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WEDDING PARTY IN TRANSYLVANIA.

THE
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

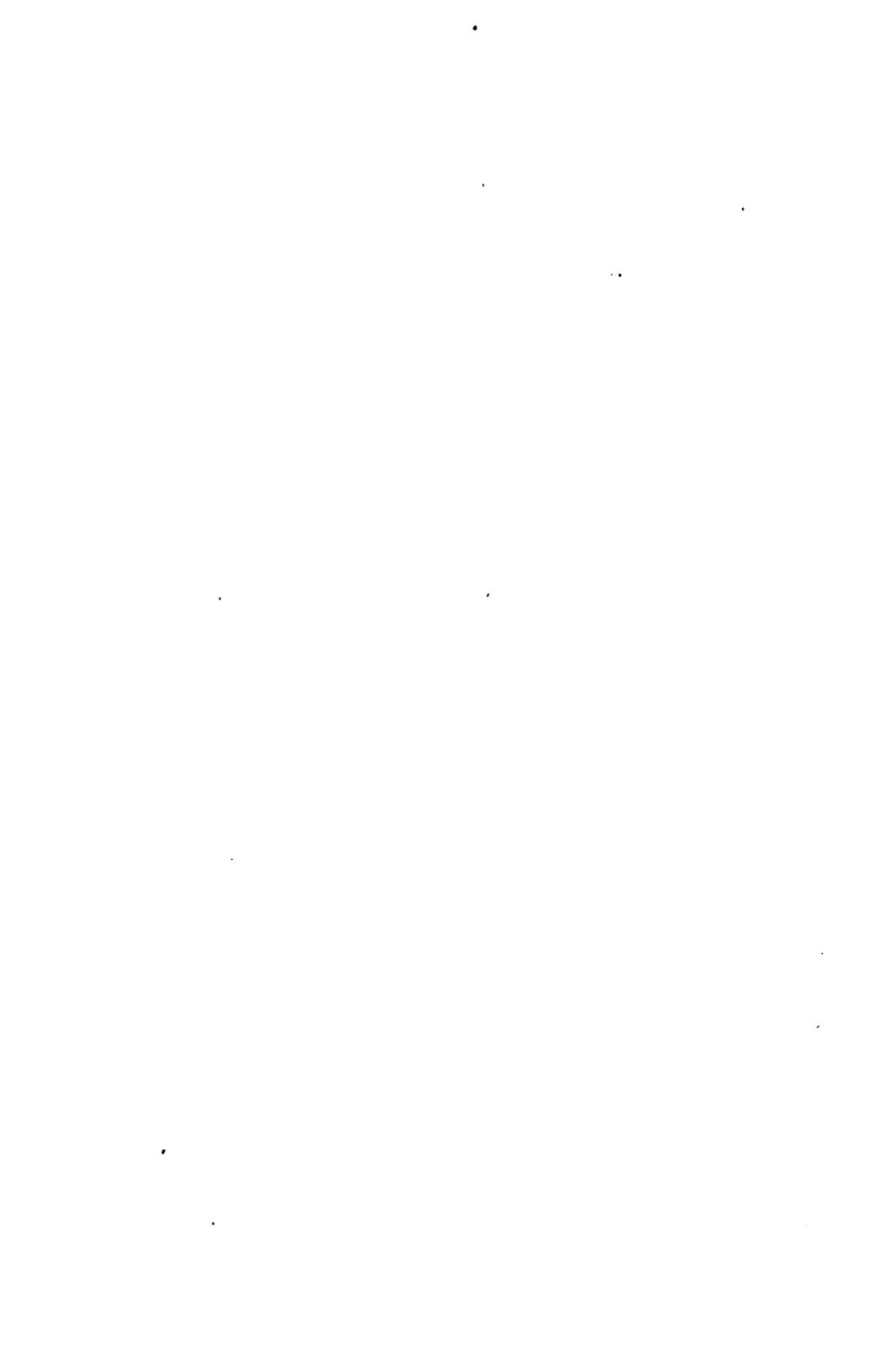
W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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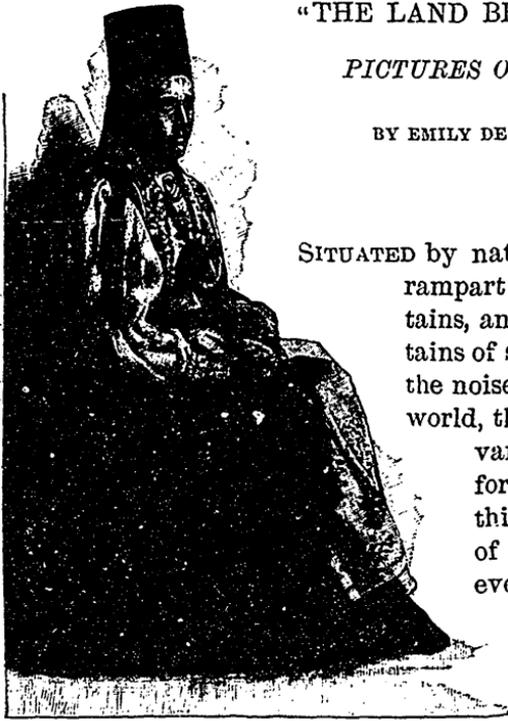
July, 1891.

“THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.”

PICTURES OF TRANSYLVANIA.

BY EMILY DE LASZOWSKA-GERARD.*

I.



SAXON WOMAN OF TRANSYLVANIA.

SITUATED by nature within a formidable rampart of snow-tipped mountains, and shielded by heavy curtains of shrouding forests against the noise and turmoil of the outer world, the very name of Transylvania tells us that it was formerly regarded as something apart, something out of reach, whose existence even for a time was enveloped in mystery. In olden times these gloomy forest gorges were tenanted only by the solitary bear or by packs of hungry

wolves, while the mistrustful lynx looked down from the giddy heights, and the chamois leaped unchecked from rock to rock. The people who lived westward of this mountain rampart, know-

*This vivacious writer is the wife of an officer in the Austrian military service. She had special opportunity during a prolonged residence to study the character, institutions, customs, and folk-lore of the interesting people of Transylvania. Her book on the subject (New York: Harper Bros.) is one of permanent value. From it we abridge the following pages.

ing but little or nothing of the country on the other side, designated it as Transylvania, or the "Land beyond the Forest"—just as we sometimes talk of the "Land beyond the Clouds."

The old-world charm still lingers around and about many things. It is floating everywhere and anywhere, in the forests and on the mountains, in mediæval churches and ruined watch-towers, in mysterious caverns and in ancient gold-mines, in the songs of the people and the legends they tell. Like a subtle perfume evaporating under the rays of a burning sun, it is growing daily fainter and fainter, and all lovers of the past should hasten to collect this fleeting fragrance ere it be gone forever.

Some one has rather aptly defined Transylvania as a vast storehouse of different nationalities; and in order to account for the *raison d'être* of so many different races living side by side in one small country, a few words of explanation are absolutely necessary to render intelligible the circumstances of daily life in Transylvania, since it is to be presumed that to many readers the country is still virtually a "Land beyond the Forest."



TOWN OF DEES, TRANSYLVANIA.

Situated between $45^{\circ} 16'$ and $48^{\circ} 42'$ latitude, and 40° to 44° of longitude, the land covers a space of 54,000 square kilometres, which are inhabited by a population of some 2,170,000 heads. Of these the population of different races may be assumed to be, pretty nearly, as follows: Roumanians, 1,200,400; Hungarians 652,221; Saxons, 211,490; Gipsies, 79,000; Jews, 24,848; Armenians, 8,430.

In the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era the land belonged to the Dacians, who were in course of time subjugated by Trajan, Transylvania becoming a Roman province in the year 105 A.D. It remained under the Roman eagle for something over a century and a half; but about the year 274 the Emperor Aurelian was compelled to remove his legions from the countries over the Danube and abandon the land to the all-

ravaging Goths. The Roumanians themselves like to think they are descended directly from the Romans. About 1150 A.D. the province was but thinly peopled, and ill qualified to resist attacks from without. The king invited Germans to come and establish colonies in this scantily peopled land, promising them



ROUMANIANS.

certain privileges in return for the services he expected. Hungarian heralds began, consequently, to appear in German towns, proclaiming aloud in street and on market-place the words of their royal master. As a German poet sings:

“When castles crowned each craggy height
Along the banks of Rhine,

And 'neath the mail'd warriors' might
Did simple burghers pine ;

“ When bowed the common herd of men,
Serfs to a lord's commanding,
The holy Roman empire then
For free men had no standing.

“ Then off broke many and away,
Another country questing ;
' We'll found another home,' said they—
' A house on freedom resting.

“ ‘ Hungarian forests wild and free,
Are refuge for us keeping ;
From home and home's dear ties will we
Emancipate us, weeping.’ ”

Scarcely half a century has elapsed since the towns of Transylvania were freed from their girdle of mediæval fortifications, and their outskirts still present a very unfinished appearance.

Whoever has lived among the Transylvanian Saxons, and has taken the trouble to study them, must have remarked that not only seven centuries' residence in such a strange land and in the midst of antagonistic races has made them lose none of their identity, but that they are, so to say, *plus Catholiques que le Pape*, that is, more thoroughly Teutonic than the Germans living to-day in the original Fatherland. Their extreme and isolated position and the peculiar circumstances of



FORTRESS GATE, KARLSBURG.

their surroundings have kept them what they were. Such as these Saxons wandered forth from the far west to seek a home in a strange land, such we find them again to-day, seven centuries later, like a corpse frozen in a glacier which comes to light unchanged after a long lapse of years. Their features, of a sadly unfinished wooden appearance, irresistibly reminded me of the figures of Noah and his family out of a sixpenny Noah's ark. There is something Noah's-ark-like, too, about their attire,

which, running entirely in hard straight lines, with nothing graceful or flowing about them, no doubt helped to produce this scriptural impression. The Saxon peasant is stiff without dignity, just as he is honest without being frank. The men are, on the whole, pleasanter to look at than the fair sex, having often a certain ungainly picturesqueness of their own, reminding one of old Flemish paintings.

The Roumanians, on the other hand, are much more attractive in appearance. They seem to be a long-lived race, and it is no uncommon thing to come across peasants of ninety and upwards, in full possession of their faculties. In early infancy the Roumanian babe is treated as a bundle, often packed in a little wooden oval box, and slung on its mother's back, thus carried about wherever she goes. If at work in the field, she attaches the box to the branch of a tree; and when sitting at market it can be stowed on the ground between a basket of eggs and a pair of cackling fowls. When after a few months it outgrows the box, and crawls out of its cocoon, the baby begins to share its parents' food, and soon learns to manage for itself.



SAXON PEASANT OF TRANSYLVANIA.

Once in actual possession of a calf the Roumanian lad considers himself to be a made man. He has no ground of his own; but such petty considerations not affecting him, he proceeds to build himself a domicile, wherever best suits his purpose, on some waste piece of land. Stone hardly ever enters into the fabrication of his building; the framework is roughly put together of wooden beams, and the walls clay-plastered and wattled, while the roof is covered with thatch of reeds or wooden shingles, according as he may happen to live nearest to a marsh or a forest.

The inside of a Roumanian hut is by no means so miserable as its outward appearance would lead us to suppose. The walls are

all hung with a profusion of holy pictures, mostly painted on glass and framed in wood, while the furniture is brightly painted in rough, but not inartistic, designs; the passion these people have for ornamenting all their wood-work in this fashion leading them even to paint the yoke of their oxen and the handles of their tools. There is always a weaving-loom set up at one end of the room, and mostly a new-born baby swinging in a basket suspended from the rafters. The products of the loom consisting in stuffs striped, chiefly blue, scarlet and white, in Oriental designs, sometimes with gold or silver threads introduced in the weaving, are hung upon ropes or displayed along the walls. These usually belong to the trousseau of the daughters (perhaps

the self-same infant we see suspended from the ceiling) but can occasionally be purchased after a little bargaining.

Roumanian women are very industrious, in some places you never see a woman without her distaff; she even takes it with her to market, and may frequently be seen trudging along the high-road with a heavy burden on her head or shoulders and twirling the spindle as she goes. The men do not seem to share this love of labour, having on the contrary, much of



CATHEDRAL, KARLSBURG.

the Italian lazzarone in their composition, and not taking to any kind of manual labour unless driven to it by necessity.

The life of a shepherd is the only calling which the Roumanians embrace, *con amore*, and his love for his sheep may truly be likened to the Arab's love of his horse. A real Roumanian shepherd, bred and brought up to the life, has so completely identified himself with his calling that everything about him—food, dress, mind and matter—has, so to say, become completely "sheepified." Sheep's milk and cheese form the staple of his nourishment. His dress consists principally of sheepskin, four sheep furnishing him with the cloak which lasts him through life, one new-born lamb

giving him the cap he wears; and when he dies the shepherd's grave is marked by a tuft of snowy wool attached to the wooden cross above the mound. His whole mental faculties are concentrated on the study of his sheep, and so sharpened have his perceptions become in this one respect that he is able to divine and foretell to a nicety every change of the weather merely from observing the demeanour of his flock.

Marriageable Roumanian girls often wear a head-dress richly embroidered with pearls and coins; this is a sign that their trousseaux are ready, and that they only wait for a suitor. The



VAJDA-BUNYAD CASTLE.

preparation of the trousseau, involving as it does much spinning, weaving, and embroidering, in order to get ready the requisite number of shirts, towels, pillow-covers, etc., considered indispensable, often keeps the girl and her family employed for years beforehand. In some districts we are told that it is customary for the young man who is seeking a girl in marriage to make straight for the painted wooden chest containing her dowry; and only when satisfied, by the appearance of the contents, of the skill and industry of his intended, does he proceed to the demand of her hand. If, on the contrary, the coffer prove to be ill-furnished, he is at liberty to beat a retreat, and back out of the affair.

An orthodox Roumanian wedding should last seven days and seven nights, neither less nor more; but as there are many who cannot afford this sacrifice of time, they circumvent the difficulty by interrupting the festivities after the first day, and resuming them on the seventh. The ceremony itself is accomplished with much gaiety and rejoicing. The parents of the bridegroom go to fetch the bride, in a cart harnessed with four oxen whose horns are wreathed with flower garlands; the village musicians march in front, and the chest containing the trousseau is placed in the cart. One of the bride's relations carries her dowry tied up in a handkerchief attached to the point of a long pole.



STREET IN NAGY-SZEBEN (HERMANNSTADT).

The cathedral of Karlsburg, shown in cut on page 8, which is the chief sanctuary of the Roman Catholic Church in Transylvania, is an immense building; although its outward appearance has been spoiled by later additions, its interior presents a solemn and imposing aspect. Two strong bastions defend the great entrance, above which is an equestrian statue of Charles VI. as Roman Emperor, while sculptures on the frieze represent vanquished Turks, as shown in our cut on page 6.

The castle of Vajda-Hunyad stands within the village on a limestone rock of moderate height; the deep moats and huge ramparts, with their lofty towers, render it an impregnable fortress.—See cut on page 9.

On the principle that the character of a people is best demon-

strated by its proverbs, a few specimens of those most current among Roumanians may be quoted :

“Father and mother you will never find again, but wives as many as you list.”

“The blessing of many children has broken no man’s roof as yet.”

“Better an egg to-day than an ox next year.”

“No one throws a stone at a fruitless tree.”

“Patience and silence give the grapes time to grow sweet.”

“If you seek for a faultless friend you will be friendless all your life.”

“There where you cannot catch anything, do not stretch out your hand.”

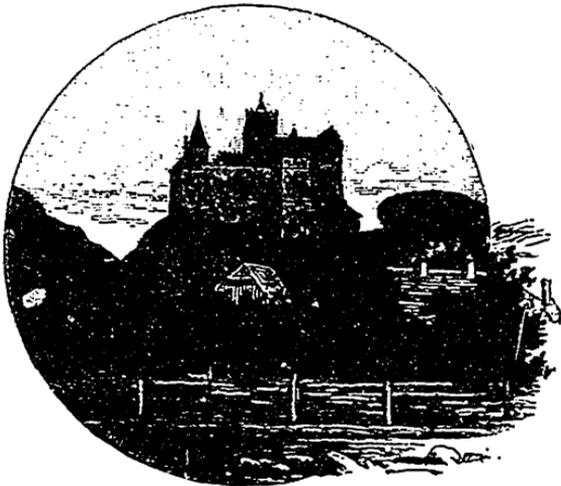
“Who runs after two hares will not even catch one.”

“The dog does not run away from a whole forest of trees, but a single stick will make him run.”

“A real Jew will never pause to eat until he has cheated you.”

“You cannot carry two melons in one hand.”

“Wh. has been bitten by a snake is afraid of a lizard.”



TORZBURG CASTLE.

THE CHILD AND THE SEA.

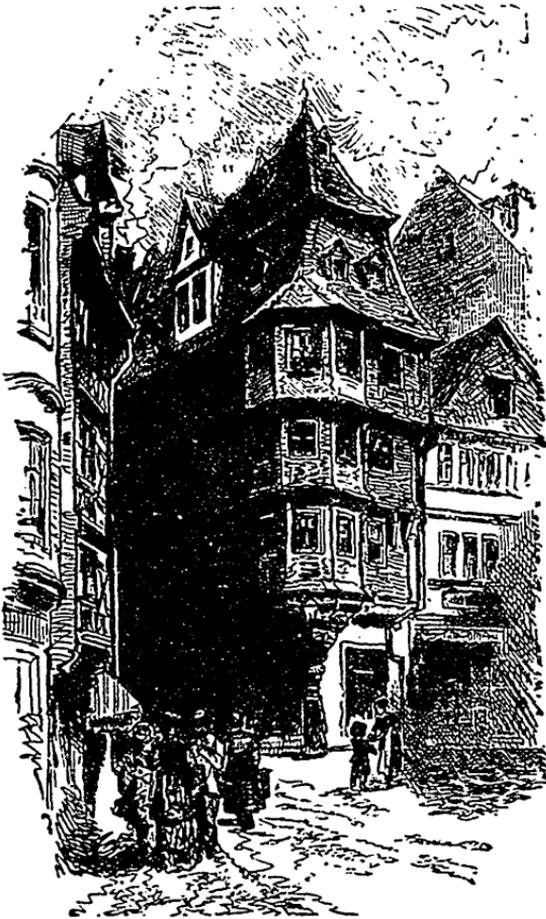
A LITTLE child sat by the billowy sea,
Where the breezes were blowing for aye ;
And he played with the pebbles along the beach,
And he longed for the beauties he could not reach,
As the undertow bore them away.

But the child was a man of full three and ten ;
And the breezes eternity’s breath ;
And the moments were pebbles along the beach,
And his friends were the beauties he could not reach,
And the undertow was death.

—*Rev. A. W. Cooper.*

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

HEIDELBERG TO HARWICH.



LUTHER HOUSE, FRANKFORT.

FROM Heidelberg to Frankfort is an uneventful ride, passing Darmstadt, the home of the late Princess Alice of England. I obtained for our party a private saloon coach, very elegantly upholstered and fitted up. I called the attention of the guard to the fact that it was labelled second-class, whereas our tickets entitled us to first-class coaches. "Oh, that's all right," he said, and he coolly folded up the second-class label and the reverse side showed that it was first-class. The only difference between first and second-class seems to be that one may be reserved exclusively and go on fast trains,

while the other may not. Unless they desire to be very exclusive, or to travel in very grand style, I would advise all tourists unacquainted with such nice distinctions to take second-class carriages on German railways. They are quite as good as the first anywhere else.

The magnificent railway station at Frankfort is the finest and largest in Europe. It is four times as large as the great St. Pancras station in London, which is the second largest in the world. It is not like St. Pancras station, however, all under one vast roof, and so the *coup d'œil* is not so striking. The general

appointments and facilities for travel are superb. At Frankfort, and some other places in Germany, there are no hotel omnibuses. The sergeant of police, who, in magnificent uniform, looks like a field officer, calls for cabs, which come in rotation without the least confusion, and in a few minutes the whole party is transferred in comfort to their hotel.

I observed a great change in Frankfort since I visited it ten years ago. It has become much more modernized, and the picturesque old Judengasse—the Jews' quarter—had been renewed almost beyond recognition. Frankfort is, after Rouen, the most quaint old city we saw in Europe. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, who held here a convocation of notables of the Empire in 794. It was a rallying-place for the Crusaders, and the trade emporium of Central Europe. Here, for centuries, the German Emperors were elected and crowned. Its great fairs, in which merchants from all parts of Europe assembled, have, through the growth of the railway system, lost their importance; but it is still one of the great money-markets of the world, with a population of 100,000.

We lodged at the fine hotel Schwann, in which the final treaty of peace between France and Germany was signed by Jules Favre and Bismarck, May 10th, 1871. The city abounds in splendid streets, squares, public buildings, art galleries, and gardens. But its chief attraction is its ancient, narrow streets between the time-stained timbered houses, with their quaintly-carved fronts, each story projecting over the lower till the upper ones almost meet overhead, with grotesque figures supporting the projections and roof, the old historic churches and halls, and the mouldering gates and watch-towers of its walls.

Till the year 1806 the Jews' street was closed every night, and on Sundays and holidays all day, with lock and key, and no Jew might leave this quarter under a heavy penalty. They had to wear a patch of yellow cloth on their backs, so as to be recognized. In the Römerberg, an ancient square, was the inscription: "Ein Jud und ein Schwein darf hier nicht herein"—"No Jews or swine admitted here." Such were the indignities with which, for centuries, the children of Abraham were pursued.

The most interesting building, historically, in Frankfort, is the Römer, or town hall, dating from 1406. It has three lofty crow-stepped gables toward the Römerberg. We visited the election room, decorated in red, where the emperors were chosen by the electors, and the Kaisersaal, in which the newly-elected emperor dined in public, and showed himself from the windows to the people in the square. On the walls are portraits of the whole

series of emperors for over a thousand years—from Charlemagne down—the Karls, Conrads, Seigfrieds, Friederichs, and many another, famous men in their day, long since turned to the dust and almost forgotten.

Among the most striking monuments of Frankfort is that of Gutenberg, Faust, and Schœffer, the German inventors of printing; with figures of Theology, Poetry, Science, and Industry sitting at its base—a noble tribute to a noble art. There are also fine monuments of Schiller, Senckenberg, and Goethe; and the birthplace of the latter, a handsome timbered house with four projecting stories.

The Roman Catholic churches are decorated in a wretchedly florid manner, and everywhere we read, "Heilige Maria, bitt fur uns"—"Holy Mary, pray for us." Livid Christs, stained with gore, harrow the feelings and revolt the taste.

A handsome stone bridge, dating from 1342, crosses the Main. It is embellished with a statue of Charlemagne, and with a gilt cock perched on a crucifix. According to the legend, the architect vowed that the first thing that crossed the bridge should be sacrificed to the Devil, and a cock became the victim.

Of special interest was a very picturesque carved house in which Luther lodged, from whose window he preached when on his way to Worms. It bore a curious effigy of the Reformer. The quaint corner oriel was very striking.

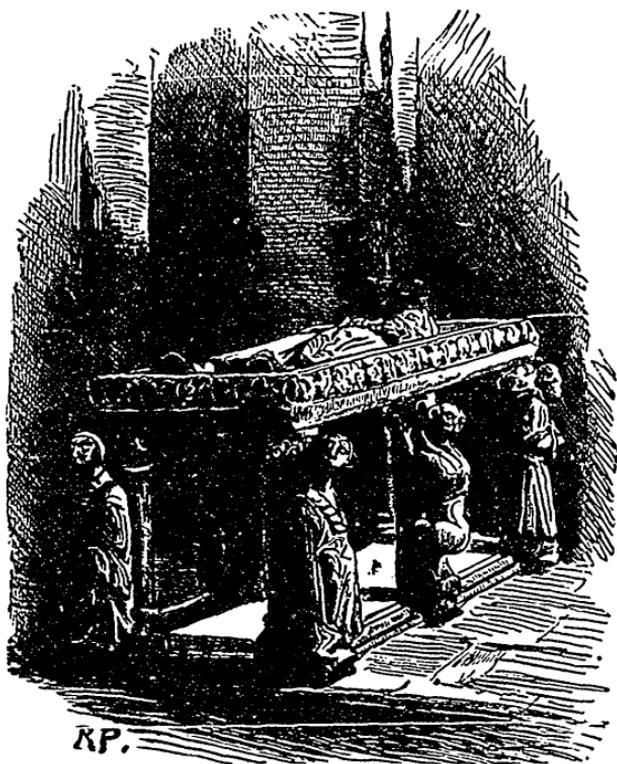
It is an hour's ride from Frankfort to Mainz. The railway follows the winding Main, commanding fine views of the Taunus Mountains. Mainz is a strongly fortified town of 60,000 inhabitants, with a garrison of 8,000, at the junction of the Main and Rhine. Here Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, in 751, set up his See. He was the son of an English wheelwright, and assumed as his seal a pair of wheels. To this day, after twelve hundred years, these are still the arms of the city. The cathedral, a huge structure of red sandstone, 522 feet long, is of several dates, from 978. It is filled with monuments of much historic interest, from the thirteenth century.

At Mainz we took the steamer down the legend-haunted Rhine to Coblenz. This storied stream has been so fully and so frequently described by abler pens than mine, that I pass very lightly over its stirring memories.

"Yes, there it flows, forever, broad and still,
As when the vanguard of the Roman legions
First saw it from the top of yonder hill!
How beautiful it is! Fresh fields of wheat,
Vineyard, and town, and tower with fluttering flag,

empire in 843. The monumental effigies in the old churches of this Rhine valley are often characterized by an elaborate grotesqueness that seems very incongruous on a tomb. Of this, the figures on the tomb of Conrad Kurzbold are a striking example. The narrow streets and old gates and churches of Coblentz were also very queer. On the clock tower a bearded mechanical figure forever rolls his eyes and opens his mouth in a very ridiculous manner.

