir of all things, and Him the angels worship; Maker, Ruler, Proprietor of all things. He was the Ancient of Days, the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. He is "God of gods and Lord of lords, the King of kings." Sovereignty was His, and Dominion: the law proceeded out of His mouth. In Him the law, which is holy, just and good, subsisted from everlasting, measureless ages before it was uttered even to angels. In giving the law He did not create it, make it, frame it: He simply uttered it. The holy law is in His essence and substance; it is but the expression of the moral character of God moving outward into the multiplied relations of moral beings, the work of His hand, to regulate their feelings and conduct each toward the other in harmony with His nature, the substratum and central and living principle of the moral universe. God is light. He is a God of Truth. He says: "I am holy." "Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne." Jesus Christ in majesty delivered the law from the summit of Sinai. The same Jesus Christ, incarnate, proclaimed the same law subsequently in the golden couplet of love—love to God, love to man. In both cases He was the Word, the express image of God. He spake forth the nature of the Triune God—the substance and essence of law, which had its substance, essence and spirit in Him, He was not, as are created beings, subject to law. He was not a servant. The fount of sovereignty and source of power, in the essence and unity of the Godhead, He was by no means subject to the applications of law in all the diversified relations of human, or even of angelic life. Only as law proceeds through diversified relations is it developed and manifested. And the more diversified and com-

plex the relations, the more difficult the obedience to the law : that is, the plainer the condition or "form" of a servant and the greater the humiliation in a descent from sovereignty to service.

These considerations may enable us to apprehend something of the Apostle's idea in our Lord's taking upon Himself the form of a servant. Creator, Upholder, Proprietor of all things ; Sovereign Lord of all ; worshipped with a perfect rapture of adoration by angels and archangels, by Cherubim and Seraphim, by Dominions, Principalities and Powers, rank on rank of the mighty hosts, sons of God and first-born sons of light, that many and long ages before the creation of man were wont to return from their high missions and vast circuits, and wheel, and bow, and shine before the blazing throne ; joyfully obeyed by such intelligences, and perpetually worshipped without a thought or suspicion of anything but infinite glory and eternal supremacy ; recognized as the essence of justice and truth, on a throne high and lifted up above the heavenly dignities and powers, the centre of power and the source of authority and law, the eternal Word ; this One, infinite in power and glory and majesty ; this One, our Eternal and Omnipotent King, the Almighty Lord, proposes, in the scheme purpose and covenant of human creation and redemption, to take upon Himself the form of a servant, to become obedient to the law, of which He is the essence and source, to come like unto the humblest of ourselves into these complex relations and be subject to all our many mutual exactions and diversified limitations and demands. These things the angels themselves could not understand. These are the things the angels desired to look into : that the Author of law should Himself become subject to law—obedient to law even in the sense of angelic ministry and the multifarious relations of angelic life.

The Holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, under the Spirit of Divine inspiration, both more than intimate that this first humiliation of our Lord, this taking upon Himself the form of a servant, this becoming obedient to the law of which He was the Author and Source, this submission to the dignity and authority of which He Himself was the Centre and the Crown, was at least an amazement, was possibly a shock to the Principalities and Powers in Heavenly places. "The angels desired to look into it." "He made Himself of no reputation." If of no reputation, no form nor comeliness, no beauty to be desired to men, unquestionably

more startling to angels that had adored Him as the Supreme God. What meaneth this? Our King the lowest servant! We cannot endure this. What? Worship, honour, obey the lowest, humblest—a servant like unto ourselves? Christ Jesus the Lord was of no reputation. To use a human phrase: He lost caste and rank among the angels. Was not this a sharp test of angelic probation? Did not this require strong faith in God and implicit obedience to the rule and government of the Most High? Did not this demand confidence in the Divine wisdom and goodness, and steady, unyielding trust in the ongoing of the Divine purposes?

In view of these things, we do not hazard much in the three following conjectures:—First, that this humiliation of our adorable Lord was the occasion, the block of stumbling and rock of offence, when hosts of angels kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, and are therefore reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day. Second, that this fact, connected with the *individual* as opposed to the *hereditary* and *federal* responsibility of the angels, is a reason why there is no atonement, and seems to be no pardon for them. Third, that herein is a sort of reason, a good reason to devils, for the perpetual and ineradicable hostility of the Devil and his angels to the human race. For a “devilish hate” is the deepest, darkest, strongest hate of the universe.

POSSESS OUR HEARTS.

O HOLY Ghost! O Mighty One!
 Possess our hearts to-day;
 Send on our souls, Thou radiant Sun,
 Thine every quickening ray!

O Holy Ghost! O Vital Breath!
 Without Thee we, at best,
 Are but the sepulchres of death,
 Without the boon of rest.

O Holy Ghost! O Life Divine!
 With deep heart-yearnings tossed,
 We wait before Thy hallowed shrine,
 Until our pentecost.

Dispenser of the living power,
 The dispensation give,
 Till through our words, in this late hour,
 The “dead in sins” shall live.

MEMORIES OF LEIPZIG.

BY MARJORIE R. JOHNSON.

FRAU R.— was going to the Gottesacker (God's acre) this morning to place some *immergrun* on her husband's grave; would Fraulein like to accompany her?

It was a fair April morning. Nature had been silently drawing on her soft green robe since February, so gradually that one wondered how it had come to pass that it was spring instead of winter. The Johanna Park, for two months in the winter bedecked with snow, its little skating rink never without a merry group of skaters, had once more become the favourite resort of nurses with their numerous charges.

We were living on Sebastian Bach Street facing the park, and surrounded by other streets with musical names—Marschner, Mendelssohn, David, etc. Our landlady, Frau R—, had but recently become a widow. She had three children: Ida, a tall, slender girl of fourteen, just in the bustle (which Germans always make) of preparation for her confirmation, the neat black dress being the most important item of all; Max, a clever boy of twelve, who went to school at seven in the morning and remained until seven in the evening; and little Anna who was still young enough to spend her afternoons in play.

Frau R— had also two sisters, much older than herself; the one a widow, the other almost the same, her husband being away in the wilds of Oregon, whither she would fain have gone to join him, but poverty and infirmities of age prevented. She it was who performed the extra Saturday's duties, and was always glad of a word of appreciation, accompanied by a *Mark*; pensive, amiable soul! A quiet, comfortable life we led of it, with these good people always assiduous to do all they could for us. Here in our *Wohnstube* with its three large windows facing three different ways, we had our music, reading, writing, sewing, or whatever it might please us to do. Our wanderings outside were numerous; sometimes for miles in the Rosenthal, a large, beautiful park in the suburbs, sometimes to the villages of Gohlis and Connewitz, and more often exploring the quaint old streets and winding alleys of ancient Leipzig, so fraught with historical.

associations. A strange enchantment lingers round the old part of the city, its narrow streets and high houses now surrounded by a promenade where once stood the city walls.

Here stands the old *Rath-haus* (City Hall) most picturesque in its architecture, with the market place in front. Not the least among our pleasures was wandering through the long rows of stalls in this market, exchanging words with the vendors of butter and *schwarzbrod* (black bread), vegetables and fruit, lingering longest over the forget-me-nots and lilies-of-the-valley, with which we would go home laden; and shunning as much as possible the tables where cheeses of every size, colour, and odour were displayed in all their glory.

Not far off is the grim, ancient, and ugly Church of St. Thomas, sacred with its memories of Bach. "My heart is in Leipzig" he once said to Frederick the Great, when urged by that monarch to take up his abode in Berlin. We shall never forget our first entrance into that church; its cold stone floor seemed to strike a chill into one; its aisles, galleries and far-reaching chapels all formed a most forbidding combination, while its congregation of spectacled students gay conservatorists, and aged and middle-aged men and women seemed alike oppressed into an awe-struck silence by the very atmosphere of the place. But when the sweet voices of the boy-choir, thoroughly trained and led by the *einführer*, Dr. Wilhelm Rust, poured forth Luther's translation of the 22nd Psalm arranged for solo and quartette by Mendelssohn, all thought of our surroundings vanished, and those gloomy arches served but to increase the exquisite effect of the harmony which filled our souls with a painful rapture. How mournfully the words rise—"Mein Gott, warum hast du mich verlassen? Ich heule, aber mein Hulfe ist fern," closing with the triumphant utterance: "Den der Herr hat ein Reich und er herrscht unter den Heiden."

Here, too, we listened to the glorious fugues of Bach and compositions of many other eminent *meisters*. Every Saturday, from half-past one till two, all who wished might attend these "motettes" in the Thomas kirche. Grandest of all were the oratorio of St. Paul by Mendelssohn, performed on February 27th, 1880, and Bach's "Passion Music," on Good Friday.

We had also many secular concerts in the Gewandhaus adjoining the Royal Conservatory of Music, founded by Mendelssohn.

Here are given during the autumn and winter months the twenty-one celebrated Gewandhaus concerts, under the direction of Herr Carl Reinecke, Kappellmeister. Here we listened to the performances of many celebrated artists among whom were Sarasate, violinist, Popper, violoncellist, Frau Schimon-Regan and Analie Joachim, solo-singers; Clara Schumann, Anna Mehlig and Agnes Zimmermann, pianistes, etc.

Rubinstein also gave a concert in which he was the sole performer. Perhaps one of the best descriptions of Rubinstein's playing that could be given is "Jud Brownin's" in the Boston *Folio* for August, 1880, entitled "How Ruby Played." A short extract, which gives the character of the article as well as certain phases of the great musician's interpretation of music, may not be amiss here. . . . "Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up and a kind of grey mist came over things. I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams running between golden gravels; and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun did not shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold."

In contrast to the above style of music was Rubinstein's Galop (*Le bal*) which was the grand *finale* of the concert, and which brought the composer back at least nine times to acknowledge the uproarious and continuous applause which followed its performance.

