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THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1877.

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
There with a slight and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea ;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own.

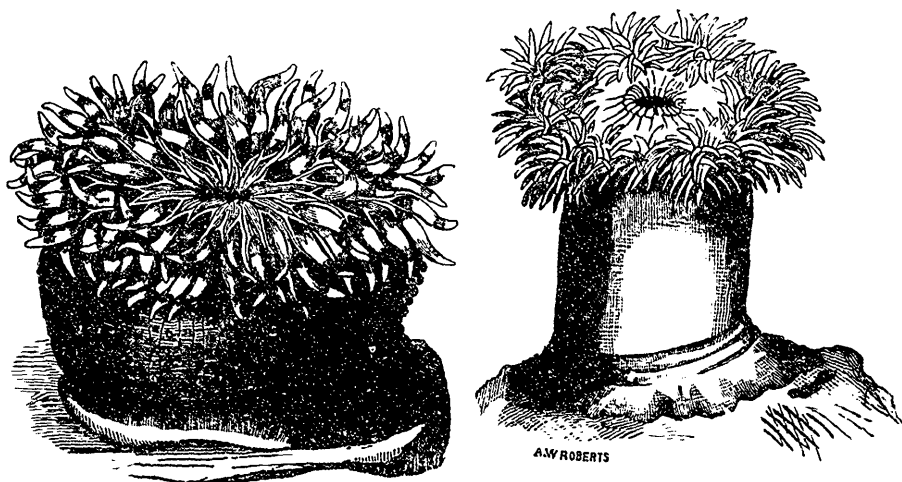
So sings in tuneful numbers the poet Percival the wondrous secrets of the sea. Among the most beautiful of the strange forms of life that disport themselves in the placid depths of ocean, undisturbed by the wildest storms that tempest its surface, are those shown in the engraving on the following page. The corals are of almost innumerable variety and of surpassing beauty—some have branching arms, like a submarine tree ; but for blossoms, they have brilliant-hued, living, flower-like animals. Others form a dome-shaped mass, studded with tiny, star-like organisms. Others again, as the brain-stone, (*Mandrina cerebri-*

formis,) resemble in their markings the convolutions of a gigantic brain. Some have quite the appearance of an animated lily. This form is often found completely fossilized, when, indeed, it is often called the "stone lily." These tiny and singly insignificant creatures yet "build in the tossing and treacherous main" huge barrier reefs, extending for hundreds of miles, and in the by-gone



FIG. 1.—CORALS, POLYPS, SEA ANEMONES, AND ECHINODERMS.

geologic ages have laid the foundations of vast continents. Figs. 2 and 3 represent the variety known as sea anemones. The delicate tentacles, or arms, are often delicately tinted, like many-coloured flowers of the submarine gardens of Neptune. In the lower right hand corner of Fig. 1 is an echinoderm or sea urchin, or sea hedge-hog, as it is sometimes called. In its complete



FIGS. 2 AND 3.—VARIETIES OF SEA ANEMONE.

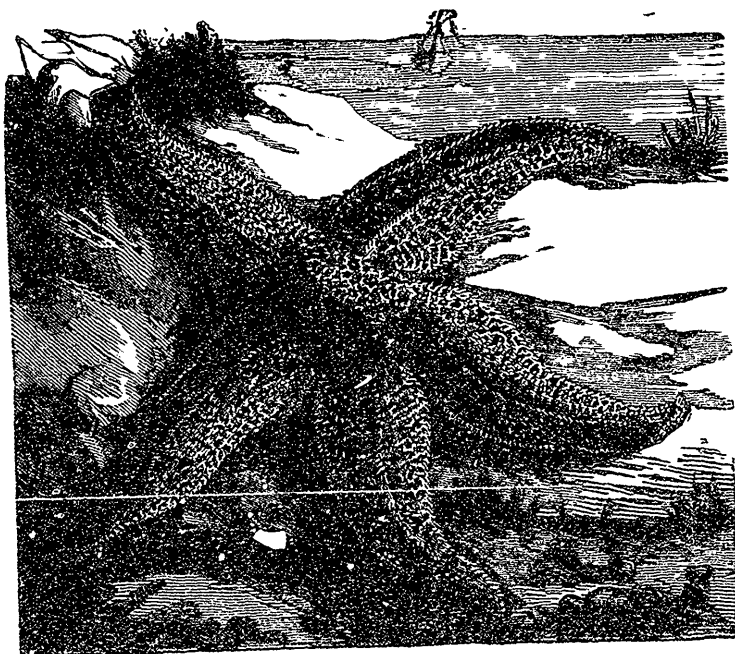


FIG. 4.—STAR FISH.

development it is covered with prickly spines, which, by their motion, constitute its mode of progression. Their appearance really makes the analogy to a porcupine seem very striking.

Another common type of these radiate animals is the star fish, or five-fingered Jack of the sailors, shown in Fig. 4. It is common on the New England coast. Sometimes the arms are

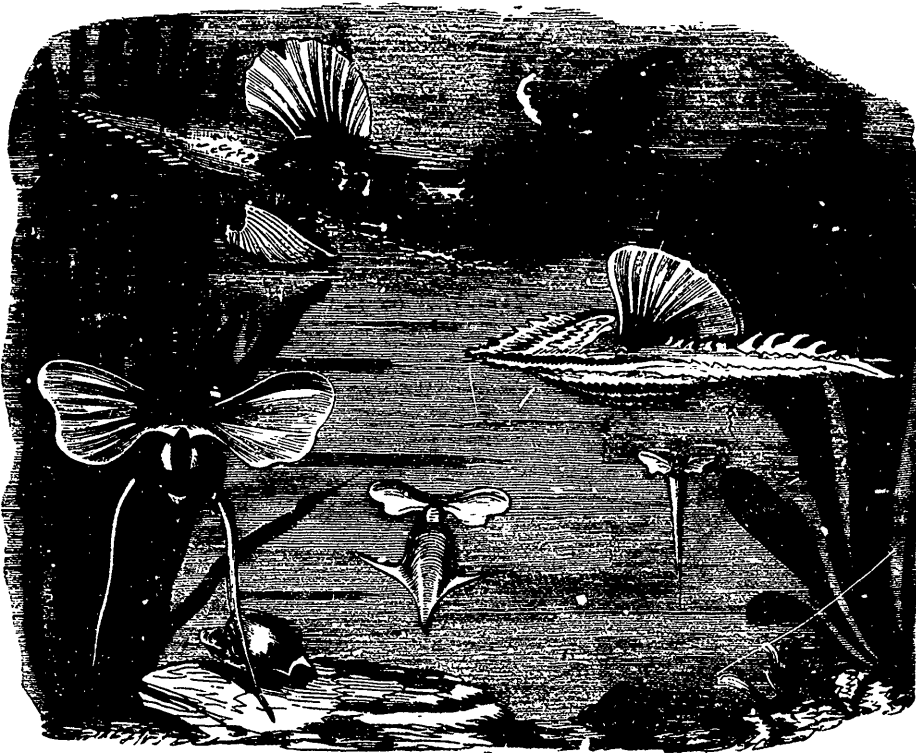


FIG. 5.—GASTEROPODS AND PTEROPODS.

long and slender, by the undulatory motion of which the animal advances. The mouth, which is a mere dilatible opening into the stomachal cavity, is in the centre of the body. If one of the arms, or rays of the star, be injured or lost, the animal possesses the convenient ability of reproducing it, a property common also to other low forms of life.

In Fig. 5 are shown some of the strange forms of life to be

met with in the New York Aquarium. The large object in the upper part of the cut is the *Carinaria* or "glassy sailor." Its motions are very rapid and graceful, and its small keeled shell may be noticed near its posterior extremity. It abounds largely in the Mediterranean Sea. The other objects in the cut are chiefly pteropods, or wing-footed creatures. Some of them are beautiful objects, as they swim through the water like butterflies through the air. They occur chiefly in tropical seas. One of the handsomest is the *hyale* or "chariot of Venus," shown in the engraving.



FIG. 6.—FLYING-FISH.

A universal favourite with sailors and tropical travellers is the flying-fish or sea swallow, as it has been called, shown in Fig. 6. Its beauty of form, brilliance of colour, and elegance of motion relieve the monotony of ocean life, as birds do the silence of the woods. These shining bands, says a high authority, pursue their flight, when no danger

threatens, in the full enjoyment of happiness and security for mere sport, and probably as a necessity of their structure. Their muscular power is sufficient to raise them fifteen or twenty feet above the surface, and to sustain them with a velocity greater than that of the swiftest ship for a distance of several hundred feet. The pectoral fins strike the air with a succession of rapid impulses, scarcely more perceptible than the quick vibrations of a humming-bird's wing.

Among the most curious, if not the most beautiful, objects of the Aquarium are the hell-benders, shown in Fig. 7. They are found in the Alleghany and other tributaries of the Ohio

River. In common with certain other low types of life they slough their skin, or rather a thin external membrane, not the true skin, which they afterward swallow. This membrane



FIG. 7.—HELL-BENDERS.

first becomes loose over the entire surface of the body, when it looks like an envelope or sack in which the animal is contained. By a series of violent efforts of the body, and wide gapings of the mouth, the skin parts at the lips and begins to fold

backward, like the finger of a glove turned inside out. The animal now manages to withdraw its fore legs from their covering, and, by means of convulsive contortions, to writhe its whole body out of its loosened tunic, taking the skin in its mouth and pulling it over the hind legs and tail. It then retires for a time into private life till a brand new coat grows of itself—a highly convenient arrangement which some of us would like, if possible, to imitate, although our tailors would probably object to its general adoption.



FIG. 8.—THE ANGLER.

One of the most hideous objects in the Aquarium is the angler, (*Lophius piscatorius*,) delineated in Fig. 8. This crafty creature lies concealed on the muddy or weed-grown bottom, from which, on account of its dun-coloured skin, it can with difficulty be distinguished. From its upper jaw projects forward a spine-like tentacle, from the extremity of which

dangles a bit of fleshy-looking membrane. The small fishes, which are the natural prey of this guileful deceiver, are attracted by this tempting bait; but no sooner do they touch it than they are instantly engulfed in the voracious maw of the monster, which closes on them with the promptness and vigour of a steel trap.

The strange-looking fish shown in Fig. 9 is that popularly known as the dory or John-dory. This is an English corruption of the French name *jaune doree*, descriptive of its golden yellow colour. From its plume-like appendages it is called by the

Gascon peasants the "gilt cock of the sea." It is often called

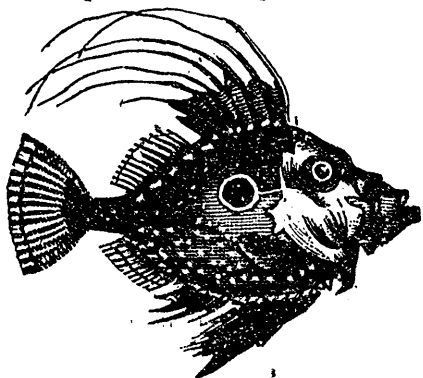


FIG. 9.—DORY.

by English sailors "St. Peter's fish," and disputes with the haddock the honour of having been the species out of whose mouth the apostle took the tribute money. The conspicuous marks on each side of the body are averred, by tradition, to be those caused by his finger and thumb as he took the fish out of

the water.

The didodon or sea porcupine, shown in Fig. 10, is covered with a leathery skin, which is armed with short erectile spines. It



FIG. 10.—SEA PORCUPINE.

possesses the ability of inflating its body by the inhalation of air, when its resemblance to the porcupine is sufficiently striking.

The singular-looking fish shown in Fig. 11 is the gurnard or sea robin. When taken from the water, it makes a sort

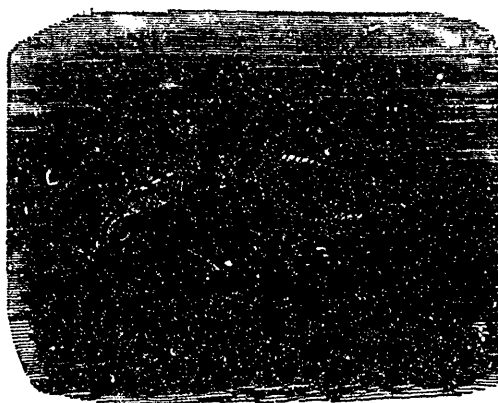


FIG. 11.—GURNARD.

of grunting noise, from which fact it derives one of its names. It is extremely voracious, biting at every thing, even a red rag. Its voracity, as is generally the case with greedy creatures, makes it very easily captured. In the Aquarium it may be seen crawling along the bottom by means

of its pectoral appendages, which have the appearance, and in part serve the purpose of, feet. It stirs up the mud and sand with its shovel-shaped nose, and is enabled to detect its prey in the turbid water by means of these feelers, which are endowed with a delicate sense of touch. When alarmed, it can bury itself in the mud by a rapid lateral movement of the body, leaving only the eyes and top of the head exposed. The size and position of the eyes indicate an animal organized for living in comparative darkness. Notwithstanding its repulsive appearance, its flesh is a white, firm, and wholesome food.

The extraordinary-looking creatures delineated in Fig. 12 represent two varieties of the chaetodon, a species of spiny-rayed fishes with highly compressed and scaly bodies. They abound in tropical waters, on rocky shores, and are of brilliant colours—black, blue, green, and yellow being the prevailing hues;—their flesh is good eating. The beak-head chaetodon, shown in

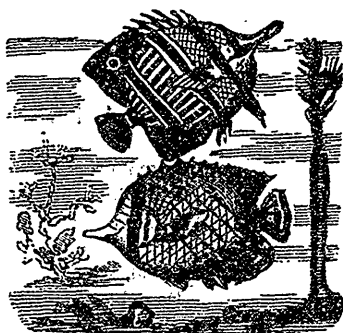


FIG. 12.—THE CHAETODON.

the upper portion of the figure, is a native of Java, and possesses the remarkable faculty of ejecting drops of water from its elongated snout to a considerable distance, so as to hit, with unerring accuracy, insects on the plants growing in the water. It is of a beautiful silvery hue, crossed by five deep-coloured brownish bands.

We have enumerated only a tithe of the curious, interesting, and instructive objects of the New York Aquarium. No one visiting that city should fail to spend, at least, a few hours in studying the habits of the strange inhabitants of its numerous tanks. Indeed, several days might be well employed in the fascinating task. Time would fail to tell of the sea bear, sea cow, sea cucumber, sea elephant, sea fox, sea hog, sea horse, sea leopard, sea lion, sea raven, sea nettle, sea spider, sea snipe, sea wolf, and all the other marvellous creatures of the sea—the numerous variety of fish of every fin and form and hue.

As with devout as well as philosophic eye, we note these marvels of creative skill, we instinctively exclaim with the psalmist: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts."

A PARTING LESSON.

I HAVE no song to give you ;
 No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey ;
 Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
 For every day.
 Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever
 One grand, sweet song.

—C. Kingsley.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

VIII.

THANK God we are at home again, which a month since I scarcely expected to be.

At Hackney, on Friday morning, March the 8th, I was startled out of my sleep in the early dusk before dawn by a heaving and a jarring, which made me think, in the confusion of waking, that I was at sea again with father and Hugh, and that the ship had struck against a rock, and was grating over it.

I sprang up instantly, with a vague fear of drowning; but I shall never forget the horror of utter helplessness which followed, when I perceived that it was Aunt Henderson's great crimson-damask four-post bed which was thus tottering—that it was the gigantic polished oak wardrobe whose doors were flying open, and the familiar white jug and basin which were rattling in that unaccountable way against each other.

It flashed on me at once that it was the *earth* that was moving—the solid earth itself heaving like the sea!

My first impulse was to throw myself on my knees by the bedside. Then I committed myself to God, and felt there was something yet that “could *not* be moved.”

Then followed another shock and jarring motion. The fire-irons rattled, the water jug fell and was broken, the wardrobe tottered and strained. And there seemed something more awful in the unwonted noises among these familiar things than there would have been in the roar of a cannonade or any other strange sound.

But besides these noises, and through, and behind, and underneath them, came a low distant rumble like thunder, which yet was not thunder; not above, but beneath, for it seemed quivering through the earth.

I sprang to my feet, and wrapping myself in my great cloak, rushed out to mother's room.

The frightened servants were already gathered on the landing, crying that the end of the world was come, and wringing their

hands and wondering what would become of mistress, who has gone to the early prayers at the Foundery.

All had rushed together with the instinct of frightened cattle. No one had thought of striking a light.

I crept to mother's bedside, and kneeling down, pressed her in both mine.

"My darling," she said, "I am so thankful we are together. If only Jack were here, Kitty! If only I could feel he was safe, whatever happened! Kitty, let us be still, and pray for Jack."

For mother thought, like most of us, that the end of the world was come.

Another shock, and jar, and rumble of that awful underground thunder; and then a fearful crash above us, and a piercing shriek from all outside, with sobs, and cries of "Lord, have mercy on me." Another crash, and another burst of shrieks and sobs.

And mother said nothing, but solemnly clasped her hands in prayer.

Then there came a stillness and a hush in the voices outside, and through the silence we heard the wind rustling in the tall elm-tree close to the window, and saw that the dusk was slowly creeping into dawn.

And mother said solemnly,—

"It was to be in the morning, Kitty! At least I always thought so. And, O child, it must be less terrible than death! If only I were sure about Jack! What are lightnings and thunders, and the rolling together of Heaven and earth as a scroll, compared with the severing of soul and body, of husband and wife, of mother and child? And then," she said, as if that hope absorbed all terror, and all other hopes, "*His appearing!* His glorious appearing! It is to come one day, and suddenly, we are told. Who can say when it may not come?"

It was very strange, the awful apprehension which terrified so many that night out of all their dreams of security, seemed to give mother a calm and an assurance I never heard her express before.