Our drive through the residential streets of Cologne—its broad

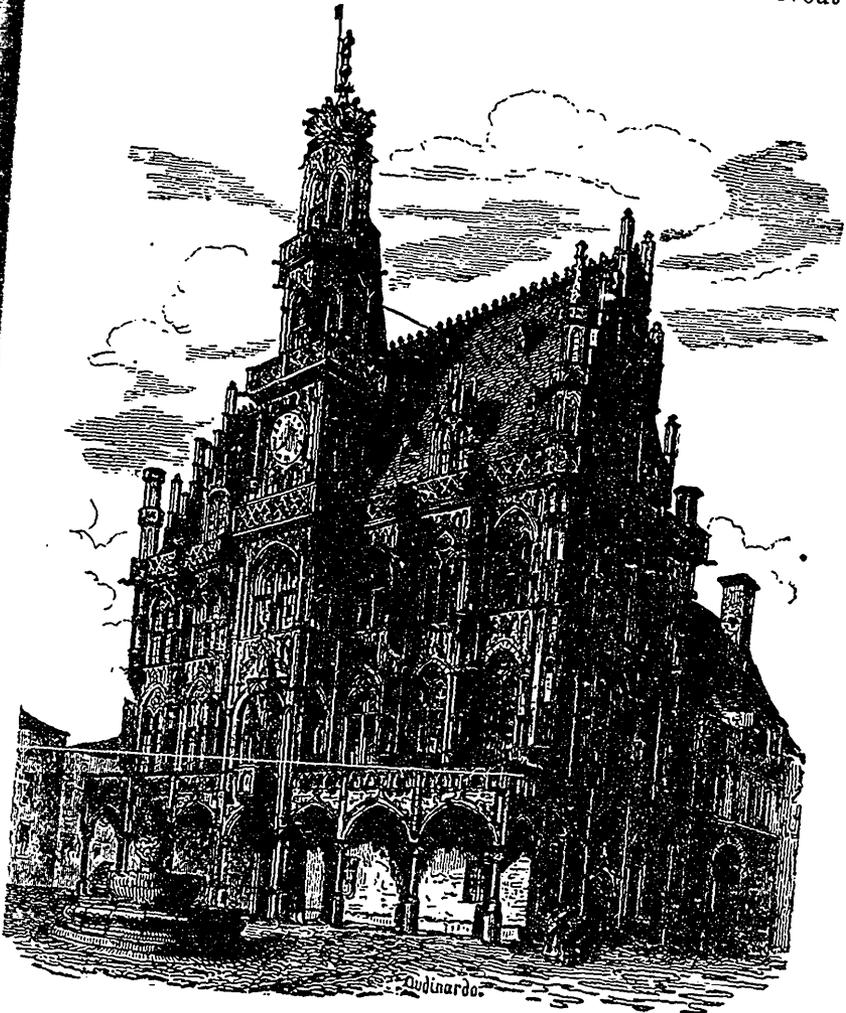


TOMB OF CONRAD KURZBOLD.

boulevards, laid out on the site of its ancient walls, displayed a surprising development of elegant modern street architecture; costly, palace-like structures attesting great wealth and enterprise. They were more like the rows of the fine stone buildings of Fifth Avenue and Madison Avenue, New York, than like the semi-detached villas which we find in the neighbourhood of most of our Canadian cities.

It was a striking contrast to pass from these broad, open spaces to the narrow streets of the old city, with their magnificent shops and bazaars, ablaze with jewellery and costly wares. The stately minster of Cologne more completely than any other fulfilled the

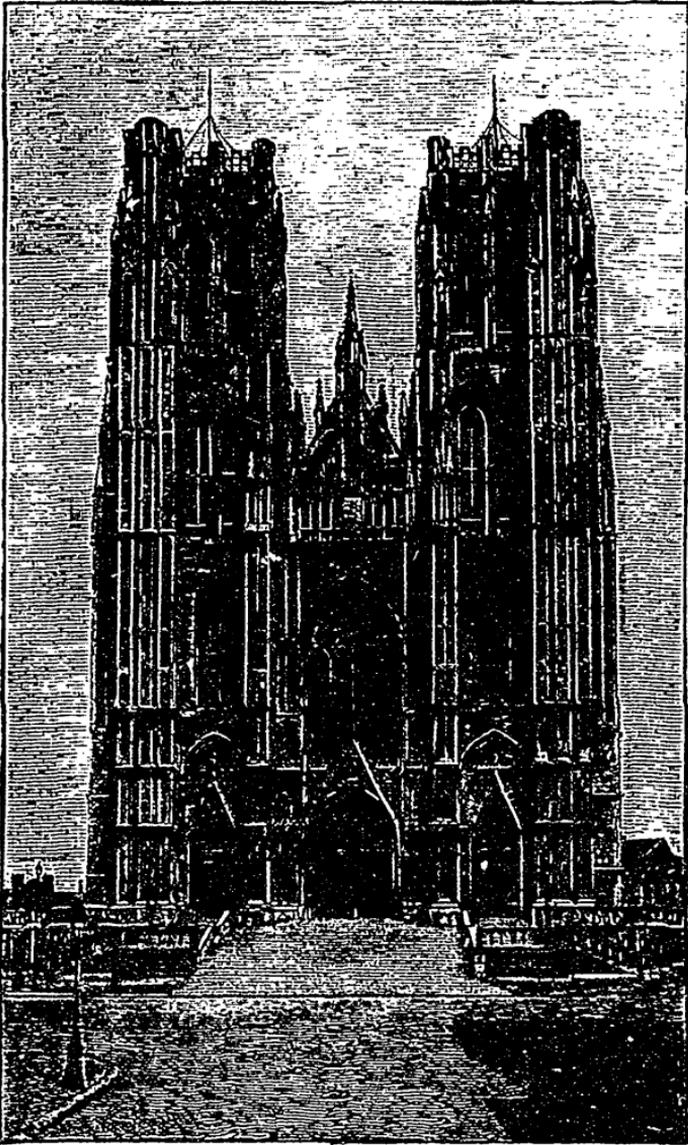
ideal of Gothic architecture; but while a magnificent national monument, it is degraded by puerile legends of the "Three Wise Men," or Gipsy Kings, of Bible story, and by many apocryphal relics. More absurd still is the story of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgin martyrs, whose relics are shown to the devout or



TOWN HALL, OUDENARDE.

curious, the skulls on shelves wearing embroidered caps, the other bones arranged in fantastic devices. As of special sanctity are shown the right hand and left foot of Saint Ursula, a spine of the crown of thorns, an alabaster vessel, one of the water-pots containing the water made wine at Cana in Galilee—though it could

never have held two or three firkins as described in the sacred narratives. I "posed" for a moment the garrulous custodian of these relics by asking how he was sure of the identity of the saints which he so confidently asserted to be those of St. Ursula,



CATHEDRAL OF ST. GUDULE, BRUSSELS.

and the rest. After an impatient shrug of the shoulders, he went on as fluently as ever. The splendid architecture of the new streets of Cologne was the most progressive-looking thing we saw in Germany.

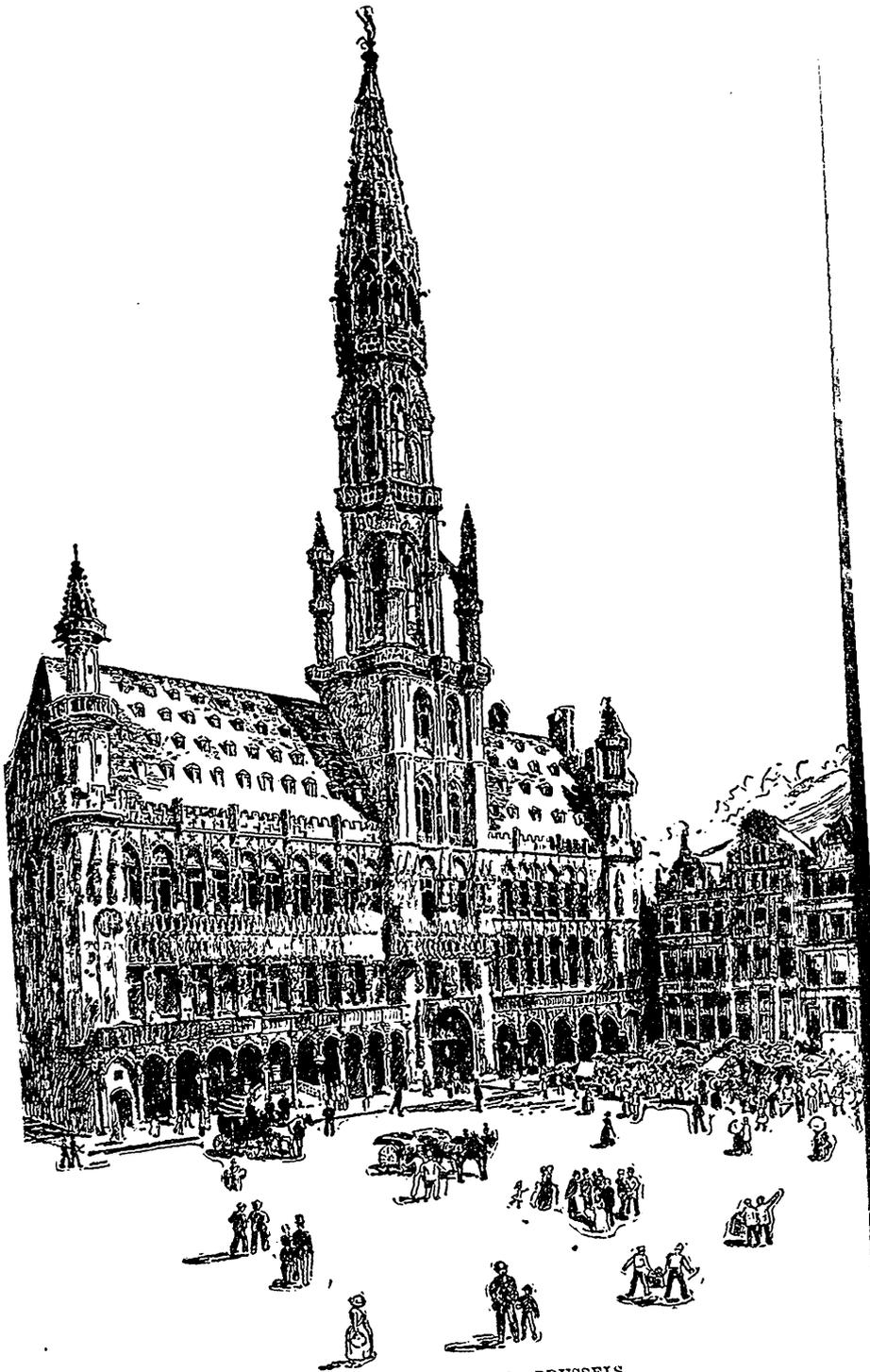
In the evening we made a very pleasant family group in the

quaint old hotel by the Rhine side, and the young ladies of the party made friends with the *chef de cuisine*, took possession of the kitchen and had an old-fashioned "taffy pull." The deftness with which the ladies went into the manufacture of home-made candy was a great astonishment to the *chef* and his satellites. It was a pleasant episode of home-life in a foreign land.

A long ride across the undulating plains of Eastern Belgium, cultivated like a garden and studded with busy manufacturing towns—Namur, Liege, Louvain, and many another—brings us to the gay capital, Brussels—a lesser Paris, with stately streets and noble architecture. The new Palais de Justice, it is claimed, is the largest building in Europe—a colossal pile, rivalling in massive majesty the structures of Babylon and Nineveh. A visit to the picture gallery of the mad painter, Wiertz, was like a nightmare vision—a most extraordinary blending of the grotesque and horrible. He was an ardent hater of war and war-makers, and two never-to-be-forgotten pictures are his "Last Cannon," in which a mighty angel wrenches in pieces the deadly enginery of war, while attendant angels proclaim over a war-scarred world the mild triumphs of peace, and his "Napoleon in Hell," in which the victims of the arch-despot's cruelty invoke the wrath of heaven upon his head.

Our drive through Brussels was made in grand style. We had four open carriages, with well-groomed teams and liveried drivers, under whose auspices we did the principal sights of the city. It happened to be the eve of the *fête* of the Immaculate Conception, and the great square was all abloom with a magnificent display of flowers for religious and domestic decoration. The ancient church of St. Gudule is of vast size and venerable majesty—one of the richest I have seen. In an artificial grotto was a figure of the Virgin, dressed like a fairy queen. The singing of the vespers at twilight was exquisitely sweet. The celebrated Hôtel de Ville is one of the noblest town halls in Europe. Its flamboyant façade and exquisite open spire, soaring like a fountain 370 feet in the air, once seen can never be forgotten. At the summit the Archangel Michael forever waves his glittering sword, as if to guard the city at his feet. The fretted stone-work looks like petrified lace. In this square we saw the spot where those noble patriots, Counts Egmont and Hoorne, died as martyrs to liberty. The old guild houses of the butchers, brewers, carpenters, and skippers are very odd. The gable of the latter represents the stern of a large ship, with four protruding cannon.

The next day I wished to do some banking, but found that the bankers' and brokers' offices were all closed, it being a religious



THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUSSELS.

fête day. This would have caused me serious inconvenience had I not found a private office where my bills of exchange were honoured.

A couple of hours' ride last city on the Continent. Assumption of the Virgin, profusely decorated. A large age and sanctity was embroidered mantle bedizened

brings us to Antwerp, our It being the festival of the the great cathedral was doll-like figure of great rayed in a richly-embroidered with jewellery and costly



ANTWERP.

gems. Even Rubens' famous pictures and the solemnity of the great cathedral—the only one in the world having a nave and six aisles—seemed vulgarized by the tawdry spectacle. Not so the beauty of the noble spire, whose tracery seemed as delicate as Mechlin lace—fit, said

Napoleon, to be put in a glass case—as seen from the square without, with its

“Beautiful wild chimes,
Low at times and loud at times,
And blending like a poet’s rhymes.”

At six in the evening we went on board the steamer for Harwich, and dropped down the winding Scheldt. The exquisite spire of the cathedral sank slowly beneath the horizon, and on either side were spread the broad green “polders,” or fertile meadows, reclaimed from the hostile sea, bordered by green dykes, and studded with windmills pumping the water. The grim ramparts, through which peered the menacing cannon, like one-eyed cyclops, suggested the storied memories of the famous siege of Antwerp. All this made a memorable picture, in the fading twilight of our last night in Europe.

Next morning by daylight we were at Harwich, and here our party may be said to have broken up. Some returned direct to London, others proceeded, with their conductor, to York, Durham, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Some prolonged their visit in Scotland and Ireland, and the main party returned with their guide, philosopher and friend to Liverpool, Quebec and Montreal. It was cause for devout thanksgiving that in journeys so extended and varied as ours had been, by land and sea, for many thousand miles, not an hour’s serious illness nor a mishap of any kind occurred to mar the pleasure or disturb the happy memories of the “Canadian Tourist Party in Europe.”



ON THE SCHELDT.

I COUNT myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul remembering my good friends.

—*Richard II.*, ii. 3.

OVER THE COTTIAN ALPS—THE MONT CENIS ROUTE.

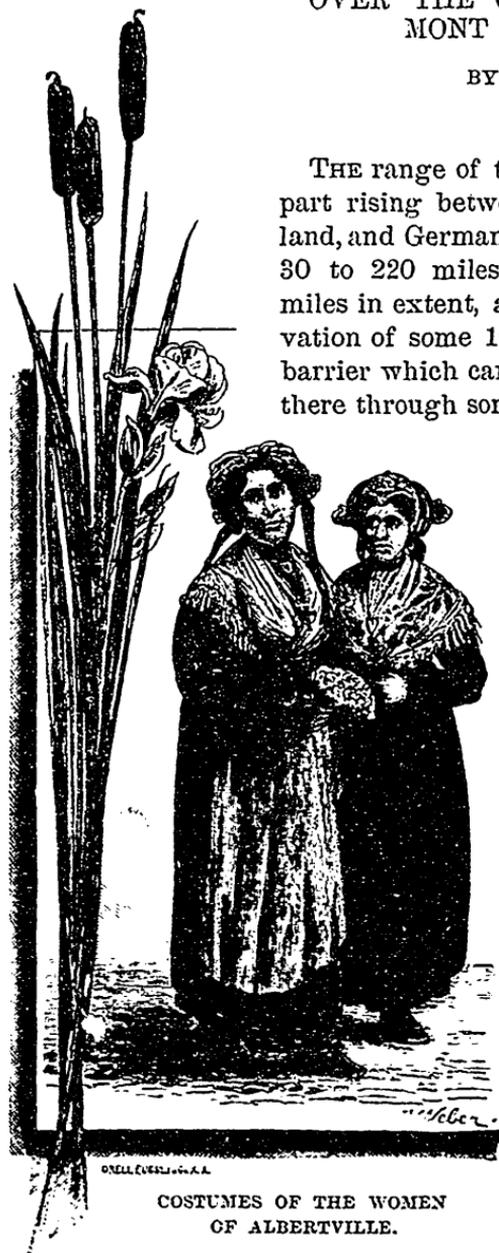
BY V. BARBIER.

I.

THE range of the Alps, an enormous rampart rising between Italy, France, Switzerland, and Germany, varying in breadth from 30 to 220 miles, in a vast semicircle 750 miles in extent, and attaining a mean elevation of some 10,000 feet, forms a gigantic barrier which can be crossed only here and there through some deep depression, and by

their side the famous wall of China would seem a mere toy.

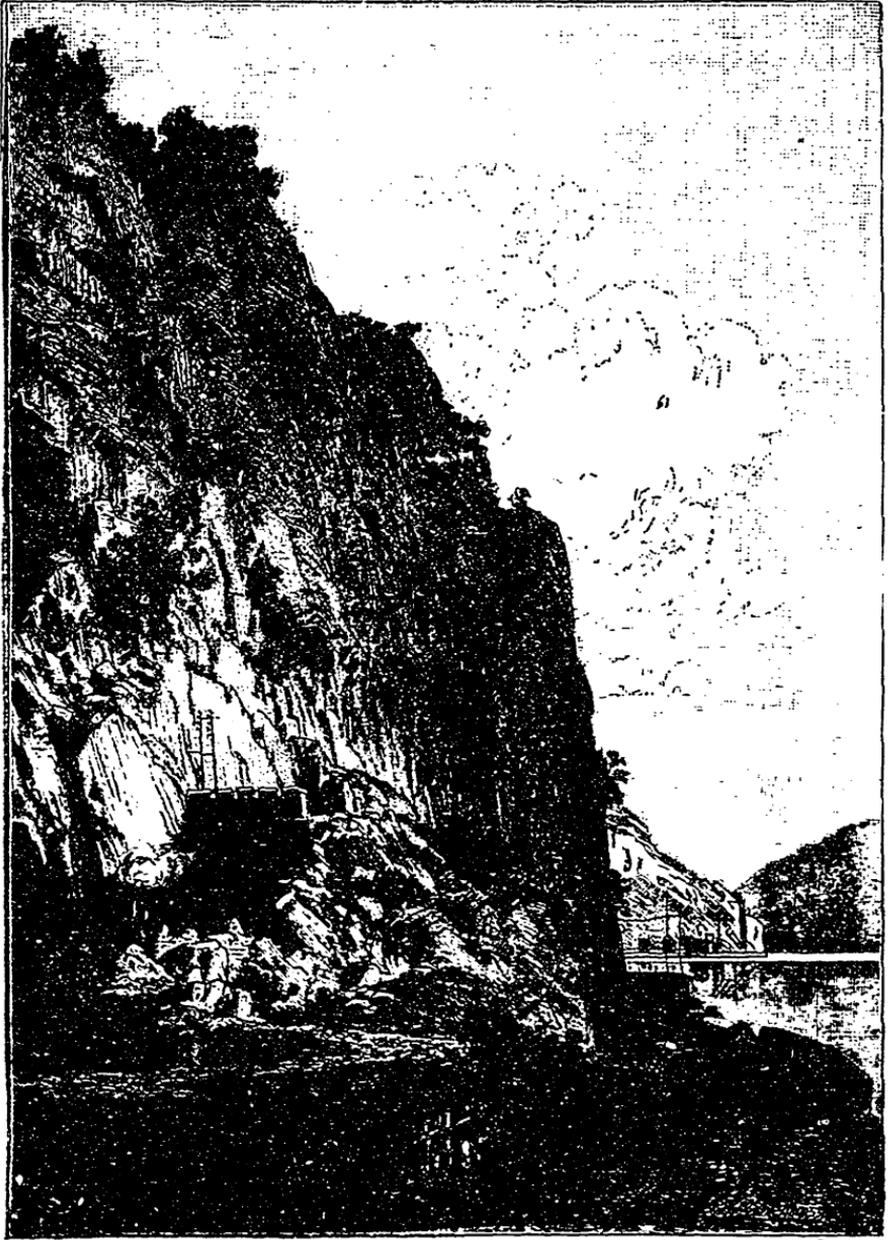
This magic name—the Alps—awakens in us recollections of mighty conquests and of the proud conquerors who have forced their way across this seemingly impassable barrier, but it also leads us to reflect on the still greater victories gained by modern science and enterprise over the forces of nature, by the construction of roads and railways which permit of a safe and easy transit across the mountains, and it fills us further with pleasing anticipations of excursions to be undertaken among grand



COSTUMES OF THE WOMEN
OF ALBERTVILLE.

and romantic scenery, and of mountain peaks to be scaled, not without danger, it may be, but with a sense of enjoyment which danger does but heighten.

Soon after crossing the swift and turbid Rhone, the train begins to climb the foot-hills of the Alps of Savoy, taking ad-



TUNNEL OF GRANDS ROCHERS AND LAKE OF BOURGET.

vantage of the ravines, worn by the streams in the course of ages. As we near the mountain the valley becomes narrower and wilder, until at last it forms a mere defile between two perpendicular mountains. On either side the torrents form numerous pretty cascades, which modify to some extent the ruggedness of the landscape. The sombre gorges of the Albarine are almost overpowering in their grandeur, and we experience a feeling of relief when, at Virieu-le-Grand, the horizon widens. The snowy range of the still distant Alps is cut like a cameo against the deep blue sky.



CHATILLON CASTLE.

The soil of the valley of Savoy is favourable to the cultivation of the most diverse products; cereals thrive well, hemp, maize, and tobacco are successfully grown. Fruit-trees are specially abundant. The forests supply various useful products in great abundance. The Spanish chestnut here develops its stout trunk and throws out a magnificent head of palmated foliage. Walnut-trees are largely cultivated for the sake of the oil expressed from the fruit. Rows of mulberry-trees in the meadows and fields indicate the culture of the silkworm, an industry which has undergone a development limited only by the ravages

of disease among the worms. In the lower valleys large areas are devoted to the culture of the vine.

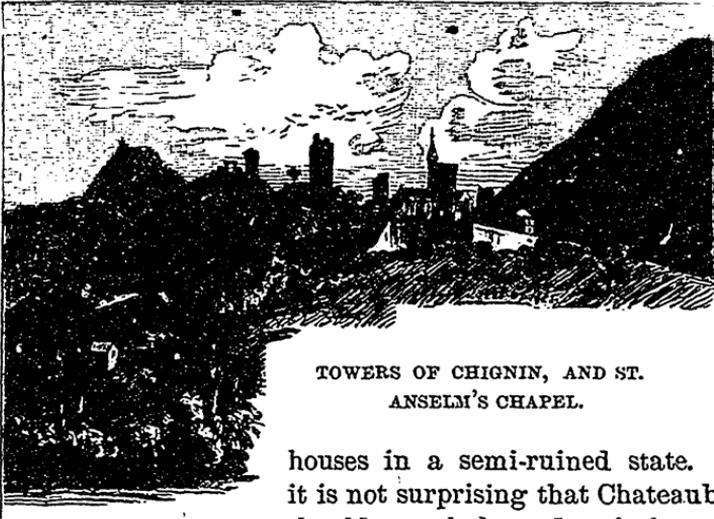


CHAMBERY.

The train now passes rapidly in front of the hill of Châtillon, commanding a view of the entire lake; our way lies between the rocks on one side and the lake on the other, and we have con-

stantly beneath our eyes the most delightful prospect that can be imagined—one that has been eloquently described by Lamartine. Near us is the Abbey of Hautecombe, occupying the summit of a lofty rock which commands the lake, a truly royal abode, the sombre and melancholy souvenir of a great and lordly race, whose ancestors here sleep their eternal sleep.

Chambéry is situated in the midst of a spacious plain surrounded by high mountains descending in gentle undulations. The hills, which rise amphitheatre-like between the town and the mountains, are covered with fields of wheat and maize, and with vineyards so arranged that they produce a most pleasing effect. Here and there, interspersed among magnificent groves of timber, rise elegant chateaux, trim villas, and ancient feudal manor-



TOWERS OF CHIGNIN, AND ST.
ANSELM'S CHAPEL.

houses in a semi-ruined state. Thus it is not surprising that Chateaubriand should conclude a description of the celebrated plain of Taygète by saying: "From the beauty of the sky and the appearance of the cultivated fields one might fancy himself in the environs of Chambéry."

Many charming lakes occur in those mountain valleys. The basin now occupied by the Lake Aiguebelette, tradition says, was formerly a fertile vale, with a village in its midst. One stormy night an aged beggar had knocked in vain at many doors, and was everywhere denied admittance. But:

"Alone in one poor hut a widow dwelt,
And now before the Crucified she knelt,
Beseeching God the wanderer's feet to guide,
And that no harm the fisherman betide,
That His strong hand the poor man's cottage shield,
Lest to the tempest's force its rafters yield.

Nor vainly here the suppliant's prayer was made :
The widow opened, crossed herself, and bade
The old man enter and find needed rest."

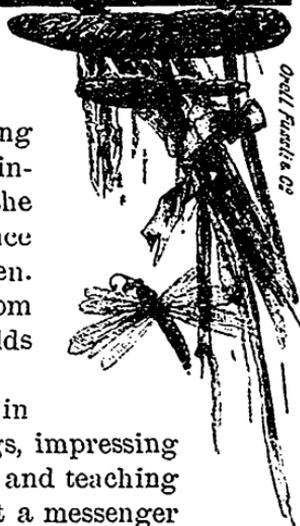


VIEW FROM ABOVE
ST. PIERRE D'ALBIGNY STATION.

The sequel may be guessed—a seeming beggar is a celestial messenger; the inhospitable village is engulfed in the waters as Sodom and Gomorrah had once been destroyed by fire from heaven. Only two small islands stand out from the midst of the waters—the little fields of the widow and her daughter.

This naïve tradition is still related in the chimney corner on winter evenings, impressing upon the children the duty of charity, and teaching them to see in the passing mendicant a messenger of heaven.

"These islets have been spared by Time's rude hand,
The waves still break in ripples o'er their strand,
Saying to those to whom the tale is known :
'A cup of water to a thirsty one,
Small though the gift, is ne'er bestowed in vain,
Eternal recompense that deed shall win,
When to their Father's house the just are entered in.'"



Orill Fausla & Co

Many of the hill-tops are crowned with ancient castles, of which tradition records many a stirring tale. The castle of Chignin was built, it is said, at the time when the Saracens were occupying and devastating this district, which they had invaded after their defeat at the battle of Poitiers. The ruins of the castle of Chignin are extremely massive, and have in part defied both the action of time and the hand of man.