Another grand concert given in the city was one under the direction of Dr. Hans Von Bulow, who also took part in the performance. On this occasion Beethoven's ninth symphony was performed, closing with Schiller's "Ode to Peace," sung by an orchestra composed of five well-trained musical unions combined. An interesting feature of this concert was that Liszt was in the audience, having come from Weimar for the purpose.

Leipzig has two semi-annual fairs, the one called the "*Grosse*

Messe" occurring at Easter, the other at Michaelmas. For weeks before the expected arrival of "merchantmen" from all parts of Europe and Asia, the city is turned upside down with preparations. The squares are filled with booths for the reception and display of wares of every description. Merry-go-rounds are set in motion to the constant delight of the children; shows are numerous, and every imaginable want may be supplied from among the endless variety of goods so temptingly displayed. Here are cases of carved ivory, the head of the Mater Dolorosa, Raphael's Cherubs, etc., done into brooches. There are acres of china and glass ware; stall after stall of books to be had at marvellously low prices; emporiums of furs, hats, minerals, agates, furniture, gloves, etc. Here stands a Turk in full costume; there a Greek almost hidden behind the mass of sponges he has for sale, earnestly inviting passers-by to inspect his merchandise, in his soft half-Italian tongue. Fez caps are numerous; bargains are going on on all sides; the grasping Jew, who modestly asks forty marks (shillings) for a rather ancient coat, is compelled to accept twenty rather than lose a customer.

There is also a small fair at Christmas, but unimportant compared with the other two. The approach of Christmas seems to upset everything; all is high holiday. The squares resemble small spruce forests; cake shops exhibit the most impossible horses, dogs, full-masted ships, broad Dutchmen, etc. We happened at that season to be living in a house where there were no children; consequently our festivities were of a more quiet kind. Fraulein Lisbeth, the daughter of the house, loved to tell us of the visits they had had in their childhood, she and her brother Hans, from the "Heilige Christ," an old man with long white beard, and much fur about him. He would come laden with good things of every description, but before bestowing them would interrogate the children as to their behaviour: "Are you obedient children? Can you pray well? Do you learn your lessons?" These and other questions would be followed by a bountiful portion from his stock of treasures. "Last Christmas," said Lisbeth, "had we no Christbaum (Christmas-tree) and ach! that was not at all a fine festival, because the mother was so sick, but in former years had we very beautiful Christmas-trees."

We had rather a dark December, but Christmas morning came in full of sunshine and beauty. How bright it was that morning!

How nature seemed to invite us forth to mingle our praises for God's wonderful gift of the Christ-Child with those of others speaking our own language. The dingy old walls of the Collegium Juridicum, in which our English service was held, echoed to the sweet notes of—

“Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to our new-born King ;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.”

Our good Frau Wirthin had previously informed us that at seven in the evening the Christmas-tree would be lighted up in Herr M——'s room, kindly lent for the occasion, as being the largest in the house. Dinner, coffee, music, and conversation occupied the afternoon, until the great event of the day took place, and we were all, with great importance, ushered into the room, where, in the centre of the table, stood the brilliantly lighted tree, laden with its Christmas fruit. Presents there were for every one, piles of parcels all around the table. “Fraulein” must be first conducted to her place, to open her various parcels surrounded by an interested group of spectators—rather an embarrassing position when all the exclamations, thanks, and explanations must be made in German. To each one was appointed first a comic parcel, with endless layers of wrapping paper, disclosing finally a tiny roll of imitation shillings, or a sham glass of beer the size of a thimble, causing infinite merriment to the good Frau who had prepared them all. Then followed more substantial gifts, each having provided something for each ; to the musical, one photographs of Beethoven and Mozart; to the student, a calendar and clock ; for the gentle Lisbeth, a trousseau which caused the tears to gather in her eyes with gratitude.

A very simple home-like scene it was, all giving themselves up to the quiet gaiety of the hour. Supper followed with its pickled fish and cucumbers, its sauer-kraut and red and white wine. One by one the candles flickered and were blown out, and after much lively conversation in which German customs were compared with English and Canadian ones, our little entertainment came to a close about eleven o'clock.

The search for lodgings in Leipzig is very interesting to one who enjoys the study of human nature. It was in this way that we

came across the only two Germans we ever met who did not drink beer. We had wondered at and admired the clearness of their complexions, the healthy rose colour in their cheeks, and their general vivacity—so different from the generality of the women of the working class, who are commonly withered, unhealthy, and dull-looking. The secret of their superior aspect we soon found out without questioning. They had, years ago, had an American lady for a lodger, who had impressed upon them the virtues of pure water, and had induced them to entirely discontinue the use of beer. They had abstained from spirits of every kind, since that time, and were excellent exponents of the benefits to be derived from such a practice.

This little circumstance tended to confirm us in our belief that the same principles may and should be carried out abroad as at home; that residence in a foreign country in no way necessitates a lowering of the standard maintained in one's own country, and that a consistent example is never lost, even though it may seem for a time to bear no fruit. Although we had been told that beer and wine were necessaries in Leipzig, a residence of ten months there, during which time we abstained from both, convinced us that this opinion was false, and that very much of the ill-health of the inhabitants was due to the constant use of these beverages.

OTTAWA, ONT.

REST.

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
 My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
 Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
 This little life of mine.

With loving-kindness curtain thou my bed,
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
 So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
 All's well, whichever side the grave for me
 The morning light may break.

UNANSWERED PRAYER.

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

TRUE prayer seeks only the will of God, and is in perfect harmony with that will. The moment any self-seeking, any selfish motive whatever, enters into prayer, it ceases to be true prayer. The aim of God's government is to secure good to universal being; perfect in all His attributes, He cannot will anything but good.

Prayer is the divinely-appointed medium of intercourse and communion with God, and the soul that approaches Him, seeking only the accomplishment of the Divine will, is seeking, not only its own good, but also the good of universal being. To seek anything else, is to assume an attitude antagonistic to God and His moral government—is to seek, not the universal good, but some smaller self-interest. Such prayer will not be granted, since God can only will the good; and that which is contrary to His infinitely perfect will *cannot be good*.

We have two very remarkable cases of unanswered prayer in the Old Testament, that of Moses and of David. Let us examine the case of Moses:—In Numbers xx. 12, we read: “And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron, Because ye believed me not, to sanctify Me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them.” Also in Numbers xxvii. 13, 14: “And when thou hast seen it, thou also shalt be gathered unto thy people, as Aaron thy brother was gathered. For ye rebelled against my commandment in the desert of Zin, in the strife of the congregation, to *sanctify Me* at the water before their eyes.” In Deut. iii. 24–26: we find Moses' prayer:—“O Lord God, thou hast begun to show thy servant thy greatness, and Thy mighty hand: for what God is there in heaven or in earth, that can do according to thy works, and according to thy might? I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon. But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes and would not hear me: and the Lord said unto me, let it suffice thee; speak no more to Me of this matter.”

Why was not Moses' prayer answered? Moses prayed in direct opposition to the revealed will of God. The Lord had sworn that he should not go over Jordan:—Deut. iv. 21.—and still in the face of that oath, Moses cries: “I pray thee, let me go over.”

Does not God then forgive? God always forgives the repentant, but the sin committed can never be undone; hence, for the good of the race, God uses examples as lessons. In all His teachings, both of nations and of individuals, the fact is always brought prominently forward, that sin is the great evil of the universe, and never to be excused. What a deep impression of the awfulness of sin, and of the unapproachable holiness of Jehovah, must have been made on the minds of the people, when for *one sin*, they saw their great lawgiver, who had "talked with God face to face," forbidden to lead them over the Jordan, or to cross himself; and this lesson to the Jewish nation has been given, through their history, to all peoples for all time.

Let us now examine the case of David. In 2. Sam. xii. 14-16 we read:—"Howbeit, because by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme, the child also that is born unto thee shall surely die. And Nathan departed unto his house. And the Lord struck the child that Uriah's wife bare unto David, and it was very sick. David therefore besought God for the child; and David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth."

David prayed in direct opposition to the known and declared will of God. The Lord had said: "The child shall surely die;" and in David's case, as in that of Moses, the reason for not answering the prayer, is clearly given. Moses says: "But the Lord was wroth with me *for your sakes*." Nathan says to David: "Because thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme."

Let us now turn to the case of St. Paul. We find the facts in 2. Cor. xii: 7-9:—"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given me a stake—*σκόλοψ*—in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

The Lord did not remove the stake—or thorn—but granted grace to bear it. Paul knew God had sent this "messenger of Satan" to keep him humble, and that it was therefore the divine will, and yet he prays for release from it. He does not rise to the exalted height where he triumphantly exclaims: "I will glory in my infirmities," until he has "thrice" prayed: not till then has his will risen into perfect harmony with the will of the

Father. And it seems to my mind, that this is what the great Apostle intends to convey to the Corinthians.

Lastly, I would refer to the agony of our Lord Jesus Christ in Gethsemane, and I approach this sacred and sublime mystery with trembling awe. Luke, who is always the most circumstantial, gives us the most perfect account of this awful scene in our Lord's passion. John does not describe the garden scene at all, and neither Matthew nor Mark mentions the angel. In Luke xxii. 42, 43, we read: "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from Me: nevertheless not my will, but thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him."

What was this "cup?" It could not be the "cup" of suffering, for Christ had volunteered to drink it, and, as a perfectly holy being, He could never shrink from suffering that which He had Himself, of His own free will, undertaken to do and to suffer. It was the "cup" of failure. But in that dire extremity, in that incomprehensible agony, the Redeemer felt His physical powers sinking, and He knew that should the human body He had assumed perish in the struggle, the plan of Redemption would fail; and in this fear of failure, of the body breaking before the victory was won, He cries out in unutterable anguish: "Let this cup pass from me!"—the "cup" of failure to redeem the human race. And the *prayer was answered*; the "angel appeared from heaven, strengthening Him." It could only be the human part of His nature that needed strength; His divine nature was perfect. It would have been impossible for the prayer not to have been answered, for the Omniscient Christ, possessed of all the attributes of Jehovah, could not, consistently with His character, pray a prayer that He *knew* the Eternal Father could not answer, He would in that moment have ceased to be the infinite Son. In answer to that prayer He went forth from Gethsemane the Conqueror of Death, to suffer the further shame of the crown of thorns and the cross.