If at other times the question had been asked her, "Lovest thou me?" she would have answered, "I hope so. I fear it is very little; but I only trust it may be called love."

But now that she thought He might be indeed at hand, all thought of her short-comings seemed absorbed in the thought of Him. She never thought of her love. She loved, and looked for Him.

I remember it all so distinctly, because, after that little prayer by my own bedside, I cannot think why, but my terror seemed to vanish, and almost my awe. I felt almost ashamed of myself as if it were an irreverence, that I could not feel the apprehension others did. But after all, though the house trembled, it did seem to stand quite firm. And when that great crash came, I could not help thinking it was like a chimney falling; for afterwards I heard the stones and mortar rolling down; and when no harm followed, I thought, "Now, all that is likely to fall has come down, and the danger is over."

I feel quite angry with myself for being so insensible, but I could not help it. I suppose it was because I have so little imagination.

In a few minutes I heard father's voice rising in a tone of quiet command above the sobs of the maids, desiring one of them to bring him a tinder-box. Then the house-door was unbarred, and very soon father re-entered the room with a light, and said,—“It is an earthquake, but not very violent. I have felt far severer shocks when I was on service in the West Indies. The crash was the chimney falling through the roof of the old part of the house. The danger is over for the present, but it may recur, and we should be prepared.”

Not long after, Aunt Henderson came back in her sedan-chair from the Foundry. She told us that they were all assembled in the large preaching-house, when the walls were shaken so violently that they all expected the building to fall on their heads. A great cry followed, and shrieks of agonized terror. But Mr. Charles Wesley's voice immediately rose calmly above the tumult, saying,—“*Therefore will we not fear though the earth be moved, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea; for the Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.*”^{*} Evelyn was there, Aunt Henderson said, and observed to her that “it would be worth while to have an earthquake a week, to

* *Vide Wesley's Journal.*

see the hearts of the people shaken as they were then." "Evelyn is a strange girl, but there is more in her than I thought," she concluded.

And I thought how strangely we shall all be revealed to each other, when the day really comes which will strip off all disguises, and take the blinding beams out of all eyes!

The danger was not over. One messenger after another continued to arrive with accounts of the tottering walls and falling chimneys they had seen, and with wild incoherent rumours of the ruin and destruction of which they had heard.

At eight o'clock, Aunt Beauchamp's coach drove up to the door, and she herself crept out of it with Evelyn, her grey hair streaming in dishevelled locks under her hood, her face wan and haggard with terror and the absence of rouge.

"My dearest sister," she exclaimed, throwing herself hysterically into Aunt Henderson's arms, "the chimney-stacks were crashing through the roofs in Great Ormond Street, the tiles raining like hail on the pavements, the people shrieking and crying, the streets full of flying coaches and men on horseback. I wanted to have escaped from the city at once, but Sir John said it was impossible for a day or two, so I have taken refuge with you for the night.

Poor Aunt Beauchamp was very tender and subdued. She was ready to listen to any amount of sermons,—provided she were in a safe place,—from Aunt Henderson, even when they descended to such details as hair-powder and rouge-pots, although she decidedly objected to accompanying her to Mr. Wesley's five o'clock early morning service at the Foundery.

"My dear Sister Henderson," she sobbed, "you, and Kitty, and Evelyn, and every one, have become so good! and I am a poor, foolish, worldly old woman. I am sure I do feel I want some kind of religion that would make me not afraid to meet whatever might happen. If you really think it would make me safe, I would attend that Chapel at the Foundery, or Mr Whitefield's Tabernacle, or anything. But I cannot go back among the tottering houses now. It is too much to expect. If you could only find any one to preach in the open air, we might go in our chairs, and there would be no danger."

"My dear Sister Beauchamp," replied Aunt Henderson, grimly, we cannot go in our chairs to Heaven."

"What do you mean, sister?" was the reply; "the Methodists do not recommend pilgrimages, do they? I am sure I have often wished we Protestants had something of that kind. Lady Fanny Talbot comes back from her retreat in Lent looking so relieved and comfortable, feeling she has arranged everything for the year. But the worst of the Methodists is, they seem never to have done.

Aunt Henderson's horror at this suggestion was so great, she seemed to have lost the power of reply.

And then mother said very quietly:—

"Dear Sister Beauchamp, the Bible and good men say religion is not only a shield against destruction, it is a staff in all the troubles of life, and a cordial which we *never want to have done with*. For, if religion does anything for us, I think it leads us to God, and this is our joy and our rest."

Tears gathered in Aunt Beauchamp's eyes, not hysterical tears; and she looked at mother with something like one of Cousin Evelyn's wistful, earnest looks, and said very softly:

"I am afraid I do not know much of that, sister; I wish I did."

On the following night Aunt Beauchamp insisted on whirling father, and mother, and me away to Bath in her coach.

She would not wait an hour after Sir John was ready, and we started at midnight. Link boys ran beside us through the dark and silent streets. The city seemed deserted. We met no noisy rollicking parties. Only in two places did we encounter a crowd. One of these places was Moorfields, where a crowd of men, women, and children had collected, weeping and lamenting, with no one to comfort them; and the other was Hyde Park, where Mr. Whitefield was preaching to a multitude who had gathered around him in their terror, as little children round a mother's knee.

It was a strange scene, as we drove slowly on the outskirts of the crowd. Here and there the uncertain flare of torches revealed a group of awe-stricken faces, many of them wet with

silent weeping; while the dense throngs beyond were only manifest from that peculiar audible hush which broods over a listening multitude, broken here and there by an irrepressible sob or wail, or by agonized cries, such as "Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner!" "What shall I do to be saved?"

We scarcely spoke to each other all that night, and it was very strange when the dawn crept up the sky to see the highways thronged with coaches, and horsemen, and pedestrians, flying as from a doomed or sacked city, and to feel of how little avail it was to fly if, after all, it was the earth itself,—the solid, immovable earth,—that was being shaken.

It was very pleasant to me to see what a kind of tender reverence crept over the manner of both father's sisters towards mother, before we left London.

Aunt Henderson, as she packed up for us a hamper full of jellies and cordials, on the night of our departure, said to me, authoritatively, as if she were completing an act of canonization: "Kitty, my dear, your mother and Aunt Jeanie are the best women I know. They are as good examples of perfection as I ever wish to see. They may argue against the doctrine as much as they like, but they prove it every day of their lives. You understand, my dear, Mr. Wesley only argues for *Christian*, not for *Adamic* or *angelic* perfection. He admits that even the perfect are liable to errors of judgment, which your poor mother also proves, no doubt, by her little bigotry about the Church, and Aunt Jeanie by two or three little Presbyterian crotchets. But your mother's patience, and her gentleness, and her humility, Kitty, and her calmness in danger, I shall never forget. I should be very happy, Kitty," she concluded, "with all my privileges, to be what she is. And how she attained such a height in that benighted region is more than I can comprehend."

"But, dear Aunt Henderson," I ventured to say, "the grace of God *can* reach even to Cornwall!"

The parting between mother and dear Aunt Jeanie was like a leave-taking of sisters; and for keepsakes, mother gave a beloved old volume of Mr. George Herbert's hymns, and Aunt Jeanie an old worn copy of the letters of Mr. Samuel Rutherford.

We stayed three or four days at Bath, during which Aunt Beauchamp's spirits revived, and also her colour, and her interest in cards, "For, after all," she observed to mother, "we have our duties to our children, and to society, and there is no religion, at least for us Protestants, in making ourselves scare-crows."

But on the morning we went away, when we went to her bedside to wish her good-bye, she said to mother:—

"My dear Sister Trevylan, if ever I should be ill, for we are mortal, and my nerves have been so terribly shaken, promise me that you will come and see me. For I am sure you would do me more good than any one."

And so we reached home again, and dear mother thinks,—as Evelyn says no doubt the sun does,—that this is a very warm and genial world.

There was a strange tenderness in Aunt Henderson's manner as she took leave of mother and me; and as we sat in the coach at Hackney, waiting for the horses to start, she came forward again and took mother's hand with a lingering eagerness, as if she had some special last words to say. Yet after all she said nothing, she only murmured, "God bless you both."

And when I glanced back at Cousin Evelyn when we left Bath, expecting one more of her bright looks, she was gazing at mother with a strange wistfulness, and then suddenly she burst into a flood of tears, and turned away.

Can mother, and father, and I have been deceiving ourselves? She says she feels better and stronger, and so often on the journey she used to plan how we would resume all our old habits, and she would rise early again. "There is such life," she said, "in the morning air at home; and then, Kitty, we will read the lessons for the day always together. Perhaps I have not sought the especial blessing promised to the '*two or three gathered together*' as I ought. And you shall read me sometimes one of those hymns of Dr. Watts or of Mr. Charles Wesley. I am an old-fashioned old woman, and I shall never be able to understand why people cannot be satisfied with the Bible and the Prayer-Book, nor how they can speak of their inmost feelings

in those hands and classes your Aunt Henderson speaks of without danger. But I do like the hymns, and I am sure we ought all to feel grateful to the Methodists for helping the people no one else ever thought there was any hope of helping, or of teaching anything good."

It was rather a sad greeting the night we came near home. It was growing dusk, and everything was very still, when a low chant broke on us from the opposite hill. Solemnly the measured music rose and fell, like the rise and fall of waves on a calm day, until, as we drew nearer, the hill-side sent the sound back to us so clearly we could distinguish it to be the deep voices of men singing as they moved along the moorland. From the slow, steady movement we knew too well what the sad procession must be. We did not say anything to each other. But when we were sitting at supper in the hall, mother asked Betty which of the neighbours was dead.

"It was old Widow Treffry," said Betty, "and Toby has joined the Methodists lately, and the members of his class carried her to the church yard to-day, singing one of Parson Wesley's hymns as they went."

"It was very solemn and sweet," said mother. "It made me think of the stories my father used to tell me, when I was a child, of the ancient Church and the funeral of the martyrs."

Yesterday afternoon, when mother and I returned from a little walk to the entrance of our cave, where she had rested a little while on a rock, to drink in the air from the sea, which was as soft as milk, and made the heart glad, like wine when one is weary, we found the parlour occupied by our new vicar, Cousin Evelyn's great-uncle. Betty was talking to him at the door; and when he had greeted us, the vicar observed in rather a nervous way to mother,

"Madam, I have been informed that there is a *conventicle* held on Sunday evenings in this house."

Mother coloured, and rose; but it evidently cost the vicar too much to make the assertion not to pursue it: he could not rely on his own courage for a second charge, and accordingly pressed

it "Yes, madam, a conventicle, in which is also perpetrated the further enormity of female preaching. I was also informed that in this conventicle the most pointed allusions are made to the clergy; that it is spoken of as a great marvel that any good gift or grace should be given to the bishops or curates; and that last Sunday evening it was actually stated, in the most offensive manner, that it would be a good thing indeed if the priests showed forth God's glory, either by their preaching or by their living. Madam," concluded the vicar, having, I suppose, exhausted his ammunition, and relapsing into his usual nervous and courteous manner,—“madam, a clergyman, a stranger, does not know what to believe. I would have preferred seeing Captain Trevylyan; but since your servant told me he was out, I did not like to wait.”

“Sir,” said mother, who by this time had resumed her seat and her composure, “you have acted with true courtesy and frankness. On the winter Sunday evenings we have been in the habit of collecting our two servants, with a few of our ailing and aged neighbours, to read the Church service to them and some passages from the Homilies.”

“The Church service and the Homilies? A very primitive and praiseworthy custom, madam!” said the vicar, evidently greatly relieved, “and only a few aged people, within the legal number, no doubt; not more than thirty-nine?”

“I never counted, sir,” said mother.

“No doubt, my dear madam, no doubt; but you would in future be particular on that score. The times are perilous, madam, and these Methodists seem to have penetrated even here. No doubt my informant was mistaken.”

“Perhaps, mother,” I ventured to suggest, “the vicar's informant was a Dissenter. You always read the prayer, ‘O God, who alone workest great marvels, send down on all bishops and curates,’—and last Sunday father read the Litany,—and you remember ‘both by their preaching and living.’”

“Exactly,” said the vicar, seizing at the escape, “the young lady's suggestion shows great acuteness. And my informant may himself be a dangerous person, a nonconformist, perhaps even himself a Methodist.”

"It is very strange," however, said mother, when the vicar had left, and she related the interview to father, "that any one should confound me with the Methodists, and suspect me of holding conventicles. It is very strange!" repeated mother, in a tone of no little annoyance.

"Very strange, my dear," said father, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye; "but I have always observed it is the cautious people who get into the worst scrapes."

Finding Betty one day in an approachable mood, I took the opportunity of asking what her opinion was on Mr. Wesley's doctrine of "perfection."

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," she said, "I've got my thoughts on that matter. In the first place, my dear, it's my belief when a man's not a fool in general, when you do understand him, it's a wise thing to think he's not a fool when you don't understand him, but to try to make out what he does mean. That's my way: some folks, Mrs. Kitty, go just the other way,—however, that's no concern of mine. Now, my dear, when I heard the folks say that Parson Wesley said there are some poor mortals on earth who've got beyond sinning, I said to myself, Parson Wesley's no fool, that's plain if nothing else is, and he must have *some* meaning. And so I said to some of the folks, 'Did he say *you* were perfect and had got beyond sinning?' And when they said 'No,' I said, 'Well, leastways, he's right enough there.' And that quieted *them* for a bit. So I was left to think it out for myself. And, Mrs. Kitty, it's my belief Parson Wesley means this. He has seen, maybe, some folks sit down moaning and groaning over their sins as if their sins were a kind of rheumatism in their bones, and they had nothing to do with it but to bear it. For *I've* seen such folks, Mrs. Kitty, I can't deny, folks calling themselves Christians, who'd speak of their tempers, or their laziness, or their *flesh*, as they call it, as if their *flesh* were not *themselves*, but a kind of ill-natured beast they'd got to keep, that *would* bark and snap at times, and no fault of theirs. Some folks, if you speak to them of their faults, will shake their heads and say, 'Yes, we're poor sinners, and the flesh is weak, but when we get to Heaven it'll be all right. We can't expect, you know, to be

perfect here.' And if Parson Wesley ever came across such I can fancy his being aggravated terrible, for they *be* aggravating, and have many a time angered me. And I can fancy his going up to them in his brisk way, and saying, 'You poor, foolish souls, you'll never get to Heaven at all in that way; and if you don't get sin out of your hearts *now* you'll find it'll be *death* by-and-bye. Get up and fight with your sins like men. The Almighty never meant you to go on sinning and groaning, and groaning and sinning. He says you are to be *holy*, you're to be *perfect*, and what the Almighty says He means. Get up and try, and you'll find He'll help you.' And if they do try, the Almighty does help them; and instead of keeping on sinning and moaning, they'll be singing and doing right. They'll be loving the Lord and loving each other. And," continued Betty, "that's what I think Parson Wesley means by 'perfection.'"

"Some folks," she resumed after a pause, "seem to think going to Heaven is a kind of change of air, that'll make their souls well all in a moment, just as other folks think going to London 'll make their bodies well all in a moment. But I don't see that changes of place make the body any better, and I don't see why it should the soul. Parson Wesley says eternity and eternal life, and forgiveness of sins, and holiness, and Heaven itself, must begin in the soul, here and now, or they'll never begin there and then. And," she concluded, "Mrs. Kitty, my dear, it's my belief that's what Parson Wesley means by 'perfection;' and if he means anything else, or anything wrong, it's no concern of mine, my dear, for Parson Wesley's not the Bible, and it isn't at *his* judgment-seat we've got to stand."

PRAYER.

"Of what an easy, quick access,
 My blessed Lord, art Thou! How suddenly
 May our requests Thine ear invade!
 To show that state dislikes not easiness,
 If I but lift mine eyes my suit is made;
 Thou canst no more not hear than Thou canst die."

—Herbert.

JON JONSONN'S SAGA.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MODERN ICELANDER.

(Condensed from Littel's Living Age.)

BY MISS M. R. J.

JON JONSONN once remarked to Mr. Shepherd, whom he mentions several times in his saga, that he was dissatisfied with his country because it was too "coldish." The expression describes the sentiments of a great many with regard to Iceland; even looking at it from a distance it is too "coldish" to be interesting, and the wonder has always been that those old Norwegians, who first settled this inhospitable region, did not leave it to the undisturbed possession of the ice-king. Nevertheless they came, they saw, they conquered the snowfields and the cold, and to-day Iceland has a history of a thousand years—a history as full of romance as is the natural scenery of the country. Its mysterious mountains, and its grand and gloomy fiords, are fit scenes for the acts which the sagas have immortalized, and we wonder not that the old Vikings, those monarchs of the sea, should have chosen this region for their valourous deeds. There is something in the scenery which impels to deeds of daring, deeds of heroism, and of these the skalds have sung to us in language which, like their own hills, is bold, grand, and spirit-stirring; they have sung us songs of victory and of praise, and have invented tales which, though so different in their nature, for marvel and adventure are unsurpassed by those of the Arabian Nights.

Iceland, too, has had its deep thinkers, its theologians, and philosophers; and, indeed, this country must afford peculiar facilities for the cultivation of the intellect, the simple tastes of the people, and the long leisure of their winters, allowing them much time for mental culture.

This saga, from which we present some extracts, contains no tale of Viking or of fair-haired king; it is a sort of pastoral, a homely recital of the quiet, every-day life of its author. Its notable feature consists in the fact that it was written in English by an Icelander, who taught himself that language in his hours

of leisure, entirely from books, as he had very rare opportunities of hearing it spoken. While the spelling and syntax lend interest to this simple tale, it is extraordinary that mistakes of this kind should not have been much more abundant in it. The author was a wonderful instance of perseverance and energy, and won much fame among his countrymen.