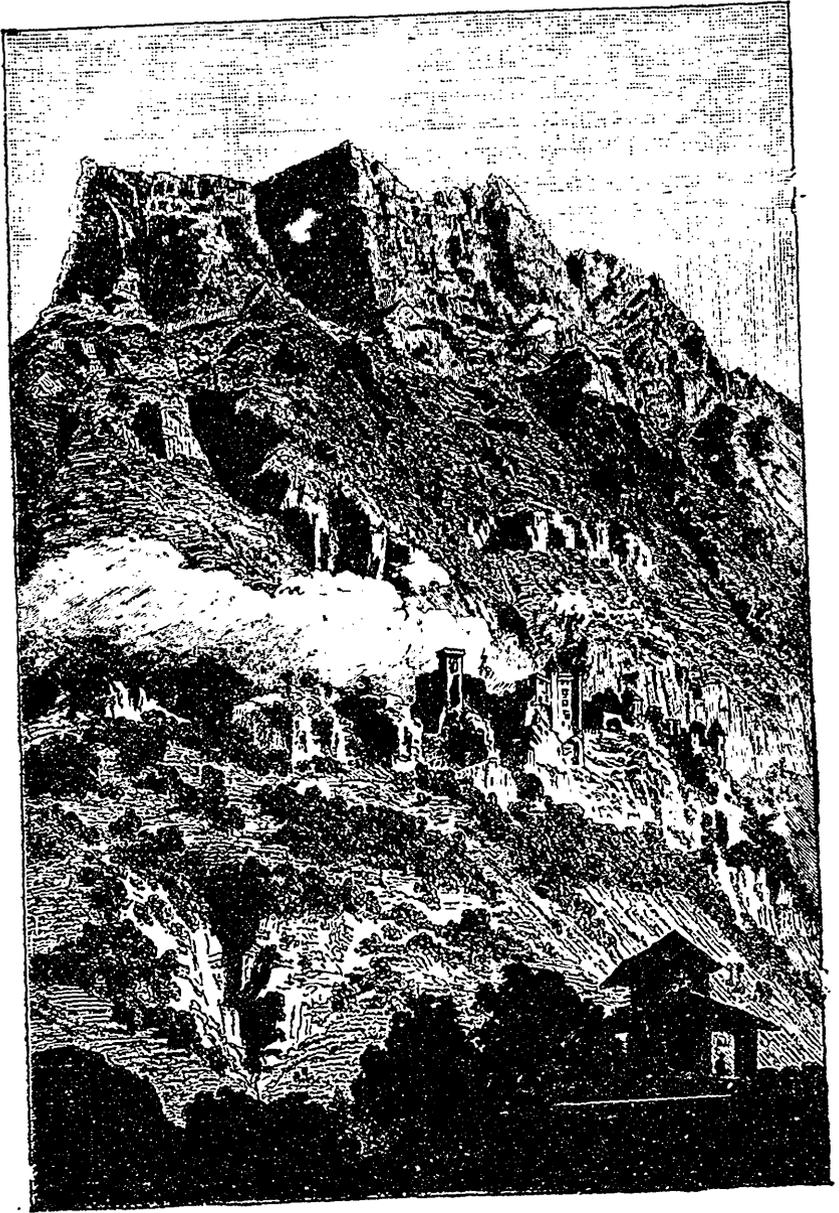
Near the railway we notice at the summit of a perpendicular



CASTLE OF MIOLANS, AND MONT CENIS.

rock more than 800 feet in height the ruins of the famous castle of Miolans, standing at the base of the Arclusaz. This ancient stronghold was the abode of one of the oldest houses of Savoy. At a later date the castle was converted into a state prison, and some celebrated victims of statecraft have been immured in this terrible fortress, the Bastille of Savoy. First among them we may name Père Monod, who was sacrificed for reasons of state to the political enmity of Richelieu. Another celebrated personage imprisoned at Miolans, was the famous Marquis de Sade. Thanks to the assistance of his wife, he succeeded in escaping, in spite of the formidable situation of the castle, by lowering himself down

the vertical rock by means of ropes manufactured from shreds of his garments and bed clothes.



CASTLE OF MIOLANS AND MONTS DE L'ARCLUSAZ.

At the present day the buildings, as shown in the subjoined illustration, are roofless and otherwise dilapidated, so, that there

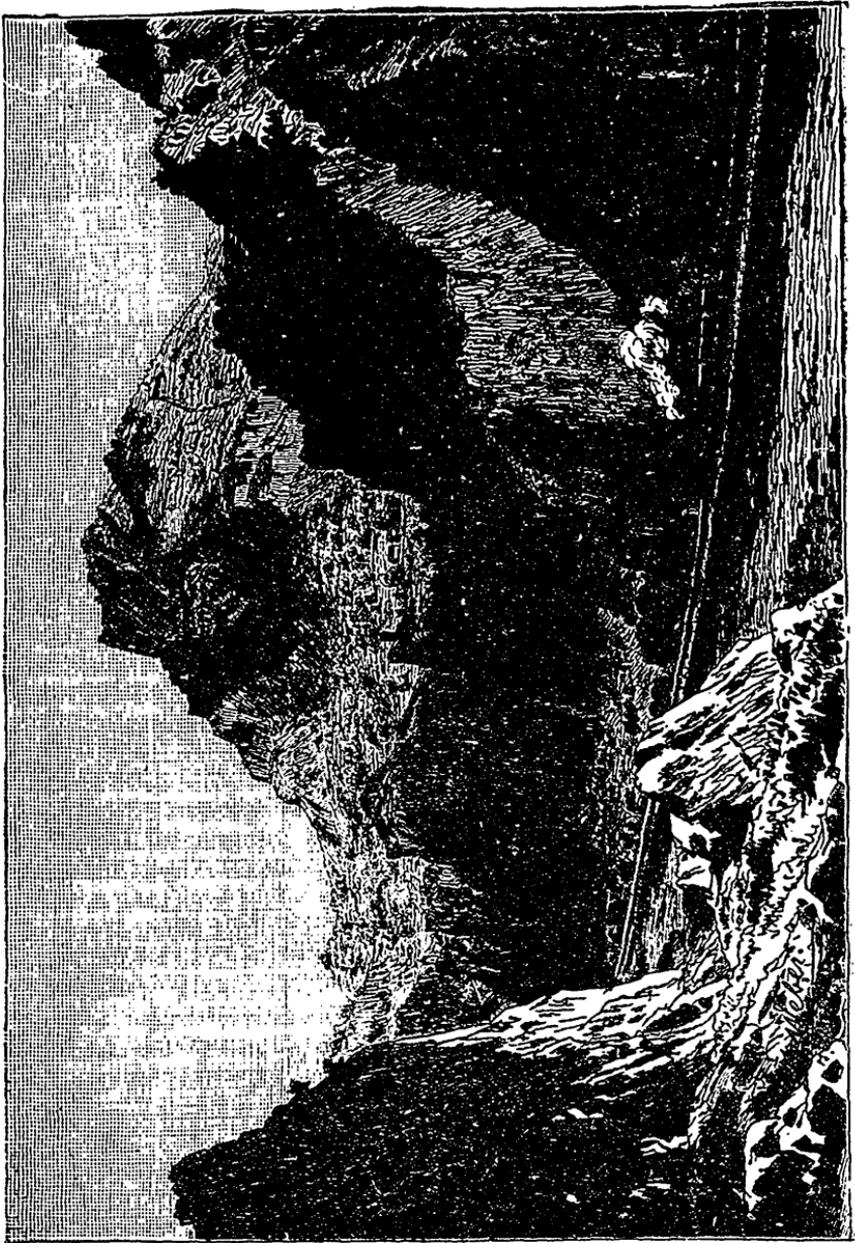
remains but a shapeless skeleton, so to speak, of the old castle, whose size and importance may still be plainly inferred. A visit may be paid to the dungeons and secret cells of the prison-house. Higher and higher winds the train by many a ziz-zag, giving broader, grander views over a sea of mountains at every turn. The pinnacled crags reveal in their tortured strata the energy of primeval forces, by which they were heaved high in air. The mountain villages cling like eagles' nests to the face of the cliffs; and down the mountain sides leap foaming torrents, "like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face."



ENVIRONS OF
CHAMOUSSET.

The costumes worn by the women of Albertville and its environs are extremely picturesque. The head-dress in particular deserves special mention. One of those represented in the engraving, in our initial cut, recalls the coiffure of Mary Queen of Scots; it is known as the *frontière*. This portion of the attire is usually selected to display the luxury of women who are possessed of property and are anxious that the fact should be generally known. The *frontière* is formed of a kind of cap lined with cardboard, and terminates in a point on the forehead, leaving the rest of the countenance and the hair above the temples exposed; it is trimmed with wide gold lace bordered with ribbons of a light colour.

If steep and lofty mountains, sometimes perpendicular, sometimes actually overhanging, form an uninviting framework to



GORGES OF PONTANAFREY.

the valley of the Arc; if the dusky forests with which the northern slopes of the mountains are covered impart to it a desolate and gloomy aspect, yet on the other hand, on all the hills

and declivities having a southern exposure, Maurienne exhibits the astonishing result of the patience of its inhabitants, who have not left a square foot of ground unproductive. Everywhere the industry of the mountaineer has transformed a naturally stubborn soil into fertile gardens, and these green oases rejoice the eye of the traveller.

On the right, behind a spur of the mountain, lies St. Georges, above which are seen a vast number of huts appearing as if glued to the steep rocky declivity. These structures give shelter to the labourers employed in the mines. These mines have been worked since the occupation of the country by the Saracens, and the presence of scorixæ on the summits of the mountains witnesses to the existence of iron foundries here at a very remote epoch, when this industry was in its infancy.

"THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE GOD."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

OH, blessed are the pure in heart, for they,
Walking the wondrous streets of shining gold,
In His own light who is the light thereof,
The King, in all His beauty, shall behold.

 In His own light,
That light so pure, so crystal clear, so soft,
And yet so bright ; unadorned, although from it
The myraid worlds borrow their radiance,
And though through all the ages it has filled
The unmeasured bounds of heaven.

Himself to see—the King, all kings above—
In all His royal beauty, undescribed
And unimagined. Oh, for these, His own,
The pure in heart, await this ecstasy,
To see Him as He is, and bow before Him.

Oh, in Thy light to see Thy beauty, Lord,
Make pure our hearts that we may claim Thy word :
With Thee may walk about those streets of gold,
And view, with Thee, their wonders all untold.

TORONTO.

MACKAY, OF UGANDA.*



A. M. MACKAY, OF UGANDA.

“THE best missionary since Livingstone,” writes H. M. Stanley, of Alexander Mackay, the nursing-father of the martyr church of Uganda. “He served the interests of civilization with splendid success,” writes Emin Pasha. “A score of us would never make

* *A. M. Mackay, Pioneer Missionary of the Church Missionary Society to Uganda.* By his Sister. Hodder & Stoughton. [This article is abridged from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.—ED.]

a Mackay," says Grant, the veteran Nile explorer. Such is the unsolicited testimony of the three highest living authorities on Equatorial Africa, to the far-reaching consequence of a young Scotchman's determination to be an engineering missionary. With no thought of thus receiving honour from men, but with the strongest conviction of a divine vocation, he writes in his journal: "May 4th, 1874. This day last year Livingstone died—a Scotchman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbour—in the heart of Africa. 'Go, thou, and do likewise.'"

The son of a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, of considerable reputation as a geographer and scientist, Alexander Mackay passed a pleasant and uneventful childhood under his father's personal tuition and constant companionship. Although a successful student, the lad seems to have early manifested a disposition to take the keenest interest in observing natural objects and in practical arts, especially ship-building and engineering. Whilst he was a student in Aberdeen Grammar School, the death of his mother and her last injunctions to him to search the Scriptures, awakened in his heart a livelier interest in the things of God. It is evident that before he was seventeen he had buckled on the Christian armour. A two years' course in the Free Church Training College, Edinburgh, was the first stage in his unconscious, but most effective, preparation for his peculiar life-work. When exercising the invaluable technical knowledge thus acquired, he writes from Uganda: "I find the teaching I received at the Free Church Normal School of the greatest value. Would that all missionaries were taught how to teach!"

A teacher's profession, however, had no attractions for him compared with that of an engineer; so, on leaving college, he studied to such good purpose as to obtain, in 1872, an excellent post in an influential engineering firm in Berlin. Here, surrounded by aggressive infidelity, yet not without helpful fellowship with Lutheran Christians, the purpose of utilizing his professional knowledge on the mission-field grew steadily stronger. His thoughts soon turned to Africa; nor was he daunted by the fact that neither the London Missionary Society, to whom he at first offered himself for Madagascar, nor the Church Missionary Society, on his first application, could find a place for him. "He that believeth, shall not make haste," is his quiet comment; and whilst accepting another secular engagement, he was ever on the watch for the divine summons: "I have set before thee an open door." Meantime he breathed the practical prayer: "Lord, open my mouth where I am!" In January, 1876, he was chosen as one of the first band of missionaries to Uganda, sent out by the Church

Missionary Society, in response to the appeal of Stanley. After a short farewell visit to Edinburgh, in which eager use was made of every opportunity to increase his knowledge of medicine and navigation, and pick up any practical information likely to increase his effectiveness as a missionary, we find him in London taking his leave of the committee with the solemn reminder that in six months one or more of the little band of eight missionaries would surely have fallen. "When that news comes," said he, "do not be cast down, but send some one else immediately."

On arriving at Zanzibar, the expedition into the interior, after vainly essaying a water route, was divided into four marching caravans, of one of which, including two hundred porters, Mackay had charge. On his reaching Ugogo, however, a sharp attack of illness compelled his retreat to Zanzibar, with instructions not to start for his final destination until June. He could serve the mission, however, by organizing supply caravans, and later found more congenial employment in cutting a road to Mpwapwa, more than two hundred miles inland.

From Mpwapwa, Mackay pushed bravely forward. A weary march of two hundred and thirty miles, in daily peril from barbarous tribes, brought him to Kagei, and thence by a perilous journey he reached Uganda. His first impressions of his new home were highly favourable. An undulating country lay before him, with a climate like that of our English summer. The soil is rich and the natural produce abundant; cotton and coffee are indigenous; and although grain is unknown, green plantains in profusion supply daily food without need of cultivation. The Waganda, as reported by Stanley, had attained a considerable degree of civilization, were highly intelligent, and, led by their King, Mtesa—regarded by himself and his subjects as the greatest earthly potentate—eager to show their best side to Europeans, and willing, notwithstanding their uncertain halting between heathenism and Islam, to lend an ear to the preaching of the Christian faith.

Mackay was able without delay to read and explain the Scriptures at court, where the way for his teaching had been paved, as he gratefully acknowledges, by the influence of Stanley. The first few months' records in the missionary's diary are bright with hope. Pupils were readily found to learn to read the Scriptures; the court observed the Sabbath as far as to admit of regular services; and the intelligent observations of the King were most encouraging. "Isa (Jesus)," said he, in admiration, "was there ever any one like Him?" Under date of January 26th, 1879, we read: "Held service in court; the Psalm I selected, fifty-first,

struck with force. Read St. Matthew x. 32-xi. 30." "This," said King Mtesa, "is truth that I have heard to-day. Your religion," he added, turning to a Mahometan courtier, "is different from the truth, therefore it must be lies." Shortly after began the struggle, frequently to be renewed, against the belief in charms and witchcraft. At first, Mtesa decidedly resented Mackay's exposure of superstitious follies. In one of the fits of childishness which alternated strangely with more intelligent moods, Mtesa turned from the point at issue to grumble at the white man for lack of capacity to supply all the capricious wants of his royal master, who evidently regarded him chiefly as a useful contrivance for saving the labour of an idle people. It was the old question: "What sign showest thou? What dost thou work?" Eventually, however, he yielded to the sweet reasonableness of the missionary, and to his solemn appeal to him, as the one African king who knew the true God, to listen to the divine command: "Thou shalt have none other gods but Me." The charms were gathered together and burned.

A more serious form of the hydra-headed superstition of the country was soon to be combated. Mukasa, the great wizard of the lake, was expected at court to cure the king's illness by incantations. The queen-mother and many influential chiefs were too much for the weak moral fibre of the King, who revenged himself on his uneasy conscience by threatening amidst the approbation of his courtiers, to return to the ancient faith of the country. The wizard arrived, his presence being signalled by great debauchery. Mackay's courageous protest, however, was not in vain; in a few days the capricious monarch returned to his better self, and exhorted his chiefs to prepare for the world to come, by listening to the white man who had come to teach them religion.

In the intervals of teaching Mackay was incessantly working at forge and grindstone for daily bread, surrounded, meanwhile, by pupils spelling out written reading-sheets. Wooden and leaden types were cut by him; away from the court the people eagerly received instruction; but as time went on it became sadly evident that Mackay's teaching was tolerated by Mtesa purely as a means of securing his skilled professional services. Longer residence in the country compelled a complete reversal of the favourable judgment passed upon his majesty by travellers to whom he had displayed only his best side. It became evident that he revelled in bloodshed and wanton cruelty; daily sending out executioners to lie in wait to catch and torture innocent wayfarers. It came to the missionaries' knowledge that, even whilst offering himself as a candidate for Christian baptism, Mtesa had

been deliberately planning a grand butchery of human beings. More than *two thousand* had been caught in the highways, and sacrificed as an expiatory offering to the spirit of Mtesa's father.

In 1881 a sorcerer counselled the King, with a view to check his chronic illness, to slaughter human beings on the hills round his capital; the victims, after horrible mutilation, were to be roasted alive. Sick at heart, Mackay writes, after he and his colleagues had risked their lives by appealing against this terrible cruelty:

“The wretch who orders all this to be done for his own gratification, is he who is called in Europe “the enlightened and intelligent King of Uganda.” It is he who professed to Mr. Stanley to be converted to Christianity, whom the Romish priests wrote of as becoming a good Catholic.”

The sad year of disappointed hope, bodily peril and ruined influence closed with an incident of hope. A sick lad earnestly desired baptism, having been brought to faith in Christ by solitary reading of St. Mark's Gospel in Suahili. No missionary being near him in his last sickness, he begged a heathen companion to fetch water from a neighbouring pool and sprinkle it on his head “in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Thus went home to God the first baptized convert of Uganda. In the following spring five more, after long and careful instruction, were baptized into the faith of Christ.

We may not enlarge upon Mackay's varied services to the mission during the next two years: now navigating the lake to secure supplies: now building Bishop Hannington's boat, brought out by him in pieces from England—a work involving three months' incessant toil amidst fever-breeding air: now giving systematic catechetical instruction: now designing an elaborate coffin for the queen-mother, and improving the solemn occasion once more to appeal to the King to secure his own soul's salvation. We hasten on to the terrible crisis caused by the death of the monarch, under whose protection, highly capricious and precarious though it had been, the infant Church of Uganda had been nurtured into vigorous life. His successor was the weak and blood-thirsty Mwanga, now infamous as the murderer of Bishop Hannington. By his tragic fate the mission in Uganda was placed in the utmost peril. The conscience-stricken King, seized with panic, began a frenzied persecution of the converts. Some were roasted alive, singing to Jesus in the flames so long as their shrivelled tongues could frame the words; others were hacked to pieces by scores, and their limbs left lying in the highway. The missionaries were utterly unable to protect their converts, in

jeopardy every hour, only able by stealth to send letters out of the country detailing their distressed condition. They knew to the full the meaning of the cry: "There is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, O God!"

Day after day Mackay put forth the best efforts of his mechanical skill to please the caprice of Mwanga, hoping merely to win some favour for the imprisoned Christians, whose cause he pleaded by reiterated personal persuasions. "Very humble, very weak, very child-like he was on his knees before God; very bold, very strong, very manly afterwards, as he bore the browbeating and bullying of Mwanga and his chiefs." This man, small of stature, but great in soul, whose honest eyes looked fearlessly into the face of the tyrant, exercised a remarkable fascination over the monarch who professed such an affection for him as to detain him for eleven months after the other missionaries had been allowed to escape. No doubt this reluctance was largely owing to his professional usefulness; but we see him willing on any pretext to stay with the black converts, who needed his teaching and support. Their visits for instruction were chiefly made by night; by day he found employment—through the lonely months which followed the departure of Mr. Ashe, in August, 1886—in making and printing in Luganda a complete translation of St. Matthew's Gospel. One providential purpose in his detention seems to have been the communications maintained by him with Emin Pasha. Before the Stanley Relief Expedition had accomplished its work, the letters and supplies sent by Mackay were of the greatest value to the beleaguered Pasha.

At length, however, in July, 1887, Mwanga consented to his departure for a time. Eventually he had the refreshment of meeting several missionary brethren, including Mr. Ashe and Bishop Parker. The joy of meeting was soon overclouded by a fresh sorrow, the death, from malarial fever, of Bishop Parker and Mr. Blackburn. Very touching is the picture of the engineer laying under a tree in the jungle the body of his Bishop, and reading over it in Suahili the pathetic burial service, so soon to be read, in like surroundings, over himself, the victim of the same fell disease.

We quote Mr. Stanley's account of things as he found them on his visit in September, 1889, in the company of Emin Pasha:

"There was a big, solid workshop in the yard, filled with machinery and tools; a launch's boiler was being prepared by the blacksmith; a big canoe was outside preparing; there were saw-pits and large logs of hard timber; there were great stacks of palisade poles; in a corner of an outer yard was a cattle-fold and a goat-pen; and out of the European quarter there trooped

a number of little boys and big boys, looking uncommonly sleek and happy; and quiet labourers came up to wish us, with hats off, Good-morning. I was ushered into the room of a substantial clay structure, the walls about two feet thick, evenly plastered, and garnished with missionary pictures and placards. There were four separate ranges of shelves filled with choice, useful books. . . Mackay has no time to fret, and groan, and weep; and God knows, if ever man had reason to think of graves, and worms, and oblivion, and to be doleful and sad, Mackay had, when, after murdering his bishop, and burning his pupils, and strangling his converts, Mwanga turned his eye of death on him. And yet the little man met it with calm blue eyes that never winked. To see one man of this kind, working day after day for twelve years bravely, and without a syllable of complaint, or a moan, amidst the 'wildernesses,' and to hear him lead his little flock to show forth God's loving-kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night, is worth going a long journey for the moral courage and contentment that one derives from it."

Too long had the little band of refugees to wait before hearing of the ignominious deposition of their quondam tyrant, Mwanga, who did not hesitate to beg, in abject terms, the assistance of the exiled missionaries. For awhile the Arabs, ever the worst enemies of Christianity, instituted a fierce persecution of the Christians. But by October, 1889, the year of darkness for the native Church was over. Mwanga, for the moment humbled and softened, begged for "a host of English teachers to come and preach the Gospel to his people." The message was forwarded to England by Mackay, with an earnest appeal for reinforcements. "What is this you write?" he adds. "Come home? Surely, now, in our terrible dearth of workers, it is not the time for any one to desert his post! Send us only our *first* twenty men, and I may be tempted to help you to find the second twenty." In less than six weeks, however, from the date of this letter, suddenly, in the midst of his busy life, came the highest home-call which none may disobey. On February 8th, 1890, he died of fever.

His resting-place is to be marked by such a memorial as all who see it can understand: like himself, simple, practical, and unpretending, yet bearing constant witness to the ever-blessed Name of Jesus. A simple marble cross, to be mounted on a block of rough-hewn native granite, bears the words in English, Arabic, and Suahili, the printed native character of which he was the first to introduce:

ALEXANDER MACKAY,

TEACHER OF THE BAGANDA,

FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST, FEB. 8TH, 1890.

METHODISM AND ITS RELATION TO LITERATURE.*

BY WILLIAM DALE, M.A.,

University College, Toronto.

CONNECTED, as I am, with the study and teaching of a language which so many, in this practical age, think altogether useless, perhaps I ought to apologize to you for venturing to say anything on a modern subject. But those who have studied the civilization of the ancient world—a civilization quite as varied and almost as wonderful as that in the midst of which we live—possess an advantage over those whose knowledge and studies are limited, for the most part, to recent times. The advantage to which I refer—it is only one among several—is the advantage of comparison. Students of the ancient languages are familiar with civilizations that have passed away, with literatures that are fixed in beauty or deformity, as the case may be, with tendencies that have come to an end, with modes of thought that have perished, with philosophies and religions that had their rise, their period of vigour, their slow decay, and final extinction.

Such a student, when dealing with a modern subject, unconsciously has in mind some standard by which he can form his opinion. The standard may be a right one or a wrong one; but, at all events, it is some advantage, in the midst of the multiplicity and confusion of the facts of modern life, to possess some rule by which great men, great books, tendencies and modes of thought, which mould and influence the minds of men and shape their destiny can be measured, and, in some degree, made comprehensible. So I may crave your indulgence while, for a few minutes, I try to interest you in a subject to which my own attention has been more or less directed for some time past, viz : Methodism in its relation to literature.

I do not pretend to have worked out the subject in detail; I have neither the time nor the knowledge sufficient for that. *If I can but direct your attention to certain great features of the subject, suggest certain lines along which it can be pursued in greater detail, show how Methodism has influenced what is sometimes called the great world; has, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less really, changed, or helped to change, the whole tone of a great period of literature, that is all I hope or wish to accomplish. I

*A paper read before the Students' Circle, Carlton Street Methodist Church, February 9th, 1891.

know well if the question, what influence has Methodism exerted on literature? were put in some quarters, and very respectable quarters, too, it would be answered with a laugh of scorn. Methodism, it would be said, is synonymous with ignorance and fanaticism. Methodism and literature are wide as the poles asunder. Is there any truth in an answer like this? We shall see.

What is literature? You will, perhaps, agree with me if I define a national literature as the expression, in language, more or less formal, of the higher or spiritual life of a nation; and that book is the greatest and the best that expresses the thoughts and aspirations of man which are true for all time. That is why the Bible is the greatest and truest of all books. That is why Homer, and Virgil, and Shakespeare, and Milton are as true to-day as when they were written three thousand, or two thousand, or three hundred, or two hundred years ago. The poetry of Tennyson or Browning is literature just so far as it expresses the spiritual life of to-day, and it will endure as literature just in proportion as that expression of life will be the expression of the spiritual life of the future. We can thus see how it is that some spiritual books, the "Imitatio Christi," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the "Thoughts of Pascal," are among the greatest of books; and how, on the other hand, so much theological writing is not literature at all, in any sense of the word, but only a weariness to contemplate, a barren wilderness, where there is neither food nor shelter.

The visions of a Bunyan are the visions of suffering humanity, true for all time and all men; the visions of—shall I say Jonathan Martin? arise from a disordered brain, or a diseased body, true, perhaps, for the man himself, but for himself only while the mood is upon him. But the point I wish to make is this, that all literature is closely connected with great religious and national movements; that all periods of intense faith (in something) are periods of literary production, the literary period being, as a rule, subsequent to, but closely following on, the period of religious or political ferment; and that an age of scepticism and indifference is an age of spiritual and literary death, no matter how polished the periods, or how graceful the expression. Any of you who are at all acquainted with French literature will know what I mean. My meaning is contained in the famous request to Pope, the greatest representative of the artificial and religiously indifferent school of English literature, to translate that wonderful composition,—the "Samson Agonistes," of Milton, into poetry. The soul of Puritanism, which breathes through that poem, was as far from the comprehension of Alexander Pope, as the religion of Wesley was from the comprehension of Voltaire.

I would just like to notice here, in passing, the close connection between nationality and religion, on the one hand, and literature on the other; how, especially in English history and among the English peoples, nationality, religion, and literature have been inextricably blended, and have, together, formed that wonderful factor in modern civilization—the English character; how the English love of toleration and freedom has been the cause of England's greatness; how the love of freedom has been accompanied, however, by a danger of severance from the national life; how that danger, so far, has been kept within limits, and how the soul of that great structure, which we call the British Empire, the essence of England's greatness, lies in non-conformity, in dissent—in Wyckliffism, in the early Reformers, in Puritanism, in Methodism. These different phases of belief were essentially the same—the moral regenerators of England in successive centuries, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth. Such is my reading of English history.