Oh! head low bent in anguish,
 In pain and bitter scorn,
 How dost Thou droop and languish
 Beneath the piercing thorn;
 Oh! head now torn and bleeding,
 The crown of life that wore;
 Here at Thy cross low kneeling,
 I love Thee and adore.

FORT GEORGE'S LONELY SYCAMORE.

A REMINISCENCE OF NIAGARA.

THE story of a tree that rears
 Its form o'er an historic plain,
 The sights it sees, the sounds it hears,
 That story's gay or sad refrain.

O lone tree on the rampart's height !
 What hast thou seen, what canst thou tell,
 Of peaceful watch, or desperate fight,
 O lonely, lonely sentinel?
 But tell me first, what sweet, fair sight,
 Extending far and wide before,
 Thou seest from thy vantage height,
 O lonely, lonely sycamore.

Afar, the lake¹ spreads like a sea,
 And near, the river broad, blue, deep,
 Its waters flowing silently,
 As resting from their frantic leap.
 Nor distant far, the mountain crowned
 With column pointing to the sky,
 While all forgot the humbler mound,
 Where other heroes mouldering lie.

A skirt of oak in nearer view,
 And hawthorn, white with fragrant bloom,
 And tall sweet-brier, wet with dew,
 Wild flowers with many a nodding plume.
 Beneath the hill the children bring
 Their little cups, and eager press
 To drink the water at the spring,
 Where grows the tender water-cress.

In front, a plain of changing hue,
 In winter white, now bare and brown,
 Or grassy green, with herds in view,
 And to the west, the quiet town.
 Beyond, the fort and beacon light,
 Old Mississagua's square grey tower,
 On either side church spires rise bright,
 O'er stately home or humble bower.

Beneath, the crumbling ruins old,
 Where first our hero Brock was laid,
 With funeral pomp in death-sleep cold,
 And tears were shed and mourning made
 For him, who, with the morning sun,
 Went from these walls, erect and brave ;

The evening saw *his* victory won,
A hero's fame—a soldier's grave.

Here, where the bank falls sheer and steep,
The Half-Moon Battery may be traced,
Alike commanding shore and deep,
A scar of war not yet effaced.

A path o'er-arched with trees we gain,
Nor did it all their dreams suffice
To call that path the "Lover's Lane,"
The grove around was "Paradise."

Nay, call it not their partial pride,
Where can ye find a spot so fair?
Italian suns have scarce supplied
Such sky, such stream, such beauty rare.
Tell us the sounds that come to thee,
Borne by the breezes as they fly,
The shout of schoolboy wild set free,
The sportsman's gun, or plover's cry,

Or lover's fondly-whispered vows,
The roar of guns, in mimic strife,
The rustling of the forest boughs,
Or varying sounds of human life,
The bugle's call, so clear and sweet,
From neighbouring fort by breezes blown,
Gay laughter when pic-nickers meet,
Or on the beach the wave's wild moan,

The quiet dip of idler's oar,
The sweetly solemn Sabbath bell,
The distant cataract's softened roar,
All these, oh, lonely sentinel.

Or wilt thou tell of nations four,
Alternate owning this fair spot?
Thou knowest much historic lore,
Then tell thy tale; refuse us not.

Or is it far beyond thy ken
When Indian wigwams here were seen,
And red men roamed o'er fell and fen,
And trail or war-path followed keen?
Didst see the brave La Salle pass on
To seek the Mississippi's wave,
And how, ere Abram's Heights were won,
Yon fort was won—won many a grave.

Ere gallant Frenchmen yielded here
To Britain's power their heritage,
Johnson, the red man's friend held dear,
Thou saw'st successful warfare wage.

The loyal refugees here press,
 Leaving their lands, their homes, their all,
 Deep in the solemn wilderness,
 To hew new homes at duty's call.

And here our country's fathers met
 In humble legislative hall ;
 But soon arose day darker yet,
 When foemen held these ramparts all.
 Then came a day of fear and dread
 When winter snow robed hill and down ;
 And mothers with their children fled
 In terror from the burning town.

But soon returning peace brought round
 More prosperous, happy, golden days,
 And from the shipyard came the sound
 Of hammers, beating songs of praise.
 Those days are gone ; gone, too, we fear,
 The busy mart the live-long day,
 Nor sound of vulgar trade is here,
 And " Lotos Town " they sneering say.

But no—thy life's a shorter span ;
 Thou canst not all the secrets tell
 Of brave, or rash, or erring man,
 O lonely, lonely sentinel.
 Where once the pagan rite was seen,
 Or French or Indian warlike bands,
 Where fratricidal strife had been,
 Two Christian nations now clasp hands.

Long mayst thou stand, O stately tree,
 Outlined as boldly 'gainst the sky ;
 As thou hast often gladdened me,
 Cheer other hearts as years pass by.
 As from my window now I gaze,
 Thinking of many a ramble wild,
 With friends of other, earlier days,
 Far past thy fort with walls earth-piled,

I send a wish and prayer that thou
 Mayst live to see and live to tell
 Of brighter days than even now,
 O solitary sentinel.

May other school girls love thee well,
 They surely cannot love thee more,
 And be thou long their sentinel,
 O lonely, lonely sycamore.

JANET CARNOCHAN.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

THE Spirit, also, brings before us the most solemn thoughts in reference to our congregations. Immortal souls come to listen for tidings of the Saviour. God has stirred them by His Holy Spirit and sent them to hear. If they are saved, it must be through our words, and upon the issue of the sermon the destiny of immortal souls may be sealed. Who could preach carelessly could he thus feel? Besides, it may be the last sermon which some one shall hear. Almost every sermon is the last some one does hear. More persons die every year than there are pulpits in the land. Could we single out some person in the assembly who would never hear another sermon, how we would try to preach Jesus! Our eyes are sealed as to destiny, but that person is in the congregation, and we must draw the bow at a venture, trusting that the Divine eye will give to the bow sufficient tension, and to the arrow the right direction. When I have heard, as I frequently have, of persons present in assemblies where I have preached, who have been called suddenly away by accidents or disease, I have never felt regret that my sermon was not more beautiful or polished, but I have regretted that it was not preached with more demonstration of the Spirit and of power. I cannot conceal my convictions that, but for the negligence and indolence of those of us who occupy the sacred desk, this demonstration would be more universal and more powerful. It seems to me that the possibilities connected with preaching have been only partially realized, and that a brighter and more glorious day will dawn upon the church. If there is one thing above all others that I have desired for myself, and that above all other things I covet for you, it is this ministerial power, this baptism of fire. Seek for this more than learning, for wisdom, for oratory; and above all, more than for any thought of your acceptability or popularity. To preach one sermon like Livingstone's would be worth a life of service. I believe you all may have such power that thousands shall be converted under your preaching. If the Bible be true, and if you are divinely called to the ministry, you are left out of the common circle of business and of the conflicts of life. God come to dwell in you and to use all your powers

for Himself; your highest glory will be to appear as living, walking Christs among men, and you will feel with the apostle, "For me to live is Christ."—From "Yale Lectures," by *Bishop Simpson*.

"PRESERVED BLAMELESS;" "PRESENTED FAULTLESS."

Such is the blessed and glorious ideal which is set before the Christian, and which both the ability and faithfulness of God are pledged to make real. If it be asked, What practical difference there is in such a distinction, we answer? Take as an example a little child whose loving heart is bent on pleasing her mother. Her first little task of needle-work is put into her hands. But the little fingers are still unskilled; nor has she any thought of the nicety required. Still with intense pleasure she sets stitch after stitch, until at last she brings it to her mother. She has done her best, and does not dream of failure; and the mother taking it, sees two things—one is a work as faulty as it well can be, with stitches long and crooked; and the other is the smiling upturned face, with its sweet consciousness of love. Not for anything could she coldly criticise that work. She thinks of the efforts to please, and how little she could expect in a first attempt. It is the child's best for the time being; so she commends her, and even praises the poor, imperfect work, and then gently and most lovingly shows her how she may do still better. The child is blameless, but her work not faultless. It will be nearer and nearer faultless, as day after day she gathers skill, and even new ideas of care and faithfulness in her taste; but still in her mother's eyes she is, at first, as well as at last, her blameless child. And surely every believing, loving child of God may regard his blessing of blamelessness, not as one to be finally reached, but as one to enjoy all along the way.

Only in this case there will be not only a life more and more holy, but a heart growing purer and purer in its love; and precious beyond all price will it be, day after day of our lives, to hear again and again our Father's acceptance of our work and of ourselves, "blameless, my child; still blameless." And yet such a child cannot aim at less than His entire approval. He will not abuse such a comfort, or count it the chief thing; but ever seeing more fully the vast importance of all his Father's interests, and His earnest desire to make him a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, he will even beseech Him not to spare His correction, but to show him faithfully every fault.—*Smiley*.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

It is rough work that polishes. Look at the pebbles on the shore! Far inland where some arm of the sea thrusts itself deep into the bosom of the land, and expanding into a salt loch, lies girdled by the mountains, sheltered from the storms that agitate the deep, the pebbles on the beach are rough, not beautiful; angular, not rounded. It is where long lines of breakers roar, and the rattling shingle is rolled about the strand, that its pebbles are rounded and polished. As in nature, as in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut, the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing there God has no end in view but to perfect His people.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

No Christian grace is likely to be called into play more frequently than that of mutual forbearance. If we resent every apparent injustice, demand the righting of every little wrong, and if all the other parties in the circle claim the same privilege, what miserable beings we shall all be, and how wretched life will become! We need to guard against a critical spirit. Some people carry microscopes, fine enough to reveal a million animalculæ in a drop of water, and with these they can find countless blemishes in the character and conduct, even of the most saintly dwellers on the earth. There are others who are always watching for slights and grievances. They are suspicious of the motives and intentions of others. They are always imagining offences, even were none where most remotely intended. This habit is directly at variance with the law of love, which thinketh no evil.
—*Week-day Religion.*

Of all the Christian graces, that charity, which vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, beareth and endureth all things, is the most hard to attain. I daily feel it so. It is so difficult to bear with patience and allowance the faults of others. It is very mistaken to think that the great occasion of life only demands religious feelings and principle; it is in the every-day petty annoyances, the constant call upon our charity, forbearance, and meekness, that we feel the constant want of some stronger and more powerful stimulant than that of the moment to smooth down the rubs of life and make our existence one of peace and happiness.