The manuscript was presented, just as he had written it, by his widow to an English traveller, in 1875, who has given it to the world. Its quaint simplicity requires no comment.

JON JONSONN.—MY PAST LIFE.

“My biograph and my farming or housekeep, my journi and sojourn i Copenhagen, besides the manners and the change of manners from my childhood to the present time in Iceland, and the reckoning of my fishing of trout, eggs, sheep.

“I am borne the year 1829, September 8, in the cottage Itrinesland, by Myvatn. My father died the same year in the spring, 18 weeks before my birthday, at Reikjalid, by Myvatn, wher he served a wealthy landholder, who vere his uncle; he vas 34 years old when he died, and had lived 3½ year in marriage with my mother. He left one daughter when he died, 2½ year older than I. Consequently our mother vas at this time a grieving widow.”

Describing the place in which he lived, he says,—

“Nearest to the water is grassy meadows, and sometimes good hay harvest (the time for making hay last generally 8 or 9 weeks in Iceland), but a great part of this land is barren black sand, and rough lava from volcano.

“The lake is crowded of several kinds of birds in spring and summer, and most of them is birds of passing, but certain kinds of them remain the whole winter, becaus the water around Vogum never freezes in the severest winter, for it is warm, and it is for the veins of subterraneous water that fall in the lake, and come from the brimstone mines. These mines lie about 3 to 4 English miles from Vogum. It is but this small part of the lake Myvatn that is not covered of thick ice during the winters, and therefore the remaining birds use to go thither to get food

and shelter in the austere season of the year, and squeak cheerfully many a day, swimming on the warm water."

Of the division of the property after his father's death, he says,—

"As I was a male child I got double as much as my sister and double lesser than my mother.

"My mother secondly married a peasant from the vicinity, and thereafter they changed abode, and then they turned servants, and removed to Grimstada to a rich farmer.

"We two boys (his half-brother and himself) were charged as shepherd's boys, to take care of a few ewe which belonged to my stepfather and another peasant (for they were then two in Itrinesland), and by this time I began to learn grass-cutting, for now I was grown bigger, and could do many works by houskeeping, and besides I had learnt reading of my mother, as is common in Iceland, for here are not schools for children's education.

"Many times we brethren met with 2 neighbouring boys, that also were occupied at sheep-keeping, and we used to amuse ourselves by several sport and playing, viz., go in the water even to the mouth, go in search after eggs, fling stones at flying birds, whilst the sheep was in rest and the weather pleasant.

"I remember my joyfulness when I and my brother Benedict drove the sheep along the water shore to the pasturage, which was surrounded of the water on three sides, and we had but to look after them on the one. . . . As I was a bookish lad, I used to read a great variety of Icelandic books, especially the biographs or saga of the former days' inhabitants in Iceland, and their great exploits; and besides, I learned myself from books the arithmetic. And by all opportunities I went in the water in order to learn swimming, and at length I succeeded and could swim in deep water. But in the summer months here was always hurry of business at several works, viz., fishing trout, search and gather eggs, cultivate the meadows, carry on horses several necessaries from town, dress and make *skir* (curds) of the abundant milk, and above all, cutt and make hay, and therefore I, as well as the others, had scarcely time to rest or sleep. But as the winter approached, I set to work, and began to learn writing and arithmetic, and read Danish, and I succeeded [succeeded] to

learn all this in the winter 1843-44. But in 1845 I turned servant, and went to Reikjahlid, and served the old priest. Sir John, in his farmhouse. I worked for a fee of 20 dollars a year, but had always much to do of severall work, especialli in the hay harvest.

“But about this time I got a great longing to go abroad to Denmark, and learn one or other profession; this I told to the old priest, and imediately got permission of him and his son Peter (whom I served some months of the year), and besides the reverend priest assisted me in my intention. In autumn of 1847 I prepared myselv to the voyage, with money and clothes, and had then in possession 220 dollars, and did not, however, sell my land in Vogum, but my garments and other things that I possessed, and thus I prepared myselv to the voyage, and took leave with all my frennds and relations, not without a mixet and perturbed mind, both of sorrow and joyfull hope, for I had then great longing for to see and sojourn in foreign country, and besides to learn ther the joinery. My mother followed me on horseback to the town Husavik, then I took leave with her and also my only sister. I went on board a yat, called “Neptunus,” that was loaded of mutton. She departed from the harbour Oktober 14, 1847. It was my first day on sea; I had therefore many things to observ. I began also to write a memorandum or day-book, and have continued it from this time, both in Denmark and Iceland. I can therefore easily and exaktly recollect all the adventures during my sojourn in Copenhagen.

“At this time it was agreed that I should live for 3 sussesive years at my master's hous, which was the appointed time for my apprenticeship to learn the joinery, and this agreement vere then written on stamped paper; it was likways in the contract that I should pay 80 dollars to him for his instruction, and besides he promised to learn me drawing. I was fond of the trade and worked asseduously. We got upp at 6 o'clock every morning, but stoped at 8 o'clock in evening. Therefore I had always hours free before I went to bed (!) and as I was greatly fond of books, I borrowed them, as many as I could read, all of course in Denish language, and read perpetually. A Jew, the owner of the hous, had a little library and lent me several amusing

works—some of them were translated from English, viz., “Jacob Faithful,” “Peter Simple,” “Japhet in search of a Father.” I liked these works so well that I at once determined to begin learning the English tongue, and therefor I bought a pocket dictionary, a grammar and dialogues, and began by myself to learn of these books at all my leisure hours, but found it very difficult at first, especially in the pronouncing, and as I have to the present day read and by opportunities spoken this language, I at last understand it on books, but am, though, not able to write it without blunders, and have not yet use of the common phrases. . . .

“At Christmas I went in the Royal Church, and got opportunity to see King Christian the 8; he was a stout and corpulent man. I had several pleasures in this holy day, in company with my countrymen, but I could not agree with some of them, because I had gone in ‘entire temperance,’ to taste not a single glass of wine; but some of them liked to go into the taverns, and therefore they thought I was of a melancholy temper, when I would not at all follow their manner in this. However, I had plenty of pleasures in the first year, but afterwards I went out of my temperance and [was] conquered of the temptations that surrounded me in this misleading place.

“At last I ventured into the Sunday-schools, and found great pleasure by it; and besides that, it do not cost a farthing, and the time was my own on the Sabbat. I sat there among some 50 youngsters and received instruction from 3 schoolmasters, in writing, accounts, Denish, grammar, and ortography, and devoted myself to the study during the 3 hours the instruction lasted. By-and-by I entered the drawing-school, and began to draw during 2 hours. Thus I sat in school 5 hours every Sunday, and had the three advantages by it, viz.: amusing, learning, and saving of mony. . . . But I had great longing for to learn playing on violin, and got permission of an old man to come to him every Sunday evening in order to learn the play, during 2 hours, which cost me about 4 pens [Rather secular employment of the “Sabbat.”] . . . I am the sole person in the shire that can have the name of a musical, for the people in the northward Iceland have not the least understanding of music, except in the

town Offjord, and one cannot gain a farthing by playing. But they like best to hear the common salms be playe^d which they are wont to sing in the churches and at Dominal servise. . . . I read and played on my violin by every opportunity, and yet I recollect when the old Mrs. Jørgenson saw me sometimes reading, that she sayed, 'Thou cans't never be a preast, Jon: learn but the joinery touroughly, it is enough for thee.' . . .

"I had sometimes permission to visit the great exhibitions of art and phisical things, that were free and open for everybody once or twice in a week, namely, Thorwaldsen's Museum, one of the most beautefull and decorated building in the city, and where the most wonderful works of art had been collected, after the master Thorwaldsen. I could calculate he was a countryman of mine, becaus he descended from Iceland, as his father Thorwaldsen was an Iclander, and had went down to Copenhagen and learned the sculptory. He married with a Denish lady and lived all his days in Copenhagen. . . .

"In the letters I reseaved from home my mother and relations wished I would return to Iceland as soon as I had finished my learning, and therefore I settled by myself to leave the city early in the spring 1851. I maked a chest of drawers as a proof of my abelity in the trade, after the costom in Denmark. This chest was brought up on the town hous, and compared to the drawing which I had drawn before, and as it passed through and was accepted I got my liberty this same day. How joifull day for us all? the youngsters that becam journimen joiners, we were 15 in number, and went from one pleasure to another."

Of his journey home, he says,—

"We encountered with a terrible storm and snowdrift, and the ship was cast out of the cours, and leaned so much that the keel was above the sea between the great billows. I that was unwont the naval could scarsely keep myself standing or sitting in the ship. How it was dreadfull I cannot describe."

Then follows the account of his arrival at home and the surprise of his mother when he presented himself before her "the Saturday eve for Easter, 20 April."

"She must even imagine that it were but an apparation of me that I stood there before her. I therefore sped to tell and explain

for her the arrival of the vessel and the lucky voyage from Copenhagen. So she rejoiced instead of to be perturbed by my sudden and unexpected arrival, and heartily said me welcome, and I entered into my well-known country-hous, Vogum, after I had been absent for 42 months on a foreign country and betwixt foreign people, and thanked God for His protection from damage eather by land or sea. I had become acquainted with many un-seen and unheard of things in Iceland, and could, however, not but long for to live in my own nativ country, however miserable it is in comparation to other southwardly countries. . . .

“Now I began to be tedious of my vague manner of live, and courted a maiden, Gudrun Arnadottin, from the farm Sveinstrand by Myvotn, and she became my betrothed ; but as I had leased out my land in Vogum to my brother I could not marry. She lived therefore the next year at her father’s hous, Sveinstrand, but I worked in different farms, to earn for my livlyhood, and some money before I began my farming. . . . The 28 of June, 1854, I became united by marriage to Gudrun my wife. There was a considerable body of people invited to our wedding. They were all feeded with fine bread, coffee, and brandy, as is usual by these occasions in my nativ country. . . . She was now in her 19th year, but I in my 25. I was then contented, and have ever been so since with this election of the Providence to my future cours of life. She had hitherto sincerely loved me, as well as I had loved her. She is of a temper mixed of a little choleric and melancoly, and her wrath pass soon over. She is beneficent to everybody after our little ability, and merit of me to be called the best wive in every respect toward me and other. . . .

“In the spring (1855) I lost some of my sheep for wanting of provender, which is a most lamentable accident that befalls the Icelandish farmer, to see his most usefull animals starving for want of food around his farm, as it is searching on the snow-covered pasture-land. Yes, it is a heart-rending sight to looke on it, when the poor animals go so very slowly to their cotes and caves, almost unable to support themselves for hunger. But nobody can help it when all the hay is consumed and there is nothing to be done but to kill the animals. This occurs almost anualli in the severe winters and springs which now successively

visit Iceland; wherefore the wealth and possession of sheep gradually diminish among the inhabitants of our starving country. It is now a custom that some farmers compare the number of sheep and quantum [quantum] of hay in the autumn in every farmhouse, in order that they do not risk to keep more sheep or cows than they have enough food for.

“Early in the spring of 1855 I began to work at a hedge round a little potato garden. . . . It has never been tried before to cultivate this useful plant at my home, Vogum. This time I sowed but a $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel of potatoes. My crop became about $3\frac{1}{2}$ bushel, and I kept some of it for seed.

“A German traveller came to Myvatn and staid in Reikjahlid some weeks. He collected eggs and young birds, likewise a great variety of butterflies and midges. I guided him on his excursions, as I understood him a little, and helped him in the collection of eggs and certain birds. . . .

“This autumn my crop of potatoes became 18 bushels. At this time no peasant round Myvatn had so much of them, or even had a gard to cultivate this useful plant, save Petur in Reikjahlid, so they entreated me to sell them of my great crop, which they called so, and some of them had a mind to try to cultivate them on their farm.

“As usual, I held the Christmas and New Year with our rural festivity and joyfulness, and regaled my family with coffee and fine bread, besides smoke-dried mutton, which is only given on feast days at Myvatn, and is very nutritive food. I played on these holy evenings on the fiddle perpetually for some young girls from the nearest farms, that had no pleasures at their homes, but were fond of music. They entreated me to sing and play for them. However, I did not omit to hold prayers in my house, and visit our little church at Reikjahlid in the daytime, and thank the Lord for His mercy over the inhabitants of North Iceland, which were saved from the great loss of sheep by the pest which raged over the south part of our island at this time. Many of the farms lost almost all their animals.” . . .

In 1860 “several of the peasants had a mind to do an emigration to Amerika, either to Canada or Brasil.” They founded a fund for this purpose, to which each paid four “rix-doler,” equal

to eight shillings and eightpence, to assist those who went there first. Jonsson, however, was not of the number.

“Early in the month of May we could distinctly hear the incessant claps and thunder-like noise from a volcano, on the south-land, but could not know whether it came from Hecla or Katla, till the rumour spread out that Katla was active, throwing immense rocks and pieces of glacial to a far distant round her, and was wrapped in a large and dense column of smoke, but as the wind was northerly about these days, the smoke and ashes was directed to the sea, so the land became saved from this unwholesome and dangerous ashes and smoke, and the volcano ceased totally last in same month. The people had been much frightened during the eruption.

“No man of art can be prosperous in Iceland, as the most of the peasantry hate this inutile and trifling business, as they call drawing and music, but they like better the poetical art.”

We regret that Jonsson did not adhere to his “entire temperance.” He candidly records that, after playing at a nuptial feast, he was not able to walk home, “having drunk rather too much quantum of punch and brandy.” At another time he felt a strong “declination” to slumber, and fell asleep against a wall.

“Early in January, 1862, I borrowed the ‘Wandering Jew,’ and perused this amusing romance in the evenings, and after I had read this romance, I began the reading of Walter Scott’s romances, and found them very good also. . . .

“The 9 of July I heard that some Englishmen were arrived and made haste to go and visit them, and offered them my servitude, as they were seeking after birds and eggs. Mr. Shepherd remembered his promise to me last summer, viz., to send me a book as a friendly present. He was, therefore, so amiable as to give me his pocket-Bible, and wrote this sentence on it from the Proverbs: ‘Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasures and trouble therewith;’ and, ‘the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.’

“My family had now increased to 9½ men [perhaps the odd half was a boy], and all unable to work save I and my manservant when he was in my house. My wife had enough to take care of the children and dress the meat for us all. However, the time

of business at haymaking drew near at hand, and I began to cut the grass down with my sithe the 17th of July. My old mother raked the grass together with an old woman which I kept in my hous. My elder daughter, Sigridur, and my little niece, Kristin, took care of our milking sheep.

"The 14 August, a Quaker, Mr. Sharp, came to Reikjahlid, and with him an Iclander, Mr. Eirikur Magnusson, as his interpreter. The following day he preached in the little church at Reikjahlid. I went this day to Reikjahlid to hear his sermon, which the people found excellent and praisefull, and some of them even got by heart some sentences. The interpretation of Mr. Eirik was so excellent, that not a single word was lost for the hearers of the good and awakening admonition to the little assembly to repent their sins and turn again on the way that led us to heaven. . . .

"The 11 September I finished the grass cutting in my meddows, but the last I had cut was yet undried when the weather changed, so we had every day cloudy, rainy, and stormy air, and it altered to thick snowdrift in the latter part of the month.

"I had several amusing books to read this winter, viz., 'Jerusalem Revisited,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Family Sonhalden,' likewise I read the 'Voyage of the *Galatea* round the Globe in 1845-46-47,' by Steen Bille, in 3 volumes, and besides this, some new Icelandic books, but indeed it is very few books that is published now-a-days in Iceland, because the poor people have no money, or find out no means to buy any books, although they are generalli very fond of reading."

While watching his sheep pasturing among the lava, sometimes in frost and bad weather, he used to while away the live-long day by reading a great Danish Encyclopædia.

"The first day in the summer is always Thursday, that falls between the 18th and 25th April, and is a joyfull festival day above the whole Iceland, especially for the presents that we call summer gifts of various things among the inhabitants in each country hous. My mother got upp at 5 o'clock in the morning and dressed coffi to us; she is yet healthy and in good cheer in a age of 72. As we had drunk our coffi, and our children, 4 in number, and Kristin (the daughter of my sister) had got a cup of warm milk and sugar each, I began to sing a song before

prayers. When I had sung I read 15 pages on a good sermon book, all about the coming summer, and thanking to our Lord for His protection of His poor people in Iceland the past winter. I sung a song after the sermon and then finished it; then I went out-doors, made the sign of the cross on my face. . . . At 9 o'clock my wife brought the abundant breakfast on the table, which consisted in the best dried trout, a piece of exquisite mutton, bread and butter, and plenty of cow milk to boot, and although it were dressed in a simple manner, we sat as contented at this fare as some of the wealthier at their meal from the finer cookery. . . .

"All my children are healthy and gay. My elder daughter, Sigridur, is now eight years, of a sanguine temper, and rather to fond of gaudery, but her sister Arnina is now six years, and is of a different temperance, a little melancholi. My elder son, Jon Friman, is in his fifth year, a lively lad, notwithstanding obedient, and much inclined to me; but my little infant, Arni Julius, wants yet ten weeks to his first year, though healthy and gay.

"Nobody have died in my family during the time of my own housekeeping, and I and my wife strive to keep our house and raiment in cleanliness and order, and in our dayly chamber, good ventilation.

"How charming day! It is noon, and the sunbeams fall on the calm and plain surface of the lake. . . . A holy peace is prevailing over this rural scenery, and a divine rejoice is awakened in every bosom. In this happy hour I sit writing these last lines of my past livetime, in my little roome, 34 years, 227 days of age."

The author of this quaint reposeful history died in 1868 or thereabouts. Why he did not continue his "biograph" during the last few years of his life is not revealed? His beloved wife, Gudrun, "is re-married, and now lives at Keko."