I cannot dwell on this point, interesting as it is. I hasten on to get a nearer view of my special theme, and this is the first important point that I would like you to bear in mind, viz.: the three great religious movements of the Reformation, Puritanism and Methodism, in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, respectively, and my interpretation of them—whether true or not, I leave you to judge—as constituting the real spiritual life of the nation, the periodic rousing up of the heart of England, after times of spiritual lethargy and decay, to a partial sense, at least, of her duty and high mission in the world.

Now consider for a moment the periods of English literature in connection with, or as following closely upon, or in part contemporaneous with these periods of great spiritual awakening. The greatest period of English literature is that which begins with the names of Spenser and Shakespeare, and ends with the names of Milton and Bunyan. Writers have searched for the causes of this great outburst in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, of the partial lull which followed, then of the second great spiritual awakening which gave us the "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress." The causes are summed up in the words Reformation and Puritanism—the former European in extent, the latter distinctly English and national.

I would like, had I time, to show you what I conceive to be the true meaning of "Paradise Lost," how it sums up in itself all the highest influences of the Reformation period; how these were dying in England, and how Milton caught them up and handed them down to us; how it stands for all time as a protest against the

tyranny, the falseness, the sensuality, and the irreligion of the period that followed; and how it represents to the world, for all time, the great fact that England was the birthplace and home of the noblest race of men that modern times have seen—the old Puritans, and how, for some inscrutable reason in the order of Providence, they were trampled down by the rout of masqueraders who followed—but only for a season. The seed was still left which was to bear fruit in the next century.

This great age was followed by French influences and French manners, culminating, in the time of Queen Anne and the First George, with the names of Addison and Pope—the age of artificiality, of polish, of fine manners, of indifference, of scepticism, or, at best, deism. Pope's "Essay on Man" is the best example of the artificial school. The moral teaching of the school, which practically included the whole nation, is summed up in the famous aphorism, "Whatever is, is right." Contrast that with the Miltonic view of the divine government of the universe, and you have the difference between the England in which Puritanism prevailed and the England in which Wesley began to preach. The "Essay on Man," you will remember, appeared in 1734, and Pope died in 1744—dates very nearly corresponding with the appearance of Methodism. Belief in God as the common Father of man had almost disappeared from literature. The school of Pope was satiric, didactic, philosophical, political, witty especially—as wit was then understood—but distinctly careless of man's higher interests, if not openly irreligious. The higher classes were sceptical and indifferent; the lower classes, brutal and ignorant. The Church was engaged in the search for preferment, and the means of escaping all responsibility. Nature, passion and imagination had all disappeared from poetry and from literature, because religion and belief had disappeared from life.

Such was literary and religious England when Wesley was at Oxford. No wonder, if unconsciously, the burden of it rested upon his soul. I would not be misunderstood here, when I call the time and the literature of that age irreligious. Perhaps my meaning will be caught when I say that the religious life of the personal soul, which had characterized the Puritan, had practically died out in England, and was revived again by the preaching of Wesley.

This is the second point that I wish to emphasize, the preaching of Wesley was the beginning of the second Reformation in England—a Reformation still in progress, a Reformation from which has flowed the great movements of the present century. It is not my intention to dwell minutely on Wesley's work. We all of us

know what he did : how he taught, and preached, and organized ; what help he received, what opposition he met with, what classes of people especially he influenced, how all this went on until Wesley's death, in 1791—a date which it is worth while to bear in mind.

I will ask you to remember all this, to imagine the great scenes in London, in Cornwall, in Yorkshire, and the quieter religious life which gradually spread itself throughout the length and breadth of England, owing to the establishment of the Methodist societies. If you will remember all this, or try to imagine it, you will not think me guilty of exaggeration when I say that in 1791, the spiritual life of England had undergone a radical change, due chiefly to the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield.

Now I will try to approach my subject a little more closely still. English literature, and especially English poetry, is distinctly theological in tone. Since Cowper's time it has become more and more so, until we reach the often insoluble enigmas of Browning. This theology is not dogmatic, but unconscious—a doctrine of God in relation to man, to nature, to the poet himself. It has been called theology in the rough, and may be quite distinct from the every-day belief of the poet. For instance, Shelley, atheistic as he was in his ordinary belief, yet in his poetry is often unconsciously a Christian. This theological element first becomes marked in Cowper. It had first appeared in Milton and the Puritan poets, it had withered and died in the artificial school of Dryden and Pope, it reappeared in Cowper. What was the reason of this? The reason is to be found in the mighty religious movement led by the Wesleys, proclaimed with fiery force by Whitefield, which descended through Newton to the hymns and poetry of Cowper. This movement began in 1739, seven years after the publication of the first part of the "Essay on Man," and aroused into fierce extremes the religious heart of England.

The great poets of this century, from Wordsworth to Browning, have all followed, in their treatment of man, of nature, of God, the path that was pointed out by Cowper, and the path pointed out by Cowper was distinctly Methodistic, and directly the result of Methodism. Of course, there were other influences, but the influence arising from Methodism was the determining cause.

I will illustrate the subject by a few detailed references to Cowper and Wordsworth. The hymns of Charles Wesley—the Methodist hymns—introduced into English poetry, for the first time, passion and the personal element, as well as doctrine. Passion and the personal element took deep hold of Cowper, and were nurtured by his belief, which he derived from Newton.

This personal poetry was first heard in England, among the great poets, in Cowper; it descended to Wordsworth, to Shelley, to Byron—derived, of course, from other sources. Cowper's was derived from Methodism, from the daily struggle of his soul with God, from his prayers, and fightings with the Unseen. Compare the two following passages—the first from Pope's "Essay on Man," the second from Cowper's "Task." The first impersonal, apart, somewhat scornful, and patronizing; the second devotional, instinct with the personal realization of Christ, the Saviour of the World.

Listen to Pope's description of man :

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between: in doubt, to act or rest;
In doubt, to deem himself a God or beast:
In doubt, his mind or body to prefer:
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err:
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused:
Still by himself abused, or disabused:
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd:
The glory, jest and riddle of the world."

Such is man in Pope's hard and brilliant lines—brilliant, indeed, but without a touch of passion or of personal feeling from beginning to end. Now listen to Cowper's lines, in which both these poetic elements tingle in every word:

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow, deep infix'd,
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by One, who had Himself
Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force, soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth and healed, and bade me live."

There is something more in these lines than mere personal feeling. There is that sense of the deep tragedy of life, which is the burden of every one who thinks. But there is more than this. There is a clear indication of the source, the only source, whence relief can come. I think you will agree with me, when comparing these two passages from two representative poets, that a great revolution had taken place in poetry, and that the direction which

that revolution took in English poetry was owing to the religious influence exercised by Methodism on the higher life of England. And I think it would not be difficult to show that the higher moods of Tennyson are largely traceable to the Methodistic leaven which, for a century, has in ever-widening circles permeated the English people. Sometimes the poet, as, for example, Byron, or Shelley, struggles against this burden of the world, this longing of the soul for rest, and pours out his passionate appeals against it. Still there is no escape.

The whole question of the relation of the soul to God has, from Wesley's day up to the present, been a distinct element in the higher poetry of England, and has been treated largely in a distinctly Methodistic way, because the solution which Wesley preached for the healing of the burdened soul is a true solution.

It is interesting to trace the notes of this new poetry of man, which thus entered into English literature: to note its development in Cowper, its intensity in Wordsworth, and especially how it loves to dwell upon the poor in all their relations of life. To the poor the Gospel was preached, as it had never been preached before. It was the age, too, of Howard, of Wilberforce, of Adam Smith. The question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" began to be answered in England, by the upper classes even, in the affirmative, for the first time in the nation's history. Life in the country began to be preferred to life in the town, as the truer and simpler mode of life. All these elements of change show themselves distinctly in Cowper, combined with the emotions of a religious mind. And it was Cowper's religion that gave the special direction in which all these various influences were to flow. England, in the fifty years from 1740 to 1790, had become a new world.

But not only was the poetry of man completely changed; the treatment of nature had undergone a similar change in the same period, and this change was first distinctly felt and uttered by Cowper, and carried to its full development by Wordsworth. In Pope, natural description is the most artificial of all his poetry. Nature was what he could see or describe from his study window, not the living things of earth, and air, and water, through which God spoke to man. The following lines give a fair idea of his conception of Nature, viz., the well-known passage:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That changed through all, and yet in all the same:
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow's in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

To Him, no high, no low, no great, no small—
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all."

This is not the nature we know; we conceive of nature as something wholly different from this intellectual and mechanical thing which Pope composed in his study chair, with hardly a thought of the real nature without. How different in Cowper and Crabbe. The distance is simply immeasurable. Up to Cowper's time the poetic theory both of God and of nature is mechanical. Cowper took the higher step—in which nature is conceived of as a living being, and it was through his religion that Cowper did this. With him Christ, the personal Saviour, is the ruler of the universe, the author of its parts. "There lives," he says, "and works a soul in all things, and that soul is God." Take one passage out of many, to illustrate my meaning:

"One spirit, His,
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower,
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar, and includes
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands
The forms in which he sprinkles all the earth."

In such passages as this the influence of Cowper's religion is clearly seen. Nature is a spirit of life: in fact, the Spirit of Christ, working through the universe. Wordsworth made the last step in the conception of nature as a living being to whom affection was due, and who could, of herself, awake feeling, and thought, and passion in man. I cannot pursue this interesting theme. I just note here, by way of recapitulation, that Cowper introduced into modern English poetry all that part of it which deals with the thought, the feeling and devotion of man, and his relation to God, as well as that part which deals with the idea of nature as a living being, and with the relationship between man and nature, on the one hand, and God and nature, on the other; and that, in the latter element, as in the former, Cowper's religion—Methodism—was the determining cause.

But these elements do not exhaust the whole of Cowper's poetry, nor does Methodism exhaust all the influences which have gone to make up the complex form of modern English thought in regard to the great subjects of nature, man, God. I hardly know how to

introduce this, the third element, of Cowper's poetry, or to express its relationship to the two elements I have already touched upon. Whenever I read Cowper I feel its undertones throughout his poetry. The element to which I refer is summed up in the words, so pregnant with meaning—the French Revolution.

I can only indicate here a few of the points which have at times occurred to myself, as to the influence of the French Revolution on England; you remember the date of the outbreak, 1789—two years before Wesley's death. Somebody will, some day, draw a parallel, or a contrast between Wesley and Voltaire*—the founder of Methodism and the apostle of the French Revolution. It is often forgotten that many, perhaps most, of Voltaire's ideas were imbibed in England, in the society of Bolingbroke and of Pope; that the ideas of reason, freedom, humanity, toleration, which he preached in France with such destructive force, were distinctively of English origin. Voltaire's life and Wesley's life were contemporaneous. Their object was much the same—the regeneration of mankind, the salvation of humanity. But how different the means adopted! In Wesley's doctrine the regeneration of mankind could only come about through the regeneration of each individual, the personal salvation of each man through belief in a personal Saviour. To Wesley, the one thing that held man's soul in bondage was sin, misery, a corrupt heart; and Wesley was right.

How different the case with Voltaire and his coadjutors! To them, the one thing that held man's soul in bondage was superstition, the Church, religion, as they saw it in France. Remove that—*écrasez l'infâme*—and man is free, humanity is regenerated. But Voltaire was wrong. No regeneration of humanity is possible without personal salvation. Still, the ideas preached by the Revolutionists were ennobling ideas in certain respects; they resounded throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and poets eagerly caught the tone.

This is the third element, the Revolutionary element, which pervades Cowper's poetry. He dwells on mankind at large, human nature at large, man independent of rank, and condition, and education. But in Cowper the unity of man, the universal brotherhood of man, is grounded on the universal Fatherhood of God; and man's moral guilt and folly arise not from the tyranny of Church or State, but from the world's rejection of Christ; and

* When I wrote these words I had not seen Dr. Stafford's able article, "Voltaire and John Wesley," in the February number of this MAGAZINE, in which the contrast I have in mind is, in part at least, drawn out.—[W. D.]

the one remedy is not the destruction of the Church and the overthrow of the monarchy, but the cross of Christ. What a different gospel from the gospel of Rousseau and Diderot! and yet, how similar the objects in view—the moral regeneration of man.

In his satires, Cowper touches upon almost every phase of life in England, not savagely, but with healing gentleness. God is England's king, calling the nation to lay aside its follies and vices, and act worthily of its great calling. Read the "Poem of Expostulation," and see how this note runs through the whole of it—the precursor of the patriotic poetry of Wordsworth. Here, again, we see how Cowper's religion modified his ideas. God, not reason, is the deliverer and avenger of the oppressed, and defender of the cause of the slave. All political, and moral, and priestly oppression will be visited with God's anger. This is Cowper's version of *égalité* and *fraternité*. It is not the apotheosis of a goddess of reason as the salvation of mankind. You all know how this element of poetry dominates in Burns, in Shelley, and in Byron—indeed, the last has been called, by a very competent critic, the poet of the French Revolution.

But this was not all: Cowper carries the poetry of man a step beyond this. The great ideas of an international union, of a confederation of mankind, rose before him as in a vision. The parliament of man was first introduced into poetry by Cowper, and here again note the influence of his religion. The Redeemer of mankind is the centre of this moral regeneration. "All creatures worship man, and all mankind one Lord and one Father."

I must close here. My conclusions are these:

1. That the great schools of modern English poetry and English thought date from the publication of Cowper's "Task," in 1785, six years before Wesley's death; that the great subjects of that poetry and thought—nature, man, God—have been treated since that time very largely on the lines laid down by Cowper; that Cowper's mode of treatment was distinctly Methodist, and directly the result of that revival of religion preached by Wesley and his followers.

2. That while Methodism directly may not have produced many literary works, it has done something infinitely better: it has largely helped to produce a national character based on morality and religion, without which any literature worth the name is impossible.

3. Methodism possibly saved England from a minor French Revolution; its excesses, and even occasional displays of what some people call fanaticism, forming a safe means for the

exhibition of emotions which, otherwise directed, might have been dangerous; and has thus largely contributed to the moral sanity and healthiness of the nation: fundamental qualities which make English literature the noblest of all literatures.

Of the literature of the revival in its strictest sense, *i.e.*, the practical religious works produced, I have said little, for they were but parts of the great work, intended not to please but to further the work of saving lost men. The leaders and workers in the great movement of last century had other work, nobler work, to do than write books, *viz.*, to form a nation of righteous men and women, for whom, and by whom books would be produced in good time, and without whom not many books worth the name could be produced. In short, the Methodist and Evangelical revival of last century forms the spiritual foundation of the England of to-day, and that means literature and much else.

To trace the influence of that revival for the last one hundred years would require volumes, and a rare spirit and temper. If I have but called attention to some of the salient features of that influence, and to some of the important lines along which the study of the subject can be directed, I have accomplished my object. I have not gone into details, not wishing to obscure what is perfectly clear to myself, *viz.*, that the tone of religious thought, of the thought of all earnest men on higher matters at the end of the eighteenth century had undergone a complete change. This higher thought is the foundation of the literature of the present century; and the change of opinion was almost wholly due to Methodism.

CROMWELL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

HAMMER of God, smiting oppressions down,
 Breaking the yoke from fettered nation's neck;
 For wrath of tyrant king thou didst not reck,—
 As little for his futile smile or frown—
 Trampling as bauble 'neath thy feet a crown.
 Stern sword of Justice, at the awful beck
 Of a brave people's peril thou didst deck
 Thy fame with blended curses and renown.
 Greatest of England's kings, albeit uncrowned;
 Mightiest moulder of a Commonweal,
 Guardian of liberty forever found,
 In fiery furnace-heat thou didst anneal,
 The thrice-attempered weapons which shall fight
 For evermore the battle of the right.

THOMAS HURLBURT—INDIAN MISSIONARY.

BY HIS BROTHER, ERASTUS HURLBURT.

CHRISTIAN biography is of great value. Good works show the power of the Gospel on the heart and life.

The parents of the Hurlburt family were of Puritan origin: their parents on both sides were United Empire Loyalists; and the fathers, both of Heman Hurlburt and of Hannah, his wife, were British officers on the side of the Loyalists. At the close of the American war, in 1783, the grandfathers having taken the oath of allegiance to their sovereign, rather than violate their pledged faith, chose to forego their earthly possessions and remove to the wilds of Canada with their families, and pitched their tents in Augusta, near the present site of Prescott.

The privations of the early settlers were great, especially during the "hungry summer" of 1789, which was a season of much suffering; some even died of famine. Those who survived resorted to every expedient to maintain life: they plucked the leaves of the beech trees, broke the buds off the basswood, and stripped the bark from elm trees which they boiled in milk or steeped in water. On such fare, and without bread, the people struggled on as best they could till the berry in the grain was in milk, which they boiled, and began to recover strength. The first cakes that were made of the pounded corn, and baked on a board before the open fire, began a season of luscious festivity and of gladness to many a hungry family.

When about twenty-seven years of age Heman Hurlburt was married to Hannah, the daughter of Nicholas Moshier. The fruit of this marriage was sixteen children—eleven sons and five daughters—most of whom have passed away.

About the time of my father's marriage he purchased the farm of two hundred acres, situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence River, on which farm my parents lived a married life of about sixty years. The sons were well instructed in the business of the farm, and the daughters in the economy of the house.

The parents of the Hurlburt family were members of the Methodist Church for forty or more years, and their fervent piety adorned, in their daily walk, their benevolence; and Christianity ripened, as they approached the end of their long and arduous pilgrimage, into supreme love to God.

Four of the sons were ministers in the Methodist Church, three of the sons were lawyers, two tanners, and one died in youth.

Of the two tanners, one was an acceptable and useful local preacher for forty years or more. All of the preacher-brothers were greatly beloved by the members of the Conference with whom they were associated. Three of them spent many years among the Indians as missionaries. All have passed away except Erastus, now stationed at Oneida Indian Mission for the twelfth year.

The parents, with four of the sons, now sleep in the graveyard attached to the far-famed Blue Church on the banks of the St. Lawrence, which contains the sacred dust of Barbara Heck, who was so intimately associated with the founding of Methodism, both in the United States and Canada.

The Hurlburt family home was in the neighbourhood of Prescott, where Elder Case and many other Methodist itinerants were entertained, for some forty or more years. The parents were Methodists of the old school, and trained their children in the ways of righteousness and true holiness.

Thomas Hurlburt, who may be called the hero in the Indian mission work, was the fourth son, and for over forty-four years laboured on Indian missions. He was born in 1808, was converted when a boy eight years of age, but lost his religion by the time he was twelve, was reclaimed at the age of eighteen, and entered the Indian mission work in 1828. As a school-teacher in Muncey he had charge of the school and other pastoral work, lived in a bark shanty the first year, the next in an Indian house, and the next year built the first mission house with his own hands, "between times" and at night. When he took the mission there were about fifteen members just emerging from heathenism; when he left, at the end of three years, there were eighty-five.

With the exception of a few years the whole of his ministerial life was spent among the Indians. During six years of his ministry he laboured in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. As presiding elder of an Indian district, in the far west, very few connected with the Methodist ministry had such an extensive acquaintance with the aborigines of Canada.

Thomas Hurlburt spent several years in the region of Lake Superior District before going to Hudson's Bay. When in Lake Superior District he did much valuable work as a missionary. For lack of glass for his mission house he got large, strong white sheets of paper, and pasted over the whole sash on the outside, and oiled it. This admitted considerable light and had a beautiful appearance when the sun shone upon it. Part of the timber he got out alone, and drew it a mile and a half on the ice by his own strength. "The house," he writes, "I put up entirely

alone, with exception of the plates and part of the beams. I have had about ten thousand feet of lumber I sawed by hand."

During the time Thomas Hurlburt laboured in Lake Superior District he was almost as much secluded from his brethren as when he was stationed in the Hudson's Bay Territory. For several years he had not even the privilege of attending Conference. In his Journal, September 15th, 1854, he says:

"Had quite a talk with one, Thomas Mastiatalk, the Indian who was with Dr. Ray in search of Sir John Franklin. He gave me a very interesting account of their journey, their wintering in a snow house, where they had six weeks of constant night. In March they started on the ice far to the north, and were thirty-seven days on their northern journey. They were one hundred miles beyond the region inhabited by the Esquimaux, where they still found the tracks of the musk ox. Sir John Franklin and party were dead. Sir John's watch all in pieces, with his silver spoons, knives, forks, etc., were found. Dr. Ray and party did not see any of the remains of Sir John or party, but the Esquimaux say that Sir John was found dead with his blanket over him, and his gun by his side. The probability is that all perished of hunger."

In 1841, Thomas Hurlburt went to the Hudson's Bay Territory for the first time, in company with the noted James Evans and Peter Jacobs, an Indian missionary, where he remained for two years. The next year he returned to Canada, where he laboured for several years in the Indian work; and from 1844 till 1851 he laboured in the Indian work in the United States, as a presiding elder in the Mission Conference stretching from north to south through all the States west of the Mississippi; and while there he extended his acquaintance with the Indian dialects.

In 1855, returning to the Hudson's Bay, he was entrusted with the superintendency of the whole work in that territory. Here he performed prodigies of labour in preaching, school teaching, board sawing and house building, type founding, printing, translating and studying languages, adding the Cree to his previous stock of Indian dialects. He learned the Indian language so thoroughly and preached in Indian so long that he spoke the English with an Indian idiom and intonation, and, as he would sometimes remark, could think in Indian and dream in Indian. The Indians called him an "Indian in a white man's skin."

Besides his expertness in learning and systematizing barbarous tongues, in which he showed a philosophic perception of the essential structure of language and linguistic affinities, he gave evidence of a philosophic turn of thought in general matters. His knowledge of natural science, more especially of geology, was very extensive.

"In 1838," he writes, "when we started on our lonely exploring journey, expecting to be absent from my family about a year, I covenanted with my wife to meet for prayer at an appointed time. As we advanced north-westward I observed the time of meeting her at a throne of grace, a little earlier as to my time, so that our united prayers might mingle as they ascended. On a high rocky island, where we had encamped for the night, it seemed the time had come. I wandered over to the westward side of the island and picked a few huckleberries, watched the sun sinking into the western horizon. The wild, terrific scenery of the country north, and the broad expanse of the water westward, with the sun in full-orbed glory sinking low, was enough to make me poetic—but wife and children, and all that was dear on earth, were far away. I descended to a secluded place in the overturned cliff of the island, where I was entirely secluded from all but the eye of God. Surely heaven was there; never have I felt more filled, penetrated and surrounded with the glory of God. I fully believed that at that moment the earthly desire of my heart was praying with and for me."

"November 21st, 1854.—This morning out of sight of land; supposed to be a little past the Pic Station, where I laboured three years. It is now twelve years since I left the place. We had gathered a church of twenty souls, a good part of whom were soundly converted and maintained a consistent walk. I have a great work to perform, and I have forsaken all to perform it. I thank God that ever since I brought my mind to undertake this work in the spirit of sacrifice I have felt His grace with me; and not an hour of my waking time without feeling I have communion with God. I scarcely ever bow my knees without feeling the presence and power of the Holy Ghost."

On his way to the North-West the second time, in company with Rev. John Ryerson, R. Brooking and Allan Salt, he visited Garden River Mission, where the lamented Rev. George McDougall was then stationed. He remarks he had a very precious time with the Indians, with whom he had formerly laboured. One of the Indians in relating his experience in the meeting remarked: "I have heard of Neqick Noss (Indian name of otter) so long that I thought he must be an old man by this time." On this Thomas remarks: "Was it not a spice of refined flattery? Could Talleyrand have done it any better?" In the same tour North-West, he visited a Roman Catholic mission. "The priest," he writes, "has been at this mission for nine years, and speaks the Indian language very well. All the Roman Catholic missionaries all over the world pursue this course, and study the language of the people where they reside as soon as possible. What a pity we are not as wise as they in this respect?" In 1854 Thomas wrote these words, relative to himself: "Now I believe there is not a white Methodist missionary in all North America, except myself, that preaches in the Indian language."

In the spring of 1854, Thomas Hurlburt was appointed to the

mission work in the Hudson's Bay region for the second time. The distance he had to travel rendered it necessary to leave all his household effects behind, and the nature of the country was such that he had to leave all the members of his family in Canada, excepting his wife and the youngest child. Between the internal conflicts and the physical exposure and hardships, it required no small amount of firmness and endurance to bear up under it all. "This was the fifth time in the course of our missionary labours," he writes, "that we have been compelled to break up our domestic establishment and dispose of our effects." The collection of years was thus scattered. Among other things," he remarks, "I emptied a bushel or two of my books on the floor, and told my friends to help themselves. I miss some of them now that I am settled again."

The arrival of Thomas Hurlburt at Norway House and Ross-ville at the time he did was very opportune, as he took charge of the mission and saved it from being lost to Methodism. He remarks in his journal:

"The place being the central depot of trade for all the great interior, when the fact was spread abroad that a mission was again established at this place, the Indians from the northern region were attracted to the place; many finally settled here. Some came from a distance of six hundred or eight hundred miles to learn the wonderful news of the Gospel of Jesus. Some families came from Fort Churchill, which is on the border of the Esquimaux country, and is the limit northward where timber will grow. All beyond this is bleak and bare. The population of the mission is now three hundred and fifty souls, one hundred of whom are scholars in school. The language of these people, though a kindred dialect of the Ojibbeway, was, nevertheless, so distinct, that at first I could scarcely understand a single word. I heard them when in their conversation and in their devotions, and was at first much discouraged; but after a short time I began to trace resemblances. I applied myself with all my might to acquire their language. I read in their books, conversed with them as well as I could, and when otherwise disengaged was always speaking mentally all the words I knew. The first thing in the morning was to talk Cree, and the last thing I remembered at night on going to sleep was making mental speeches in Cree. Their language was written and printed with some eighty-five different characters, called the syllabic system: that is, every letter represented a syllable. In the course of three months' time I could read a chapter from the New Testament in this character in public worship. I also read the abridged Church Service in this character every Sabbath morning.

I found genuine religion among the people. Our church was generally filled on the Sabbath day, and the week-day services were well attended. The membership of the church numbered one hundred and sixty-five, and there was a great demand for books in the native language. There was a printing office with supply of paper donated by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and there was also the old press, with a stamp on it dating

its construction in 1787. Benjamin Franklin may have used it. But the type, eighty-five different characters, how to make them was the question. In going into the printing office, which had not been used for years, being no printer nor printer's son, and seeing such an array of symbols, I felt almost as though it was a haunted place, and that I should cross myself or use some incantations to expel any spirits that might claim the place as its abode. I could obtain no help in printing, still the cry came for more books. Finally the demand was so pressing that I ventured to examine those mysterious characters, and see how they were arranged. What made it worse was the school-boys had access to the office, and I found the type pretty well mixed. I assorted and arranged them all one by one, and then undertook to set up the Lord's Prayer in the Cree with this character. It looked so well, and so much like the real thing, that I imagined I had mastered the art, and would now advance rapidly. I was all in haste to take the impression of what I had set up, and felt like a little boy when he catches his first fish; I was going to tell everybody what I had done. When at length the impression was struck off I found so many strange and unaccountable mistakes that it nearly took the breath out of me. I clapped my hands to my forehead, questioning with myself whether I had not lost my senses. I concluded to try to correct the errors, and if I did not succeed any better than before, I would give it up as a bad job, with serious doubts as to my sanity. I improved some in my after efforts, but not so rapidly as to consider myself a prodigy. There being no hope of assistance in printing, and the demands of the work being very pressing, in the fall of 1856, I commenced a reprint of the Gospel by St. John, and procured three of the epistles translated and produced a reprint of another. I finished one thousand copies of the former and two thousand of the latter. My pressman was part Esquimaux.