DOCTRINAL RELIGION.

Mark what I say. If you want to *do good* in these times you must throw aside indecision, and take up a distinct, sharply-cut doctrinal religion. If you believe a little, those to whom you try to do good will believe nothing. The victories of Christianity, wherever they have been won, have been won by distinct doctrinal theology; by telling men roundly of Christ's vicarious death and sacrifice; by showing them Christ's substitution on the cross and His precious blood; by teaching them justification by faith, and bidding them believe on a crucified Saviour; by preaching ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, regeneration by the Spirit; by lifting up the brazen serpent; by telling men to look and live, to believe, repent, and be converted. This is the only teaching which, for eighteen centuries, God has honoured with success, and is honouring at the present day, both at home and abroad. Let the clever advocates of broad and undogmatic theology—the preachers of the gospel of earnestness and sincerity and cold morality—let them, I say, show us at this day any English village, or parish, or city, or town, or district which has been evangelized without “dogma” by their principles. They cannot do it, and they never will. Christianity without distinct doctrine is a powerless thing. It may be beautiful to some minds but it is childless and barren. There is no getting over facts. The good that is done in the earth may be comparatively small. Evil may abound, and ignorant impatience may murmur and cry out that Christianity has failed. But, depend upon it, if we want to “do good” and shake the world, we must fight with the old apostolic weapons, and stick to “dogma.” No dogma, no fruits! No positive evangelical doctrine, no evangelization!—
Canon Ryle.

 ENTICED.

I LIE upon the bosom of my Lord,
 And feel His heart, and time my heart thereby;
 The tune so sweet, I have no need to try,
 But rest and trust, and beat the perfect chord.
 So on and on, through many an opening door
 That gladly opens to the key I bring;
 From brightening court to court of Christ my King,
 Hope-led, love-fed, I journey evermore.

—*W. C. Wilkinson.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE UNION CONFERENCE.

WE need not say to the readers of this MAGAZINE that we rejoice with exceeding joy at the Union vote of the Adjourned General Conference. The man who twelve months ago would have predicted that by this time the details of union would have been completed, and union itself practically accomplished, would have been thought an enthusiast, or a fanatic. But great movements march swiftly, when in accord with the spirit of the age. From that historic night, during the sessions of the Union Committee in Toronto, when the compromise on what seemed to be the insuperable difficulty of the recognition of the Superintendency in the Annual Conferences was reached, we had no doubt as to the final result. The excellent reports in the *Guardian* and *Wesleyan*, and the condensed statement, by the Rev. E. Barrass, in this MAGAZINE, of the great debate—the most important which ever took place in Canadian Methodism—makes it unnecessary that we should here dwell long on the subject. Suffice it to say, we consider the decisive Union vote, taken near midnight on Monday, September 3rd, as one of the most important ever given, in Church or State, in Canada. We do not exclude even the vote which secured the federation of the provinces of the Dominion. We believe that the echoes of that vote will reverberate around the world, and that in Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Great Britain, and the United States, the friends of the unification of Methodism will be encouraged to press on in their endeavour till a united Methodism shall engirdle the world.

It has been well said that the eyes of all Christendom were upon us. Intense interest was felt in this movement. While the vote was yet pend-

ing the present writer received a letter from a Methodist minister in Georgia, U.S., expressing deep sympathy with the attitude of the Methodist Churches in Canada, from which letter the following extract is taken :

“The Methodist Episcopal Church, the first formed out of Methodism as a distinct organization from the Established Church of England, is not yet a hundred years old, and yet Methodism has thrown off some thirty-two distinct organizations, one on an average about every three and a fraction years. I ask, in the light of Christ's prayer for unity, Is that right? And as promptly I answer, It is not.

“Our Civil War derived all of moral quality it had from slavery, and slavery became potent for mischief through the divisions of the Methodist Churches, who lead their lesser sisters of other denominations. The Jesuits now claim America; let us close ranks and with an unbroken front receive them.”

This feeling of fellowship, we are confident, is one that throbs in the heart of universal Methodism, and under the fostering influences of the times—the “trend” towards integration and union—we believe that the example of the Canadian Churches will soon be followed by their sister Churches in other lands.

It is a singular coincidence, that exactly two years, to a day, after the opening of the Œcumenical Conference in London, England, the united Conference of the four Methodist Churches of Canada assembled in the City of Belleville, where, just forty-nine years before, the division took place, from which sprang the Methodist Episcopal and Canadian Wesleyan Churches. That hour of reunion was an hour of deep emotion. Earnest were the prayers that were offered, and fervent the responses that were uttered. An unction of the Holy One rested upon the assembly, and the baptism from on high was the best preparation for the deli-

cate and difficult task of harmonizing the multifarious and often conflicting interests of the four Churches that were being welded into one.

Considering the variety of these interests it is marvellous that so little conflict or collision was exhibited. That this was the case resulted largely, we think, from the manifest disposition of the larger body to be more than just—to be generous—to the smaller bodies, in the arrangement of details, the distribution of honours and offices, the protection of vested interests, and the fair division of interests mutually conceded. This disposition was with equal generosity recognized and appreciated and reciprocated by the smaller bodies. While this spirit continues to animate all—and we see no reason why it should not continue to animate all—we anticipate little difficulty in the carrying out to ultimate and assured success of this Union.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OFFICERS.

We are confident that public opinion, in all the four Churches concerned, will endorse the action of the Union Conference in the selection of the two chief executive officers of the Church. Dr. Rice, the senior General Superintendent, has won for himself a foremost place in the confidence and esteem of his brethren, by half a century of faithful toil for the church of his choice, and by his upright and honourable course in the events connected with this union movement. It is a curious coincidence that Dr. Rice came to Upper Canada, from New Brunswick, in 1847, in the interests of the Union of that year. He was President of the Conferences of 1873-74, when the union with the New Connexion and Eastern B. A. Conferences was consummated. He was President of the General Conference of 1882, when the present Union plan was inaugurated, and now he is senior General Superintendent of the united Church.

Dr. Carnan, though more recently known to most members of the Union Conference, has commanded

their admiration by his remarkable executive ability, his skill in debate, his incisive speech, his frank and manly character. We are confident that as he goes throughout the length and breadth of the Connexion, he will "win golden opinions from all sorts of people."

It is very flattering to all the other General Conference officers of the Methodist Church of Canada—the Book-Stewards and Editors, East and West, and the Missionary Secretaries and Treasurer—that they were elected by acclamation to the same offices in the united Church. The addition to the editorial corps of the Rev. Dr. Stone, late Editor and Book-Steward of the M. E. Church, as Associate-Editor of the *Guardian*, will, we are confident, be highly acceptable to the enlarged circle of readers of that veteran paper, and will reflect honour on the section of the united Church which he will represent.

METHODISM AND PRESBYTERIANISM.

There is a story told of some douce elder of the Antiburgher Kirk, one of the minor sects of Scotland, "so small that it might almost be called an in-sect," who was asked if he thought there were any real Christians at the present day? "Weel, there's Janet and mysel," he replied with intense unconscious Pharisaism, "but whiles I'm doubtful about Janet." The broad and catholic spirit of Principal Grant's article in the present number of this MAGAZINE but brings into sharper contrast the narrow bigotry of a former day. We believe that the union of Canadian Methodism will facilitate the common-sense arrangement which Dr. Grant suggests for the carrying on of evangelistic work in the sparsely-peopled great North-West. During the sessions of the Union Conference at Belleville, a prominent member of an important Presbytery in Ontario said to the present writer that he was confident that a joint commission of the united Methodist Church and of the Presbyterian Church, by the re-

adjustment of their work and withdrawing services in neighbourhoods where one was weak and the other strong, could save in that Presbytery alone \$2,000 a year to each Church for aggressive work, not only without injury to the spiritual interests of the congregations affected, but with positive advantage. And if this be so in the old settled Province of Ontario, how much more urgent is the need for some mutual arrangement to avoid the waste of men and means in the mission fields, whether at home or abroad.

On the subject of the affiliation of Methodism and Presbyterianism, a late number of the New York *Independent* had a suggestive article, which was endorsed in a succeeding issue by Dr. Currie, late editor of the *Christian Advocate*.

In the first article the *Independent* quotes a letter from the late Dr. H. Boyton Smith to a distinguished Methodist minister as follows:—

“What is it that keeps Methodists and Presbyterians apart? Is it anything *essential* to the Church, or even to its *well-being*? For one, I do *not* think that it is. Your so-called ‘Arminianism,’ being of *grace*, and not of *nature*, is in harmony with our symbols. It is a wide lookout, which looks to an *ecclesiastical* union of Methodists and Presbyterians; but I am convinced that it is vital for both, and for Protestantism, and for Christianity *vs.* Romanism in this country; and that it is desirable *per se*.