CHARLES WESLEY AS A POET.*

BY THE REV. T. W. CAMPBELL.

SOME men never die ; others live for ages. Socrates, Cicero, and Aristotle shall live as long as the light of literature burns, and men seek mental culture. Watts and Stephenson shall live as long as steam propels our craft, drags our heavy-laden trains, and impels our industries. Luther cannot die while Protestantism exists ; and as long as Methodism flourishes, and the souls of men are affected by the joy of song, Charles Wesley shall live. Charles Wesley, the divine, is almost unknown ; but Charles Wesley, the poet, still lives in the hearts and love of thousands. " If your name is to live at all," says Holmes, " it is so much better to have it live in peoples' hearts than in their brains only ! I do not know that one's eyes fill with tears when he thinks of the famous inventor of logarithms, but a song of Burns', or a hymn of Wesley's, goes straight to the heart, and we cannot help loving both of them—the sinner, as well as the saint." If immortal fame indicate a true poet, the subject of our essay stands among the greatest poets of modern times. As the author of many sacred lyrics that have sparkled jewel-like, and that will

"Flash on the stretched forefinger of all time."

the memory of Charles Wesley has been wreathed with the garlands of love, and is fragrant as the cedar of Lebanon. He has sung for man in strains both "tender and true," and the universal heart has throbbled in unison with the pulsations of his warm and sympathetic soul.

We claim for Wesley the soul and genius of a true poet. From childhood he was subject to the remarkable impulses which are characteristic of poets. While at college, he vexed the orderly and methodical soul of his brother John by his eccentricities. Being near-sighted he would, when the "fine phrensy" came upon him, overturn his brother's desk, disarrange his

* Read before the Jackson Society of Victoria University.

papers, and scatter things about in such a promiscuous manner, that John, in vexation of spirit, was wont to exclaim,

“Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit,”

—the man is either mad or making verses. His best productions, however, were the offspring of these impulses. Like most poets, he was dependent upon the inspiration of circumstances—without this his muse was silent. While walking or riding, something would start a train of thought, and straightway his soul would pour itself out in the exquisite rhythm peculiar to his verse. Fletcher was his favourite friend, and yet he never wrote a line on his death. He was requested to write an elegy, to be published with his brother's memorial sermon, of the saintly incumbent of Madeley; but the inspiration never came upon him, and the elegy was never written. A vivid imagination, a keen sense of the beautiful, and a perfect command of language, with a devout spirit, made Charles Wesley a poet. His soul was a perennial fountain of music, and the melody of song gushed forth spontaneously.

In instrumental music, how great is the difference between that which is mechanical and that which flows out full of harmony, stirring all the emotions of the soul! Equally great is the contrast in poetry. In the poetry of Wesley there is nothing mechanical, nothing laboured. In reading his verse you acknowledge a master hand striking the keys of your soul. The productions of some men are like the artificial flower—lifeless and unfragrant; but Wesley's are like a natural rose, with the perfect form, delicate hues, and sweet fragrance that it takes all the forces of the universe to make. Wesley was a true poet. His soul was like a house full of windows with an æolian harp in each, and every breath of Heaven's air that wandered over the chords came as a divine inspiration, filling him with music half its own, half the poet's, and all God's.

Did time permit, we could quote specimens of translation, written by our author, which for merit cannot easily be surpassed, proving that he had a talent for the so-called “higher walks of poetry,” and would have ranked with Dryden or Pope as an interpreter of the classic writers of Greece and Rome.

His family hymns have been pronounced by competent critics to be the finest compositions of the kind in the English language. For combined minuteness, delicacy, and dignity, they can scarcely be equalled. They include short poems on almost every conceivable subject of interest in domestic life.

When Wesley indulged in satire, as he sometimes did, it was keen and cutting. His polemical poems grate harshly on our ears, but we should remember the circumstances under which he wrote. In his poem against what he termed, "The Horrible Decree," we find the following:—

"O horrible decree!
Worthy of whence it came!
Forgive their hellish blasphemy
Who charge it to the Lamb."

To our minds this severe condemnation seems uncharitable and unchristian, but we must bear in mind that the doctrine of the eternal decrees was pushed to its fullest extent in the time of Wesley, and its advocates maintained that infants a span long were in perdition, or as he puts it—

"With new-born babes they fill
The dire infernal shade;
'For such' (they say) 'was Thy great will
Before the world was made.'"

One of the grandest poems written by our author, is that entitled "The Last Wish:"

"To do or not to do; to have
Or not to have, I leave to thee;
To be or not to be, I leave:
Thy only will be done in me.
All my requests are lost in one;
Father, Thy only will be done."

It will be noticed that most of Wesley's poetry is sacred, and, for this reason it has not been appreciated by the world, indeed, it has been said that his religion spoiled the poet. This is a great mistake. Pope's "Universal Prayer" has been greatly admired; but how flat it becomes when compared with the verse of Wesley, expressing similar ideas! Pope wrote:

“The blessings Thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away,
 For God is pleased when man receives,
 T’ enjoy is to obey.”

But hear our religious poet—

“Come then, our Heavenly Adam, come,
 Thy healing influence give ;
 Hallow our food, reverse our doom,
 And bid us eat and live !
 Earth then a scale to Heaven shall be ;
 Sense shall point out the road ;
 The creatures all shall lead to Thee,
 And all we taste be God.”

Our author was pre-eminently a hymnist; and as such is most extensively known and honoured.

Augustine has defined a hymn as being “praise—praise to God—and in the form of a song.”

If we accept this standard and try Wesley’s hymns by it, we will find that they do not all assume the form of direct address to the Deity; this, however, is a characteristic shared equally by such writers as Heber, Pope, Toplady, Watts, and others. In connection with this it is to be remembered that the high calling of Methodism is to inculcate experimental religion, and that this was the aim of the bard of Methodism. The last requirement of the definition is certainly complied with, for all will admit that his hymns are songs, and not mere poetry.

These sacred songs are remarkable for the terse and vigorous style in which they are written. To quote Stevens, “No words seem to be put in for effect, but effective phrases, brief, surprising, incapable of improvement, are continually and spontaneously occurring—‘like lightning,’ says Montgomery, ‘revealing for a moment the whole hemisphere.’ His metaphors, abundant and vivid, are seldom far-fetched or strained; his rhymes seldom or never constrained. His style is throughout severely pure.” There is nothing tumid or bombastic, nothing mean or puerile. His natural manliness left its impress on his verse, and the noble simplicity of the English language is seen in the productions of his pen.

John Wesley, in his translations, endeavoured to avoid every

fondling expression, and he condemned some of Watts' hymns because many of his expressions were "too amorous, and fitter to be addressed by a lover to a fellow-mortal, than by a sinner to the most High God." It must be admitted that Charles Wesley was not free from this characteristic, as he frequently used such expressions as, "Dear Lord" and "Dear Saviour"; but in this he has the company of all hymnists worthy of comparison with him as a poet.

Another characteristic of these hymns is the expression of genuine religious feeling. They are full of Christ as a personal Saviour. The experience of a heart glowing with the love of God is thrown into his hymns; and in giving utterance to his own feelings, he speaks to the hearts of men, or rather he but gives voice to the feelings that struggle in their souls. The true poet always does this. He is but the elder brother endowed with the power of uttering, in "words that burn," thoughts that have long "breathed" in the souls of his kin. There is a great throng in whom music dwells, but it can find expression only in the symphonies of others. The song that awakens an echo in the heart throbs with immortality; but that which finds no utterance of response is doomed to neglect and oblivion. Judged by this criterion, Charles Wesley has few equals. His hymns are the embodiment of every phase of Christian experience.

In the hymns of Wesley Methodism has a complete liturgy. Every state of religious feeling, from the first dawning of repentance to the full triumph of the departing saint, finds expression. Every Christian duty is enforced, and all the theology of Methodism is embodied in this liturgy. Equally varied is the form of expression and the style of metre employed. The variety of his metres is said to be unequalled by any English writer. "They march at times," says Stevens, "like lengthened processions, with solemn grandeur; they sweep at other times like chariots of fire through the heavens; they are broken like the sobs of grief at the grave-side, play like the joyful affections of childhood at the hearth, or shout like victors in the fray of battle."

His poetic genius may be justly likened to a great organ played by a skilful artist. Now it breathes soft and low as the lute, and again rolls forth the full volume of harmony, when all

the pipes are brought into action. It can run through all the variations, from the soft tremolo to the full swell. So the genius of Wesley successively wails in the cry of the penitent—

“Saviour, cast a pitying eye,
 Bid my sins and sorrows end ·
 Whither should a sinner fly ?
 Art not Thou the sinner’s friend ?
 Rest in Thee I gasp to find,
 Wretched I, and poor, and blind.”

It trembles in the prayer of the tossed but trusting soul,

“Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

It exults in the confidence of Him to whose acceptance the Spirit beareth witness—

“My God is reconciled,
 His pardoning voice I hear.”

It rings out clear and full in the proclamation of provided mercy—

“Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
 Let every soul be Jesu’s guest.”

It swells deep and awful in the hymn of adoration,

“Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 God the Father, and the Word,
 God the Comforter receive
 Blessings more than we can give,
 Mixed with those beyond the sky,
 Chanters to the Lord Most High,
 We our hearts and voices raise,
 Echoing Thy eternal praise.”

Or, all the harmonies of his soul uniting in a sublime and almost angelic ascription of praise and thanksgiving, there pours forth that memorable birthday hymn—

“O for a thousand tongues to sing
 My great Redeemer’s praise,
 The glories of my God and King,
 The triumphs of His grace.”

Watts is the only writer with whom Wesley can fairly be compared. Heber’s “Missionary Hymn,” Toplady’s “Rock of Ages,” and Cowper’s “God moves in a mysterious way,” will

preserve the memory of their authors for all time; but none of these wrote as extensively as Wesley. When we consider the large number of excellent hymns he wrote, we can place Watts only in comparison with him. Doddridge was a voluminous hymn writer, but his productions have little real merit. For a long time critics gave Watts the palm; but as the force of prejudice has lessened, the popularity of Wesley has risen, and now those competent to decide, give him a place equal, if not superior, to his Calvinistic predecessor. The faulty versification and inelegant construction of some of Watts' hymns have been acknowledged by his biographer, who seeks to account for the fine composition of our author by referring it to the careful corrections of his brother; but concerning these corrections, John says, in his journal, "In very deed it is not easy to mend his hymns any more than to imitate them." Watts, however, was not always equal to himself. Even his eulogists admit that many of his hymns give great promise in the beginning, but dwindle down into weak expressions of puerile thoughts. In this respect Wesley surpasses him, for his hymns have the leading idea running through all the variations of melody, but swelling into the grand chorus at the close. These men had individual excellences which make it a difficult matter for us to say which was the superior, and we are inclined to place them side by side, and view them as the greatest hymnists of modern times—both devoted to the service of God, and both highly exalted by Him.

The testimonies to Wesley's talents have not been scant. Handel bore his testimony when he set to music, "O love Divine, how sweet thou art!" and other hymns.

Watts said "that single hymn

'Come, oh! thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,'

is worth all the verses which I have ever written." In speaking of this, John Wesley said, "What would Dr. Watts have said had he lived to see my brother's two exquisite funeral hymns,

"How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven,'

and

'Come let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize.'"

For more than a hundred years Charles Wesley's hymns have been the conservators of pure doctrine, the medium for the expression of heart-thoughts, the pæan of victory to the struggling, but victorious soul, and the song of faith to those walking down the "deep, dark valley." They remain a hallowed legacy, and stamped with immortality, they will be a possession forever—to posterity, a bond of union between the past and future, and a monument of the genius and piety of the author.

When on the 29th of March, 1788, Charles Wesley passed away to sing in Heaven with the angels the songs he had sung on earth, the star of Methodist poetry set in glory—

“ He set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of Heaven.”

VICTORIA COLLEGE, COBOURG, Ont.

“HOW WONDERFUL!”

HE answered all my prayer abundantly,
And crowned the work that to His feet I brought
With blessing more than I had asked or thought;
A blessing undisguised, and fair, and free.
I stood amazed, and whispered, “Can it be
That He hath granted all the boon I sought?
How wonderful that He for me hath wrought!
How wonderful that He hath answered me!”
Oh, faithless heart! He *said* that He would hear
And answer thy poor prayer, and He *hath* heard
And proved His promise. Wherefore didst thou fear?
Why marvel that thy Lord hath kept His word?
More wonderful if He should fail to bless
Expectant faith and prayer with good success!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

As I had the privilege, during the month of June, of visiting four Conferences of our Church, from the London Conference in the West to the New Brunswick Conference in the East, some notes by the way may not be uninteresting to the readers of this Magazine. The town of Guelph, in which the London Conference was held, is one of the handsomest in Canada. The undulating hills on which it is built, the magnificent country by which it is surrounded, the number, elegance, and solidity of its public and private buildings, cannot fail to strike a visitor as elements of great beauty and prosperity. The deliberations of the Conference, under the calm, judicial presidency of the Rev. James Gray, were characterized by dignity and ability. It was no ordinary privilege to share the inspiration of the grand public services.

The town of Whitby, where the Toronto Conference was held, is much smaller than Guelph, and it was an ambitious undertaking to attempt the entertainment of so many guests. But the hearts of the people are large, all denominations opened their houses, and seldom, if ever, has the Conference been more comfortably accommodated. The new and commodious church was densely crowded at the public services, which will long be remembered for the gracious spiritual influences by which they were accompanied. The Rev. Geo. Young presided with great tact and skill; and the ordination sermon of the ex-President, the Rev. Dr. Jeffers, was, for breadth of thought, force of expression, and striking appositeness to the occasion, a masterpiece of pulpit eloquence. Not the least agreeable memories of the Conference will be those of the pleasant evenings spent at the Ontario Ladies' College.

While on my way to the Montreal Conference, which was held in the city of Ottawa, I passed, near Prescott, the old historic "Blue Church graveyard," where slumber the remains of Barbara

Heck, who may be regarded as the mother of American and Canadian Methodism.

The new Dominion Church, in which the Conference was held, is a very imposing structure of a composite style of architecture. Dr. Douglas was elected President, and discharged the duties of the office with his well-known ability and urbanity.

Several questions of more than ordinary interest engaged the attention of the Conference. Its action with reference to the now celebrated Roy case, and with reference to the recent complications of affairs at Oka, drew upon its deliberations the attention of the whole country. The venerable Dr. Ryerson was enabled to be at the three Conferences, to take an active part in their debates and public services, and to lend his judicious counsels to the settlement of the important matters brought under consideration.

The capital of the Dominion presents many features of exceeding interest to the tourist. The Parliament buildings and departmental offices are the finest specimen of Gothic architecture on the continent. They illustrate the remarkable flexibility and adaptation to modern purposes of that grand style. Like Cleopatra's beauty, "Age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety." In these buildings it acquires a distinctly national character, from the fact that the ornamentation of the capitals and other decorative details is entirely made up of Canadian forms of flower, fruit, and foliage, or of native animals—birds of every wing, and varied forms of forest-life. The Commons chamber seemed crowded and rather sombre, much more so than the spacious and splendid Congress chamber at Washington. I sat down in the Speaker's chair and tried to imagine the scene of a grand field-night when the destiny of a government depended on an approaching division and the whole country was the auditorium of the debate. More copious reports, I was informed, were sent from this chamber to the public press than were despatched by telegraph from any legislature in the world.

The Senate chamber had an air of greater luxury and dignity than that of the Commons, as was meet for that august body. The library, both externally and internally, is a perfect gem of architecture; but still more attractive to me were its valuable

contents. It is admirably arranged for reference, and through the courtesy of the polite attendants, any book on the shelves is promptly placed at one's disposal. It is especially rich in rare and costly works on art and archæology, many of which were presented by the late Emperor of the French, and bear his monogram. Among the treasures of the library are Perret's Catacombs, in seven huge folios; the Musée du Louvre, in eighty-one folios; the Musée Français, etc. I spent many hours in the delighted study of these and other art treasures. The documentary materials for the history of Canada are also very rich.

The magnificent situation of the Parliament buildings is worthy of their noble architecture. A stately bluff, overlooking the broad and majestic Ottawa, gives a clear view, over the crowded timber coves at its foot, of the ever-seething caldron of the Chaudière, and of the winding course of the river for miles. The busy mills, and acres on acres of crowded lumber yards of Hull and its vicinity, looking like a huge checker board, are a fit symbol of Canada's great national industry. The charming scenery of the Lovers' Walk, beneath the cliff, is quite worthy of the name it bears. The picturesque and broken outline of the Parliament buildings, with their many towers and pinnacles, as sharply defined in silhouette against the glowing western sky, is exceedingly fine. A visit to the timber slides and the Chaudière falls and mills will well repay the trouble.

The sail down the Ottawa to Montreal is one of much interest. For over two hundred years this noble river has been the chief route for fur-traders, voyageurs, and trappers to the north-west. Two hundred and sixty years ago Champlain threaded its mazes to their source, and reached, by way of Lake Nipissing and the French river, the "Mer Douce, or fresh-water sea of Huron. At Carillon, in the year 1660, a band of seventeen young and gallant French Canadians from Montreal, by an act of heroism as sublime as any recorded on the page of history, sacrificed their lives for the defence of their country. With a valour worthy of Leonidas, they withstood the assault of an invading horde of seven hundred infuriate Iroquois. For eight long days and nights, worn with hunger, thirst, and want of sleep, they fought, and prayed, and watched by turns. Every Frenchman was slain,

but the colony was saved. The pass of Carillon was the Thermopylæ of Canada. To-day the bright waters ripple and shimmer in the sun, and the peaceful wheat fields wave upon the scene of this gallant, yet almost forgotten exploit.