"I had not proceeded far when a new difficulty arose—my type running short before I had set up three pages. Having type metal and a small hand-mould, I tried my hand at making type. When the day's work was done in the printing office, I went into an old out-kitchen, and there, over a little fire, with the thermometer outside thirty or forty degrees below zero, I would cast type till late at night, and was satisfied if I could make four hundred type in one night. Thus I worked until there was type enough to set up sixteen pages, which was all that was required.

"At the end of two years and a half I was able to preach to the Indians in their own language. Copies of the Word of God being scarce, and the people being eager for the Word, every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock I read a chapter, and commented on it verse by verse as I went along."

"After our new translation of such portions of the Scriptures as they had never had before was printed and put in circulation, it was interesting to observe with what vividness and force the new truths, or the new light in which they were presented, would impress the minds of the pious portion of our people. 'Old Amos,' our native assistant, was especially attentive, and remarked, 'The Great Spirit's Word causes many new thoughts to arise.' Such was the eagerness for books among the Crees that they were unwilling to leave for their winter hunting grounds unless supplied with books. This strong desire on their part for books arose, partly from the desire to pass away their long winter nights by reading

over and over again the same little books by their camp-fires, and partly from a relish for the Word of God. The literature in this language would not make much of a figure by the side of our own, but it was all the world of letters to them. The whole New Testament has since been translated and printed in the syllabic characters in their language; and there are thousands of Indians, throughout a vast extent of territory, who are now nightly, by the light of their camp-fires, reading the Word of God: and untold good in the cultivation of intellect, and in the purification of the moral atmosphere and the social circle among them, will be the blessed result of their study.

“One winter we established a Missionary Society of our own, which was the first effort that had been made towards rendering the missions in the territory self-sustaining, and all told we raised about fifty dollars, which amount was used for the purpose of defraying the expenses of two native men who were selected and sent on a tour of preaching to the Indians. They visited some tribes about two hundred miles distant, who had never before been visited by religious teachers, and were absent two months. Among the rest they visited some camps of the Chippawa tribe, an entirely distinct language and people. They found our Indian books among them also, the Cree being the learned language of this part of our continent. Those Indians from other tribes, who wished to have the reputation of being learned, must be able to speak Cree.”

The failure of Mr. Hurlburt's health compelled Mrs. Hurlburt to ask for a return to Ontario, but, like a hero as he was, he resolved to remain alone at his station for another year, while he sent his wife home. The rigours of that northern climate, where the thermometer is sometimes fifty degrees below zero, was more than she could endure. In 1871 he removed to the Great Manitoulin Island, in Lake Superior, where he remained until his death, which took place April 14th, 1873. On the Manitoulin Island he laboured with all his might to make known the way of salvation to both whites and Indians. For a time he and his family took up their abode in a board shanty, with the thermometer at zero. He succeeded in getting a log parsonage erected. In one of his letters he refers to his labours in this section of country more than thirty years before. He says:

“I took a very promising young man into my house, and for six months instructed him in his own language, until he was able to read fluently and write well. I translated the Wesleyan Catechism, No. 2. This young Indian became a very efficient assistant missionary, and was accepted as such by the Indians for ten years, or as long as he lived, and kept the little church together, waiting my return or someone in my place. He was known through all that region as ‘Wise Indian.’

“In 1841, and again in 1842, I visited Lake Nepigon, and remained near a month each time. The Indians received me as a messenger from God, as they said to me, ‘Knowing you have come with the words of the Great

Spirit.' When I left that region there were six hundred souls under our control, ready to receive the Gospel."

In one of his communications he remarks:

"On the approach of winter I have begun to look around to establish such appointments as seem within my reach on foot, with or without snowshoes, according to the state of the roads. In these explorations, the swamps being not yet frozen over, the wet and fatigue make me quite ill for a time."

The following letter was written about three weeks before his death:

"I am well and strong for a man sixty-five years of age, and like the work here, because to the poor the Gospel is preached. All schemes and dreams of ambition are dead; my life-work is almost done; though still able comfortably to preach three times on Sabbath and walk ten miles."

In the last letter he wrote to the mission house, he remarks:

"There is a large band of Pagans at the Mississauga River, some seventy-five or eighty miles up the lake, most degraded. I must try and visit them in the spring. I have a good boat, but it is too large for me to go alone, and to take a man along it costs too much. I must (D. V.) make myself a smaller and lighter boat in which I can go alone, and stay as long as I please, without expense. I go every week to our Indian village, five miles up the lake, on snowshoes, these ten miles a day being about as much as I can do comfortably. I go every Sabbath morning, partly on snowshoes, to the white settlements, one three and the other four miles, and preach in Little Current village every Sabbath evening. With my acquaintance with all the people and country from fifty to seventy-five miles all around, I feel better prepared to pursue my labours profitably and understandingly. I can travel by boat much better and faster than I can walk, making twenty-five miles a day by boat, and only ten or twelve walking. Our weather is cold and the snow deep, but I have a good pair of snowshoes and good moose-skin moccasins, and I am all right if the thermometer does not sink more than twenty degrees below zero."

From a fall on the ice near his house he never fully recovered: concussion and paralysis of the brain following, he continued feeble for two or three weeks. On April 14, 1873, Thomas Hurlburt passed on to his reward in heaven.

NEVER messenger shall come if he be not sent,
 We will welcome one and all, since the Lord so meant;
 Welcome pain or grief or death, saying with glad acclaim,
 "Blessed be all who come to us in the Lord's dear name."

—Susan Coolidge.

HOMEWARD FROM THE ANTIPODES.

BY LADY SIDNEY KINTORE.

II.

THE hotel garden at Honolulu is lighted by coloured lamps, for to-morrow is King Kalakaua's birthday,* and an *al fresco* concert takes place to-night in his honour. We hurry to dinner, in order to lose none of the music, and at the meal I am introduced to the celebrated *poi*, and shown how to eat it. Imagine a bowl of thickish gray stuff, like tapioca, boiled in water; salt your first and middle fingers, dip them into the bowl, and withdraw them corkscrew fashion. Two mouthfuls I swallowed like this—but *poi* is an acquired taste. The taro root (a kind of arum), from which *poi* is made, grows entirely in water. As we drove up to the pali I saw various patches of embanked mud, and on each hillock grew a taro plant. Every one says it is nutritious, and what every one says must be right. Its cultivation seems to be the male Hawaiian's only industry.

Another native delicacy was fried egg plant—not at all bad. Our waiter was Chinese, dressed in clean white linen, with pigtail coiled round his head. He possessed an amiable smile and moderate intelligence (as far as we were concerned). The manager is American; indeed, the American element is very strong all over Honolulu, and especially in the veranda overlooking the garden, where we repaired directly after dinner for the concert. This veranda seems the general rendezvous and smoking-room of the town, and is crammed. Passengers from the *Alameda*, officers from the *Charleston*, boarders from California and other States, mix with the genial, lively, free-and-easy inhabitants. Every front chair is occupied, and every occupant is smoking a cigar—this atmosphere does not improve my headache—but the mosquitoes seem perfectly indifferent, and attack me savagely.

The music is charming, especially native airs sung by native voices—for Hawaiian, even as a spoken language, is soft to the ear as the rippling of water. The band is trained by a German, and both time and melody are really good. The King is fond of music and takes a genuine interest in its cultivation, so says Colonel McFarlane, his chamberlain, who came with an invitation to some birthday celebrations, which begin to-morrow at 5.30 a.m.

* His Majesty died since in California.

The fascinations of a tropical evening are difficult to leave, especially the first one ashore after so much sea. Everything in nature is still, even the leaves of the algarolia trees. Stars and lamps twinkle among the garden foliage together. Here no one is in a hurry, no one cross, there is plenty of time for everything, and oh, rarest of luxuries, no telegraph office. "Go as you please, only go cheerfully," seems the general motto. Everything in the hotel is cool and clean, a breeze whispers through its corridors day and night. . . . I think I will go to my room and, sitting at my open window, write a letter for the *Zealandia* to take to Australia, as she passes next week. There is so much to tell, let me commit it to paper while the impressions are fresh. But vain intention—I was driven to bed by mosquitoes. They arrived in swarms; they bit my hands through gloves, my legs through stockings, my face under my hair; the more I slew the more arrived, hungry and vicious, till at last, in despair, I left my unfinished letter and hurried behind mosquito curtains.

Next morning, November 15, I am waked at 5 a.m., and in the half-light of early morning hasten to a bath-room in the veranda; even there my enemy, the mosquito, pursues his wicked calling, and the electric light, which I reluctantly use while dressing, attracts him still more. Inverurie has spent a miserable night, his mosquito curtains having played him false; and the face of a baby who slept on the *Alameda* at the wharf is almost unrecognizable.

But horsemen are passing in crowds (every man, woman and child rides in this country), then a band goes along the road. Honolulu is astir, and it is time we were starting. Our captain meets us in the garden, and we walk with him to the palace. It is a fine European-looking building, standing in grounds an acre or two in extent, and approached by a wide avenue and English-looking lawns. At one time it was surrounded by a high wall, but this was pulled down in the late riots, so now palace and garden are visible from the road.

At the top of a fine flight of steps stood the King, dressed in a morning suit that looked like cricketing flannels, and a straw hat. He was surrounded by his staff, and the balcony was full of native ladies dressed in that most comfortable of garments, the *hoolooku* (a sort of long, loose nightgown with a yoke); on their heads were straw hats covered with natural flowers, and every colour of the rainbow appeared in their garments. They had large dark eyes, black hair, lovely teeth, thickish lips, warm brown complexions, and are all more or less plump. Every one was smiling and chattering, and seemed carelessly and perfectly

happy. The King, seeing our party, sent for us, and when I had made my curtsy, offered me a seat in the front row. The Queen, dressed in a white *hoolooku*, sat in the doorway and smiled as we passed her. At the top of the steps stood a large calabash, into which each person dropped a small contribution, for to-day the old native custom of *hookapu* is revived, and the King is there to receive his people and their gifts.

Here are the horsemen, the flower, I presume, of Hawaiian chivalry—but I don't think much of their horses, they are a mixed lot, mostly lean, weedy and undersized. High Mexican saddles and the gay colours worn by the riders hide a multitude of sins it is true, and when they rush up the avenue at full gallop and throw their horses on to their haunches in front of the palace steps, it is a most picturesque sight. When their leader has made a speech in Hawaiian they trot past the king in single file, cleverly throwing their contributions into the calabash as they salute.

Then come Princess Liliokolani and her three attendants, arriving in two buggies, and all dressed alike in dark, chintzey-looking *hoolookus* and hats with a broad scarlet band. She, as head of a ladies' riding society, intones a long congratulatory speech to her brother; and then appear the *equestriennes*, also at full gallop, and all dressed alike in bodies of similar chintz, hats with scarlet bands, and scarlet riding habits falling on each side of the horse. Our Hawaiian sisters ride astride; the habit is caught with the foot into the stirrup and, I must say, the women looked as if saddles were arm-chairs and horses animals off which it was impossible to fall.

The élite are followed by poorer officers, who are received by an official, at the foot of the steps, dressed in European fashion as to clothes, with a tall white hat and a splendid garland of real flowers thrown over his shoulders. Here comes a poor woman, with a child on one arm and a hen on the other. She chants a lengthy song and strolls away at last, leaving the hen with the steward. Others arrive, all with some trifle—vegetables, fruit, live stock—all of which disappears into the royal larder. Then comes the American admiral and his flag lieutenant, with something in a green cardboard box (I couldn't see what); and here is the captain suggesting we should start for the Pali, or we shall not see it before we sail.

"You will return later?" says the Queen through her interpreter, as we pass out, and I promise to do my best.

At the hotel door stands a buggy with two horses, and we are off at once: first through some narrow streets, evidently dedicated to busy, thrifty John Chinaman, and so on to a road with an

upward tendency. This is bordered on each side by gardens, in which stand foreign houses, native houses, wooden villas with verandas of every size and shape, all succeeding each other in bewildering confusion. Flowers and creepers are everywhere, most of them unfamiliar, or recognized as "stove-plants" one has seen in greenhouses in England. There must be a large number of well-to-do people in Hawaii, judging by the architectural evidences during the first two miles of our drive. The last building of any size is the Mausoleum, where the Hawaiian kings are buried. It stands on the slope of the hill, and I could not help picturing to myself, as we looked back along the tree-arched road, a funeral-train winding slowly and picturesquely up, bearing the royal body to its last long home!

After this dwellings become more scattered, and soon are merely cottages standing in little gardens where *poi* is cultivated, or familiar vegetables are grown for the market by indefatigable John. The valley soon widens out and the road becomes steeper; a shower of rain falls and we find the mud sticky and slippery. Looking back, Honolulu is lost to view, and the hills rise on each side of us like walls of rock; the trees are mere shrubs, and cattle are feeding in rough pastures which lie between us and the mountain base. It is becoming so cold that I gladly get into my ulster, and we could almost imagine ourselves in Scotland.

At the foot of a very gluey and steep ascent we leave the buggy and climb on foot, meeting a train of thin-looking mules, led by two Chinamen, sliding down to market. We turn a corner as we reach the summit, and such a view bursts upon us—the rocks rising perpendicularly to a height of four thousand feet, look as if some one had cut them into precipices with a huge axe. The Pali itself is just a wall of rock; over its edge were once driven hundreds of defeated natives by King Kamehameha I., and their bones may still occasionally be found eight hundred feet below. The valley looks from this height like a mere picture, traversed here and there by white lines and little patches; on nearer acquaintance these become roads and gardens green with *barfana* and sugar cane.

The mules we so lately passed must have come up that rough zig-zag path below us: I had rather they did it than I.

"There will be a breeze outside," remarks our captain, as he scans the distant coral reefs with professional eye.

"There is one here," I answer, with a shiver not wholly anticipatory, as we turn to rejoin the buggy.

The descent is so sticky in parts that our gallant steeds walk for the first mile or two, but as we get lower the road is both

dryer and harder, and we bowl along merrily. The temperature grows decidedly pleasanter as we regain Honolulu, at any rate for a person clad like myself in the lightest of foulards, and with nothing between us and the wind but a frivolous dust rug. Breakfast was waiting at the hotel, and I must say we did it justice.

We then started to post our letters and, as a preliminary measure, tried to buy stamps; but mail days are rare in Honolulu, and one authority having mentioned stamps among the unattainable luxuries, murmured something about "to-morrow." I offer brief explanations through a small window, while an anxious crowd behind me nearly sweep me off my legs. Eventually the letters are received and paid for. I wonder if they were ever stamped or dispatched?

"If I am to see the Queen again before leaving, we must go now," I remark to Inverurie, as we turn dejectedly away, "for the *Alameda* sails in an hour." True enough; here are some of her passengers already en route.

I return to the hotel, settle a moderate bill and, jumping into a buggy, drive to the palace. Running up the flight of steps aforementioned, I find myself in a large entrance hall, now crowded with people in European dress. To the right is the throne room, a very English-looking apartment: varnished boards with a centre square of crimson carpet, large plate-glass windows, and at the end a dais, on which sat the King and Queen on two gold-and-white chairs; back to the windows sat Princess Liliokolani and two other ladies of dusky hue, while by their sides stood several men who were apparently British—certainly the father of the heiress-apparent is a Scotchman, for his name is Cleghorn, and his wife, a Hawaiian, sat next to the king's sister. This ceremonial reception was much like that at any European court, and the dignity of the royal ladies was what struck me most. Princess Liliokolani had on her head a wreath made of the costly yellow feathers which grow on some tiny rare bird with an unpronounceable name, and which are the insignia of Hawaiian royalty. Her dress was of European black, and her yellow feather fan came, I should say, from Marshall & Snelgrove. The Queen wore a white brocade *hoolooku*, and both she and the King were covered with orders. The suite were, I think, dressed in gold lace, trimmed here and there with blue, black or red cloth.

WHEN clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks.

—Richard III., ii. 3.

METHOD IN THE GROWTH OF CONTINENTS.*

How impressive the unity of purpose with which Nature has pushed forward the consummation of her vast schemes! Ends have been foreshadowed through almost an eternity of years, while the all-directing Mind has steadily controlled the ministering forces, in the midst of millions of disturbing agencies, till the premeditated work has been accomplished. We witness in the plans of the Infinite Architect the same intelligent cohesion of parts as in a well-laid human scheme; and while the relations of certain events far transcend the scope of our reason, and the perfection of contrivance is immeasurably superior to that of human designs, we understand enough and measure enough to know that a philosophy which is at once human in its method and divine in its comprehension underlies the whole chain of natural events. There is a logical relationship of things established by God and recognizable by man, and the sequences of events are oftentimes so clear that even finite intelligence is able to penetrate the future and unveil plans existing only in the infinite conception.

This ideal connection of the parts of the Creator's universe is, perhaps, best traced among organized beings, but I propose first to point out its existence in the history of inorganic nature. The infinitely diversified features of the earth's surface have been wrought out by the operation of a few principles working through ages in definite modes. We see that certain rocks bear the evidences of their sedimentary origin. We look about, and find sedimentary accumulations still forming and hardening. We look back, and ascertain that the same processes, continued through ages of the past, have piled up thousands of feet of rocky beds, in which still slumber the mummied forms of the primeval world. We see that certain rocks bear the marks of fire. We plunge our hands into a thermal spring, and gather intimations of internal heat. The molten eruptions of a volcano demonstrate the continued existence of melted rocks. If masses of igneous origin have cooled from a state of fusion, who can say that they have not cooled from that higher temperature at which we know that rocks and all other things can subsist only as vapour? Do we find rocks existing in that condition? Yes; worlds still exist as igneous vapours. Here, then, we may assume our starting-point. A world of airy flame, after ages of

* Abridged from "Sketches of Creation," by the late Professor Alexander Winchell, LL.D.

cooling, gathered a liquid nucleus at its core—a globe of molten rock, wrapped in a glowing atmosphere of all that remained as vapour. Next, a fiery floor congeals over the surface of the burning tide; the burning tide, as if in rage, lashes it to fragments, and the abated heat allows them to be recemented. When the hotter fires had been quite imprisoned in the strengthening crust, dews began to gather in the upper air, and streaks of haze barred out the burning beams of the lurid sun. Rains fell upon the fervid crust, to waste themselves in sudden vapour, and return to the attack upon the crust. Gleams of electricity lighted the misty drapery of this geologic night, while the thunders of Nature's ordnance echoed through the caverns of the clouds.

A rain of acid waters at length got the mastery of the wrinkled surface, and every ravine and valley witnessed the race of the rivers for the lowest levels. Every water-course bore onward its freight of sediment, the materials of the masonry of continents. The filmy ocean swallowed the rivulet, crawled over the hill-top, and embraced the world. The world, in turn, opened its wide and rocky jaws and swallowed the ocean—and another ocean laved the face of Nature.

In the progress of events, an occasional ridge of barren granite lifted its back permanently above the level of the sea. As the liquid core contracted, the surplusage of the enveloping crust was absorbed by the wrinkles already existing, and thus the granite backs rose higher and higher. As the ridges were higher raised, and the valleys deeper sunken, the accumulated oceans pressed heavier and heavier against the slopes of the rocky beds, and the gathered sediments of ages weighted the ocean's floor with a burden which easily outweighed the crust which bridged the hills. And thus it was that the valleys were ever deeper sunken, and that which was at first an insignificant wrinkle became at last a stable mountain. From the coast of Labrador south-west along the Laurentian Hills we tread upon that ancient summit which was the first-born of Old Ocean. From the far north-west it comes down to us with the same time-worn record written on its weathered brow, while a chain of noble lakes fringes the angulated ridge along its western branch, and the eastern bathes its feet in the waters of the St. Lawrence. As the flowers of one spring-time foretell the forms which will reappear when spring-time comes again, so this ancient germinal ride was but the first blooming of a continent; and when the circle of a geologic year was run, the rocky leaves of the growing continent unfolded themselves again in their appointed fashion. Note the parallelism of that primeval ridge with the present shores of the

Atlantic and Pacific. When we know that each successive revolution of the globe has but rolled the waters of the ocean farther to the south-east and south-west, do we not perceive that the deep ocean's bed has ever been the deep ocean's bed, and that the first ridge of land was the nucleus of the continent, and the trend of its shores a prophecy of the coast lines of our day?

Here, then, immeasurable ages before the creation of man—before even a living thing had crawled in the waters of the sea—Nature had distinctly staked out the continent, and fenced in one enclosure the vast area between the Atlantic and the Pacific between the great lakes and the Mexican Gulf.

By successive upheavals belt after belt was added to the area of the land. Even a phase of continental history which seems somewhat exceptional was wrought out by the strictest adherence to the established methods. When the time arrived for the creation of land animals, the shrinkage of the nucleus had proceeded to a point which subjected the crust to the most enormous lateral pressures. Uneasy in every attitude, it maintained a perpetual oscillation—I say perpetual, though in movements so vast a hundred years are as a moment. Vegetation, which was appointed the scavenger of the atmosphere, gathered up its freight of carbon, and a well-timed subsidence of the surface inundated the carbonaceous accumulation, and buried it in mud and sand far from the reach of the destroying influence of the atmosphere. A hundred times the process was repeated; and so it happened that when the atmosphere was purified, the tension of the crust could be no longer borne, and one grand convulsion rolled up the Appalachians in their hundred folds; and there, nicely assorted between the rocky leaves of the mountains, were the layers of carbon, changed from the poison to the comfort of the coming man!

To recount the events of the following ages is to repeat the story of the past. By-and-by the plastic hand of Nature had moulded the continent to its destined features. It seemed to need but man to be a finished work. But the Creative Architect contemplated a higher finish than human wisdom could have contrived. Now that the Atlantic and Pacific had completed those portions of the continent in their more immediate vicinage, it remained for the smaller sea which surrounds the pole to develop by its pressures the northern slope of the land, and thus to become the remote agent in strewing the surface of the rocks with an arable soil. The uplift of the Arctic regions brought on the reign of ice, and wintry devastation swept over the late verdant landscapes. The downthrow of the Arctic highlands ameliorated the climate, and spring again visited the icy fields.

The movements of ice and water left the surface covered with cubic miles of rubbish produced from the destruction of the underlying rocks. But the entire continent was destined to a new baptism. The once forbidden ocean was readmitted to career in triumph over states that had long ago been reclaimed from his dominion. Michigan disappeared beneath the wave, and Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and New York, and Canada. The entire northern and middle regions of the continent sank down to a level lower than had been reached since the deposition of the coal. Then, in due time, began the last resurgence of the land. By degrees the finny waters shrunk back nearly to their former lines. Now the river channels were dug out; and now the Niagara began anew to plow its stupendous gorge. Unknown ages passed, and man assumed the sceptre of the earth.

With what fidelity has geology deciphered the records of this wonderful history! We marvel that so many secrets of the silent ages have been found out. And yet we run over their chronicles as if but the annals of the last year. How immense a field for the imagination to sweep over! What amazing intervals of time to contemplate! what gigantic operations to trace! And yet we behold from the beginning the action of the same physical forces as are in action to-day. The immutable and omnipresent forces of chemistry first held the elements under sway. Affinity, gravitation, caloric, electricity, in their varying operations, have wrought out the diverse phases of the modern earth. The plan of operations has been equally uniform. Igneous forces pressing upward—oceanic waters bearing downward and outward. An incipient wrinkle, a growing ridge, and upheaved cordillera. The ocean bed was made for the primeval waters. The place for the continents was marked out in earliest time, and each successive event contributed consistently to the final consummation. Even their outlines were foreshadowed in the trend of those primal ridges which made a mockery of dry land before a living thing had appeared upon the earth. And when the finishing touch was to pass over the globe, we find it effected by the same general agency as piled up miles of strata and raised granite summits to the clouds. An upheaval, a submergence, and another upheaval constitute the last three chapters of the history. Who can contemplate this identity of agencies, this persistence of plan and perfection of results, without being impressed that One Intelligence has planned the scheme and guided the blind forces from the beginning to the accomplishment of the long-anticipated end?

ST. HELENA IN 1850.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON.



LONGWOOD HOUSE, ST. HELENA.

THE article on "Napoleon at St. Helena," in the May MAGAZINE, brings freshly to my memory a visit made to that notable island during the year named above. Napoleon died in 1821; his body was removed to France in 1840; so the great conqueror had been dead nearly thirty years, and the impressive scenes of the transfer to the *Hotel des Invalides*, ten years before this visit of the writer, were still household topics of talk on the island.

It is impossible to convey an adequate impression of the appearance of St. Helena when approaching, as we did, from the side fronting the Cape of Good Hope. The trade winds favour the voyage from that direction, but they help to give St. Helena a very forbidding look to a spectator, inasmuch as on the windward side, which is devoid of any harbour or inlet, the waves are perpetually covering the bald rocks with angry surf. The locality of Napoleon's solitary home and grave can be seen from the sea only on the side referred to. Verily, the student of Napoleonic history looks for the first time on that dreary mausoleum, washed at its base by waves, and swept on its summit by spume and clouds, with more indignation than even Mr. Punshon feels when

inditing his articles in a pleasant student's retreat. It was, forty years ago, a spot only to be chosen as an alternative with death.

Passing round to leeward, the hill-tops sending down at intervals inhospitable puffs and squalls of wind, the ship rounds to in shelter, and swings to her anchor among a large fleet from every nation and with every kind of flag. Betimes the roar of artillery calls up the seamen or passengers, to find that a British man-of-war has come to anchor, when sharp concussions and reverberations on sea and land remind us that John Bull holds sway in these waters, and means not to hide his light under a bushel. Off in the distance one sees a rakish craft approaching—a satanic thing of the ocean—masts inordinately leaning to the stern, figure sharp, black and cunning, but flying a St. George's cross at the mainmast head, denoting that she has been captured in the act of carrying slaves from the African coast. A short shrift awaits those marauders, for death through cruelty has happened among the slaves. Next day there are dark objects, very human like, swinging at the yard-arms of the slaver.

It is a new, rather exciting, altogether weird sort of life lying in the roadstead of St. Helena.

There is a cleft, not to be dignified with the name of valley, between two mountains at the landing. Across this opening a heavy wall has been built, pierced at intervals with gateways. Outside of the wall is a wide, deep trench, across which the gates are lowered each morning, thus forming drawbridges. When the gates are hoisted at sun-down, the island looks like an immense jagged half of a nut set on the water, cone upwards. Soldiers, soldiers everywhere; and over every ledge of rock, right and left, for hundreds of feet above the spectator, there shows its ominous nose some giant piece of artillery. On the summit of each guardian mountain is a battery of guns, "enough," says a guide, "to blow a hostile fleet to 'Davy's locker.'" We are even told that, pending the extraordinary possibility of an army entering over the wall after crossing a wide trench of water, a powder magazine is so concealed underground that a match would send ten thousand men to destruction in a twinkling. And this is the prison chosen for Napoleon!