“I am also persuaded that our differences are merely intellectual (metaphysical) and not moral or spiritual; in short, formal and not material. As to *polity*, too, so far as the Scriptures go there is no essential difference between us. Your ‘bishops’ I do not object to, but rather like; and our ‘elders’ I think you would like on close acquaintance. As to Christian work, where you are strong we are weak. But your local preachers and class-leaders, are they anything more than our ‘elders’-lay elders—under another name?

“We have got to face in this country the *organized* power of

Romanism, as well as the now unorganized power of rationalism. In my judgment, the co-operation, if not union of the Methodists and Presbyterians, especially in the Middle and Western States, is essential.”

Commenting on this the *Independent* remarks:—“It will be seen that Dr. Henry B. Smith thought there was hardly enough difference between Methodists and Presbyterians as to ought either ‘*essential* to the Church or even to its well-being’ to justify their keeping apart. And if so, why should they work in belittling, weakening rivalry upon the same small fields when the work of evangelizing our country or the world is calling for more than all the men or means we have at our disposal? Indeed, the same question could be asked in reference to Congregationalists, and Baptists, were it not for close communionism. We are confident that the friendly proximity of different Protestant denominations, each working out its own special idea, cannot but result in the enlargement of all by a process of giving and taking, which will go on almost unconsciously, by simple contact and interaction, to the nearer assimilation of them all upon a common broader basis than any one now occupies. There are signs of this progress going on already; and may we not hope that it will go on until it will be a matter of little consequence to our new fields as to what denomination gets there first, so that Christ be but preached in a way to bless and benefit the soul, and our only rivalry shall be as to the prior occupancy of any one; or, to use the phrase, ‘being in advance of all others.’”

We hope to see the day when the grand old Presbyterian Church, the heroic daughter of the Reformation, and the equally heroic Methodist Church shall be, if not organically one, at least so intimately affiliated that they will go forward hand in hand seeking in the most effective and economic manner to bring the world to the knowledge of our common Saviour and Lord.

DEATH OF THE REV. H. J. NOTT.*

IT was with profound regret that we heard of the death of the Rev. H. J. Nott, the accomplished Editor of *The Observer*, the official organ of the Bible Christian Church. It was only during the sessions of the Union Committee, in Toronto, last November, that we had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance; but we soon learned to appreciate very highly his Christian character and intellectual ability. In certain business relations we found him the courteous gentleman, and he soon became the warm personal friend. Brother Nott, in the delicate position of Connexional editor, seemed to us to act with conspicuous fairness, allowing free expression of opinion on

the much discussed Union question, and giving candid expression of his own views. Our deceased brother kindly acceded to the request of the present writer to prepare for this MAGAZINE a life-sketch on the Rev. Hugh Bourne, founder of the Primitive Methodist Connexion; but, alas! our readers shall be denied the pleasure of reading what, we are sure, would have been a very instructive article. In his recently published article on the Study of Astronomy we have a glimpse of his scholarly tastes, his scientific acquirements, and his devout spirit. Peace to his memory; and may the consolations of God more and more abound to those who are now called upon to mourn through his death.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA. ADJOURNED GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference, at its last session in Hamilton, September, 1882, instructed the President, the Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., to convene the General Conference in adjourned session if the progress of the Union movement made it necessary to do so. The Annual Conferences and the Quarterly Boards of the various circuits and missions having, by large majorities, accepted the Basis, the President had no alternative but to carry out these instructions.

Our readers are aware that there has been much diversity of opinion, both among the ministers and laity, respecting some portions of the Basis.

No doubt it contains paragraphs which most of us would desire to see eliminated; but we must remember that the Basis was a contract entered into by four different bodies or branches of our common Methodism, and, like all other contracts, it partakes a good deal of the give-and-take principle. We must expect that while we may have our own peculiar views and opinions, which we believe it to be our duty to maintain, others also have their peculiar views and opinions, which they hold as tenaciously, hence the Union Committee in drawing up a Basis had to make such a document as would be likely to meet the approval of the majority in all the contracting bodies, and that they have succeeded the results abundantly testify. We

* This tribute to the memory of a departed friend was written while the Editor was waiting for the stage at Mammoth Cave, Kentucky, but was too late for our last number.

presume that few persons could bring themselves to believe that there was the slightest prospect of a better Basis being secured at any future time, hence the claim of the friends of the Basis, to which so much exception has been taken, that it was Union now or never.

The meeting of the General Conference was a necessity, in order to give effect to what had already been done by the Annual Conference and the Quarterly Boards. We venture the assertion that probably never in the annals of Methodism, in Canada at least, was there a meeting about which so much anxiety was felt, and so many prayers were offered. Thousands of our beloved people at their homes went to the throne of grace beseeching the great Head of the Church to bless His servants with the wisdom which they so much needed at this critical period of our history; and, to the honour of God, we know those prayers were heard.

In the early sessions of the Conference it was manifest that those who were friends of the Basis, and those who desired further time for deliberation before bringing the matter to a final consummation, were equally in earnest to press their respective views, and both were equally sincere. There was but little disposition to impugn motives or cast reflections on one another. It would be too much to expect that where such important interests were involved, and so many views were entertained, that there would not be an occasional utterance which some would disapprove. But we have pleasure in stating that there was but little said or done with which the most fastidious persons, or the keenest critics, could find fault. Every man who spoke, spoke what he felt in his heart and what he believed to be for the best interests of the Church. No matter which side of the vital question was taken, there was ability displayed and energy of purpose manifested which was creditable and praiseworthy. It would be difficult to find any deliberative body in which a question of such vital importance was debated or five days, including the first ses-

sion, which was necessarily brief and partook largely of the preliminary, where more tact and skill and greater variety of argument was adopted than during those days. Even towards the last, when we should suppose it was easy to be seen how the matter would be decided, those in the minority maintained a firmness which was indicative of the fact that truth and righteousness were being contended for, not victory. It is not our purpose to make invidious distinctions, for those who have known the writer for twenty-five years know that he has always favoured the principle of Methodist Unification, and made some sacrifices in advocating that principle when it was not so popular as it has since become; nevertheless, he is bound to say that all who took part in this memorable debate acted the part of Christian gentlemen, and that even those who opposed the Basis assumed a position and fortified themselves by arguments of which at no future time will they have any cause to be ashamed. It was a grand debate; and as the hour of midnight approached on Monday, September 3rd, the crowded assembly which filled the Conference Church was a clear indication of the interest felt by the Methodist public in the momentous question on which the Conference was about to cast its votes. There were two resolutions, which might be called a motion and an amendment, submitted at the first session.

Dr. Sutherland moved the following resolution, which Dr. Ryckman seconded:

Whereas this Conference, at its session in the city of Hamilton in September, 1882, adopted certain resolutions affirming the desirableness of an organic union of the various Methodist Churches in the Dominion, and did appoint a committee to meet in joint session with similar committees appointed by the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal, Primitive Methodist, and Bible Christian Churches, for the purpose of preparing if possible a Basis of Union, to be afterwards submitted to

the Quarterly Boards and Conferences of the negotiating Churches for approval or otherwise; and whereas this Conference agreed to meet at the call of the President if there were received from two-thirds of the Quarterly Meetings and a majority of the Annual Conferences voting upon it, declarations in favour of the plan of union, and declared that the President should convene the General Conference at Belleville in order to give effect to the proposed union; and whereas the official returns show that 640 Quarterly Boards out of 749, and six out of seven Annual Conferences, have declared in favour of the plan of union submitted; therefore this General Conference, recognizing the guiding hand of God in the movement, and feeling its obligation to give effect to the wish of the Church as expressed through the Quarterly Meetings and Annual Conferences, hereby adopts and ratifies the Basis recommended by the Joint Committee, and cordially affirms its conviction that the Union with the Methodist Episcopal, Primitive Methodist and Bible Christian Churches is in harmony with the principles laid down in the Basis aforesaid.

The Rev. J. A. Williams, D.D., then moved an amendment in the following terms:

That we hail with great satisfaction and pleasure the tendency and desire of the several Methodist Churches of this country to form one organic body if a Basis can be found that will carry a majority of the ministers and members of said Churches. In relation to the Basis of Union now presented to this Conference, we express our deep regret that it contains certain provisions which we cannot see our way clear to accept, and in addition to these we fear that certain complications in relation to, at least, one of the Churches proposing to unite make it extremely hazardous to consummate the union until further information has been obtained as to the effect of the action of the parent body of said Church in England upon titles of property involved. With respect to the General Super-

intendency, we declare our willingness to accept it in harmony with the principle laid down by the General Conference in the amendment to the report of the Union Committee, with the understanding, furthermore, that the restrictive rules shall not be omitted from the constitution of the united Church, that grave legal questions shall be settled prior to the consummation of the union, and that the principle of the amendment above referred to affecting the General Superintendency shall be adopted we heartily express our readiness to enter into union with other Methodist bodies at as early a date as may be practicable.

This was seconded by Rev. W. Williams.

These were the texts of all the speeches, and though some might not always stick to their text, the President, with great kindness, allowed much latitude, and seldom called any one to order. Finally, the vote was taken, first on the amendment, and when the President called for the Yeas to rise, 40 men stood erect and their names were called out by the Secretary and recorded by his assistant, Dr. Ryckman. The Nays were called for, and 117 recorded their votes against the amendment. This having been done, the main motion was then submitted, and 123 rose and voted Yea; then the Nays were told to rise, and 38 stood up and recorded their vote against the motion. The President declared the motion carried. Never did we see so much emotion manifested as we witnessed while this vote was being taken. The countenance of every one, more or less, was indicative of the intense anxiety which was felt within. Religious worship closed the session, and in a few minutes the telegraph office was filled by members of the Conference who were sending the news by wire to all parts of the Dominion and the United States.

Thus was decided a question in which not only is Methodism throughout the world interested, but which all denominations of Christendom have been eagerly watching.