The pretty village of Oka, where we call, has a deserted look, most of the Indians being for the time driven from their homes by the persecutions of the Seminary; and the chapel and convent, which occupied a point jutting into the river, being a mass of ruins. One of the Sulpitian priests, who embarked on the steamer at Oka, with whom I entered into conversation, was very anxious to make a favourable impression as to the policy of the Seminary. He divided his time between reading his breviary and denouncing, in broken English, the Methodists, who, he said, were the cause of all the trouble.

St. Anne's is a pretty picturesque village, with a large cross-crowned church, near the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence. Here, dimpling in the bright afternoon sunlight, are the rapids celebrated in Moore's "Canadian Boat Song." As the two mighty rivers, which drain half a continent, join their streams, their waters run for miles side by side without mingling—the one of a tawny yellow tinge, the other of a deep cerulean blue.

Soon after leaving Lachine, linked with associations of La Salle, the intrepid explorer whose tragic fate touches every heart, the current becomes swift and strong, and the water is flecked with snowy foam, or broken into angry breakers. As the steamer with a shudder plunges into the Split Rock rapids, and the spray breaks over the deck, it seems doomed to inevitable destruction. The water boils and eddies, and races with arrowy swiftness and resistless force on either side, and rugged ledges project above the surface or gleam through the shallow wave. By a short quick turn the steamer escapes the threatening ledge, and, like a cork, bounds from wave to wave till we glide beneath the majestic spans of the Britannia bridge, bestriding like a colossus the mighty river. The crowded shipping, stately and massive buildings, with the twin towers of the Parish Church dominating the whole, and with the rich verdure of the "Royal Mount" glowing in the soft sunset light, make the approach to the city of Montreal one of rare beauty and magnificence.

The chief objects of interest in the chief commercial city of the Dominion are so familiar as not to demand special note. A few hours run by rail brings one to the ancient capital of Canada, the old historic city of Quebec.

The many-bastioned cliff, with its storied memories of Jacques Cartier and Champlain, of Frontenac and D'Iberville, of Wolfe and Montcalm, of Arnold and Montgomery, rises grandly above the broad river laving its feet, like a faithful sentinel guarding the rocky pass. The quaint old gates which gave it such a mediæval character have been removed, all but one, since my last visit. Through the narrow tortuous streets I was rapidly whirled in a caleche, a high two-wheeled antedeluvian looking carriage on leathern springs, to the upper town. In the soft afternoon light I drove out to the Plains of Abraham and the battle-field of Ste. Foye. The bouldered and billowy plain on which was lost to France and won to Great Britain the sovereignty of a continent, seemed desecrated by the construction of a race course, and the erection of a prison. On the spot made famous for ever by the heroism of the gallant young conqueror, who, for England's sake, freely laid down his life, a rather meagre monument asserts, "Here Wolfe died victorious." On the ramparts overlooking the broad river, an obelisk, common to both, commemorates the names of the rival commanders who generously recognized each other's merit in life and now keep forever more the solemn truce of death. The two races that met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty to a common sovereign beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.

There is an air of quaint mediævalism about Quebec that pertains, I believe, to no other city in America. The historic associations that throng around it, like the swallows around its lofty spires, the thousand reminiscences that beleaguer it, as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest. These cliffs and bastions are eloquent with associations of days gone by. They recall ancient feuds now, let us hope, forever dead. These walls, long-laved by the ever ebbing and flowing tide of human life, are voiceful of old time memories.

In the evening, from the grass-grown and crumbling ramparts on the landward side, I beheld a magnificent sunset over the

beautiful valley of the St. Charles. Everything spoke, not of battle's stern array, but of the gentle reign of peace. Grim-visaged war had smoothed his rugged front, and instead of rallying throngs of armed men, groups of gay holiday makers sauntered to and fro. Instead of watchful sentries uttering their stern challenge, youths and maidens softly repeated the olden story first told in the sinless bowers of paradise. Ravelins and demilunes were crumbling into ruin. Howitzer and culverin lay dismounted on the ground, and had become the playthings of gleeful children. Instead of the rude alarms of war, strains of festive music filled the air. Slowly sank the sun to the serrated horizon, while a rolling sea of mountains deepened from pearl grey in the foreground to darkest purple in the distance. The whole valley was flooded with a golden radiance. The winding river, at whose mouth Jacques Cartier wintered his ships well-nigh three hundred and fifty years ago, beneath the fading light, like the waters of the Nile under the rod of Moses, seemed changing into blood. The crimson and golden banners of the sky reflected the passing glory. The soft ringing of the Angelus floated in silvery tones upon the air, and told that the day was dying. The red sun set, and the rich after-glow filled the heavens. The long sweep of shore to Beauport and Montmorenci, and the shadowy hills, faded away in the gathering dusk. Lights gleamed in cottage homes, on the ships swinging with the tide, and in sky above, and were reflected in the waves beneath, and the solemn night came down.

On my way home to my lodgings through the silent and moonlit city, I sat down on the steps of the old Jesuit college, long used as a barracks for the British troops, and now in process of demolition. As I sat in the moonlight I endeavoured to people the dim cloisters and deserted quadrangle with the ghosts of their former inhabitants—the astute, and wily, and withal heroic men who, from these halls, so largely controlled the religious and political destiny of the continent. Jesuit and Recollet, friars black and friars grey, monks and nuns, gay plumed cavaliers and sturdy bourgeois, men of knightly name and red-skinned warriors of the woods, thronged, in phantom wise, the ancient market square. The deep thunder of the ten o'clock gun from the fort rolled and reverberated from shore to shore. It

broke the spell of the past, and "cold reality became again a presence."

Anxious to impart as much of a foreign flavour as possible to my visit, I went to a quaint old French hotel. The timbered ceilings, deep casements, steep stairways, and unfamiliar language gave quite a piquant spice to my entertainment. As I sat at breakfast next day, in the pleasant parlour, I could look down the long narrow street leading to St. John's gate. In the bright sunlight passed a ceaseless throng—the young and old, the grave and gay, the rich man in his carriage and the cripple with his crutch—and all alike disappeared beneath the impenetrable shadow of the archway of the gate,—the merchant to his villa, the beggar to his straw. So, methought, life's vast procession wends evermore through the crowded ways of time, through the awful shadows of the common portal of the grave to an irrevocable destiny beyond. But, solemn thought! whether that destiny shall be the palace of the Great King or the prison of His wrath depends not on the garb of the body, but of the soul. Lazarus, in rags, is borne to Abraham's bosom, while Dives, in purple, is consigned to torment.

If the ancient ramparts are allowed to crumble to ruin, the citadel, the *arx*, the true acropolis, is kept in a condition of most efficient defence. Save Gibraltar, it is said, no stronger fortress exists. From the "King's Bastion," high in air, a battery of Armstrong guns threaten destruction to every hostile force. From their dumb cold lips would leap in a moment the thunderbolts of war for the defence of the red cross flag which so proudly waves above them. Its steep glacis, deep fosse, solid walls, and heavy armament make the fort, we should think, impregnable. The view from Cape Diamond is superb, and thrilling with heroic associations. Right opposite, at the distance of a mile or more, is Point Levi, whence Wolfe shelled the doomed city till the famished inhabitants wrote, "We are without hope and without food; God hath forsaken us." There is the broad sweep of the Beauport shore, which Montcalm had lined with his earthworks for seven miles.

Yonder is the steep cliff at Montmorenci, where, in desperate assault, four hundred men, the flower of the British army, fell dead or dying on the gory slope. There lay the fleet against

which, again and again, the fire rafts were launched. A little above is the path by which the conquering army climbed the cliff. That placid plain where the cattle graze was the scene of the death wrestle between the opposing hosts. Through yonder gates the fugitive army fled and the victors pursued. From these ramparts the hungry eyes of the despairing garrison looked in vain for ships of succour to round yon headland. Immediately beneath this cliff, just a hundred years ago, the gallant Montgomery fell cold and stark beneath the winter tempest, and the falling snow became his winding sheet.

In the prosecution of certain historical investigations I visited several of the oldest institutions in the city—the Ursuline Convent, the Hotel Dieu, the Laval Seminary, etc. The convent is the oldest in America, founded in 1639, and has a strange romantic history, indissolubly linked with the memories of the devout enthusiasts, Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation. I had a long conversation, through a double grating, with a soft-voiced nun, who gave me much information and an engraving of the convent, and detailed two of the young ladies in attendance to show me the chapel containing the tomb of Montcalm, several valuable paintings, and certain rather apocryphal relics from the Catacombs of Rome. I was sorry to find that the convent, with its hundreds of pupils, was largely sustained by Protestant patronage, especially from the United States.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1639 by the famous niece of Cardinal Richelieu, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, is a vast and quaint old structure. Here are preserved a silver bust of Brebeuf, the missionary to the Hurons, who, in 1649, was burned at the stake at St. Ignace, near the site of Penetanguishene. His skull and other relics are also preserved, and are *said* to have wrought marvellous miracles of healing, and even, more remarkable still, to have led to the conversion of a most obstinate heretic—*heretique plus opiniatre*. By a special favour I was permitted to see these, which were in a private part of the nunnery, also a picture of the martyrdom. An aged nun was greatly interested in the traditions of her house, with which I seemed more familiar than herself, although she had been an inmate for over fifty years. Another nun (Sister St. Patrick, by the way, was her conventual name,) when she found I was a Pro-

testant heretic, manifested deep concern for my conversion to the Catholic faith, out of which, she solemnly assured me, there was no salvation, and promised me her prayers to that effect. Her earnestness and zeal for the welfare of a stranger were worthy of imitation by lukewarm Protestants.

At the Laval Seminary, which has four hundred students, I was shown, in an authentic portrait, the clear-cut, haughty features of the astute and politic founder of the institution, a scion of the princely house of Montmorenci, the first bishop of Quebec, who for thirty years (1659-1689) swayed the religious destiny of Canada. The Laval University, a noble pile, commemorates his name. It contains a fine library and museum, and a gallery of paintings containing original Salvators, Teniers, Vernets, a Tintoret, a Poussin, etc.

The oldest church in the city is that of Notre Dame de la Victoire, in the lower town, a quaint old structure erected to commemorate the victory over Sir William Phip's fleet in 1690. An age-embrowned picture in the interior represents Our Lady of Victory scattering with a tempest the heretic fleet.

I was glad to find the Methodist church such a large and elegant building amid the overshadowing influence of surrounding popery.

Among the strangest sights in Quebec are the narrow streets named *Sous le Fort* and *Sous le Clef*. The latter is a crowded abode of squalor, crouching beneath the lofty cliff, with the least possible allowance of air, and light, and space. The interiors seem mere caves of darkness, and in one I noticed a lamp burning at midday. Another narrow street on the slope to the upper town is quite impassable for carriages on account of its steepness, which is overcome by nearly a hundred steps. The French are evidently very social beings. They can easily converse, and almost shake hands across some of their narrow streets. One of the most quaint old structures is that in which Montcalm held his last council of war, on the eve of the conquest. It is now—"to what base uses must we come!"—a barber shop. The timbered ceiling, thick walls, low steep roof, huge chimney and curious dormers, are interesting souvenirs of the old *regime*. Similar in character is the house in which his body was laid out. I have occupied so much space with Quebec that my further notes of travel must be deferred till next month.

MOZART.

BY A. W. CUMMINGS, D.D.,

President of the University of South Carolina.

It is to be deplored that of this prodigy in music so little has come down to us that is authentic. It is surprising that it is so, as his wonderful career terminated less than a hundred years ago. His first attempts at musical composition began at the age of four years. A number of pieces written between the age of five and ten years are preserved as evidences of his unprecedented precocity. His only sister, who survived the period of infancy was, as a performer, scarcely less remarkable than her brother.

At the age of six, young Mozart and his sister, four years his senior, accompanied their father on a tour, giving concerts in all the great cities and free towns of Germany and Switzerland. The children were everywhere received with such marks of kindness and respect as only great merit could have inspired.

Kings, emperors, and the chiefs of the nobility felt honoured by their presence in their palaces or mansions as guests. Their performances elicited the applause and excited the admiration of even connoisseurs in the art wherever they went.

A year or two later they gave concerts to delighted audiences in many of the great cities of continental Europe, including Paris and Rome, and everywhere received the most flattering attentions.

They extended their tour to Great Britain, at the metropolis of which they remained a year, the favourites of His Majesty George III. and of the nobles by whom he was surrounded.

At twelve years of age, Anna Maria Mozart was the best female performer in Europe, and Wolfgang, a child of but eight, compared favourably with the most eminent masters of any age. He performed at sight the most elaborate compositions of Handel.

Like most great geniuses, Mozart died young; yet, what wonders he achieved during his brief earthly sojourn! His pub-

lished compositions amounted to over four hundred distinct works, though his life terminated at the early age of thirty-six. His habits of study and labour furnish an argument in favour of the somewhat popular theory, that all there is that may be called genius is the result of severe devotion to study. He was almost a prodigy of hard work as well as of attainments. But no amount of toil, combined with the most careful tuition, could enable ordinary children, of four or six years, to compose scientific music. He not only cultivated his art and science all the time that he was at home, but many of his best pieces were composed in his carriage while journeying; others at intervals while refreshing himself at inns on his journeys.

The work which, owing to the condition of his mind and other circumstances under which it was composed, has given him the most celebrity, is the requiem that bears his name. Of those circumstances somewhat conflicting accounts have been given; but the most reliable version of the case may be condensed into the following statement:—

During the month of August, 1791, a mysterious stranger called upon Mozart in his studio, to engage him to compose a requiem. The stranger stated that the requiem was for a very distinguished person, but that all his efforts to learn who that distinguished person was would be unavailing. He seemed indifferent as to the price demanded, or the time in which the work was to be completed; but urged Mozart to employ his great skill to the utmost to compose a requiem worthy of the person for whom it was intended. A hundred ducats was most cheerfully advanced, though an extraordinary price for a single piece of music.

The manner of the stranger, his indifference about the price demanded and time in which the order was to be filled by the execution of the work, and other circumstances, impressed the morbidly sensitive and naturally gloomy and superstitious mind of Mozart with the idea that the stranger was but the agent of some supernatural being, if, indeed, he were not himself a supernatural being who had been commissioned to premonish him of his approaching death. He was fully persuaded that the requiem

was for himself; that *he* was the distinguished person for whom he was engaged to compose it.

In vain did his wife and other friends endeavour to dissuade him from his gloomy forebodings. He said to all who approached him on the subject, "I am writing a requiem for myself." After developing his general plan, and making some progress in the work, the presentiment of his death was so strong that his health declined, and he was compelled by his physician and other friends, for a time, to lay aside the work and seek to restore his health by means of travel, as a means of avoiding total insanity. After a short relaxation, he determined upon a professional journey to Prague; but just as he was stepping into the carriage which was to convey him thither, the mysterious stranger re-appeared, to inquire what progress he had made with the requiem.

Mozart informed him that he had become very much interested in the work, and that he would require double the time at first stipulated. Of this the stranger did not complain, but again assured the great composer that the requiem was for a very distinguished person, and urged him to exert his great abilities to their utmost; adding, "of course you will expect an additional fee," and, without awaiting Mozart's response, handed him another hundred ducats, and hastily withdrew.

These circumstances confirmed the great composer in his first sombre impressions as to the purpose for which the requiem was demanded. His professional tour to Prague was accomplished with great honour to himself and satisfaction to all other parties. Soon after reaching home, in improved health and spirits, he vigorously resumed the work of the requiem. As soon as a movement was completed he would have it sung, himself performing the orchestral part on the piano-forte.

For a considerable time his mind was engrossed with the work of the requiem. Under the impression that he should not live to witness the performance of the piece by a full choir and orchestra, he gave various directions during the progress of the work as to the effects which the various instruments were intended to produce in the performance of the requiem. Fre-

quently he became so interested that he devoted whole nights to the work, during which his wife and his daughter remained in his studio by turns, and kept him wakeful and stimulated by frequent cups of hot coffee and cheerful conversation. At length the great work was accomplished, the grand requiem was completed, except a few changes which he had specified and requested a friend to make.

Soon after, a sister-in-law, to whom he was much attached, arrived at his residence. He said to her, "It is well that you have come; you must stay to-night and see me die," adding, "Death is already on my tongue; I taste death." After a little rest he took the requiem and looked it over for the last time; addressing his wife he said, "Did I not tell you I was writing this for myself?" Feeling that the end approached, though unseen by all others, he seated himself in his easy chair, and requested his greatly beloved daughter to perform one of his favourite airs, which he named.

During the performance, at midnight, he dismissed his spirit Mozart was dead! and the requiem was first performed at his funeral.

COLUMBIA, *South Carolina.*

MY REST.

FATHER, I am so weak and weary,
So oft I wander far astray,
With shadows dark the path is dreary;
My tear-dimmed eyes see not the way;
Like some lost bird at night returning,
Seeking with trembling wing her nest,
My troubled soul is longing, yearning,
To fly to Thee, and be at rest.

There, ever in Thy love abiding,
My earth-worn soul would stronger grow;
And safe within Thy dear arms hiding,
Thy perfect love I more would know.
E'en now I hear Thy sweet voice calling,
"O, weary one, fly to my breast,"
And while on me Thy love is falling,
I come! I come! and am at rest.

JOHN TREGENOWETH: HIS MARK.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DRUNKEN FIDDLER.

WELL, as I said, I began to cast about for a living, and I couldn't think of anything but my fiddle. You know, sir, I dearly love music. I always feel so thankful that 'tis my eyes and not my ears that be gone, for there's nothing so beautiful on earth as the music even a blind man can listen to;—a bendin' over it, tucked up under your chin, like a thing you do love, 'tis wonderful how a fiddle can come to speak to a man: if it had a real heart and soul, it couldn't be more feeling. Sometimes there comes a little moaning note—that's sorrow; and sometimes a sharp cry—that's pain. Sometimes 'tis all of a loving whisper, sort of sentimental; then 'tis all harsh and angry, screamin' with rage, or threatenin' terrible hurt; and then it comes round all tender and appealin', enough to bring the tears on your cheeks. 'Tis a thing that can sympathize with a man uncommon, is a fiddle.