Before I pass on to the scene of the illustrious prisoner's confinement and sepulchre, let me remark briefly upon the stern necessities of the case. Mr. Punshon's ire is excited by Sir Hudson Lowe's seeming cruelty. Mr. Punshon's sympathies are Corsican rather than English. No just student of Napoleon's life, character and wars: of his frightful ambition, with its insane disregard of human beings and national property: of his unscrupulous defiance

of treaties and obligations, can avoid the conviction that behind Sir H. Lowe was a jealous and profoundly anxious British Government, and that Napoleon himself was the prime cause for each positive demand made upon his privacy. If a ship so constructed that she could elude observation, either by dressing in false colours or by sinking entirely out of sight when the purpose required it (and such a vessel, it was believed, had actually visited St. Helena), had such a craft succeeded in making off with Napoleon, who can doubt he would have found eloquent words to defend his course, and backed up his rhetoric by setting the nations again in a blaze? To my mind Napoleon was the most complete incarnation of heroism this world has ever seen; but he was as Titanic in selfishness and falsehood as he was splendid on the battle-field or the throne. No, no! Waterloo is a glorious chapter in British history; but Waterloo ought never to have been written, and would not had Napoleon possessed one-half the moral principle which my brother considers necessary for taking membership in the Methodist Church of this day. A born strategist, a consummate orator, a general of the ages, but insatiable as the horse-leech's daughter, and cruel as the grave.

How well I remember the ascent to the signal staff, counting the steps by scores and hundreds, and the view from that elevation, with ships showing like pretty flies, and men-of-war like clumsy spiders. Then the next resort, Napoleon's house and Napoleon's grave: the iron palings, the weeping willows, the pond where the great man found his little pet fishes dead one morning, and said, with a deep sigh, "Everything I touch dies." Here are the melancholy paths where he took exercise, the jutting promontory where he stood with folded arms looking out upon the sea, emblem alike of the restless life behind him, and the boundless eternity before him; and here, too, are men and women who were with him, who came as near him as mortals ever were allowed, save his wives and his concubines. Lovely! he was always that. Characters like Napoleon's must ever endure the penalty of exclusion from the world of mortals. Their brains and their passions belong to a race infinitely above us and infinitely below us.

The story of Napoleon's return from St. Helena to France was often repeated to my wondering, boyish inquiries. For nearly two miles the road from the landing to the grave was lined with soldiers and marines, arms reversed, every man a picture of military perfection. Up through this double guard tramped, with military step and downcast heads, the French officers. Some of the Old Guard were there, who had turned many a bloody tide of war—Napoleon's favourites and his unflinching admirers. The

grave was opened and the lid removed. There was the *petit corporal*, the dictator of Europe, the immortal Napoleon Bonaparte. Death had removed the soul and stilled the great heart and brain; it had not destroyed any of his features, excepting part of one eyelid. Then what a scene! Great warriors, mighty men, yielded to the storm of sympathy. They threw themselves on their knees, would have clasped their old general, had they dared, in their arms. That two miles of roadway to the landing was bedewed with tears, and made vocal with human groanings and sighs. St. Helena never saw such a pageant, and never will again. From being the prison of the world's first emperor, it has relapsed into the same old, wave-washed resting-place for weary sailors.

LIVERPOOL, N.S.

TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
 Every morn is the world made new.
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
 Here is a beautiful hope for you:
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
 The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
 Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
 With glad days and sad days and bad days which never
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
 Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful blight.

Let them go, since we cannot retain them,
 Cannot undo and cannot atone;
 God in His mercy receive and forgive them!
 Only the new days are our own,
 To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

—Susan Coolidge.

'Tis weary watching wave on wave,
 And yet the tide heaves onward;
 We build like corals, grave on grave,
 But pave a pathway sunward.

We are beaten back in many a fray,
 But newer strength we borrow;
 And where the vanguard rests to-day
 The rear shall camp to-morrow.

THE EMPIRE OF THE SPADE.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

THE current century is pre-eminently a century of exploration and discovery on the most extensive scale.

The multiplying victories and ever-widening dominions of the humble, yet daring and heroic spade, have aroused the attention of the world; and the story of its brilliant achievements during the past fifty years is invested with all the fascinations of some captivating romance, and all the keen, winsome attractiveness of some personal and wonderful charm.

Marvellous resurrections distinguish the times through which we are passing. Many strange graves have been compelled to relax their long, firm grasp of buried treasures, and with a very delirium of delight have the captors borne away from unlocked tombs the relics of civilizations long since dead, and the priceless memorials of events and scenes connected with a far-off, historic past.

It was not without a touch of splendid excitement that we walked through the British Museum some time ago, its halls, stairways, galleries and spacious rooms all teeming with objects, many of which cannot fail to interest and thrill with the strange adventures they are there to tell. The very variety and vastness of this most cosmopolitan of all institutions fills you with a sort of glorious confusion, and a bewilderment almost delicious, as the countless voices from remote ages and nations speak of events and memories surpassing fable, silencing as they do the swelling, gushing audacities of an immature and wreckless scepticism in the most impressive and eloquent form.

Pilgrim-throngs from almost every clime file through those noble rooms from day to day.

Fragments of the older world have found a shelter here, and cast the dim shadows of ancient years upon the multitudes of men as they pass to and fro through those capacious aisles.

It is with mingled feelings that we look upon these relics, crowned with more than twice twelve hundred years, and listen to the waves from almost every sea and age as they beat and break at last on this famous but quiet shore.

Babylonia, Assyria, Chaldea, Media, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, Syria, Thebes, Nineveh, Palestine, Greece, Rome, and scores of lands both east and west, throw off their shrouds of sand and ruin

and age-long mystery, and at last stand up in the world's imperial city to tell that story which all men wait to hear.

Up from these nations and capitals of the ancient times come sculptured slabs, pieces of once splendid thrones, gates of palace-homes, obelisks, columns, pillars, inscribed bricks, alabaster, bronze doors, winged lions, broken arches, voices carved in stone, massive pictures of battle scenes, clay tablets, cylinders with strangest writing, papyri rolls, mummies and mummy-cases (dating 1670 B. C.), all having something to say respecting the great drama which vanished generations have played in the wide theatre of the past.

In this work of research and discovery the spade has been mightier than the pen, and we honour the brave and patient toilers who have triumphed over obstacles of greatest magnitude, and have won, by their consecrated effort, a very empire of spoil from once sealed and forgotten graves.

In this group of apostles of the spade are Layard, Robinson, Conder, Lynch, Warren, Loftus, Botta, Birch, Rawlinson, Rasam, Smith, Oppert, Porter, Maspero, Naville, Mariette, Bruysch, Sayce, and others we cannot name.

Before men like these, the most perplexing and bewildering hieroglyphics have been compelled to yield up their long-hidden meaning; babels of confusion have become centres of harmony; dreamy faces, veiled with the thick shadows of three thousand years, have been unmasked; and it is not too much to affirm that such mastery as such men possess will yet open many a clenched hand, fling back many a curtain of darkness, roll away the stone from many a grave, and from many a stony lip will compel a language full of pathos and of power.

But the most striking feature in all this empire of the spade is the fact that in all the readings which this wealth of discovery presents, there is not to be found a single contradiction to the teachings of the higher revelation in the Word of God. On the contrary, the Biblical references to all those ancient nations, kings and peoples are being confirmed in a manner the most wonderful and complete. The verifications which have come to light during the last half century would fill volumes, and constitute a most powerful branch of Christian evidences in possession of the apologists of to-day. History in the printed page and in those strange libraries of stone is full of harmony, and still the story of fresh resurrections of long-buried witnesses goes on from year to year.

Here, then, in this broad temple of the nation's wonders, gathered from a thousand sources, we have spread before us an

epitome of the world's civilizations, and a magnificent cyclopedia in which the struggle and upward march of humanity is told in most impressive and telling form.

In this ecumenical congress of unsepulchred relics, coming from the centres of once mighty kingdoms, from the solitary wilderness of the roaming Arab, and from lands festooned with sacred memories, we have a procession of strange, venerable messengers from the East, whose burden of thrilling testimony the world and Church have waited long to hear.

Great silences, crowned with the snows and diadems of three and four millenniums, have at last been broken, and a cheap and arrogant unbelief has been compelled again and again to hide her face, crimsoned with a deep, deserved and burning shame.

Hail, then, ye devoted and heroic priests of the spade! Go forth with a still nobler daring, for in this lofty ministry of research greater surprises await your patient and splendid toil, and the sanctuary of truth will be all the fairer, and the psalm of all these grand corroborations will be all the louder and sweeter when your work is done.

CANADA.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from its common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet—
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

DEACON QUICKSET was entirely truthful when he said to the keeper of the beer saloon that he had worried his pastor again and again to call on the repentant thief and try to bring him into the fold of the Church, but he probably did not know that the said pastor had opinions of his own as to the time and manner in which such work should be done. Dr. Guide, under whose spiritual ministrations the deacon had sat every Sunday for many years, was a man of large experience in church work of all kinds, and although he was extremely orthodox, to the extent of believing that those who already had united with his church were on the proper road to heaven, he nevertheless realized as a practical man that it is frequently the case that there is more trouble with the sheep in the fold than those which are straying about.

He had devoted no little of his time, since he had been settled over the Bruceton church, to the reclamation of doubtful characters of all kinds, but he frequently confided to his wife that one of the most satisfactory proofs to him of the divine origin of the Church was that those already inside it were those most in need of spiritual ministrations. He had reclaimed some sad sinners of the baser sort from time to time with very little effort, but the characters over whom he frequently lay awake nights were men and women who were nominally in good standing in his own denomination, and in the particular flock over which he was shepherd.

He had, therefore, made no particular haste to call upon Sam Kimper, being entirely satisfied, as he told his wife—his only confidante—that so long as the man was following the course which he was reported to have laid down for himself he was not likely to go astray; whereas a number of members of the congregation, men of far more influence in the community, seemed determined to break from the straight and narrow way at very slight provocation, and among these, the reverend doctor sadly informed his wife, he feared Deacon Quickset was the principal. The deacon was a persistent man in business. "Diligent in business" was the deacon's own expression in justification of whatever neglect his own wife might chance to charge him with; but it seemed to some business men of the town, as well as to his own pastor, that the deacon's diligence was overdoing itself, and that, in the language of one of the storekeepers, he had picked up a great deal more than he could carry. He was a director in a bank, agent for several insurance companies, manager of a land improvement company, general speculator in real estate, and a man who had been charged with the care of a great deal of

property which had belonged to old acquaintances, now deceased. That he should be very busy was quite natural, but that his promises sometimes failed of fulfilment was none the less annoying, and once in a while unpleasant rumours were heard in the town about the deacon's financial standing, and about his manner of doing business. Still, Dr. Guide did not drop Sam Kimper from his mind, and one day when he chanced to be in the vicinity of Larry Highgetty's shop, he opened the door, bowed courteously to the figure at the bench, accepted a chair, and sat for a moment wondering what he should say to the man whom he was expected by the deacon to bring into his own church.

"Mr. Kimper," said the reverend gentleman, finally, "I trust you are getting along satisfactorily in the very good way in which I am told you have begun."

"I can't say that I've any fault to find, sir," said the shoemaker, "though I've no doubt that a man of your learning or brains could see a great deal wrong in me."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, my good fellow," said the minister, "you will not be judged by my learning or brains, or those of any one else except yourself. I merely called to say that at any time you are puzzled about any matter of belief, or feel that you should go further than you already have done, I would be very glad to be of any service to you if I can. You are quite welcome to call upon me at my home at almost any time, and, of course, you always know where I can be found on Sundays."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the cobbler; "but somehow when I go to thinkin' much about such things I don't feel so much like askin' other people questions or about learnin' anythin' else, as I do about askin' 'if it isn't a most wonderful thing, after all, that I've been able to change about as I have, an' that I haven't tumbled backwards again into any of my old ways. You don't know what those ways is, I s'pose, Dr. Guide, do you?"

"Well, no," said the minister, "I can't say that my personal experience has taught me very much about them."

"Of course not; that I might know. Of course, I didn't mean anything of that kind. But I sometimes wonder whether gentlemen like you, that was born respectable, and always was decent, an' has had the best of company all your lives, an' never had any bad habits, can know what an awful hole some of us poor common fellows sometimes gets down into, an' don't seem to know how to get out of. I s'pose, sir, there must have been lots of folks of that kind when Jesus was around on the world alive; don't you think so?"

"No doubt, no doubt," said the minister, looking into his hat as if with his eyes he were trying to make some notes for remarks on the succeeding Sunday.

"You know, sir, that in what's written about Him they have a good deal to say about lots of attention that He gave to the poor. I s'pose, if poor folks was then like they are now, most of 'em was that way through faults of their own, because everybody in

this town that behaves himself, and always behaved himself, manages to get along well enough. It does seem to me, sir, that He must have gone about among folks a good deal like me."

"That view of the matter never occurred to me," said the reverend gentleman; "and yet possibly there is a great deal in it. You know, Mr. Kimper, that was a long time ago. There was very little education in those times, and the people among whom He moved were captives of a stronger nation, and they seem to have been in a destitute and troubled condition."

"Yes," said Sam, interrupting the speaker, "an' I guess a good many of them were as bad off as me, because, if you remember, He said a good deal about them that was in prison, an' that was visited there. Now, sir, it kind o' seems to me in this town—I think I know a good deal about it, because I have never been able to associate with anybody except folks like myself—it seems to me that sort of people don't get any sort of attentions now-adays."

The minister assumed his conventional air of dignity and replied, quickly, "I assure you you are very much mistaken, so far as I am concerned. I think I know them all by name, and have made special visits to all of them, and tried to make them feel assured of the sympathy of those who by nature or education or circumstance chance to be better off than they."

"That ain't exactly what I meant, sir," said the cobbler; "such folks get kind words pretty often, but somehow nobody ever takes hold of them and pulls them out of the hole they are in like Jesus used to seem to. I s'pose ministers, an' deacons, an' such folks can't work miracles like He did, an' if they haven't got it in 'em to pull 'em out, why, I s'pose they can't do it. But I do assure you, sir, that there's a good deal of chance to do that kind of work in this town, and if there had been any of it done when I was a boy I don't believe I'd ever have got into the penitentiary."

Just then Dr. Brice, one of the village-physicians, dropped into the shop, and the minister, somewhat confused, arose and said, "Well, Mr. Kimper, I'm very much obliged to you for your views. I assure you that I shall give them careful thought. Good-day, sir."

"Sam," said Dr. Brice, who was a slight, nervous, excitable man, "I'm not your regular medical attendant, and I don't know that it is any of my business, but I have come in here in a friendly way to say to you that, if all I hear about your working all day and most of the night, too, is true, you're going to break down. You can't stand it, my boy; human nature isn't made in that way. You have got a wife and family, and you seem to be trying real hard to take care of them. But you can't burn a candle at both ends without having the fire flicker out in the middle all of a sudden, and just perhaps when you can least afford it. Now, do take better care of yourself. You have made a splendid start, and there are more people than you know of in this town who

are looking on you with a great deal of respect. They want to see you succeed, and if you want any help at it I am sure you can get it, but don't kill the goose that lays the golden egg. Don't break yourself up, or there won't be anybody to help. Don't you see?"

The shoemaker looked up at the good-natured doctor with a quick expression, and said, "Doctor, I'm not doin' any more than I have to to keep soul and body together in the family. If I stop any of it, I've got to stop carryin' things home."

"Oh, well," said the doctor, "that may be, that may be. But I'm simply warning you, as a fellow-man, that you must look out for yourself. It's all right to trust the Lord, but the Lord isn't going to give any one man strength enough to do two men's work. I have been in medical practice forty years, and I have never seen a case of that kind yet. That's all. I'm in a hurry, got half-a-dozen people to see. Don't feel offended at anything I have said to you, and don't think I have been impertinent, please. It's all for your good, you know. Good-day!"

The doctor departed as rapidly as he had entered, and the cobbler stole a moment or two from his work to think. How his thoughts ran he could scarcely have told afterward, for again the door opened and the room darkened slightly, for the person who was entering was Father Black, the Catholic priest, a man whose frame was as big as his heart, he being reputed to be one of the largest-hearted men in all Bruceton. Everybody respected him. The best proof of it was that no one in any of the other churches ever attempted to do any proselytising in Father Black's flock.

"My son," said the priest, seating himself in the chair, and spreading a friendly smile over his large expressive features, "I have heard a great deal of you since you came back from your unfortunate absence, and I merely dropped in to say to you that if it's any comfort to you to know that every day you have whatever assistance there can be in the prayers of an old man who has been in this world long enough to love most those who need most, you may be sure that you have them."

"God bless you, sir; God bless you," said the cobbler, quickly.

"Have you connected yourself with any Church here as yet?" asked the priest.

"No, sir," sighed the cobbler, "one an' another has been pullin' an' haulin' at me one way an' another, tellin' me that it was my duty to go into a Church. But how can I do it, sir, when I'm expected to say that I believe this and that that I don't know anythin' about? Some of 'em has been very good tryin' to teach me what they seem to understand very well, but I don't know more than when they began, and sometimes it seems to me that I know a good deal less, for with what one tells me in one way and another tells me in another, my mind—and there is not very much of it, sir—my mind gets so mixed up that I don't know nothin' at all."

"Ah, my son," said the good old priest, "if you could only understand, as a good many millions of your fellow-men do, that

it's the business of some men to understand and of others to faithfully follow them, you would not have such trouble."

"Well, sir," said the cobbler, "that's just what Larry's been sayin' to me here in the shop once in a while in the mornin' before he started out to get full, and there's a good deal of sense in what he says, I've no doubt. But what I ask him is this—an' he can't tell me an' perhaps you can, sir. It's only this: while my heart's as full as it seems as if it could hold, with the little that I already believe and am tryin' to live up to, where's the sense of my tryin' to believe some more?"

The look which followed this question was so earnest, and Father Black was so unable to answer quickly a question put so abruptly, that there was an embarrassing silence in the shop for a moment or two.

"My son," said the priest at last, "do you fully believe all that you have read in the good Book that I am told you were taught to read while you were in prison?"

"Of course, I do, sir; I can't do anythin' else."

"You believe it all?"

"Indeed I do, sir."

"And you are trying to live according to it?"

"That I am, sir."

"Then my son," said the priest, rising, "God bless you and keep you in your way! Far be it from me to try and unsettle your mind or lead you any further until you feel that you need leading. If ever you want to come to me you are welcome at any time of the day or night, and what you cannot understand of what I tell you I won't expect you to believe. Remember, my son, the Father of us all knows us just as we are, and asks no more of any of us than we can do and be. Good-day, my son, and God bless you again!"

When the priest went out, Sam rested again for a moment, and then he murmured to himself: "Two ministers and one doctor, all good people, tryin' to show me the way I should go, and to tell me what I should do, an' me a makin' only about a dollar a day. I s'pose it's all right, or they wouldn't do it."

CHAPTER XIV.

Reynolds Bartram and Eleanor Prency rapidly became so fond of one another that the people of the village predicted an early engagement. The young man had become quite a regular attendant at church, not that he had any religious feeling whatever, but it enabled him to look at his sweetheart for an hour and a half every Sunday morning, and walk home with her afterwards. Although he had considerable legal practice, it was somehow always his fortune to be in the street when the young lady chanced to be out shopping, and after he joined her there generally ensued a walk, which had nothing whatever to do with shopping or

anything else, except an opportunity for two young people to talk to each other for a long time on subjects which seemed extremely interesting to both.

Bartram and Eleanor met one afternoon, in their customary manner, in the principal street of the village, and walked along side by side for quite a way, finally turning and sauntering through several residence streets, talking with each other on a number of subjects, probably of no great consequence, but apparently very interesting to both of them. Suddenly, however, it was the young man's misfortune to see the two Kimper boys at the opposite side of the street, and as he eyed them his lip curled and he said: "Isn't it somewhat strange that your estimable parents are so greatly interested in the father of those two wretched scamps?"

"Nothing that my father and mother do, Mr. Bartram," said Miss Prency, "is at all strange. They are quite as intelligent as any one of my acquaintance, I am sure, and more so than most people whom I know, and I have no doubt that their interest in the poor fellow has very good grounds."

"Perhaps so," said the young man, with another curl of his lip, which exasperated his companion; "I sometimes wonder, however, whether men and women when they reach middle age, and have been reasonably successful and happy in their own affairs, are not likely to allow their sympathies to run away with their intelligence."

"It may be so," said Eleanor, "among people of your acquaintance, as a class, but I wish you distinctly to except my parents from the rule."

"But, my dear girl," said the young man, "your parents are exactly the people I am speaking of—exactly the people to whom I am alluding."

"Then do me the favour to change the subject of conversation," said the young lady, quite proudly; "I never allow my parents to be criticised in my hearing by any one but myself."

"Oh, well," said the young man, "if you choose to take my remarks in that way, I presume you are at liberty to do so, but I am sure you are misunderstanding me."

"I don't see how it is possible to misunderstand anything that is said so very distinctly; you lawyers have a faculty, Mr. Bartram, for saying exactly what you mean—when you choose to."

"I can't deny that I meant exactly what I said."

"But you can at least change the subject, can't you?"

"Certainly, if you insist upon it, but the subject has been interesting me considerably of late, and I am really wondering whether my estimable friend the judge, and his no less estimable wife, may not be making a mistake, which their daughter would be the most effective person in rectifying."

"You do me altogether too much honour, sir. Suppose you attempt to rectify their mistakes yourself, since you seem so positive about their existence. To give you an opportunity of preparing yourself to do so, I will bid you good-day." Saying

which, the young woman abruptly turned into the residence of an acquaintance to make an afternoon call, leaving the young man rather more disconcerted than he would have liked to admit to any of his acquaintances.

He retraced his steps, moodily muttering to himself, and apparently without knowing in what direction he was walking, he found himself opposite the shop of the shoemaker, who had been the indirect cause of his quarrel with his sweetheart.

"Confound that fellow!" muttered Bartram, "he's in my way wherever I move. I've heard too much of him in the streets and the courts and everywhere else that I've been obliged to go. I wish I could understand the fascination that fellow exerts over a number of people so much better than himself. Hang it! I am going to find out. He is a fool, if ever there was one, and I am not. If I can't get at the secret of it, it will be the first time that I have ever been beaten in examining and cross-examining such a common specimen of humanity."

Thus speaking, the lawyer crossed the street and entered the shop, but, to his disgust, found both the cobbler's sons there with their father. The boys, with a curiosity common to all young people, and particularly intense among the classes who have nothing particular to think of, stared at him so fixedly that he finally arose abruptly and departed without saying a word. The boys went out soon after and Billy remarked to Tom, as the two sauntered homeward: "Tom, what do you s'pose is the reason that fellow comes in to see dad so much?"

"Gettin' a pair o' shoes made, I s'pose," said Tom, sulkily, for he had just failed in the attempt to extract a quarter of a dollar from his father.

"The shoes that dad was makin' for him," said Billy, "was done two or three weeks ago, 'cause I took 'em to his office myself. But he comes to the shop over and over again, 'cause I've seen him there, and whenever he comes he manages to get to talkin' with dad about religion. He always begins it, too, 'cause dad never says nothin' about it unless the lawyer starts it first."

"Well," said Tom, "seems to me that if he wants to know anythin' on that subject he should go to some of the preachers, that ought to know a good deal more about it than dad does."

"Well," said Billy, "what I was meanin' is, some folks seem to know a good deal about things without bein' learned that other folks will give their whole time to, an' don't know very much about. Every place that I go to somebody says somethin' to me about dad an' religion. Say, Tom, do you know dad's mighty different to what he used to be before he got took up?"

"Of course I do. He's always wantin' folks to work, and always findin' fault with everythin' that we do that ain't right. He didn't used to pay no attention to nothin'. We could do anythin' we wanted to, an' here I am, a good deal bigger, and just about as good as a man, an' he pays more attention to me than he ever did, and fusses at me as if I was a little bit of a kid. An' I don't like it either."

"Well, as he said to me t'other day, Tom, he's got to be pretty lively to make up for lost time."

"Well, I wish, then," said Tom, meditatively, "that he hadn't never lost no time, 'cause it's takin' all the spirit out o' me, to be hammered at all the time in the way he's a doin'. I just tell you what it is, Billy," said Tom, stopping short and smiting the palm of one hand with the fist of the other, "I've half a mind to go to steady work of some kind, if dad don't let me alone."

"Mis' Prency was talkin' to me the other day about dad," said Billy, "an' she asked me whether he wasn't workin' awful hard at home after he left the shop, an' I said 'Yes,' an' she said, 'I hope you all do all you can to help him?' an' I kind o' felt ashamed, an' all I could say was that I didn't see nothin' I could help him about, and she said she guessed if I'd think a little while I could find out. Say, Tom, let's get to work a-thinkin' an' see if there ain't some way to give dad a lift. Seems to me he's doin' everythin' for us all the whole time, an' we ain't doin' nothin' at all for him."

"Oh, now! quit your preachin'!" said the elder brother, contemptuously.

The younger brother prudently lapsed into entire silence, and the couple soon reached home.

CHAPTER XV.

"Well, doctor," said Deacon Quickset to his pastor one morning, "I hope you have persuaded that wretched shoemaker to come into the ark of safety, and to lay hold of the horns of the altar."

"My dear sir," said Dr. Guide to his deacon, "the conversation I had with that rather unusual character has led me to believe that he is quite as safe at present as any of the members of my own congregation. I don't propose to disturb his mind any further. 'Milk for babes,' you know, the apostle says, 'and strong meat for men.' After he has proved himself to be equal to meat there will be ample time to experiment with some of the dry bones which you seem anxious that I should force upon him."

"Dr. Guide," said the deacon, with considerable dignity, "I didn't expect this kind of talk from you. I have been sittin' under your ministrations a good many years, and, though sometimes I didn't think you were as sharp-set as you ought to be, still I knew you was a man of level head and good education, and knew everything that was essential to salvation, else otherwise why did the best college of our own denomination make you a doctor of divinity? But I've got to let out what is in my heart, doctor, and it is this, that there is no stoppin'-place for any one that begins to walk the straight and narrow way; he has got to keep on as long as he lives, and if he don't he is goin' to be crowded off to one side."

"You are quite right, deacon," said the minister, "and, there-

fore, I object to putting any stumbling-blocks in any such person's way."

"Doctor, I want to say that it seems to me that now is just the time to get up a warmer feelin' in the church. Now, if you will just announce next Sunday that there is goin' to be a series of special meetin's to awaken religious interest in this town, I think you will do a good deal more good among them that needs it than by worryin' members of your own congregation."

"I already had determined on a special effort at an early date," said the pastor. "And still more; after two or three conversations with the man whom you were so desirous that I should call upon, I have determined to invite him to assist me in the conduct of the meeting."

"What?" exclaimed the deacon; "bring in that thief and drunkard and ignorant fellow, that is only just out of jail, to teach the way of life to people that needs to know it? Why, Dr. Guide, you must be losin' your mind?"