So much have the general public been interested that the two leading journals of Toronto, the *Globe* and the *Mail*, had their official reporters in attendance, and those able stenographers sent jointly by telegraph no less than 80,000 words of this debate. Other papers in various parts of the Dominion were filled with accounts of this memorable Conference daily, so that it is not going too far to assert that no former Methodist Conference held in Canada was ever so fully reported.

understood by that venerable body all opposition will be withdrawn. It is a significant fact that the members of the Bible Christian Conference who had visited Canada were a unit in favour of the amalgamation of the scattered forces of our beloved Methodism in Canada, and when they read the admirable address by his Honour, Judge Dean, and endorsed by the General Conference, they will surely bless the banns which have now been proclaimed.

THE UNION CONFERENCE.

Our readers, we are sure, will be glad to know that full and final arrangements have been made for the consummation of Methodist Union.

According to the statistics presented, it will be seen that "The Methodist Church" will be the strongest Protestant denomination in the Dominion. The total membership is 739,160, made up as follows: Methodist Church of Canada, 582,963; Episcopal Methodist, 103,272; Bible Christian, 27,236; Primitive Methodist, 25,680. The Church of England has a membership of 574,818, and the Presbyterian Church 629,280.*

Four branches of the Methodism of Canada have blended together, so that they are now hence to be known by the name of The Methodist Church.

Those who were privileged to be present in the Methodist Episcopal Tabernacle on Wednesday, September 5, 1883, will not soon forget that memorable occasion. The pastors of the city, Rev. J. B. Clarkson, M.A., and the Rev. T. McVety, conducted the devotional exercises, which consisted of singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayers. The opening hymn, "O for a thousand tongues to sing," etc., was sung to the fine old tune of "Coronation," which rolled through the edifice with sublime grandeur. The Scripture lessons were of the most appropriate kind, while the prayers of the Rev. Dr. J. Gardner, E. Roberts, J. C. Antliff, B.D., and Dr. Williams, were so powerful that the whole Conference appeared to be enveloped in a cloud of Divine glory. Truly it was good to be there, and the hallowed influence felt was justly regarded as an omen of future blessing.

Strong arguments *pro* and *con* were used respecting other names, but it was deemed best to obliterate all the denominational names and create one new name which had not been used by any of the other bodies now forming the Union. The natal day of the new Church is to be the first Wednesday in July, 1884, after which Methodism in Canada will no longer appear in separate parties as in the past. It is to be hoped that nothing will occur in the interval to prevent this consummation devoutly to be wished.

The progress of this movement has been truly marvellous. Only one really untoward occurrence may be said to have taken place which was at all likely to prevent this unification. This was the attitude of the Bible Christian Conference in England. But there is good reason to hope that when the matter is better

* These are the statistics as taken from the last census, but the following were reported to the Conference as actual members:—

Methodist Church of Canada.....	128,377
Methodist Episcopal Church	25,673
Primitive Methodist Church.....	8,090
Bible Christian Church.....	6,800

Dr. Williams presided with great ability during the two weeks' sessions of the united General Conference. Each of the other uniting Churches was well represented by the Rev. E. Roberts, Vice-President, and Revs. F. B. Stratton, J. C. Antliff, and Dr. Allison, Secretaries.

The Revs. Dr. Rice and Dr. Carman were elected General Superintendents of the new Church. All the General Conference officers of the Methodist Church of Canada—Book Stewards, Editors, and Missionary Secretary and Treasurer—were elected by acclamation to the same offices in the new Church, with the addition of the Rev. Dr. Stone, of the M. E. Church, as associate editor of the *Guardian*.

OFFICERS.

These were all elected *pro tempore* to continue during the sessions of Conference. Dr. Williams, on the nomination of Bishop Carman, was unanimously chosen to preside; Rev. F. B. Stratton, of the M. E. Church, was chosen secretary; Rev. E. Roberts, Bible Christian, was elected vice-president; Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., Primitive Methodist, was elected assist.-secretary; and Dr. Allison second assist.-secretary. Thus all the contracting parties and both ministers and laymen were represented on the platform—a happy combination. As Bridge-street Church is much more commodious and suitable for a Conference the subsequent sessions were held there. The space at our disposal renders it impossible that we should give a minute account of the proceedings; we can only mention some of the more salient points. On the first day Rules of Order were prepared, and a Nominating Committee was elected, which in turn appointed several other committees to which we relegated various questions which could be more easily discussed and settled in committee than in Conference.

The routine was much like that which is practised in other deliberative bodies. After devotional exercises and reading of the minutes, memorials were called for, then reports and special resolutions were

followed by the order of the day, and on two questions there was considerable feeling. These were the name of the Church and the names of two of the Annual Conferences; but happily in both instances the agitation subsided and there was a calm.

THE DISCIPLINE.

Many fears have been expressed lest by the amalgamation of the various bodies of Methodists the Discipline of the Church would become less strict, but it has been gratifying to observe how conservative the laity as well as the ministers are on this subject. A resolution to extend the time of a minister's term on a circuit was rejected. The Methodist Book of Discipline was made the text-book in the committee, and except as to the Annual Conferences, where laymen met on an equality with ministers, there are but slight changes in the constitution of the various official meetings. The Central Board of Missions, the Superannuation Board, and the Committee on Book-Room affairs are all enlarged, but the same equality of representation obtains. There was much discussion about the restrictive rules and those commonly called Society Rules, but the alterations made were trivial. All the doctrines and articles of religion remain intact.

ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

It was indispensably necessary that there should be a multiplication of these. It will not be an easy task to billet the Conferences even as they are now arranged. They are named thus: London, Guelph, Niagara, Toronto, Bay of Quinte, Montreal, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Manitoba. Thus it will be seen that London Conference has been divided into three, Toronto Conference, including Manitoba, has also been divided in three, with one district taken from Montreal Conference. Some were very desirous that Bay of Quinte should be called the Belleville Conference and the Niagara the Hamilton Conference.

As the citizens of Belleville had so generously and hospitably entertained the General Conference, and as it was here that the Union with the British Conference caused a sad division just forty-nine years ago, and as now in Belleville the breaches are healed, it would have been a graceful act to have named the Conference by its name, but there were prudential reasons why the Bay of Quinte should be chosen. Strong reasons were also assigned in favour of Niagara. The town of Niagara may be a small place, but it was the first seat of Government in Old Canada; it is the name of a large extent of country, not to speak of the Falls, which are of world-wide celebrity. Hamilton is worthy of double honour. No people are more generous, and the generosity of some of its citizens who have passed on before will never be forgotten, but taking everything into consideration, the Conference thought it best to retain the name Niagara.

THE GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

This was one of the burning questions of the Conference, one on which there had been much written; but notwithstanding this, great diversity of opinion still prevailed. The debate on the question was able and earnest. All at length seemed to be of one opinion that as the General Superintendency was an article in the Basis it must be an integral part of the new Church, the only question being whether there should be one or two. The majority favoured the latter number, and Dr. Rice and Dr. Carman were those whom the Conference delighted to honour. The former for eight, the latter for four years.

BOOK STEWARDS AND EDITORS, &c.

The Book and Publishing interests are of vital importance to the Church, and the committee to which those interests were referred recommended the continuance of the establishments at Toronto and Halifax, the Western Section of the Book Committee to have power to establish a Book Room at Winnipeg and

also commence a weekly journal if they deem it prudent to do so. The *Christian Guardian*, *Westeyan*, and *Methodist Magazine* are to be the official organs of the Church. The other journals are to be discontinued and merged into the *Guardian*.

The following appointments were made:—Book Stewards, Revs. W. Briggs and S. F. Huestis, of Toronto and Halifax respectively; Editor of *Christian Guardian*, Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D., and S. G. Stone, D.D., Associate Editor; Editor of *Westeyan*, Rev. T. Watson Smith; Editor of *Magazine* and Sunday-school publications, Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. In connection with the Mission Rooms the following appointments were made:—Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D., General Secretary and Treasurer; John Macdonald, Esq., Lay-Treasurer; Rev. E. Wood, D.D., Honorary Secretary; Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., was elected Secretary of the General Conference and Rev. John Bredin, Journal Secretary. There were those who argued strongly in favour of the continuance of a Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba, but the majority decided against the appointment, seeing that there were two General Superintendents who could oversee the Missions together with the other parts of the work.

EDUCATION.

Methodism has always taken a foremost position on this vital subject. This is true of all the branches of Methodism in every part of the world, but, unhappily, institutions for higher education have always had to struggle for a proper support. It is earnestly hoped that with a united Methodism the interests of higher education may be still more prosperous than the past. It is thought by many that there should be only one grand university for Western Canada. A distinguished citizen of Toronto, W. Gooderham, Esq., has offered a site and \$20,000 for such a central institution. For the present, however, all the colleges and schools are to continue and are to maintain the same relationship to the united

Church which they have sustained towards their several denominations. The total number of professors exceeds 100, and the number of students exceeds 5,000, while the total endowments is below \$500,000.

The Children's and Superannuation Funds Committees had both these under consideration, and brought in very carefully-prepared reports. Several hours were spent in discussing them, which ended in very slight alterations in either. The first-named fund has become very unpopular with many, though even its opponents are constrained to acknowledge that it has been of great service in enabling the Stationing Committees to better equalize the incomes of ministers. It is to continue, though in a somewhat modified form from its constitution, in the Methodist Church of Canada.

The Superannuation Fund is in universal favour, as but for it many of those who have borne the burden and heat of the day would have been in destitute circumstances when they could no longer labour as in the past. But the trouble has been that the income has always been too small for the outlay. This has been true of the fund in all the Churches. Now that the number of ministers has necessarily become greatly augmented, great apprehensions were felt lest increasing burdens would diminish the capabilities of the fund to meet the necessary claims. The ministers' subscriptions are to be \$12. No one can be a permanent claimant who has travelled less than twenty years, and the highest annuity, \$300, is to be paid to those who travel thirty years. Widows are to receive two-thirds of what their husbands would have been entitled to, and provision is also made for orphan children and children of widows. As the profits of the Book Room in Toronto and those of the Book Room in Halifax are appropriated to those funds which benefit aged ministers and widows, our friends should patronize those institutions all in their power so that the profits may be vastly increased from their present amounts.