Then there was little Mary; she could sing then a'most as pretty as she can now. So on Saturday nights, when the streets were full of market folks, the little maid used to lead me along, and she would sing as I played. It was only little hymns that she knew—hymns that she had learnt to Sunday-school; for though we never went anywhere ourselves, she never missed, wet or fine. Though it was nothing but the same over and over, they loved to hear the little maid, and sometimes we should get as much as three or four shillings of a night.

Ah! it was the worst money that I ever earned. You see, sir, my old comrades were always about, and they would ask me into the public-house for a glass of something, and as I had a little money in my pocket, one generally led to more. There the little maid would sit by my side, and often and often she has laid her head upon my hand, and I could feel her face wet with tears, and she would say, "Come, father." Sometimes I used to swear at her, and often. I've been so drunk that I didn't know

what I was doing—I've gone staggering home, she hardly able to keep me up.

I can't bear to think of it, sir—how drink hardens a man—how it gets worse and worse, till it has a dreadful end somehow, and a good thing if that end is not further than where hope and mercy can come.

I got so used to it that I could never go by the public-house, and didn't often go in without coming out drunk. *I was a drunkard*, sir! and nobody can tell what that means. I would have given everything that I had for drink—ay, would have sold my soul for a drop more!

Betty stormed at me every now and then as soon as I came to my senses, and would frighten me a bit sometimes, but couldn't do much to mend me.

Though there was *once* when she nearly broke my heart. It was on a Sunday morning, I came gropin' downstairs long after little Mary had gone to chapel. I felt my way to a chair near the fireplace, and waited for my usual blowin' up. But there wasn't a word spoke. Once I heard her sigh, a great long, deep, heavy sigh; and *that* went through me, stupid as I was, for I knew the reason of it well enough. Betty was standin' with her back to me, I could tell; and I felt sure that she was lookin' out of the window over the fields, and could see the people going to church. She never moved a bit, and I somehow had her before my mind, not with her arms folded, but hangin' down all helpless by her side; and then, as if she was talking to herself, she says, "I didn't ever think that I should give in; but if the Lord would be pleased to take the little maid home, the sooner 'tis over with you and me the better."

I knew that she was standing there with red eyes and biting her lips.

What a miserable wretch I was! And to think that she who had done her best all along should put herself down to a level with *me*, just as miserable and bad as I was, when it was all my doing. O, sir! I could have killed myself. I got up and felt my way out into the field at the back of the house. 'Twas a beautiful morning. I could feel the sun shining all about me; the bells were ringing for church, the birds were singing everywhere,

the bees were humming round every flower, and the furze from the common was scenting all the air.

A drunkard's life is a horrible thing from Monday morning to Saturday night, sir; but 'tis on a Sunday that it be a hundred times the worst. When everything else in the world be quiet and happy, for a man to come out in the pure light and into the sweet breath of things and defile it, being all ragged and dirty and wretched. I can't compare it to anything but like what Cain must have felt when little children ran away from the dreadful man with the mark on his forehead, and the flowers withered and died wherever he set his foot,—only that a drunkard has cursed his wife and children as well as himself, and that is worse than Cain. That day I did what I had not done since I was a little lad by my mother's knee—I *prayed the Lord to help me*, for there was nobody else who would or could; and I said if the Lord would help me I never would touch the drink again.

CHAPTER V.—HOW HE MADE HIS MARK.

I certainly did go on better for a little time.

But you have heard before now how the worst came about. It was a Saturday night. I had not done as well as I used to, for the folks got to know how I spent my money, and did not care to help me after that. But this Saturday night I could not get a single penny-piece. The rain was pouring down in torrents, and there was nobody scarce in the streets, and of course I couldn't get any music out of the strings, where everything was dripping and soaked through—for a fiddle, for all it be a friend, is a good deal like other friends, 'tis best in fine weather. And the little maid, too, she was coughin' and shiverin' so that she couldn't sing; and what with one thing and another I was half mazed, and didn't care much what happened.

Desperate like, I went into a public-house where I knew that I should find a good many of my old comrades, and they made me sit by them, and one gave me a glass of hot grog, and that set me off, for I was weak and cold, and had scarce tasted a morsel for the day. They tried to make little Mary have some too, but she turned her head away crying.

O, why is there a thing like this drink in the world, that

can turn a man into a devil! I loved the little maid—more, a good deal more than my own life, yet I spoke out sharp to her, and gave her a push. I can mind how she came cowering down by my side, hugging her trembling little self against me, and the hot tears falling down on my hand. You would think, sir, that *that* would break anybody's heart; but it only angered me and made me more desperate. (Here the tears fringed the closed eyes, and slowly traced their way down his face.)

I was craving for drink, but had no money. Then it was as if the devil had whispered it in my ear, and I jumped up and shouted out,

“Hurrah, boys, here's a chance to make your fortune! Here's the old fiddle, and the highest bidder shall have it. Come, now, who'll start? 'Tis a real good one.”

Little Mary moved. Her hand was lifted up till it touched my face, and putting her arm on my neck, she sobbed out,

“O, father, don't, don't sell it!”

With an oath I told her to be quiet, and pushed her down into her seat, and she shrank away into my side, shivering more than ever.

One of them—the landlord 'twas—bought it for a few shillings, and then I began my fling. I drauk glass after glass until I knew nothing. I was never so bad in my life. (Here Uncle John brushed away the tears that came more quickly.) I don't know how it happened to this day, but I s'pose she began to ask me to go home or something, and they tell me that I hit her, sir!—hit the little maid!—and she fell off the seat, and when they picked her up she had a cut in the forehead, and she was so pale and so still that they thought as first that she was dead.

(The old man paused for a minute or two. His voice faltered as he went on again)—

Ah, that *was* a week, sir! The little maid was only stunned, but if I had killed her I couldn't have felt more condemned than I did. I crept about where I thought nobody could see me. I hurried away as fast as I could, knockin' myself and stumblin' if I heard Betty comin'; and as for the little maid, I wouldn't have had her see me for the world. Never a man hated himself like I did then, sir.

In a few days she—the little maid I mean, sir—was about again, and one afternoon when I was sitting, not knowing that she was near, she crept up and threw her arms about my neck in her loving way, and kissed me.

I s'pose my eyes filled with tears, and that the little maid saw it, for she said,

“Father, don't cry; it wasn't your fault!” and she leaned her little head against me.

My hand rested just upon the scar of the wound, and it all came back before me—that dreadful Saturday night.

“'Twasn't your fault, father,” she went on; “don't cry; it wasn't your fault—it was the drink.”

The drink 'ay, it was all the drink. Could I ever touch it again? I kept my finger lightly on the little maid's forehead, and lifted my face to Heaven, and vowed that I would never touch the murderous thing again as long as I lived.

The little maid must have been watching my lips, and half heard and half guessed my thoughts.

“Father, are you going to sign the pledge?” she asked.

“Yes, my dear, for ever and ever I hope,” I said as I pressed her to myself.

“O, I am so glad!” she cried with a merry laugh. Then in her thoughtful way she stopped and said, “But, father, you will have to do like people who can't write and put a mark; and that will be, *John Tregenoweth: his mark.*”

My hand rested upon the scar. “John Tregenoweth, his mark,” I repeated to myself, and the wound seemed on fire to my touch. “His mark, sure enough, in writing that will never come out.”

And partly because I wanted to hide my tears, and partly because I loved her so, I stooped and kissed the blessed little maiden.

It isn't very large, sir, that mark on her forehead, but it be in my heart, sir—larger and deeper a brave bit. That was how I signed the pledge; and if ever I was tempted to touch the drink again, it was always enough just to touch the little maiden's forehead, and say to myself, *John Tregenoweth: his mark.*

STORY OF A MISSION TO THE FUEGIANS—SAD BUT TRIUMPHANT.

BY THOMAS METCALF CAMPBELL.

To witness, to work, to suffer, is the three-fold mission of the Church militant. Of these its members share variously, but to some have especially belonged the honours of suffering. The present paper is intended to call up the memory of one enterprise, which presents an example of heroic endeavour and patient suffering not often, if ever, surpassed in the mission field. It is not a tale of the olden time clothed in romance, but a simple story of a quarter of a century ago—a story of perils and privations, of danger and death for the Master's sake.

Captain Gardner, a devoted Christian soldier of England, became filled with the desire to plant Christianity in Patagonia, hoping that from thence it might spread through South America. Friends shared his desire, accepted his plans, furnished means, and he went forth, accompanied by his wife, expecting to settle in the country, subdue the ferocity of the natives, and win them from their superstitions to Christianity. A few weeks' experience taught him the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking, and he was glad to escape with his life. A second effort, on a little different scale, proved no more successful. Nothing daunted, however, he resolved on another attempt, feeling assured that the Lord had called him to this work, and believing the experience of failure had taught him the method of success. Again his friends countenanced his plans and furnished means for a third adventure, one lady alone contributing a thousand pounds sterling.

Two small boats, twenty-six feet long each, were built, one designed for a mission dwelling, and the other for a storehouse for provisions. The design of Captain Gardner being to occupy his boat-dwelling by the shore of one of the Fuegian Islands, occasionally visiting the natives until their confidence was gained, and then to remove his quarters to the land. All their preparations being complete, the mission company, with their

boats and provisions, sailed by the *Ocean Queen*, a vessel bound for San Francisco, and in about twelve weeks reached the coast of Terra del Fuego. The vessel entered Banner Cove, a bay in the island of Picton, launched the mission boats, and proceeded on her way.

Captain Gardner's company consisted of Thomas Maidment, Richard Williams, Joseph Urwin, John Badcock, John Bryant, and John Pierce. The first of these, Thomas Maidment, was a Christian worker, whose sole purpose was to assist Captain Gardner in teaching Jesus to the native heathen. The second, Richard Williams, was a medical doctor of skill and success, who from the time of his conversion, three years before, was possessed of a longing for mission work, and at his own urgent request, was allowed to take part in this enterprise. His soul was charmed with the sacrifice this duty cost, and through all the suffering it involved,—like the apostles,—he rejoiced that he was "counted worthy to suffer such things" for the Master's sake. The third was a ship-carpenter, and the remaining three were boatmen, all of whom were without religion, and interested in the enterprise only as wages and the native love of adventure may interest men. It was, however, to them profitable, for, though it cost them their lives, it was the means to them of gaining eternal life.

The mission band took possession of a spot on Dotham Island, and erected two little tents; but the increasing hostility of the natives compelled their removal a few days after. They now also judged it best to remove the boats and seek another harbour, with the hope of less annoyance. Happy for them there was no Agabus to foretell their tribulation, that the troubles of each day did not prevent their hopes of to-morrow. Wherever they went the people were hostile and treacherous, and every attempt to obtain their favour and gain their confidence failed. They were therefore obliged to move their boats from place to place, enjoying but for a week or two at a time escape from observation or immunity from excessive threatening or annoyance.

After three months' fruitless endeavour to gain for themselves and the Gospel an opening to this miserable people, they began to think of returning home, and so brought their boat to Banner

Cove, the place of their first landing from the *Ocean Queen*, hoping that that vessel on her return might sail that way.

Finding it impossible to remain here, they wrote on the rocks and on boards planted on the beach, a report of their condition and their course, and then moved on to Cook's River. Here Mr. Williams was seized with fever, and Urwin and Badcock with scurvy.

It was now the middle of April, seven months since their departure from home, and four months from their arrival on these inhospitable shores. Their supply of food was almost gone. They had no ammunition for their rifles; no means for taking fish. They were all faint, and three out of the seven prostrate with sickness. They counted the rations of provisions; counted the hopes of a coming vessel; then prayed and sang praises to God. Thus the time passed for two months longer, during which an occasional fish washed on shore, a fox caught with a snare, a penguin, some mice and wild celery, constituted their food. Fortunately the natives did not discover their presence, and so they continued unmolested. Captain Gardner, having discovered on the island a cavern convenient for lodging, made his quarters there, with Pierce, Bryant, and Maidment; while Dr. Williams, with Badcock and Urwin, remained on the boat, too sick to be removed, and were regularly attended by Maidment, who visited them every day. On June 28th, Badcock died; died in the faith. He was converted on the voyage, and his Christian life ripened fast in the fiery time of trial. He just finished singing the lines—

“ Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands ; ”

then joined the company above.

Two months more passed on, bringing to the mission band still greater hardship and suffering. But relief was at hand—the relief of death. On August 23rd, Urwin passed away, and three days after Bryant also died. Grace had done its work for both. They had learned “the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,” and were rejoiced to say at last, “even so, come, Lord Jesus.” Maidment sank down exhausted with the effort to bury his companions, and never rallied. Dr. Williams, though for

four months confined to his bed, and wasting all the while, continued his diary every day, clinging to it with the conviction of duty or the sense of an only pleasure. This diary alone furnished the records of that Christian experiment, so full of danger, so fruitful of death.

On September 2nd, Captain Gardner prepared his death-couch, and laid him down upon it. With his body was found a note dated September 6th, "Yet a little while and we shall sing His praises above. . . . I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food." When his spirit took its flight is not known, and how long Williams and Pierce survived the last date of their diary, can scarcely even be conjectured. Happy change when it came. Truly are they of the company which "came out of great tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The island was visited the following January by Captain Morshead, of Her Majesty's ship *Dido*, who had received instruction from the Admiralty to call and find out particulars of the mission party. He touched at Picton Island, and finding painted on the rocks the words, "at Cooke River" went thither. He discovered the boat, with the books and papers, and many of the utensils of the missionaries, and also four bodies. That of Captain Gardner lay by the side of the broken boat; Mr. Williams', on the beach much bruised and broken by the washing of the waves; Pierce's, in his couch on the boat; and that of Maidment, in the cavern where he had crept to die. The crew of the *Dido* hung their colours at half-mast, and gave to the precious clay, which had cherished spirits so brave, a Christian burial, then gathered up the books and papers of the missionaries which still remained in the ruined boat, and went on their way. Among the papers reclaimed was Dr. Williams' diary, to which we are indebted for the only information obtained of that disastrous undertaking.

The principal subject of interest in this missionary group is Dr. Williams, made such by his own well kept journal, in which his personal experience in communion with God, and in the work of his soul's delight, is closely traced. He was a practising physician of skill and culture, and enjoyed a large degree of suc-

ness in his profession and esteem in society. At the age of thirty he passed through a remarkable season of sickness, which resulted in his conversion. Three years' experience in Christian life largely developed the spirit of usefulness, and created a desire for sacrifice and service beyond what the ordinary course of life offered. Observing an advertisement for a missionary worker to accompany Captain Gardner to Patagonia, he immediately responded, offered himself, and was accepted. He delighted in the sacrifice of a lucrative position and social enjoyment, and never once in the trial of nine months' suffering and danger did his soul recall the purpose or regret the undertaking.

Of his first night's watch on Fuegian ground, he writes, "I had not lain down on account of the shortness of time before commencing my watch; and now that I was alone in the dead hours of the night, surrounded by the dark masses of wood on the one hand, and the rippling waters on the other, with the rain pouring in heavy showers, and after a fatiguing day, I could not overcome the weakness of my frail heart, and I felt oppressed. Strange cries broke upon my ear; the penguin's harsh croak, the shrill scream of some sea-bird, and many sounds that I could not account for, gave an extraordinary character to the scene; yet I felt no fear, and did not wish to be differently circumstanced."

Again, on January 10th, after three weeks' experience of varied and excessive trials, he writes, "I bless and praise God that this day has been, I think, the happiest of my life." On the 31st of March, amid prostrating sickness, he says, "I am happy, very happy, and not a moment sits wearily upon me; sweet is the presence of my Saviour."

His last entry, written when famine and scurvy were tightening the cords of death on them all, is grand: "When I left Burslem on this mission it was with the secret confidence that I should see the salvation of God, and O! my soul hath beheld it. I am happy; happy beyond the poor compass of language to tell."

A cold worldling, with the facts of this mission campaign before him, would write its history in four words: infatuation, error, disaster, death; but the Christian discovers in this unsuccessful endeavour to plant the Gospel in Terra del Fuego, a moral

sublimity that the grandest worldly achievements cannot display. The mission to the Fuegians was a failure, but to those seven men who laid down their lives on the altar of love to God and love to man, it was no failure.

The Great Rewarder has not promised the crown to the successful but to the faithful ; and these men, "faithful unto death," have found the crown of life. To the Christian Church it was no failure. The all-conquering faith of these holy men gives an inspiration of courage still to every Christian reader of Richard Williams' diary. The true Christian knows no failure in the expenditure of holy labour, for if the ends designed are not obtained, there is yet fruit unto God in the experience of the worker and in the hearts of those who see, hear, or read of the noble endeavour.

Allen Gardner, Richard Williams, and Thomas Maidment have passed on, but their memorial has not perished with them, for they being dead yet speak.

MERRITTON, *Ont.*

THE TIMES.

WHY slander we the times ?
 What crimes
 Have days and years that we
 Thus charge them with iniquity ?
 If we would rightly scan,
 It's not the times that's bad but man.

If thy desire it be
 To see
 The times prove good, be thou
 But such thyself, and surely know
 That all thy days to thee
 Shall, spite of mischief, happy be.