"The meetings will be held, deacon, and Mr. Kimper will be asked to assist. In fact, I already have asked him. I trust that his presence will not cause us to lose such valuable assistance as you yourself may be able to give?"

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the deacon, "I never did—it beats all. Why, if there was another church of our denomination in this town, I believe I'd take my letters and go to it—I really would."

Nevertheless, the special meetings were immediately announced, and they began directly afterward; and, according to the pastor's announcement, the ex-convict was asked to assist. His assistance did not seem to amount to much to those who came through curiosity to listen. But after he had made a speech, which, at the suggestion of Dr. Guide, had been carefully prepared, but which was merely a rehearsal of what he already had said to numerous individual questioners, there was impressive silence in the lecture-room in which the meetings were being conducted.

"My friends," said the pastor, rising soon afterward, "when our Lord was on earth, He once raised His eyes to heaven and said: 'I thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes.' I confess to you that I never was able to understand the full meaning of this expression, but as I have become more and more acquainted with our friend who has just spoken to you, and have learned how fully his faith is grounded, and how entirely his life has been changed by what seems to us as the mere beginnings of religious belief, I am constrained to feel that I have yet a great deal to learn about my own profession and my own duty as a minister. What has just been said to you contains the essence of everything which I have preached from my pulpit in twenty years. I wish it were in my power to re-state it all as clearly as you have heard it this evening, but I confess it is not. I fear to add anything to what you have already heard, for I do not see how in any way I could make this important subject any more clear to your com-

prehension. I will therefore say no more, but ask, as is the custom, that any here present who desires to change his life, and wishes the assistance of the prayers of God's people, will please rise.”

As is usual in all such meetings, there was a general turning of heads from one side to the other. In an instant a single figure in the midst of the little congregation arose, and a second later a hoarse voice in one of the back seats, a voice which most persons present could identify as that of Sam Kimper's son Tom, exclaimed: “Reynolds Bartram!”

“BEHOLD THE MAN!”—JOHN XIX. 5.

Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.

BY REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT, B.D.

DARK-VISAGED men, with lurid hate
 Flaming from every countenance,
 Beheld in mock imperial state
 The meek incarnate God advance ;
 Pilate, weak-kneed with Mammon's bribes,
 Saw Self's ambitions rudely toss
 On the sea of Jewish threats and jibes,
 And cried, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Fools in the Light of Gospel page,
 See now like ancient Sadducees,
 Reflected rays, an earthly sage,
 A Zoroaster, Socrates ;
 Auroras to the sun prefer ;
 With sophist theory, cunning gloss
 Smite 'twixt the God and Carpenter,
 And scoff, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

Yet as the sun goes circling on,
 As men are less and man is more,
 As perishes the might of brawn,
 These words resound the wide earth o'er :
 Peace, Progress, Liberty have signed
 Their charters 'neath the rugged cross,
 To unborn nations rude and blind
 They shout, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

And, O my heart, hast thou forgot
 The lesson here for thee upborne,
 When on earth's pavement trickles hot
 And red thy blood from scourge and thorn?
 'Tis consolation rare unpriced,
 'Tis recompense for bitterest loss,
 To grasp as friend the human Christ,
 And cry, *Ἴδοὺ ὁ ἄνθρωπος.*

SMITHVILLE, Ont.

AUNT RANDY.

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON.*

WE were on the Landaff Valley road, only a mile or two out from Franconia village. Nathan was driving, while Pirate and Corsair (Nathan would always call the latter Horsehair), in defiance of their reckless names, lounged lazily along the road. Again and again were the horses made to stop while I jumped out to secure some tall stalk of baneberry flowers, or to gather a fragrant bunch of white violets.

Just as I had returned to the carriage after one of these raids I saw an odd sight. In the small garden back of a house past which we were flying was a woman who conducted herself in the strangest manner. Though apparently rather elderly, she was dashing frantically about, her wide cap-border flapping around her face, her limp calico gown twisted about her ankles by the breeze, and her long arms waving in the air. In one hand she held what looked to me, as I was hurried by, like a banner of dingy white on a long pole, and with this she performed the wildest antics. Now it was waved aloft, while its bearer stood on tiptoe, and even sprang into the air, head bent backward and face upturned; then it sank to the ground, or was trailed over the vegetable beds. Standing up in the carriage and looking back eagerly, I could see this wild dance continue, until suddenly the flag was quickly lowered or dashed to the ground, and the strange standard-bearer threw herself down beside it in a crouching attitude, and seemed to clasp its folds in her skinny hands.

"Nathan! Nathan!" I cried, breathless. "What is it? Oh, who is she?"

"Aunt Randy."

"But what is the matter with her? Is she crazy?"

"Guess not; no more'n most women."

"But what is she doing?"

"Ketchin' butterflies."

"Oh!" cried I, drawing a long breath, expressive of both disappointment and relief. "I see; that was a net she was holding, and she is a collector."

I am a woman of hobbies myself, and had lately taken up entomology with some ardour, so I felt at once interested in this congenial being, and questioned Nathan with new zeal. I soon knew all he had to tell, which was but little. The woman had come to Franconia a few years before from North Woodstock. She was dressed in black, looked pale and wretched, and seemed

*Many of our readers will remember the exquisite story of "Fishin' Jimmy." They will read with delight this pathetic sketch from the same graceful pen, abridged from "The Seven Sleepers." Published by the well-known house of Harper & Brothers, New York.

to be alone in the world. She lived by herself in the little white house where we saw her, and "didn't seem to take no notice of no one." She avoided the neighbours, shut herself up in dark rooms, never went to "meetin'," or "sewin' s'ciety," or any such gathering, and refused to admit the minister or other friendly visitors. But there was a sudden change. One summer day she was seen in a field near her house "chasin' a yellow butterfly," and after that she was a different being.

"She took to all kinds o' live flyin' an' crawlin' an' hoppin' creeters," the story went on. "She'd spend a hull day runnin' after butterflies and millers, and huntin' for bugs an' caterpillars an' spiders an' hoppergrasses. An' nights she'd be scootin' round with a lantern to ketch them big hairy things like bats that flop into lights. An' she'd keep her winder open every evenin', and start up an' kite 'round the room with that kinder fish-net, an' ketch every thing that come in. An' she begun to take notice o' people—children fust; an' she'd ask the boys an' girls to come in an' see her live things, an' she'd talk real nice to 'em—good's a book. An' somehow she's different every way, pleasanter-spoken and contented like. Some folks thinks she's crazy; an' she does act dreffle queer sometimes. But there's crazier people outside the 'sylums than Aunt Randy."

"Is she married? Has she a family?"

"Well, folks say she's a widder, an' her husband was a bad lot. She never says nothin' about him, an' she don't think no great o' men folks. Her name's Mis' Gates, an' Randy's short for Mirandy; but I tell folks she's so independent, an' sot on not belongin' to no man, she won't let any one call her My anything, so she's left it off o' Randy."

It was not long before I made the acquaintance of the odd entomologist. I think she recognized in me a kindred spirit, saw that I too liked "flyin' an' crawlin' an' hoppin' creeters," and so met my advances more readily.

Strange as it may appear, Aunt Randy had not only never seen a book about insects, but she had never even known, until she met me, that such books existed. She had never met an entomologist or any one interested in the study of her favourites, and all her information was derived from her own experience. So her talk was fresh and delightful, and quite free from polysyllabic terms and the ever-changing nomenclature of the study as we find it in books. I remember that the first thing I ever carried to her for identification was a butterfly. It was the large dark chocolate one with pale yellow borders, known as the Antiope. Now I confess I knew its name and something of its habits, but I wished to test Aunt Randy's knowledge. As she saw it her rugged face lighted up with a smile of recognition, and taking it gently from my hands, as though she were touching a baby, she said:

"Ah, you pert little fellow! Held out to this time, did ye? If you ain't hardy an' full o' pluck, I don't know who is. Ye see"—looking up at me—"this kind stands the winter right through."

"Yes," I answered, perhaps a trifle patronizingly, "it hibernates, I know."

She looked a little puzzled, but went on: "I don't know about that, but he jest gets along somehow through our cold Francony winters. Sometimes I find 'em stickin' to the rafters, or snuggled two or three together in a hole between the stones o' the old wall there, or inside the shed, or in the wood-pile, lookin' 's if they was dead as door-nails. But come to bring 'em in by the fire, or hold 'em a spell in my hands, they come to life agin. An' warm sunny days they'll go crawlin' round, an' in the spring, when the frost goes out o' ground, an' the weather gets settled, they come out for good. But they're pretty hard-lookin' then, an' they don't live long arter layin' their eggs, an' the second crop don't come round till along the fust o' August or thereabouts."

"What is its name?" I asked.

"Waal, I don't know this one by his fust name; he's a stranger to me—come from further down the road, I guess. The fam'ly name I give 'em is Tough, 'cause they stan' the cold so well, but I don't know all their given names. Lizy an' Mary Ann spent the winter under the stone out there by the wall, an' Caleb stayed in the shed, but I've lost sight of 'em now, though" looking around towards the garden) "I thought I see Wilbur just now out by the fence."

Shades of Linnæus and Hubner forgive her! *Vanessa antiopa* vulgarized into Mary Ann Tough!

One day I found her in the little garden, holding a saucer carefully in her hands, while a ragged specimen of the common cream-coloured butterfly of our vegetable gardens, *Pieris rapæ* sipped at the contents.

"Posies is so scarce just now," she said, softly, without moving or looking up, lest she should disturb her fluttering guest, "that I bring out sugar 'n water for 'em once 'n a while. This one 's dreffle fond o' surrup, an' can't never get too much. This is one o' the Cabbagers, 's I call 'em, 'cause o' what they raise their young ones on. Her folks live 'round here, an' she was born an' reared jest back o' the house. Why, I rec'lect jes' 'as well as anything when she was a mite of a caterpillar that couldn't do nothin' but crawl an' eat. I tell ye, she an' her brothers an' sisters did make the cabbage-leaves fly; I never see nothin' like 'em for that sort o' garden sass—cold slaw, 's ye might call it. An' now Malviny—that's her given name—has forgot her be-ginnin's, an' won't take nothin' but sugar, for she 's got a sweet tooth—if butterflies ever have sech things."

"But how do you know Malviny from any other white cabbage butterfly?" I asked.

"How do you know your dog Kent, that you an' the boys are so fond on, from ary' other black curly dog, or your yellor horse, Pirate, there, from ary' other long-tailed sorril? For one thing, I know her by that split in her right-hand back wing, an' that rubbed place between her shoulders. But it's her ways I tell her by, mostly; we've all got ways, ye know."

And so she lived on, surrounded by her insect friends, loving them, understanding them, calling each one by his Christian name, and quite happy in their society. There was a big dragon-fly with spotted wings whom she addressed as Horace, and who, she declared, had followed her weeks ago all the way from Streeter's Pond as she drove home with her old mare and the buck-board. And as she dwelt upon the salient points of his character, his sense of humour and comical disposition, while he whizzed about her head, I declare he did look to me quite unlike other dragon-flies. I seemed to see a humorous twinkle in his big eyes, and for the moment firmly believed in Horace's sense of the ludicrous.

Aunt Randy and I soon became warm friends, and it was not long before she told me her story. I need not dwell upon the early part of it. Her married life was a hard one, her husband a shiftless, idle vagabond. She did not apply these epithets, but the facts spoke for themselves. She worked hard, and he spent her earnings at the tavern. They had one child, a boy, and to him the mother's heart clung as to nothing else in earth or heaven. For his sake she struggled on, bore her husband's neglect and ill-treatment, worked for all three, and kept some little remnant of faith and hope in her heart. At last one winter's day her husband went away and never returned. Some weeks later she heard of his death, and was free. Just then a distant relative, of whom she had lost sight for many years, died and left her a little money; so new hopes sprang up in her chilled heart. She would take the child, she thought, buy a little place in some quiet village, and leave her wretched past far behind her. Alas for human hopes! Just as the little house in Franconia was secured, and she was about to remove there with her child, the boy sickened and died.

If I should write pages I could not convey to you, as the few abrupt words of this patient, undemonstrative New England woman conveyed to me, all the tragic meaning of that loss to her. As a child she had lived in a Christian home, and had some religious training, and amid all her trials hitherto she had tried in her poor blind way to believe and trust and think that somehow things were for the best. But now, with this terrible blow, all faith in God and man was killed. She buried the boy with no more thought or hope of a future reunion than has the veriest heathen, left his grave and their old home—a grave, too, now in which all hope and faith were entombed—and came to Franconia, where she lived for months the solitary life of which Nathan had told me, a misanthropic, hopeless soul. Let me try now to tell you in Aunt Randy's own words, as near as they may be, how the change came.

"I used to shet myself up here all day an' think. I couldn't have no posy gard'n or anything like that, now the little feller wa'n't here to play in it. An' I couldn't bear to hear the birds singin', 'cause he used to like 'em so, an' I'd jest shet up my eyes as I went along so's not to see the vi'lets an' dand'lions an' butter-

'n'-eggs, an' them posies he used to pick an' fetch in to me in his little fat hands. But one day I had to go down the road a piece, of an errand, an' before I could help it I ketcht sight of a big chump of fire-weed shinin' all pink in the sun. Now, fire-weed was my boy's fav'rite posy; it growed all around our house in North Woodstock, an' he used to pick it an' fetch in big bunches on it, an' set 'em in the old blue pitcher. He was drefle fond o' that plant, an' when I see it—well, it all come over me so. I jest bust out cryin' right in the road, an' I was 'fraid somebody 'd see me, so I had to stop an' purtend I was lookin' at the posies. An' as I was stoopin' down a-lookin' an' tryin' to get my handk'chief out, I see a big worm on the fire-weed. 'Twa'n't crawlin' or eatin', but jest settin' up on its hind-legs in the humanist way, with its head up an' its hands out, an'—

“You'll think I'm an old fool, but what with the water in my eyes an' the sun a-dazzlin' me, an' my heart just breakin' for that boy, why, I kinder thought that worm looked liked the young one, an' I felt the queerest drawin' to it. I reached out my finger to poke it, an' it put down its head and drawd its chin in for all the world like that boy when he was scaret an' bashful. I tell ye, from that minnit I 'dopted that creeter an' took him right inter my heart. I hadn't cared for a livin' thing afore sence that little coffin went out my front gate, an' I tell ye 'twas good to feel that drawin' towards suthin'. I picked the plant he was on, an' I carried him home jest 's careful, an' then I fixed a box o' dirt an' stuck the plant in, an' jest let it alone till he'd got kind of acquainted like. But, dear me! he made friends to once; he never tried to get away; he never was off his vittles from the minnit he come. The fust time I see him eat my heart come right up in my mouth, he et so like my boy, jest bitin' little bites right reg'lar round an' round a leaf till he'd made a place the shape o' half a cent, like the boy'd do with his cooky. I named him Jacob, after the other, an'— Oh, I can't tell ye what a comfort he was to me! I hadn't had no pervidin' to do for so long, but now I had to go down the road every single mornin' an' get fresh fire-weed for Jacob to eat. I put a cup o' water for him too, but I never see him drink. I guess he licked the water off the leaves, for I used to wet 'em to make 'em tasty an' temptin'. Another thing that made him look like the boy was his colour. He was kind o' blacky-green, with round pink spets on his sides, for all the world like my other Jacob in his little tight jacket with the glass buttons I made for him outer my old invisible green dress. An' he had a little pink face, an' he used to look up at me so peart an' knowin' when I'd talk to him 'Twas a new thing to me, after all them lonesome months, to have some one at home waitin' for me when I was out, an' I used to hurry back 's quick 's I could jest 's if the boy was watchin' at the winder with his pretty little nose all flat agin the glass.

I had a stick stan'in' up in his box, an' a big piece o' mosquiter nettin' over it like a tent, but I only kep' it sht down when I

was out, an' nights, for I didn't want him to think he was locked up, an' every night at bedtime I'd go an' draw down that nettin' snug an' tie a string round the bottom, an' look in last thing to see if he was all right. You'd scarcely b'lieve how that tuckin' in helped me after I'd been without it such a spell.

"'Twas gettin' late in the season—'twas the fust day o' September I took him—an I begun to think about the winter, an' how I should make Jacob comfortable. I thought I'd move inter the front bedroom, where there was a stove, an' take him right in there to sleep. An' as for food, why, I'd dig up a lot o' fire-weed an' set it out in pots, an' keep him in vittles till spring. I'd found by this time that he wouldn't eat nothin' else: he was real set in his ways. I tried him on the nicest things—rose leaves an' buttercups an' lavender an' difunt yarbs—but he'd just smell at 'em an' turn away, an' look for his fire-weed. That was so like the boy! If he wanted ginger-bread, he wanted it; and dough-nuts, nor jumbles, nor sour-milk cake, nor not even meat-pie would do—he must have ginger-bread or nothin'.

"Well, I might's well come to the wust sooner's later. One day I see Jacob didn't seem like hisself; he stopped eatin', an' went crawlin' round 's if he wanted suthin' he hadn't got. I give him water an' fresh fire-weed; I set him by the north winder where the wind blew in, for 'twas a hot day; but nothin' did any good. All day he went crawlin' round, restless an' fev'rish like, never eatin' nothin', nor takin' any notice o' anything. I set up by him all night long, my heart's heavy as lead, for I was goin' over again them dreffle days when my boy took sick. Just at daylight, he crawled down onto the ground an' lay there a spell, an' then I heerd him a-rustlin' about, an' when I looked he was kinder diggin' in the ground, pickin' up little bits o' dirt an' throwin' 'em about. 'It's like pickin' at the bedclothes,' I says, my heart a-sinkin' 'way down. So he went on for hours diggin', diggin'. I put him up on the leaves lots o' times, but he'd crawl right down agin, so I let him alone 't last. Bime-by I see he'd made quite a little hole, an' all on a suddent it come into my head he was makin' a grave.

"An' he was. Slow an' sure he dug, an' crawled in 's he dug, an' I sat watchin' hour after hour, an' cryin' my poor old heart out over him. An' late in the afternoon he'd finished his work, an' buried hisself, jest leavin' a little hole at his head; an' he put up his little pink face an' looked at me so human-like, an' then he reached out an' took a little lump o' dirt an' pulled it over the hole, an' he was gone, an' I hadn't anything left in the world but my two graves!"

The old woman stopped and wiped her eyes before she could go on, and I assure you that I forgot the hero of her story was nothing but a caterpillar, and found my own eyes wet.

"Well," she at last proceeded, "I didn't disturb him. Seemed 's if God had some way o' tellin' dumb creeters when they was to die, an' so I tied the nettin' down over his box an' left him there.

"I better not say much about that time. 'Twas a bad spell. My heart, that had got kind o' soft an' warm with somethin' to love an' take care on, got hard an' frozen agin, an' oh, the hard thoughts I had o' God for takin' my last comfort away, an' lettin' both my little Jacobs go away to lay for ever 'n' ever in the dark an' cold! The spring-time came, an' I hated it; an' oh, I dreaded the time when the fire-weed would come out all pink an' bright, with him not there no more to eat it, nor my curly-headed boy to pick it! One summer day—I sha'n't never forget it's long 's I live—I was standin' by Jacob's little grave (I'd always kep' his box in my room jest 's it was), when I see the dirt had got shook off the top, an' the poor little body, all dried up an' brown now, was kinder oncovered. I was jest a-goin' to cover it up agin softly, when I seen a little crack come on it, an'—oh, I can't tell it all out in this slow, quiet way! I wish 't could come on yo' as it did on me that blessed day—Jacob was comin' to life agin! he was—he was! I watched him, never touchin' or speakin' to him—though I jest ached to help—till the end come, an' he was big an' beautiful, brown an' buff an' pink, an' with wings! Oh, Mis' Burton, I can't put it inter words how I felt when I see Jacob come out o' his very grave an' spread his wings an' fly round my room, nor how I cried right out loud as I see it: 'Why not my boy too? O Lord, you can do that jest 's easy 's this!'"

I left Franconia at the end of summer, and during the winter months heard nothing from the little snow-bound village. But when June came again I sought, as for twenty years I have sought, the grand old mountains—old but ever new. One of my earliest visits was to the little white house of Aunt Randy. I spied my old friend in the garden, and felt sure she was having a friendly gossip with some winged friends. I passed through the gate to join her, and as I did so saw a man sitting on the door-steps. He was unmistakably of the genus tramp, had a mean, sly face, with light shifting eyes, and looked a thorough vagabond. I wondered at his presence there, but forgot it instantly in the pleasure of meeting again my old comrade. She knew me at once, and her rugged face was thinner and more worn than when I last saw her, brightened as she met me. After a few words of greeting, she asked me to come into the house, and we were soon seated in the familiar room, the scene of Jacob's death and apotheosis.

"Did you see him?" she suddenly asked, with a jerk of her head towards the front door.

"I saw a man outside," I replied.

"It's him," she went on, quietly—"my husband, ye know—Mr. Gates. He wa'n't dead; 'twas a mistake, somehow; an' he come home las' winter!"

For a minute I was speechless, and before I could decide what to say, whether to congratulate or condole with my friend, she spoke again:

"I can speak plain to you, for I got to feel so to home with you

las' summer, an' ye'll understan' me. When I see him comin' in one day, ragged, an' dirty, an'—well, smellin' o' liquor some—I wa'n't glad to see him. There were things I couldn't disremember, somehow; an' I'd thought he was dead an' gone, an' got used to it; an'—I didn't seem to want him. Then—'twas kinder mean of me, but I thought he'd heerd o' the little property I'd come into, an' mebbe he was arter that, an' I kinder hardened my heart. But when I see how sickly an' peaked he looked, an' what a holler cough he had, an' how poor an' mis'erable he was, I begun to feel a little more Christian-like. So I took him in an' done for him. I nussed him, got him new clo'es, fed him up, kep' him warm an' comfort'ble, an'"—with one of her quaint, sudden smiles, which always reminded me of one of those quick, darting bits of sunlight which comes at times, you know not how, over old Lafayette's rocky brow—"an' I finished up by gettin' kinder fonder on him. Now, Mis' Burton," she said, more gravely, "he's never had no 'dvantages. He never took no notice o' worms or sech creeters, an' had no idee what caterpillars turned inter or outer an' as for dead things, be they worms or folks, they was dead, to his thinkin', for goodenall. So I considered all that, an' made 'lowances, an' I begun to learn him religion, little at a time. I didn't use no Bible; he wouldn't ha' stood that—none o' his fam'ly ever would; they ain't Scriptor folks, the Gateses ain't. But I told him all about the crawlin' an' flyin' creeters an' their ways, an' held 'em up as Christian 'xamples to humans; how they went about their bizness so stiddy an' reg'lar, an' pervided for their fam'lies, an' built their own houses, an' was always to home, an' how fore-handed they was, lockin' ahead an' layin' up vittles for their child'en who's to come arter 'em, an' all them things, ye know. An' las' of all, I told him 'bout Jacob. Ye see he liked that boy of ourn better'n he ever liked anything else, an' I never let on to the boy that there was anything out o' the way with his pa; so the little feller reely set by Mr. Gates. An' when the frost got outer the groun' this spring I wanted to take up the boy an' bring him over from North Woodstock, an' keep him in the graveyard here, nigher by. An' I took Mr. Gates along; an' as we was bringin' the little coffin home I jest told him that story about the other body and the mir'cle I see with my own eyes."

"And was he impressed by it?" I asked, as she paused for breath.

"Well, I don't know. He's got sorter wat'ry eyes nat'rally—all the Gateses have—but I kinder thought they was wetter'n common when I got through, but 'twas a blowy day; an' he was real careful about liftin' the coffin, an' when the men was helpin' fill up the grave he stood close by, an' I heerd him ask 'em not to put so much dirt on the top, nor stomp it down hard, an' I s'mised he was thinkin' o' the risin', an' plannin' how the little feller'd come out."

The hard, work-worn hands brushed something from the thin cheek as she spoke, and I thought that even the "Gateses" by marriage seemed sometimes to have "wat'ry eyes."

“But his cough grows hollerer an’ hackier, Mis’ Burton, an’ Dr. Sankey tells me he ain’t long for this world! an’ oh, I’m so dreffle pleased he come home when he did, an’ didn’t die without any preparin’, or hearin’ ‘the gospil’s joyful soun,’ as my old mother uster sing. A queer gospil, ye may say, but I never heerd a better sermon preached by Elder Garrick or Father Howe than that blessed caterpillar o’ the church preached to me when he broke outter the grave that res’rection day last July. An’ I tell ye when I’m talkin’ caterpillars an’ bugs an’ such, I throw in, without scarin’ him, a good deal of Scriptor religion too, an’ he knows mighty well—or ‘taint my fault—who’s behind it all, and respons’ble for their goin’s on an’ all the good in ‘em. An’ ”—with her queer, quick smile again—“I do a heap o’ prayin’ for him he never has the faintest idee on. It’s mean, I hold, to pray at a man, but’s long as he don’t know what I’m doin’ it can’t hurt him, an’ it’s a dreffle relief to me.

“An’ he’s improvin’ on it, an’ I’ve got hopes on him, Mis’ Burton. I’ve seen wuss caterpillars ‘n him turn inter real sightly flyin’ things, not the best nor han’somest, mebbe, not big green an’ buff angels like Jacob, but suthin’ with wings, ‘tennerate, an’ that’s a good deal. There was a fat, loggy, whitish worm I knew once, with a blue streak down his back, that lived on a white birch across the road. His name was Ad’niram Judson Birch, an’ I had big hopes o’ him—thought he was gcin’ to be a big stripid butterfly; he et enough to make one a foot across—but he hadn’t any ambition or fac’lty, somehow—jest et an’ stuffed, an’ never got on—an’ he only come out a kind of a sawfly, without any bright colours on him, or feathers, or anything. But he had wings. I tell ye there’s wings in us all ‘f we could see ‘em. An’ when Mr. Gates gits off his caterpillar skin, an’ comes up an’ shakes the dirt all off, I ain’t goin’ to be one mite ashamed on him, ‘s long as he’s got wings.”

I was called away unexpectedly from the mountains a few days after this interview, and did not return that year. Nathan, a rare and reticent correspondent, wrote me a few weeks after my departure as follow :

“Old Gates, Aunt Randy’s wuthless husband, pegged out last week. Good riddunse! Don’t need a Yanky to guess where he’s gone.”

But I try to forget the glimpse I had of the mean, sly face and cringing figure, and remember only dear old Aunt Randy’s faith and prayers, and her simple creed : “There’s wings in us all ‘f we could see ‘em.”

THRICE blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure :
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

—*Tennyson.*

Current Topics and Events.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW VICTORIA.

This interesting ceremony came off most auspiciously on the afternoon of June 15th. Substantial progress has been made with the foundation of coarse brown stone, enough to indicate how goodly a structure the New Victoria will be. Ample provision was made for a number of invited guests. The banners flaunted proudly in the breeze. The speeches were of brilliant quality, and all went merry as a marriage bell, the only inconvenience being the extremely warm reception given us by old Sol.