Owing to the great pressure of

business, which compelled the holding of evening sessions, there was only one public meeting, which was in the interests of temperance. There was a good attendance. Rev. Dr. Williams presided. W. H. Lambley, Esq., Revs. D. L. Brethour, D. V. Lucas, M.A., W. R. Parker, M.A., J. J. Rice, and R. Cade delivered stirring addresses.

On the Sabbaths the pulpits of the various churches of the city, except the Romanist and Episcopalian, were occupied by ministers attending the Conference. Several went into the country and preached for their brethren among whom they sojourned, others went by rail and preached in the neighbouring towns and cities.

ITEMS.

The Hebrew Christian work in New York City, under the labours of the Rev. J. Freshman, is attended with encouraging results. The Sunday-school, held over a Jewish synagogue, increases in numbers steadily. It is a promising and hopeful mission.

Some of the brightest illustrations of Christian heroism are to be found among those who have but recently come out of the darkness of heathenism. When certain new converts at Raitea offered to enter the newly-opened mission-field in New Guinea, their friends endeavoured to dissuade them, saying: "There are serpents there, there are wild beasts there, and there is pestilence there." "Are there men there?" was their answer. "If there are men there, we will go."

In twenty-six years Mr. Spurgeon has sent out 639 ministers; 481 were engaged in pastorates, others were employed as evangelists.

Gray Cloud, a chief among the Dakota Indians, was sentenced to be hung for his part in the outbreak of 1862, but was pardoned by President Lincoln, and is now one of the most active Christian ministers in that region. These Indian churches have a membership of 800, with 10 pastors. Their contributions average nearly one dollar per month from each individual.

The Wesleyan missions in Spain are subject to bitter persecutions. Young people are trained for Christian service, but all marriages have to be made by civil process, or in accordance with the rites of the Romish Church. The latter includes confession, absolution, mass, and much more, none of which can with a good course be undertaken. The civil process is dependent upon the production of various documents, certificates of birth of the parties themselves, their parents, and such like. The number of these varies according to the caprice of the local judge. Sometimes they are demanded for three, if not four, generations. The productions of these depend on the priests of the various parishes in which the several persons were born. Every one of these documents must be bought. Expenses are heaped up, and vexatious delays are multiplied; weeks and months are wasted until want of funds and utter hopelessness break down the patience of the young couple, and they have recourse to the Romish priest. An extra fee removes all difficulties and the ceremony is performed, but their profession of faith in Christ and allegiance to His truth is utterly discredited.

Away in South Africa there is a district to the south-west of the Transvaal, and bordering on the Orange Free State, which is known as the Moloppo district. The natives have received the Gospel and through all strife they have been loyal to the British Government. Again and again they have been exposed to the raids of freebooters, tolerated, if not encouraged, by the neighbouring States. Scores of our members, class-leaders and local preachers, have been slaughtered. No protection is forthcoming, and even the means of self-defence are systematically kept from them. Amidst it all they hold fast their devotion to Christ. Hitherto no English missionary has resided among them. They are now pressing for one, and the Committee desire to comply with their request.

A missionary in China gives a most cheering account of his mode

of proceeding. He says: "We have two excellent native preachers, Mak and Lan. Our daily preaching at Fatshan is the most interesting, if not the most encouraging, part of our work. Every day, winter and summer, we get a full house. The preachers meet in the vestry about mid-day, and we pray for God's help and blessing on the service. The text chosen is written down in large characters upon a blackboard, which is suspended over the platform. The doors are then thrown open; in less than ten minutes we usually get every bench occupied and the place crowded to the doors. We preach then for an hour each, the deepest attention is usually paid, and those who have been fortunate in securing a seat will generally remain the whole time. Very seldom is there any serious interruption, and when such does occur the majority present are as ready to help in its suppression as ourselves. Preaching over, inquiry and discussion are invited; and very frequently half of the congregation will remain. To the foreign missionary this is the most interesting and exciting part of the day's work. Three classes of individuals then come before our notice—the earnest seeker after truth, who asks simply to know; the disputant, who talks like Dr. Johnson, for victory; and the scoffer, who comes to ridicule or make a row. It is then that we hear the most salient points of Christianity fiercely attacked; but I invariably find that our preachers in debate are more than a match for the acutest argument an opponent can bring."

The confidence of the people in the Methodist missionaries in the Hok Chiang district, China, is increasing so rapidly that the mission cannot supply the demand for aid in opening schools for girls.

In the Wurtemberg district, German Conference, protracted meetings are being held on all the 17 circuits of the district. A good many conversions and accessions to the Church have occurred, and it is expected that an increase of membership can be reported at the next Conference from nearly every station.

At the Paris missionary anniversary an encouraging feature was specially referred to by Mr. Osborne—the consecration of young men of themselves and their property on the missionary altar. Particular mention was made of Mr. Whelpton, who is labouring in Havre without receiving any stipend from the Missionary Committee, and is consecrating yearly a considerable portion of his income to the maintenance and extension of the work. David Hill's name was also referred to with honour, and the recent offer for work in China of two students who are going forth to the field without entailing any burden on the Missionary Society.

Good work was done last year at the London Wesleyan Seaman's Mission. According to the report 12,000 visits were paid to ships and lodging-houses, 120 to sick sailors and homes; 479 services had been held on shipboard and in lodging-houses; 3,040 sailors had attended the chapel services; 50,000 tracts had been distributed; 630 total abstinence pledges had been signed; 2,663 sailors had attended the Sunday-school afternoon tea-meeting, and 1,829 sailors had been conversed with by the Bible-women. Some were regularly corresponded with, and the names of 23 were on trial for church membership. Mr. Garland, the agent, reported that many souls had been saved, much good had been accomplished by the Sunday afternoon tea, or "spiritual free and easy," as it was termed; and he had met with upwards of 50 sailors who had been converted in the reading-room.

Rev. Dr. Carl Weiss, a prominent member of the Germany and Switzerland Conference, and for several years editor of the Methodist paper in Germany, is dead. He was on his way to visit the work in Switzerland, but on reaching Frankfort was compelled to submit to the pressure of disease, and died in the Mission House.

Southern Methodism in St. Louis is reported out of debt and out of discord.

A gentleman called upon a rich friend for some charity. "Yes, I must give you my mite." "Do you mean the widow's mite?" "Certainly." "I should be satisfied with half as much as she gave. How much are you worth?" "Seventy thousand dollars." "Give me then your cheque for \$35,000. That will be half as much as the widow gave; for she, you know, gave her all."

From several quarters in the North Ceylon district good news reaches the Missionary Committee. At Batticaloa, Mr. Subraman, a native gentleman, holding a high position under Government, who had been long the subject of strong convictions with regard to the truth of Christianity, came forward with all the members of his family, save one, for baptism. The one exception was that of a son previously converted.

Rev. W. Gibson, M.A., writes from Paris that the Wesleyans were about publishing a monthly journal, *La Bonne Nouvelle*, the first number of which was to appear early in July. Mr. Gibson had engaged the sloop *Anne* for a mission-boat during the month of July to the ports of Havre, Rouen, Trouville, and possibly Caen. This work was abundantly blessed of God last year in the conversion of souls. A ball-room has been purchased at Havre for church purposes.

It is nearly a century since John De Quetville began his ministry in the island of Guernsey, which has a population of 35,000 souls. There are now 1,300 members of the Wesleyan Church, with 20 places of worship, containing about 6,000 sittings, and between 2,000 and 3,000 Sunday scholars. Recently the island prison did not contain a single prisoner, a fact without precedent in the history of the gaol.

The Catholic bishops in three dioceses in Ireland have effectually carried out the Sunday-closing Act. They refused to hear the confession of any one who violated the law, and thus cured the evil.

The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, of literary fame, has given \$5,000 to start a mission among the Bhils of India.

During the sixty four years of its existence the American Bible Society has issued 37,408,208 copies of the Holy Scriptures. During the last year its issues were 1,136,113, of which all but 226,971 were consumed in America. The British and Foreign Bible Society expended last year over \$1,000,000. During its existence it has issued 88,168,419 copies of the Scriptures.

The Jewish movement toward Jerusalem seems to have fairly set in, the Hebrew population of that city having increased from 10,000 to 15,000 since 1873. There may yet be hopes of seeing Palestine the fertile, prosperous, and well-populated country that it was 2,500 years ago. The head and front of the emigration movement in England is Sir Moses Montifore, and the discussions and novels of Lord Beaconsfield have served to stimulate a romantic interest in the subject. Besides the Hebrew there is a considerable German colony in Jerusalem, there being as many as 400 residents of that nationality.

The Leys School, the Wesleyan College of Cambridge University, has received \$65,000 out of the \$100,000 required for the endowment.

Father Charles Chiniquy, of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, believes that since his conversion from Romanism twenty-one years ago, he has been instrumental in the conversion of 25,000 persons, including eighteen priests.

The Rev. Thos. Cook, Conference Evangelist, held a mission at Great Yarmouth. Prayer was offered for the success of the mission for eight weeks before the time. The town was divided into six districts. A superintendent was appointed to each, who found willing visitors to carry out 10,000 cards of invitation, and 1,000 *Joyful News*, in addition to the posters and handbills freely circulated. About 266 persons sought spiritual aid, 95 being attendants at other churches in the town, whose names and addresses were sent to the different ministers.