—*Bearmont.*

LEGAL PROHIBITION OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

A CENTURY and a-quarter ago, in the celebrated debate on the Gin Act, when the distillers flooded London with their poisonous liquors, when drunkards lay in heaps in the streets, and the Government was defied by the mob, the Bishop of Oxford thus addressed the House of Lords: "Poisons, my lords, of all kinds ought to be confined to the apothecary's shop, where the master's character, and even his bread, depends upon his not administering too great a dose to any person whatever. Will you, then, commit the care of dispensing this poison to every ale-house keeper in the kingdom—I may say, to every man in the Kingdom who is willing to pay half-a-crown to the justices and twenty shillings a year to the Government for a license? Will you enable them to dispense this poison at so cheap a rate that a poor thoughtless creature may get drunk for threepence, and may purchase immediate death for a shilling? . . . The increase of the sale of distilled spirits," he continued, "and the propagation of all kinds of wickedness are the same. . . . It has been found by experience that *nothing can restrain the people from buying these liquors but such laws as hinder them from being sold.*"

On the same occasion, Lord Chesterfield truthfully remarked: "Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but *vice prohibited*, let the difficulty of the law be what it will. None, my lords, ever heard, in any nation, of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a license for the use of that which is taxed to all who are willing to pay for it. Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? . . . It appears to me that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favour, for I never heard that a tax against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my lords, that really if so formidable a body are confederate against the virtue or the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end and to

interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at least, my lords, secure them from their fatal draught by *bursting the vials* that contain them. Let us crush at once these *artists in human slaughter*, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted."

Lord Hervey, on the same occasion, said: "Almost every legislator in the world, my lords, from whatever original he derived his authority, has exerted it in the *prohibition of such foods as tended to injure the health and destroy the vigour of the people* for whom he designed his institutions. The *prohibition* of those commodities which are instrumental to vice is not only dictated by policy, but by nature; for even the Indians have been able to discover that distilled spirits are pernicious to society, and that the use of them can only be hindered by *prohibiting the sale*. For this reason, my lords, they have petitioned that none of this delicious poison should be imported from Britain: they have desired us to confine this fountain of wickedness and misery to our own country, without pouring upon them those inundations of debauchery by which we are ourselves overflowed."

At a later date, 1751, Stephen Hales, D.D., Clerk of the Closet to H.R.H. the then Prince of Wales, wrote as follows: "Now, since it is found, by long experience, extremely difficult for the unhappy habitual dram drinkers to extricate themselves from this prevailing vice, so much the more it becomes the duty of the governors of the nation to withhold from them so irresistible a temptation."

In more recent times, that distinguished jurist, Lord Brougham, has thus expressed his opinion on the constitutionality of prohibition: "Intemperance," he says, "is the common enemy. The philanthropist has no more sacred duty than to mitigate, if he cannot remove, this enormous evil. The lawgiver is imperatively bound to lend his aid, when it appears manifest that no palliatives can avail. Certainly we have the example of the United States to prove that repression is practicable, and their experience to guide us toward it."

Mr. Stansfield, the late Finance Secretary of Her Majesty's Government, said at Bristol, "that it was the intention of Mr. Gladstone's ministry, at the earliest possible period, to deal in a bold and comprehensive manner with the licensing system, in order to check and diminish the facilities and the temptations to drink." Mr. Gladstone himself, in the debate on the Sunday Closing Bill, stigmatized the drinking habits of Great Britain as "one of the greatest scandals, disgraces, and misfortunes of the country." In the same debate, Mr. Thomas Hughes said the House should not go against the religious and respectable portion of the community in their demand for the restriction of the traffic, and in favour of the drunken and dissolute, by leaving it unrestrained.

Few, if any, moral or social opinions, in the history of reform, have made more rapid progress than that of the constitutionality of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic. This is especially shown by the division list on the Permissive Bill of May 12th, 1869, as compared with that of 1864. On the former occasion, the ayes were only 40, while the nays were 297, leaving a majority against the Bill of 257. On the last division, the ayes were 94; the nays 200, leaving a majority against the Bill of only 106; being a diminution of the hostile majority of 151. The votes by the members for Ireland and Wales in favour of the Bill were thirty-two, against it only twenty-two; being a majority of ten in favour of the measure.

In 1867, there were 3,337 petitions in favour of the Bill; in 1868, 4,000; in 1869, 6,413, with 859,915 signatures, and only two petitions, with 5,595 signatures, against it. This righteous demand of the nation for protection against the greatest curse which blasts the community shall continue to wax louder and louder, till any Government that will refuse this just request shall be swept from office by a whirlwind of the people's wrath.

The beneficent results that have accrued from even partial and transient restrictions of the liquor traffic give a hopeful augury of the very great benefit which would result from its entire suppression.

Dr. Lees, in his argument for prohibition, enumerates many of

these examples. During a temporary stoppage of distillation in 1812-13, crime decreased one-sixth. In consequence of Father Mathew's success in Ireland, crime was reduced to the extent of one-third, as compared with preceding years, and one-half as compared with succeeding years. In the city of Dublin, the number of prisoners, in 1840, was reduced from 136 to 23, or five-sixth's. Over one hundred cells were empty, and one prison was shut up. In five years, 1835-39, during which there were 59,770,892 gallons of spirits consumed, there were 64,520 cases of serious crime and 59 executions for murder. During five years, 1840-44, in which the consumption fell to 33,766,525 gallons, the cases of crime fell to 47,027, and executions for murder to 21. Even an increase in the duty of a couple of shillings per gallon reduces the amount of crime by restricting the traffic in liquor. In 1854, with the duty at 3s. 4d. and 4s., and a consumption of 8,440,734 gallons, there were 73,733 cases of imprisonment. In 1855, with a duty of 4s., 6s., and 6s. 2d., and a consumption of 6,228,856 gallons, or 2,211,818 less than the previous year, the number of imprisonments was 54,431, a decrease of 19,302.

The Forbes-Mackenzie Act in Scotland, as the late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Duncan McLaren, has shown, reduced Sunday offences in Edinburgh 75 per cent.; emptied the cells of the prison; and postponed the necessity of a new gaol, thereby saving the city £12,000; and in Scotland at large reduced the consumption of spirits 957,830 gallons, or *one-seventh of the whole*, while crime decreased in the same proportion. In the cities the proportion is higher still; in Edinburgh, the prisoners in the gaol decreased in two years from 650 to 318; less than one-half, while the Sunday commitments decreased from 278 to 43, or less than one-sixth. In Greenock, the arrests were reduced in one year, after the passage of the Act, from 3,062 to 751; less than one-fourth.

It is, however, in the United States of America that the experiment of legal prohibition of the liquor traffic has been carried out on the largest scale, and with the most satisfactory results. An immense body of concurrent testimony demonstrates its efficiency beyond the most sanguine expectations of

its friends. Governor Dutton writes, some months after its inauguration : " It has completely swept the pernicious traffic, as a business, from the State. An open groggery cannot be found ; I have not seen a drunken person here since the first of August." Governor Morrill says : " In ten days every tavern in the town where I reside was closed. In two years all the liquor required for medicinal and mechanical purposes cost only \$198. For twenty years before, the annual expenditure was not less than \$8,000 or \$10,000."

The Hon. Neal Dow says : " At the beginning of the year the number of open rum shops in the city of Portland was from 300 to 400, the receipts of which, at \$3.00 a day, a low estimate, would be \$270,000. *Now there is not one.* Many rum shops were converted to other branches of trade. The following is the result of ten months' operation of the law :—

	1851.	1852.	Decrease.
Committed to Almshouse.....	252 ..	146 ..	106
" " House of Correction	46 ..	10 ..	36
Outdoor Aid to Families	135 ..	90 ..	45
Indictments at District Court.....	17 ..	1 ..	16
Commitments to Gaol	279 ..	63 ..	216

The following are extracts from an interesting letter from Hon. Neal Dow to the Chairman of a Parliamentary Commission of the Canadian Legislature appointed to inquire into the working of the prohibitory law in Maine. He says : " Under the operation of the law, pauperism and crime diminished wonderfully. In some of our towns pauperism ceased entirely. In others the gaols were literally tenantless, and in all of them the number of prisoners greatly diminished. The wholesale liquor trade was utterly destroyed without a single prosecution. . . . In 1856, another party came into power, and the Maine Law was repealed. In five months, that party was swept out of power, amid the scorn and execrations of the people. Only one person of the entire legislature who voted for the repeal of the Maine Law was re-elected!" Of that repeal of the law, Lord Brougham says : " Pauperism and crime, which under the prohibitory law had been reduced to an incredibly small amount, soon renewed their devastations ; the public voice was raised loudly

against the license plan, and the repealing Act was, without opposition, itself repealed."

A tragical incident occurred in connection with the repeal of the law. A Mr. Harwood, clerk of the court to which an appeal was made against the law, was a reformed drunkard. He felt that the maintenance of the law was his only safety. He adjured the judges to close the liquor bars, and he should be saved. "Your decision," he said, with prophetic forecast, "is with me a matter of life and death." "Amidst the most painful suspense," says Dr. Lees, who tells the story, "the eight judges took their seats. The vote of five of their number was handed to the clerk to be entered: *We declare the law void.* How did that clerk feel at that terrible moment? As a man feels who has to write his own death-warrant. Then the last hope of a noble heart gave way. During the week he fell before temptation and despair combined. Before its close the city was startled by the tidings of his death—a swift and awful commentary upon the decision of Tuesday."

The present writer, from personal experience, and from the testimony of liquor dealers themselves, can bear witness to the almost total suppression of the liquor traffic in Maine. One droughty soul in Portland confessed "that he had travelled five miles in search of liquor, and could not find a single drop."

The Mayor of Providence asserts "that in three months the law reduced the monthly committals to prison nearly 60 per cent." Rev. Mr. Hadley says: "One hundred dollars will now accomplish more for the moral improvement of the people than one thousand would under the reign of alcohol." Senator Eaton says: "We have no open sale of liquor at Winslow. We used to sell \$100,000 worth annually. Now we don't sell \$3,000 worth." The Rev. Dr. Ides writes: "One Sunday I was passing the head of a pier where about three hundred fishermen were seated. Everything was perfectly quiet. Some had out their Bibles and were reading. 'If you had been here,' said the landlord of the hotel, 'before the Maine Law passed, you would on such a day have seen these rocks all along covered with blood. No female dared venture out of the house at such a time. I opposed the law with all my might, because I thought it would

injure my trade ; but now I make more money when these men are ashore than I did by supplying them with liquor. When they go away they take with them whole canoe loads of eggs, hams, and other necessaries.”

We have thus seen that every restriction of the liquor traffic has been attended with corresponding moral, social, and financial benefit, and in all cases proportionate to the extent of the restriction. The people of Canada have the sacred right to be delivered from that awful scourge which is desolating the entire community and preying upon the very vitals of the nation. Let them arise in the majesty of their might and demand, in tones which those that make the laws shall understand, the repeal of those statutes which grant for filthy lucre the privilege of making men beggars, ruffians, and rogues ; which sends them to perdition “ according to law,” and ruins body, soul, and estate under the authority of an Act of Parliament. Such a *vox populi* will be indeed the *vox Dei*, and like His resistless Word, shall not be unfulfilled. As the glorious sun-god, Apollo, of old smote with his arrows of light the abominable mud-born pythons of the abyss, so let righteous Law, “ which hath her birthplace in the very bosom of God Himself,” rise in her sacred majesty and hurl her bolts of wrath at this hydra-headed beast Intemperance, till it is banished from the face of the earth forever !

REQUISITES OF A PREACHER.

GIVE me a priest whose graces shall possess :
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage which the cross can bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge and a Saviour's love.

—Bishop Kenn.

“ THROUGH THE BARS.”

A TRUE STORY.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

“ COME, David, give us a song, man.”

“ Don’t know one.”

“ David always begins by saying he don’t know one, and ends by singing half-a-dozen,” said Jim Logan, setting down his glass with a ring.

“ He’s shy, and wants pressing,” said a short, merry-looking man in the corner. “ You’re bashful, ain’t you, David ? ”

There was a general laugh at this speech ; David seeming rather to enjoy the novel imputation of shyness. “ What will you have ? ” he asked.

“ Anything with a rattling chorus ; strike up something lively.”

David filled up his glass, and after a few preliminary coughs and hems, began one of the usual class of public-house songs. In the middle of the roaring chorus, the door opened, and a little lad about ten years old was pushed into the room.

He looked round bewildered and half-frightened by the noise. One of the men seized him, and asked what he wanted, but in the uproar the child’s voice was scarcely heard. As the noise subsided and David was beginning another verse his eye caught sight of the boy, and he paused. “ What are you doing here, Ben ? ”

Ben tried to answer, but his voice was choked with sobs, and his father grew angry and impatient.

“ If you can’t stop snivelling, and say what you want, you’d better be off. Come on, lads.”

“ You are wanted at home, David,” said one of the men at the lower end of the room. “ It’s the little ’un,” he added, in a subdued voice. “ Ben says she’s dying ; you’d better go, David.”

David rose at once. “ Who—who says she’s dying ? ” he asked hastily, and with trembling lips.

“ The doctor,” sobbed the boy. “ Susie wants you.”

Without a word David strode out of the room. Susie was his youngest child—the baby—the pet, and she was dying! Quietly he entered the cottage and stole upstairs; the chamber door was half closed, and looking in he saw the little form lying so still with clasped hands and closed eyes, that with a thrill of agony he thought, "I am too late!" But as he stood there the blue eyes unclosed, and looking lovingly at her brother, the child whispered, "Sing, Jimmy, sing 'Pearly Gates.'"

Softening his rough voice, the boy commenced that pretty, old-fashioned, child's hymn, "I love my Jesus." When he came to the words, "Open wide the pearly gates," David entered the room, and kneeling by the bed, gently kissed the little hand lying on the coverlet. A faint smile crossed the face of the dying child, and raising her hand tenderly to his cheek, she murmured, "Maybe I'll look at you through the bars, father." They were the little one's last words! Slowly the tiny hand fell, the eyelids quivered, and then they knew—Susie had entered the pearly gates.

Days passed; David's little darling had been laid beneath the green grass, and the father mourned as one for whom there was no comfort.

And was there any comfort for him? In the golden city Susie was learning the angels' songs, and the little feet were wandering by the river of life. Jesus Himself was the little one's Friend, in His smile she was reading His depth of love. But what of the father? For him there was no hope of a happy re-union; for him no Heaven, no home among God's "many mansions!" The pearly gates were closed—shut against him! There is no place in Heaven for the drunkard; only "through the bars" had his little daughter hoped to see him. Baby as she was, she knew there was no Heaven for him; and the loving child-heart had sought to bridge over the great chasm between them with the promise to look at him through the bars. But the innocent words struck deep into the father's heart. Was it indeed to be only "through the bars" that he should ever see his little girl again? Should he never again feel her soft cheek laid against his, or the loving, clinging arms twining round his neck?

Was "father's darling," as he had loved to call her, lost to him for ever? The thought haunted him night and day, and he grew silent and gloomy.

"He takes the little 'un's death hard," observed his old drinking companions, and they urged him to drown his trouble in intoxicating drink.

"There's naught like a drop o' drink when a chap's in trouble, David; come along with us to-night, old fellow," said Jim Logan as they walked home from work together; and David went. Long and furiously he drank, and many and loud were the songs he sang. "David's himself again," they said; and they applauded his songs and joined in the choruses. Yet David was half sober when he went home. The moon was shining brightly, and the sudden change from the noisy heated room to the cool quiet scene without almost calmed his excited brain. Pausing with his hand on the latch he looked round, and after a minute's hesitation, turned down the lane toward the little churchyard. "Father's coming to look at his darling's grave," he murmured softly. "Do you hear me, Susie, little Susie?"

Did the little ransomed spirit hear? Who can tell?

The tiny white head-stone gleamed in the pure moonlight, and sitting down, David leaned his burning brow against it. "God help me!" he groaned, and then started at his own words. What right had the swearer, the Sabbath-breaker, the drunkard, to call upon a righteous God for help?

"David," said a voice beside him, "follow me."

Mechanically David rose, and through the deep gathering gloom followed the dim figure which he could just see. On and on they went, over hill and vale, a weary, toilsome way. Suddenly there appeared before them a light which grew brighter and brighter as they approached. Beautifully clear and pure, it shone around, and David saw that they were drawing near a mighty city. Glittering pinnacles and lofty towers rose high above the surrounding walls. Right in front of them was a gate; such a gate as David had never seen before! It seemed to be made of light itself, pure, transparent, yet towering upward in mighty strength; an effectual barrier in his onward path.

As he stood gazing through it into the city, wondering what it all meant, and where he was, he saw a little white-robed figure come hastening toward him with outstretched arms. Down the shining way it came, nearer, yet nearer, and with a throb of wild delight he recognized his lost darling, little Susie !

"Susie ! Susie ! father's come for his little darling," he cried, and vainly strove to reach the gate. Some invisible power, with stern relentless hand, held him back.

"Father !" cried a sweet childish voice, and the pure little face was pressed close, close to the gate, while the tiny white arms were outstretched in piteous entreaty, "Father !"

"Let me go !" shouted David, struggling fiercely ; "let me go, I say !"

But that mysterious, unseen hand drew him slowly back. The beautiful light grew fainter, and the city, with its magnificent palaces and shining streets, began to recede.

"Father !" pleaded Susie, and the baby arms clung still closer to the pearly gate.

"I'm coming, Susie," cried David, wildly ; "hold on, I'm coming !" and great drops of perspiration rolled from his face to the ground.

Dimmer, fainter, grew the beautiful light. Down into gloomy darkness the invisible hand drew him, and far above him gleamed the lofty gate. Close to the bars clung his little daughter, with her white robes fluttering around her ; but in vain the strong man wrestled with his unseen foe.

"Lost ! lost !" he cried, throwing up his arms in an agony, as a thick darkness settled around him, and with that cry he awoke.

For a minute he gazed round in bewilderment. Was it only a dream ! Where was the city ? where the gate he had striven to reach ? At his feet lay the tiny mound, and the moon shone coldly on the white stone, and on the black letters,

"LITTLE SUSIE."