Rev. Dr. Potts occupied the chair with his usual ability and grace. Mrs. Cox was the recipient of a handsome silver trowel, with which she well and truly laid the corner-stone of the handsome building which is to grace the park.

The prayer by Professor Reynar was significantly appropriate, as was Dr. Burwash's address. His honour, Judge Dean, the first graduate of Victoria, presented the trowel to Mrs. Cox in a very graceful manner.

The programme was a thoroughly representative one. Rev. Dr. Dewart representing the Methodist ministry; Mr. Geo. A. Cox, the Methodist laity; Dr. Douglas, the sister Methodist institutions; Hon. G. W. Ross, the educational system of Ontario; Hon. E. Blake, the University of Toronto; Sir Daniel Wilson, the University faculties; Rev. Dr. Rand, the sister Universities; Dr. Burwash, D.Sc., the Alumni Association of Victoria; Senator Aikins and Hon. Oliver Mowat also made brief addresses.

The occasion was one of profound significance, the congratulations of the wise statesmen, the learned clergy, Professors of the sister Universities, giving a warm welcome to Toronto to the New Victoria. The bright sun shining overhead was an

augury of the brightness which we not under the divine blessing will continue to illumine this institution.

DEATH OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

The death of this distinguished statesman has been the occasion of profound regret, not only throughout Canada, but throughout the British Empire. He has been the foremost figure in Canadian politics for over forty years—during most of the time he has been Prime Minister of Canada. His political opponents, as well as his friends, admit the wonderful versatility of the man, his ability as a politician, and the singular fascination of his personal character. The time for a full estimate of his influence on the history of the country has not yet come. We stand too near the man, and too close to the chief events of his life to calmly measure them. He was human, and therefore had failings, but let these be forgotten. He had many noble qualities, let these be engraved in marble. He loved his country, and served his Queen loyally to the end. His greatest monument is the Confederation of the Provinces, of which he, more than any other man, was prime promoter. He was happy in this that he saw this great Dominion grow from the unstable union of two undeveloped provinces to a great nation spreading from ocean to ocean.

It is one of the noblest features of his character that, notwithstanding the opportunity from the vast transactions carried on under his administration of accumulating great wealth, he died a comparatively poor man. He was not, and comparatively few public men have been, as they ought to have been, a "nursing father" to the Church of God. Nor was he, like Clarkson, Wilberforce or Shaftesbury, distinguished for Christian statesmanship and philanthropy. These men, though greatly inferior in intellectual gifts and tactical skill to the

veteran Prime Minister, have yet left an imperishable record of achievement for humanity, compared with which the greatest political success is but shadowy and evanescent—so transcendently superior is moral greatness to merely intellectual or social qualities. The lesson of the hour to all of us is to live for God and for humanity; to live so as to lift the world up nearer to the cross of Christ.

Around the bier of this distinguished man the asperities and acerbities of political life are softened and sweetened, and over his grave kind words are spoken—the generous tribute of friend and foe. Would it not be well that such a result should be more than transient, and that more kind words, that more generous trust, that more good-will should be extended to the living, instead of being withheld till they can fall only on the dull, cold ear of death?

A HIGH COURT OF CHRISTENDOM.

We are glad to learn that that large-hearted man and Christian worker, Bishop Newman, has made a suggestion to a couple of gentlemen at Washington to inaugurate a new movement in the direction of arbitration, by having the United States Government propose a supreme court for the world.

The *Herald and Presbyterian* says: "This proposal is worthy of the best thought of this nation. If such a tribunal could be established, with a legal representative from every European government, selected because of his high character and fitness, there would be little danger of injustice to any nation involved in its judgments. The establishment of such a court would be a great blessing to the nations who are now forced by the present situation to have large standing armies, that are eating up the substance of the government and wasting its resources. The disarmament of Europe is a problem that no one government can solve. Such a movement would be the crowning glory of the age, and would advance the policy of peace to a definite solution. We hope to see some good

come from the suggestion without waiting for Europe to disarm."

On this subject, the *Michigan Christian Advocate* comments as follows, with which we cordially agree: "It is certainly time that the great Christian powers of the world should do something to put an end to war and establish permanent and universal peace. A good precedent is already established by the compact recently effected among the American powers to settle all differences by arbitration. What has been done on this continent can be done in Europe and in the world. By all means let us have the supreme court of universal arbitration."

INTERNATIONAL PEACE.

"The chairman's speech at the annual meeting of the Peace Society in London, England, expresses," says the *Methodist Times*, "satisfaction at the prominence which has recently been given in practical diplomacy to arbitration as a substitute for war. He noted, hopefully, the recent emphatically pacific utterances of several of the great military monarchs of Europe, as evincing their increasing reluctance to incur the dreadful risks of war. Sir Joseph Pease was undoubtedly right when he stated that the quiet way in which the nation accepted the cession of Heligoland was a striking sign of the times. There can be no doubt that but a short time ago the cession of even so useless a possession would have led to a great outcry against trailing the British flag in the dust. From time to time the hope that an era of universal peace had dawned has been rudely dissipated by the outbreak of great wars. Nevertheless, we entirely share Sir Joseph Pease's hopeful conviction that the principles of arbitration are steadily gaining ground, and that the day is rapidly approaching when war will be regarded by all civilized nations as a gigantic folly and a terrible crime."

BENEFIT SOCIETIES.

In a recent number of a country paper we counted the announcements of no less than seventeen secret so-

cieties: I. O. O. F., A. F. & A. M., A. O. U. W., and the like, with a list of their meetings. In several cases there were references to the public worship of these societies in Methodist Churches. An important object, we understand, of these associations, if not the chief object, is the benefit and help they offer their members in time of sickness and, in some cases, the amount paid their families in case of death. In this way habits of thrift and mutual helpfulness have been cultivated among the people, and invaluable and timely assistance has been given in many an hour of need.

The opinion is strongly entertained by some of our most earnest-minded ministers and laymen that the Christian Church ought to furnish all the help, comfort and sympathy which is now offered by these societies. It is thought that these objects can be attained with greater advantage through its comprehensive organization, with less expense of time and money and anxious care, and without the necessity of an organization in large part secret, with a ritual and uniform and complicated officary, which are often a great tax upon the available energy, as well as time and

resources of their members. A committee of Methodist ministers in Toronto has met several times to discuss this matter and to make arrangements, if possible, for carrying out their plans on the basis of Church fellowship.

The Primitive Methodists of Great Britain have had for many years a benefit society of this sort, and the Wesleyan Church has had one for its local preachers for about forty years, which has paid out about half a million of dollars in benefits in that time.

In some of the Churches of this city coal clubs are formed, whereby the poor who are members are able to purchase their coal supplies at wholesale rates. In the early Church there was also an organization of this sort for the care of the sick and the burial of the dead. In the tendency of the times towards practical Christianity it is thought that much good can be accomplished by looking after the material as well as the spiritual interests of the people, and thus bringing them into touch and sympathy with its religious life. More will probably be heard at an early date of the proposed new departure in Church life and Church work.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

An English Methodist paper says that the most brilliant commemoration of the centenary of John Wesley's death was held at old St. Giles' Church, in Edinburgh. There gathered in that cathedral, seven centuries old, the representatives of the historic Presbyterian Churches, of the town council, and of the venerable university.

It is proposed to form a "John Wesley" society within the Church of England, to affirm and exercise the right and duty of laymen to preach the Gospel.

A Bible-class was started at Portland Street Chapel, Bristol, in 1889. The class now numbers 850 men. A disused public-house has been turned into a mission room, and worked by the members of this class. There were one hundred conversions in twelve months, and the men offered \$500 themselves towards the cost of a new hall, which has proved a great success.

"Wesley's Chapel, City Road," is henceforward to be the designation of City Road Chapel, London, according to the action of the trustees.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

There are 112 annual conferences, and seventeen missions. Nearly fifty conferences will be held in September.

Union Chapel, New Orleans, has a membership of 350, who are Creoles, all of whom were formerly Romanists.

The New York Conference reports 10,000 conversions during the past year, and over \$40,000 collected for missions, the largest missionary collection in its history.

Bishop Hurst reports \$96,000 from the citizens of Washington towards the purchase of the site for the National American University, leaving only \$4,000 yet to be provided for.

The trustees of the North-western University are about to provide a school of technology in that institution. It is thought that the noble gift of \$100,000, recently bequeathed by Mr. Fairweather, will thus be utilized.

A church, known as the "American" Church, though Methodist, was built in Buenos Ayres, in 1870, at a cost of \$60,000, and it is now worth twice that amount.

Wesley Hospital, Chicago, was inaugurated two years ago in a rented house, and in one year one hundred cases were treated. Then another house was added, and still there is not sufficient room. A new property has been secured, and suitable buildings are about to be erected at a cost of \$150,000.

The Book Concern, in Cincinnati, has purchased additional ground for \$90,000, more room being demanded by the growing business.

Itinerants' clubs are being held in various parts of the Church. Bishop Vincent is the founder. The design is to encourage ministers to prosecute Biblical studies. Conventions are held, sometimes for four days in succession, during which lectures are delivered and papers read on prescribed subjects.

The General Board of the Epworth League recently met in St. Louis. Some hundreds of visitors were present. The meetings were of an in-

spiring character, and the evidences are that the Epworth League will become a valuable institution in Methodism.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Wesley's sermons have been translated into the Spanish language by the authorities of Vanderbilt University, for the use of the Missions in Mexico, and other Spanish-speaking American countries.

The Board of Missions assessed \$325,000 upon the annual Conferences, and appropriated \$226,000 to the various fields.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

A new church has been dedicated on Ireland Island, Bermuda. Many hearts were made glad at the dedicatory services, as a new church has long been needed.

The annual meeting of the Book Room and Publishing House, in Toronto, was recently held. All were glad to find that the success of the past year was such that \$6,500 was given to the Superannuation Fund.

The new weekly paper *Onward* is meeting with great success, and has attained a circulation of over 24,000.

The Regents of Victoria College are gratified at the success which attends the work of collecting subscriptions for the Federation Fund. About \$675,000 has been secured in cash and promises, and, of course, there is much to follow. By the time these notes are published the corner-stone of the new edifice in Queen's Park, Toronto, will have been laid.

Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, is now in British Columbia, and after visiting the missions in that Conference, will return by way of Manitoba and the North-West, and will make a tour among the Indian Missions at Norway House, Beren's River, Fisher River, etc.

The District Meetings are now being held. Some of them report gratifying increases in the membership of the Church. Others, however, are pained to find that their

numbers are being depleted by removals. Circuits in rural districts suffer very greatly from this cause, which creates considerable difficulty to those who remain to support the various interests of the Church.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

News reaches us from Australia of an interesting kind. At the annual meeting at Launceston four probationers were ordained, and sixteen others were continued on probation. A new mission was begun in Tasmania, and an increase of ninety-eight members was reported.

In New South Wales, a Connexional Sunday-School Union is to be formed, and intercolonial missionary deputations have been appointed.

In South Australia, three candidates for the ministry were accepted, and one probationer was ordained.

RECENT DEATHS.

We announce with regret the death of the Rev. John Bredin, D.D., on May 30th, in the seventy-third year of his age, and in the forty-ninth year of his ministry. He superannuated two years ago, and has been in feeble health for some time past. He was a thoughtful and eloquent preacher, a genial and pleasant companion, and kept well abreast with current thought and history. His beautiful penmanship in the Journals of the Conference will be a memorial of him in future years, after those who knew him personally have passed away.

Rev. Joseph D. Wickham, D.D., died at Manchester, Vermont, aged ninety-five. He preached until he was near ninety, and was a frequent contributor to the *New York Observer*.

Rev. Jos. McD. Trimble, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Ohio, died in May. He entered the ministry in 1828, and was a member of every General Conference since 1844. He was a man well known and greatly beloved.

Rev. Geo. Osborn, D.D., died at

Richmond, London, England, at the great age of eighty-three. No man was better known in Wesleyan Methodism. He was the most powerful link between the past and the present. His name is associated with the great secession of 1849, when the Revs. Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith were expelled, which caused the loss of at least 100,000 members. These were dark days for Wesleyan Methodism in England. All who knew Dr. Osborn believed that he was perfectly sincere in the part which he then took. For seventeen years he was one of the Missionary Secretaries. He was also the same number of years Theological Professor in Richmond College. He was sixty-four years in the ministry. He edited thirteen volumes of the poetical works of John and Charles Wesley. He filled the Presidential chair on two occasions. Few of his brethren excelled him as an expounder of Scripture, and none equalled him as a disciplinarian.

ITEMS.

Mr. W. Bowron, of the Methodist Free Church, England, has gone to his reward, and his two sons have resolved to perpetuate his memory by establishing a Deaconess' Home and Training Institution in London, to be called the Bowron House.

Rev George Brown, President of New South Wales Conference (Methodist) is a man of mark. He is a native of the north of England. In his youth he visited the Mediterranean, and also spent some time in America. Then he went to New Zealand, where he was converted. He soon became a missionary, and from 1860 to 1875 he laboured in Samoa, where he was Chairman of the District. He commenced a new mission in New Britain, which he manned with Samoan, Fijian, and Tongan teachers. He has been very successful as an explorer and a pioneer missionary. As a student of languages he has been wonderfully successful, and is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and a member of the Zoological Society.

Rev. Mr. Mackay, of Formosa, the Canadian Presbyterian Missionary, writes that the people of a congeries of villages have abandoned their idols, and are waiting for further instruction. The success of the Formosa Mission has been most extraordinary, and this incident is very similar to others that have occurred. Another proof that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

One hundred Australians have volunteered for service in connection with the China Inland Mission.

Such is the progress of Christian missions in Japan that the Buddhist priests have made great efforts, recently, to defend their religion, and some forty-two periodicals are issued, devoted to the spread of Buddhism.

While the number of Christians in Japan is only about one in each thousand of the population, it is interesting to hear that eleven members of the House of Representatives have been chosen from their number, while there are also three Christians in the House of Peers. Among the most prominent candidates for the speakership two are Christians. One of the representatives is a Presbyterian elder.

Rev. J. W. Wadman, M.A., who left British Columbia some time ago to labour in Japan, in a letter to the Rev. J. E. Starr, says, "Three weeks ago I preached my first Japanese sermon with fear and trembling. Had been only fifteen months in the country, and had just put in my

spare moments on the language; and what do you think, I am now conducting a revival in Japanese. The Lord has wrought a miracle. I cannot now doubt but that this was my place. I am very happy."

One thousand Chinamen, members of the Congregational Church, in California and Oregon, have sent two missionaries to their native land, organized a Foreign Missionary Society with \$1,000 to start with, and have contributed \$2,200 to home missions.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, of the Presbyterian Mission in the North-West, has secured a number of subscriptions from private persons to support missions. It is hoped that by this scheme thirty missions will be sustained.

It is only a few years since a cruel and inhuman being was on the throne at Mandalay, Upper Burmah, and to do any kind of missionary work there meant certain death. When this city was built, the eight gates surrounding it were supposed to have been made secure against invaders by the sacrifice of fifty-six young Burmese girls. In October last a missionary conference was held in this same city, at the close of which a communion service was held, and missionaries, native preachers, and native converts of ten different races, representing five hundred churches, bowed at the Lord's table; and in the very place where this man dispensed his cruel edicts Christians gathered and sang, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," etc.

WE SHALL BE SATISFIED.

God is enough! Thou who in hope and fear
Toilest through desert sands of life, sore tried,
Climb trustful over death's black ridge, for near,
The bright wells shine: thou wilt be satisfied.

God doth suffice! O thou, the patient one,
Who puttest faith in him, and none beside,
Bear yet thy load: under the setting sun
The glad tents gleam; thou wilt be satisfied.

—Edwin Arnold.

Book Notices.

Wendell Phillips, Agitator. By CARLOS MARTYN. Pp. 600. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street. Price \$1.50.

"Wendell Phillips," says the author of this book, "was a citizen of the twentieth century sent as a sample to us of the nineteenth. There is not in biography another character more profoundly interesting and instructive, whether judged by the length, variety, influence or genius of his life. This man was unique. Fredrica Bremer said long ago, 'The anti-slavery struggle will be the romance of American history.' But where was there in the American controversy a more heroic figure than Wendell Phillips. He stood the Admirable Crichton of progress. Would any man understand this century? Would he catch fire with one of the purest, ablest, most inspiring of men? Let him study and emulate the career of Wendell Phillips."

This estimate of his biographer will scarcely be thought too high by candid students of this life. Its writer is, of course, an enthusiastic admirer of his subject. He confesses that as he has written, "he has dipped his pen in his heart for ink; he has made an effort to open the window into the man's soul so that the world may look in;" and he claims that the deeper the insight, the greater will be the admiration for the agitator's talents and reverence for his character.

Wendell Phillips came of good old Puritan stock—of the bluest blood of Boston. One of his playmates was J. Lothrop Motley, who became the famous historian. The boy was fed upon Puritan traditions, and imbibed therefrom heroic principles. When he was fourteen years old he heard Dr. Lyman Beecher preach on the theme, "You belong to God." He went home from the church,

threw himself on the floor with locked doors and prayed, "O God, I belong to Thee, take what is Thine own." The act was the key of his character—the inspiration of his life. He was a brilliant student at Harvard. He studied law, and opened an office in Boston.

One day in October, 1835, he looked out of his office window and saw a mob dragging Garrison, the Abolitionist, through the streets with shouts of "Kill him!" "Lynch him!" That scene made him an Abolitionist. He soon married a wife as zealous a champion for the slave as himself. They were soon "cut dead" by the fashionable circles of Boston. He became a social outcast and pariah—a man everywhere spoken against, the despised "friend of niggers." He soon made himself heard and felt. His eloquence rang through Faneuil Hall in rebuke of slavery. He flung himself into the anti-slavery contest—and a hot contest it was. He became agent of the Massachusetts Anti-slavery Society, and spent the best years of his life in pleading the cause of the oppressed and enslaved.

He was the champion of every moral reform—of temperance, of labour reform, of woman suffrage—and a strong opponent of capital punishment. He died in 1884, full of years and full of honours, happy in this that most of the great reforms for which he had spent his life he had seen accomplished before he died. Three of his lectures are given in this book, "The Lost Arts," a brilliant performance which we heard delivered in this city; "Daniel O'Connell," and "A Scholar in the Republic." An excellent portrait accompanies the volume. A fine sonnet of Lowell's is a worthy tribute to Wendell Phillips:

"He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide

The din of battle and of slaughter
 rose :
 He saw God stand upon the weaker
 side,
 That sank in seeming loss before its
 foes ;
 Many there were who made great haste
 and sold
 Unto the coming enemy their swords.
 He scorned their gifts of fame, and
 power, and gold,
 And underneath their soft and flowery
 words
 Heard the cold serpent hiss ; therefore
 he went
 And humbly joined him to the weaker
 part,
 Fanatic named, and fool, yet well con-
 tent
 So he could be the nearer to God's
 heart,
 And feel its solemn pulses sending
 blood
 Through all the widespread veins of
 endless good."

Tuscan Cities. By WILLIAM D. HOWELLS. With illustrations from drawings and etchings by Joseph Pennell and others. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$3.50.

Admirers of Mr. W. D. Howells find him at his best in his delineation of character and picturesque half humorous description of incident and adventure. Persons who have neither the time nor the taste for the microscopic observation and minute descriptions of his realistic stories, will find here his matchless literary skill employed upon themes of broad and perennial interest and of thrilling romantic and historic association. His long residence in Italy as United States Consul gave him the opportunity of studying the institutions of the country and the social, domestic and economic relations and conditions of the people, in a way which no chance tourists and comparatively few foreign residents have the opportunity of doing.

In his charming volume, entitled "Venetian Days," he has done for the "City of the Sea" what Story, in his inimitable "Roba di Roma," has done for Rome. In the present volume he treats in the same reminiscent, poetical and æsthetic man-

ner—a manner which reminds one sometimes of Washington Irving and sometimes, in its quaint humour, of Mark Twain—the chief cities of Tuscany. Nearly half the volume is devoted to *La Bella Firenze*, the ever beautiful Florence, city of art and song, city of tragic history and romantic adventure, city of Dante and Savonarola—a city where every step is on historic ground. Scarcely an aspect of Florentine life is overlooked. To turn over these pages and look at Mr. Pennell's exquisite etchings of Val d'Arno, of the Bargello, of the Signoria, of the Loggia dei Lanzi, is like walking again those streets, and breathing again that enchanted air.

The second study is devoted to the lofty, wind-swept city of Sienna, whose great square and mast-like tower surpasses in picturesque beauty even that of Florence. Rather unjustly, we think, the author applies the undeserved epithet of "pitiless Pisa" to the beautiful city of the Duomo; the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the exquisite "leaning miracle." Industrious Lucca, Pistoja, Prato, and Fiesole, are in turn described and illustrated. The illustrations are not the ordinary photographs or mechanical processes very largely employed nowadays, but exquisite etchings or pen-and-ink drawings, full of artistic feeling, where every line and every shadow adds to the poetic value of the drawing. To these ample justice is done by the printing on the thick cream-laid paper. This charming volume, to our taste, is worth a dozen ordinary books of travel, and is one of the most delightful souvenirs of Italy that we know.

The Virgin Mary, and Other Sermons. Preached in New Richmond Church, McCaul Street, Toronto, by JOHN ELLIS LANCELEY, and published by request. Pp. 301. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

We are glad to see such thoughtful volumes as this, and others which have recently appeared, from the pens of our Methodist ministers.

No more appropriate souvenir can a Methodist preacher leave with his congregation than a selection from the discourses which have stirred their thought and moulded their life, that he, being absent, may yet speak to their hearts. A considerable portion of this volume is made up of consecutive expositions of the life of Jesus. The author rightly comments upon the strange avoidance of the special study of the character of the Virgin Mary, on account of the superstitious reverence paid her by the Roman Catholic Church. But that, surely, is no reason for this neglect.

In the second section of the book the author discusses some of the most important social questions of the day. The Methodist Church has always given a clear, strong, ringing utterance on the temperance question, the importance of total abstinence, and the abolition of the liquor traffic. In that respect this volume utters no uncertain sound. We do not know that we agree fully with Brother Lanceley's interpretation of the first miracle at Cana of Galilee, but certain we are, that it affords no warrant for the argument in favour of wine-bibbing, sometimes thought to be adduced therefrom. From the pregnant text, "Art thou for us or for our adversaries?" we have a strong and cogent argument in favour of prohibition. So, too, in the sermons on the pulpit and social questions, and the brotherhood of man, the common obligation of sympathy and helpfulness are strongly enforced. The last sermon is a thoughtful study of the messages of Christ to the seven Churches, from which striking practical lessons are adduced. Brother Lanceley is a man of striking individuality and originality of thought and diction. Both of these characteristics come out strongly marked in this volume. It is full of pith and vivacity, and will well bear reading more than once. A capital picture of the author and a vignette of the new McCaul Street Church accompany the volume, which is very handsomely gotten up.

Jesus the Messiah in Prophecy and Fulfilment. A Review and Refutation of the Negative Theory of Messianic Prophecy. By EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D., Editor of *The Christian Guardian*, Toronto. Pp. 256. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Price \$1.

Like everything which Dr. Dewart writes, this book is a strong, clear, cogent setting forth of his mature judgment. It is based on broad and earnest study of the important subject of Messianic prophecy. It is the best exposition of the conservative and, as we deem, the orthodox views of modern scholarship with which we are acquainted. In a series of lucid chapters it discusses the origin and development of Messianic prophecy, and its elucidation by its fulfilment. The author takes up, one by one, the chief prophecies which predictively refer to Christ, then discusses the general and typical Messianic prophecies, and shows the correspondence between these predictions, and their fulfilment in the life and death of Jesus Christ. By an extensive citation of eminent scholars he shows what weight of evidence and authority there is on behalf of the conservative view. We cordially agree with the following sentiment: "The supreme object of studying prophecy should be to find out its meaning, rather than the sense in which the prophet or his contemporaries may have understood it. To all who believe that the great truths of prophecy were communicated to the prophets by the Spirit of God, the vital question must be, What is God's thought? Everything is secondary to this."

Excursions in Art and Letters. By WILLIAM WETMORE STORY, D.C.L. Oxon. Pp. 295. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

It has remained to an American sculptor to give us the best book, literary and descriptive, on Rome—

Story's exquisite "Roba di Roma." His "Conversations in the Studio" exhibits the marvellous play of his genius, the remarkable breadth of his reading, and his cultured criticism. Story strikes us as one of the finest products of American genius. We know no modern sculptor who surpasses him in the plastic art. He is master of a classic English style. His poetry has a grandeur akin to that of his favourite artist, Michael Angelo. The essays in this volume exhibit him not only as an accomplished art critic, but as one familiar with classic literature and philosophy, and as a Shakespearcan critic of acumen and insight.

We are inclined, however, to think that, like most artists, and especially like most sculptors, he unduly minimizes the efforts of early Christian art. It is not true, as has often been affirmed, that the early Christians entirely abjured art on account of its idolatrous use by pagans. They rather baptized it like the neophyte converts from Paganism and consecrated it to the service of Christianity. Indeed, that early Christian life, under repression and persecution, created a more imperious necessity for the expression of its loftiest hopes and aspirations in a Christian symbolism, which was often of extreme poetic beauty and of deep spiritual significance.

Nevertheless it is true, as our author shows in his first essay of this volume, that on Michael Angelo, that this great man was the true creator of modern art, especially of sculpture. He was a titanic genius, great as sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, poet, and prose writer. The marbles of the tombs of Medici, the prophets and sybils and the Last Judgment of the Sistine chapel, the mighty dome of St. Peter's, are all trophies of his genius. Two other essays, saturated with Greek and Latin learning, are those on Phidias and the Elgin marbles and on classic modes of art production. The gem of the book, we think, is the "Conversation with Marcus Aurelius." "Of all the books that ancient literature has left," says our author,

"none is to be found containing a record of higher or purer thought or more earnest and unselfish character, than the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. In this little book are rules for the conduct of life which might shame almost any Christian." Our author summons up the shade of the mighty dead, and holds with him high converse on the lofty themes of God, the soul, righteousness, and duty. This seems to us as fine as any of the "imaginary conversations" of Landor.

Toronto University Studies in Political Science. Edited by PROFESSOR ASHLEY.

The occupant of the new chair on Political Economy in Toronto University has already accomplished much in the solution of social problems. The second essay published under his editorship is a very lucid exposition on the subject of municipal monopolies and their management, by A. H. Sinclair, B.A. It treats of certain requisites of city life--as water-works, street railway, gas supplies, electric light, and introduces a comparison of their public and private management. This comparison Professor Ashley remarks is the first impartial attempt in that direction, and should do something to moderate the ardour of extremists on either side.

LITERARY NOTES.

The handsome volume, "Toronto, Old and New," reviewed in the June number of this MAGAZINE, we omitted to state was published by the *Mail Co.*, Toronto.

Hart & Co., publishers, Toronto, announce a book by O. A. Howland, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, on "The New Empire: Reflections on its Origin, Constitution, and its Relations to the Great Republic." This is received and will be reviewed in our next number.

The same publishers also issue an edition of Professor Roberts' fine translation of Gaspe's story of the old régime, "Canada of Old."