The mission in Bulgaria is experiencing considerable trouble from the political obstructionists. The order for the closing of the schools has been enforced at Loftcha, and all representations to the authorities have failed to secure a reversal of the order. Politically, the outlook in Bulgaria is far from hopeful. Russian influence has overborne any independent action, and there is little freedom for evangelical missionaries. Still the missionaries are holding on, and it can not be doubted that this re-action against religious liberty is but temporary. It is of the highest importance for the welfare of the nation, and for the right settlement of questions relative to religious liberty, that American missions in Bulgaria should be maintained in full force in this trying hour.

Bishop Hargrove, of the Southern Church, is about to visit China, where he will organize the work into a Mission Conference. The Board of Missions recently appointed five additional missionaries to that field.

The Religious Tract Society has made a very valuable gift of books and tracts for the use of Methodist soldiers in Egypt. Rev. Mr. Male, of Cairo, has been obliged to vacate his post through sickness, but at a moment's notice his place was supplied by the Rev. Mr. Webster.

Bishop Wiley has placed under appointment for China two missionaries, one of whom is to act as medical missionary. They are to be sent from San Francisco in company with the Rev. V. C. Hart, superintendent of the Central China mission, in September. Both the appointees are married men.

The advance of Protestantism in Mexico awakens the bitterest hostilities of Roman Catholics. Recently they have murdered between thirty and forty Protestants in Ahuualulso.

Miss Wilkins, of Baltimore, has assumed the whole expense of the new Louise Home at Shanghai, China.

Out of a total of \$1,519,315 in promises to the Thanksgiving Fund, \$1,455,605 have been paid. When the report is published the difference between the promises and the payments will be represented by a small sum.

The New Orleans *Advocate* says, "Revival fires are burning, and our Zion is renewing her strength. The old power is attending the Gospel, conversions are multiplying, and many are added to the household of faith."

BOOK NOTICES.

The Royal Readers. Special Canadian Series. Books I to V. Toronto: Thos. Nelson & Sons, and James Campbell & Son.

It is a striking proof of the educational progress of Canada, that such a high-class series of Readers has been prepared for use in our schools. Although there may be no royal road to learning, yet the Royal Readers have made that road exceedingly attractive and pleasant. The easy graded lessons, the beautiful engravings, the interesting stories and sketches, and the choice poems, make study a delight, instead of a drudgery. What we specially admire, both in the text and illustration, is the distinctively national character of the series. The object of the Editors seems to have been sedulously to cultivate loyalty and love of country. Sketches of Canadian history, and of Canadian life and character, illustrations of Canadian scenery, and selections from Canadian authors, all combine in promoting this result. Among the Canadian authors cited are: Sangster, Heavysege, D'Arcy McGee, Principal Grant, Principal Bryce, Dr. Daniel Wilson, Dr. Dawson, Hon. Joseph Howe, W. G. Rattray, William Kirby, John Reade, Mrs. Jameson, Hon. George Brown, J. C. Dent, Miss Machar, Dr. Scadding, Goldwin Smith, J. M. Lemoine, W.

H. Williams, Professor Macoun, Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Punshon, Mrs. Lauder, Rev. Hugh Johnston, and others. The present writer felt flattered to find an extract from his "Catacombs" quoted.

Special pains are also taken to make young readers familiar with the great writers of our language—including many recent writers not often quoted in reading books—as Carlyle, Ruskin, Froude, Motley, Lingard, Green, Helps, Freeman, Lecky, DeQuincey, Tyndall, Huxley, and our recent poets, the Brownings, the Rossettis, Swinburne, Clough, Morris, Dobell, Arnold, Kingsley, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, as well as our great classical bards and prose-writers. The later books of the series might be called, in this respect, "Half-hours with the Best Authors," and will prove interesting and instructive reading for the home as well as school.

We have no sympathy with the outcry against a new series of Readers on the ground of the expense of the books. They are such a vast improvement on the old series that there is no comparison between them. Books are the cheapest things one buys. Apart from their educational value, these are worth the money for the pleasure they will give. The illustrations alone, by Giacomelli and other eminent artists,

will be a perpetual delight, and will cultivate the tastes of thousands of readers, and will make life more beautiful, widening its horizon and elevating its plane. Every member of every household into which so much pure, refining, and instructive literature goes is benefited. It will just whet the desire to explore the vast fields of literature here opened to view.

Abraham Lincoln and the Abolition of Slavery in the United States.

By CHARLES GODFREY LELAND. Second Edition. New Plutarch Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.

No man was so passionately loved in life and so passionately mourned in death, by the negro population of America, as "Massa Linkum." Indeed, to the present day, in many a slave cabin in Cuba his portrait is preserved as a kind of fetich—as the picture of a great prophet, who will come again like King Arthur to lead the slave to liberty. Mr. Leland has told with graphic skill the story of this remarkable life. Lincoln was not, by any means, the blameless and beautiful character that Garfield was, but he was a man of grander heroism, of more grotesque humour, of more tragic pathos, all which traits are strikingly set forth. With all his faults it must be said—

This man

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been

So clear in his great office, that his virtues

Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against

The deep damnation of his taking off.

Autobiography of Erastus O. Haven, D.D., LL.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Edited by the Rev. C. C. STRATTON, D.D. Pp. 329. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.50.

There are bishops and bishops. In a late number we reviewed the letters of Bishop Thirlwall, as revealing the cultured, scholarly man

of letters, exploring in the learned leisure of his study the whole field of literature, ancient and modern. The present volume exhibits the busy man of affairs—a teacher, preacher, professor, editor, member of Massachusetts's Senate, president of three universities in succession, an itinerant bishop traversing a continent vaster than Europe, and chairman of half-a-dozen educational and other boards. He was even, as a boy, a mail carrier for the United States Government. His life-story is very instructive. He conquered his way, despite his poverty and difficulties, through college, and reached each successive coign of vantage, not through any special genius, but by sheer energy of character, by dint of hard work. He had not the genius of his distinguished kinsman, Bishop Gilbert Haven, but he was a more judicious man and made fewer mistakes. His chief success was as an educationist. Every institution and enterprise of which he took hold he made a success. The greater part of the book is a frank and *naive* autobiography, in which piquancy and transparent simplicity are the striking characteristics.

Oinos.—A Discussion of the Bible Wine Question. By LEON C. FIELD, A.M., with an introduction by BISHOP WARREN, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$1.

The main portion of this book appeared in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for 1882, and attracted much attention for the bold decisive mode of handling the question. In its present form we hope that it will be widely read. Bishop Warren in his brief introduction says: "One of the battles yet raging is whether the wine-bibber and manufacturer can hide themselves behind the example of Christ, the Saviour of the world. As an aid to victory in this fight, this new piece of ordnance has been brought forward. It is of large calibre, well rifled, carefully loaded, and liable to recoil. I wish it might be everywhere trained on the enemy, and made to open fire."

Canadian Idyls. Interlude Second. The Harvest Moon. By WILLIAM KIRBY. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

Mr. Kirby, 'he accomplished author of "The Chien D'Or," the most successful of our Canadian tales, has added another to his charming series of Canadian Idyls. The scene, like that of the others, is the Niagara frontier, which he has done so much to glorify in song and story. The poem opens with a quaint ballad, of which we give a quatrain—

The cowbell tinkled in the grass-grown
lane—

Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the
rose,

As I went singing the old refrain,

Bonny is the brier bush, bonnier the
rose.

The following extract will indicate
the patriotic ring of the poem—

Now Simcoe Lake was of the good old
stock

Of true Canadians firm as granite rock—
Brought up and nurtured, as a sacred
thing,

In fear of God and honour of the King;
Of purest blood without a single stain
That darkened by a drop his loyal vein,
In his forefathers' day when rebels set
The Continent in flames, and fought to
get

By rank secession and the Empire's fall,
For their own selves, the heritage of all;
And when the land was rent from Brit-
ain's side,

A hundred thousand of the pick and
pride,

Of all the Continent rose up and went,
New pilgrims exiled into banishment.
A hundred *Mayflowers* sailed, and night
and day,

The noblest of the country bore away
To newer Plymouth rocks—more blest
by God

Than Puritan or Pilgrim ever trod.

Northward and Eastward went they
bravely on,—

Some laid the deep foundations of St.
John.

Some planted in New Scotia's vales of
gold,

A new New England, nobler than the old.
The broad St. Lawrence and the waters
deep

Of blue Ontario welcomed them. While
leap

For very joy, Niagara's tameless floods,

To greet their coming to his ancient
woods.

Wisely and well they laboured to create
The fabric of a vast and loyal state,
Confederate with the Empire—heart and
will,

Through years and centuries growing
grandeur still,

And thus did they restore a hundred fold,
In their new lands the losses of the old.

We shall not spoil the story by
attempting to give its outline, but
refer our readers to the poem for a
fine literary treat.

*The Caliph Haroun Alraschid,
and Saracen Civilization.* By
PROF. E. H. PALMER. New
Plutarch Series. New York: G.
P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm.
Briggs. Price \$1.

A pathetic interest is given to this
book from the fact that it was almost
the last literary work of its accom-
plished author before he was brutally
murdered last year by the Arabs
while, in the employ of the British
Government, he was negotiating for
the supply of camels for the Egyp-
tian campaign. He was selected for
that purpose because he was prob-
ably the best oriental linguist and
most familiar with oriental character
of any man living. The chief mon-
ument of his learning is "The Desert
of the Exodus;" but in the above-
named volume his oriental lore is
employed to recall from the fable
land of the Arabian Nights the
golden prime of that "Good Har-
oun Alraschid," who wandered *in-*
cognito about the streets of Bagdad
a thousand years ago. The Haroun
of history is not so "good" as the
hero of myth, but the story of the
Caliphate is at once very curious
and instructive.

The Illustrated World—JAMES
ELVERSON, Publisher, Philadelphia,
\$3 a year, 16 pages, 4to—is a new
candidate for public favour. It is
devoted especially to Art and Litera-
ture. Its fine art engravings are
much superior in delicacy of finish
to those of any of the illustrated
weeklies that we know, and the price
is less than most of them. It ought
to be a great success.