David knelt down, and laid his forehead against the loved name. "Susie, little Susie," he groaned, "is the gate to be always between us ? God help me !"

The second time that night David prayed. And would God help him? Was there mercy for one who had spent his life in reckless disregard of God's laws? Let us see.

Back to the cottage went David, but not to sleep. He turned restlessly from side to side, while ever in his ears rang that pleading, wistful voice, "Father!" His thoughts wandered to that last night, and every word of the hymn his boy had sung returned vividly to his memory. He had often heard Susie sing it, and it had seemed natural enough for her to say that she loved Jesus because He first loved her. "It's likely He'd love her," he muttered; "but it ain't likely He'll love me; I've been such a bad one."

"But," whispered a voice within, "doesn't the Bible say He came to save sinners? Just such sinners as you? Didn't He forgive the thief and take him right through the pearly gate?"

With the daybreak David rose. He went to a little box in the corner of the room, and began carefully to turn out the contents. What was he looking for? Only a book--his mother's Bible. He knew it was somewhere in that box, and at last, right at the bottom, he found it. He left the cottage, and turning to the right, crossed the little bridge over the stream, and entered a small copse. There he knew he should be undisturbed, and opening the Bible he read,—read, not as a man reads for mere amusement or duty, but as one searching for life itself. The village clock struck, and he went home to breakfast, but all that day the Bible was lying near his heart.

"You are coming with us to-night, David?" said Jim Logan, as they walked home.

"No," answered David shortly, and passed on.

He entered his home, and sat down to the evening meal in silence. His wife and boys scarcely spoke; they were only too well used to his variable moods. When the things were cleared away, his wife took out her bonnet and shawl. "Where are you going?" he asked. "To the prayer-meeting, David; you don't want me, do you?" "No, go along;" and he watched her out of sight. Then, putting on his hat, followed her, and entered the little chapel. About twenty or thirty people were there, and one was giving out a hymn. David stood out of sight and listened.

It was the first time for many years that he had been to a prayer-meeting, and it all seemed strange. One after another prayed, and then a well-known voice began. It was one of his fellow-workmen, and David knew him to be a Christian. He prayed for the Church, for the world, and then particularly for his fellow-workmen, and every word went straight to David's heart. He was the last to pray, and as he came out David joined him, and they walked on in silence. At last David spoke, "Ned, you were praying for me in there; do you think the Lord Jesus will be my Saviour as well as little Susie's? I'm 'most afraid to ask Him. I'm naught but a poor lost sinner, and I fear there's no Heaven for me."

"Nay," replied Ned earnestly, "there is a Heaven for thee, David, if thou wilt but have it. It is promised to God's people."

"But I'm not one of God's people, Ned."

"Thou canst be one, lad: He is willing to have thee."

"I must be a better man, first," said David, doubtfully.

"Not *first*; don't wait to get better; get the Master to forgive thy sins *first*, and then thou'lt find it easier to be a better man. Come home with me and let us talk it over. Maybe we'll find something in the Bible that will help thee, David."

And the two men went home together; if you could have looked through the little casement you would have seen them an hour later kneeling side by side while Ned poured forth supplications to an ever-listening God. And those prayers were answered.

Night after night David pleaded for forgiveness and mercy, and the same Jesus who had listened to Susie's simple hymn heard him, and gave him to drink of the Water of Life.

Do you want to know if David found it a very easy thing to be a Christian? Ask yourself if it is an easy thing to give up the habits of a life; if it is an easy thing for the drunkard to give up drink, or the swearer to cease to swear. No, it was no easy thing; but Jesus, the sinner's Friend, helped him.

Dear reader, was it a little thing for David to know that the pearly gate was no longer closed against him? Was it a small matter that "father's little darling" would meet him face to face, with no barrier between? And are the gates open for you?

Have you any right to sing the little one's hymn, "Open wide the pearly gates, that we may enter in"? If not, there will be no happy re-union for you with loved ones who have gone to be with Jesus; they are lost forever to you. Pray now as David did, "God help me!" And He who heard and helped David, will hear and help you. "He is able to save to the uttermost" all that "come unto God by Him."

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND AND ITS SENTRY GRIM.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

THERE is a land of immortal—
 The beautiful of lands ;
 Beside its ancient portal
 A sentry grimly stands :
 He only can undo it,
 And open wide the door ;
 And mortals who pass through it
 Are mortals never more.

Though dark and drear the passage,
 That leadeth to the gate,
 Yet grace attends the message
 To souls that watch and wait ;
 And at the time appointed,
 A messenger comes down,
 And guides the Lord's anointed
 From cross to glory's crown.

That glorious land is Heaven,
 And Death the sentry grim ;
 The Lord therefore has given
 The opening keys to him ;
 And ransom'd spirits sighing
 And sorrowful for sin,
 Pass through the gate in dying,
 And freely enter in.

The sighs are lost in singing ;
 They're blessed in their tears ;
 Their journey heavenward winging,
 They leave on earth their fears.
 Death like an angel seeming,
 " We welcome thee !" they cry ;
 Their face with glory gleaming,
 'Tis life for them to die.

SHOOTING STARS.

BY WILLIAM F. DENNING, F.M.S.

EVERYONE has seen a shooting star, and if we will but watch the sky for a short time, on any evening of ordinary clearness, we may expect to see several of these bright little visitants to our atmosphere. Few of us, however, have ever witnessed the sudden apparition of one of those large meteors or fire-balls that illumine the sky and terrestrial objects like vivid lightning, and, rushing across the heavens, finally burst into coloured coruscations. Such bodies sometimes vie in splendour with the moon, and occasionally fragments of them reach the earth's surface, and are found embedded in the soil in a state of fusion. These phenomena are rare, though many accounts are handed down to us. Shooting stars, properly so called, are those starlike objects, ordinarily visible on fine nights, and which usually do not exceed the brightness of the fixed stars. They are visible at all times and seasons of the year when the sky is clear enough, and dark enough, though some seasons are more prolific in them than others, and certain nights exhibit them in large numbers. Their apparent courses in the sky are extremely variable, as are their velocities, magnitudes, and colours. Some of them roll across the sky with a slow deliberate motion, while others dart along in mere transient flashes. Others again leave sparks or trains marking their paths, but many have no such appendage, but travel down like stellar points and die out leaving no sign behind.

Of late years the theory of shooting stars has become much better understood. They are no longer supposed to be ejections from volcanoes in the moon, or to be originated in the upper limits of our atmosphere by condensed masses of chemical compounds. They are in fact proved to be particles of planetary matter revolving in space and following their orbits around the sun as a centre. They exist in dense clouds or trains, and space is probably thickly strewn with countless multitudes of them. The orbits of many of such systems agree exactly with the orbits

of certain comets, and hence there must be a close affinity of the two—in fact we are bound to consider that meteors and shooting stars are merely the refuse or waste of comets in process of decay and dissipation. The trains of comets consist of extended trails of meteoric particles, and when the earth in her journey through space crosses one of them, there ensues a shower of meteors, more or less grand according to the density of that part of the train which is encountered. The earth, by the power of attraction, forcibly draws them towards her, and, as they come into contact with the atmosphere, become ignited by the sudden friction, and rapidly burn out. Our atmosphere, therefore, acts as a shield, and it is seldom that one of these meteors can deeply penetrate it and fall upon the earth's surface. In the event of our collision with a comet, the consequences might be very disastrous were it not for the protection afforded by the density of the air. In such a case we should probably experience a terrible storm of meteorites, as thick as hail, and with great velocities, but our atmosphere consumes such bodies as they enter it, thus robbing them of their gravity as they are frittered into harmless dust in its upper regions.

Of course, shooting stars are a totally distinct class of bodies to the fixed stars, which are invariable, and placed at such enormous distances from the earth that it is well-nigh incalculable. The matter composing shooting stars is also very distant from us at times, for some of their orbits extend beyond that of the planet Neptune, on the confines of the solar system, and they are only visible to us as bright objects when entering our atmosphere or its outskirts. They are far inferior to the fixed stars in every way, and probably weigh but a few ounces, whereas the stars are probably large suns and the life and light of remote systems even greater and grander than our own.

There are certain definite places in the heavens from whence shooting stars appear to come, though they may be seen in all parts of the sky. If on a fine night we will carefully watch their paths, and carry the eye back in the direction of their motions, we shall soon see that they come from the same region, though they shoot to all points of the compass. This is called the *radiant point*, and occasionally there are more than one of

these in operation on the same night; hence we may see shooting stars streaming from the west and others from the east in alternate variety. The finding of these radiant points is a very important element in this branch of science, and so elaborate have late researches been, that more than 200 of such positions are now ascertained. Ten years ago they were almost totally unknown, and as an instance of the energy with which the work is still carried on, it may be mentioned that some Italian astronomers have recently published a list of 20,000 shooting stars seen by them during the last three or four years, and the time, brightness, and path of each one are given.

As regards height and velocity, shooting stars are extremely variable. They are most distant when first seen, and approach rapidly as they fall, the actual distance being usually less than one hundred miles. Of twenty seen between the 9th and 12th of August, 1871, the average height was eighty-six miles at first appearance, and fifty-two and a-half at disappearance, the length of course forty-six miles, and the velocity of nine of them fifty-one miles per second.

There are some superstitious notions in regard to shooting stars, one of the most common of which is, that a person wishing as a star falls and before its extinction, may expect the wish to be gratified. The idea is pretty, but fallacious and absurd, as such ideas usually are. The appearance of meteors has also been thought to presage foul weather, and an early reference to the opinion is thus grandly expressed in Dryden's *Virgil* :

Oft shalt thou see, ere brooding storms arise,
Star after star glide headlong down the skies,
And where they shot, long trails of ling'ring light
Sweep far behind, and gild the shades of night.

They are usually very numerous in August (and occasionally in November), and we shall do well to watch the sky, if fine, on the 10th and 11th of the former month. In 1874 I saw 281 in four hours' watching on the 10th. There is a genuine pleasure in the doing of such work that is almost unknown, and can only be thoroughly felt by the astronomer in his nightly vigils. The din of business life is unheard in the calm and clear serenity of

the midnight hour, when the stars shine in all their rich variety. Countless multitudes of them are here, many so distant that we see them only as dim clouds of milky whiteness stretching over the sky. Anon, a silvery point glows out, increasing tenfold as it swiftly glides down the heavens and illuminates it with a transient lustre. This is a shooting star, and if we will but look we may ever see these emblems of our Maker's power, these messengers from distant space, and maybe these fragments of a former world that having fulfilled the purpose of their creation have become disbanded into atoms which travel hither and thither, falling upon the planets, and thus giving rise to the pretty phenomena of "shooting stars."

"PEACE! IT IS I!"

BY ST. ANATOLIUS, BISHOP OF CONSTANTINOPLE, A.D. CCCCLVIII.

FIERCE was the wild billow ;
 Dark was the night ;
 Oars laboured heavily -
 Foam glimmered white :
 Trembled the mariners,
 Peril was nigh,
 When said the Saviour God,
 " Peace ! It is I ! "

Ridge of the mountain wave,
 Lower thy crest !
 Wail of Euroclydon,
 Be thou at rest !
 Sorrow can never be—
 Darkness must fly—
 Then saith the Light of light,
 " Peace ! It is I ! "

Jesus, Deliverer !
 Come Thou to me ;
 Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life's sea.
 Tho', when the storm of death
 Roars, sweeping by,
 Whisper, O Truth of truth.
 " Peace ! It is I ! "

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

ROMISH RIOTS.

We have had, during the month, fresh illustrations of the bitter intolerance and interference with civil liberty of the Romish system, in the Province of Quebec. First, the Papal Zouaves had the audacity, on an Ottawa steamer, to haul down the Union-Jack and run up the Pope's yellow flag, and then, when the plucky British captain replaced the foreign flag by that under which he held his commission, they beat him nearly to death.

More recently, when the Montreal Orangemen, in the exercise of their legal and constitutional rights, announced their intention of marching in regalia to a religious service on their annual holiday, the papal bigots so breathed out slaughters and threatenings, that, for peace' sake, the Orangemen consented to forego their rights and to abandon their contemplated procession. But, notwithstanding this concession, they were assailed on their peaceable return from worship by a ruffian mob that surged through the streets. Women were publicly insulted by unmanly and unchivalric cravens; their protectors were assailed with murderous violence, and one of them was brutally murdered, and left weltering in his blood in the public street. Four days later the remains of this victim of papal bigotry were borne to their grave under the protection of British bayonets, but the melancholy obsequies could not be completed without riotous shooting by a mob and the possibly fatal wounding of an inoffensive youth.

Under these circumstances it is time to inquire, "Under which king, Benzonio?" Are we a free Dominion under a constitutional government, or are we the appanage of a papal power under a reign of

terror? There is to-day, we believe, more Protestant liberty under the very shadow of the Vatican, than there is in the city of Montreal. The murder of a British subject in the streets of Rome, on account of his religious or political creed, would scarce be attempted, or, if attempted, would be followed by a swift and stern retribution. Yet these religious banditti, who so lawlessly interfere with the rights of their fellow-citizens, claim for themselves the right to parade the streets with banners and music, on their *fetes Dieu* and *fetes d'obligation*, often to the desecration of the Sabbath, the interruption of Protestant worship, and the inconvenience of public traffic.

It is only just to say that the loyal and law-abiding Roman Catholic citizens disapprove of this violence; but the intolerant and persecuting spirit of Romanism is chargeable with the outbreaks which have stained the fair fame of the chief city of the Dominion. Many staunch Protestants also disapprove of the transplanting of old-world feuds to the virgin soil of this new continent, and perpetuating the bitter memories of civil strife, when Irish blood was shed by Irish hands two hundred years ago. But that is not now the question. If both parties would, of their own accord, abandon their public demonstrations, we think it would tend to promote civic concord; but if they determine to exercise their legal rights, no lawless intimidation should be allowed to interfere with them. The civic authorities and Dominion Government must know no party nor creed, but protect the rights and liberties of all alike, though the whole military service of the country,—horse, foot, and artillery—were required for the duty.

THE DUNKIN CAMPAIGN.

This great moral movement is gathering momentum and volume as it rolls onward. It is becoming, we think, a cumulative avalanche of Christian sentiment that shall sweep away the flimsy sophistries and refuges of lies in which the liquor traffic entrenches itself. We believe the tremendous energy of this sentiment shall, at no late date—and may God speed the day!—sweep away the reproach of the traffic, with its attendant wretchedness and ruin, its wickedness and woe, from our land entirely and forever. The public conscience has been aroused on this subject, as, we think, it never was before. The teaching and preaching for years of the advocates of temperance—theseedown in faith—is bringing forth its appropriate harvest. Not one germ of moral truth, we believe, is ever wasted or allowed to perish in the ground.

The very opposition to the movement, on the part of the myrmidons of the traffic, has only served to help it on. Their transparent fallacies and selfish arguments have carried with them their own refutation. These weapons, like the boomerang in an unskilful hand, have recoiled to the injury of those that wielded them. The friends of temperance have no reason to fear the fullest and freest discussion of the subject. Indeed, they court it, with the assurance of complete victory. "Know you not," exclaims Milton, "that Truth is mighty, next to God Himself? Let her and falsehood wrestle. Who ever knew Truth to be defeated in fair and open encounter?"*

We rejoice, therefore, that one of the results of the agitation has been to bring the adversaries of the movement into the field of controversy. It has brought them and their friends under a fire of facts and arguments, within whose range they had seldom come. Not a few, we have reason to know, who came to the Dunkin

meetings prepared to ban, have remained to bless.

Another of the benefits of the movement is that it has compelled men to take sides on this question. It is difficult to remain neutral when lines between the friends and foes of prohibition are being so sharply defined. It is seen conspicuously that the moral weight, and worth, and intelligence, and disinterested philanthropy of the community are on the side of temperance; and the selfish greed, and vicious indulgence, and besotted ignorance, and imbruted crime are all on the other side. And if, perchance, a respectable man finds himself on that side, he is apt to become ashamed of his allies, and to feel that he is on the wrong side.

Never, within our memory, has the heart of the community been so stirred by any great moral question as by this. It was an inspiration to attend the great mass meetings night after night at Toronto, beneath the open cope of heaven, in a vast amphitheatre accommodating four thousand persons; and to listen to the words of truth and soberness in which the good men and wise men of the community, the leading clergy and moral reformers, addressed this grand parliament of the people, assembled to discuss these most vital interests of the common weal. That new Deborah of our Church, Mrs. Youmans, who seems raised up of God to lead our Israel to victory over a foe more terrible than Sisera and the armies of Philistia, did grand service in this moral warfare, by her true-hearted, noble, womanly utterances, which won their way to every heart.

The voting in Toronto does not take place till after we go to press. If the Dunkin Act be carried against the compact organization of the liquor sellers, whose craft is in danger, it will be a staggering blow to the traffic elsewhere. If that organization, with its money and whiskey, for a time defeat the effort to rescue the weak and helpless from

* "Plea for Unlicensed Printing."

the curse and thralldom of intemperance, it will be only for a time. The voice of the people, which is the voice of God, shall wax louder and louder, and gain volume and force, till the walls of this Jericho shall crash to the ground, and the fair fields of a land of promise—a land uncursed by the blight, and mildew, and ruin of intemperance—shall spread, an inheritance of blessing, before our children and our children's children forever.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFESSION.

At the late meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, held in the city of Halifax, the Westminster Confession was fully and distinctly recognized as an authoritative standard of doctrinal belief, Mr. Macdonald we understand to have stated that he held no opinions at variance with that confession; and at the previous union of the Presbyterian churches we believe that each minister again signed that venerable document.

Yet in Scotland, the very heart of Presbyterianism, the authority of that ancient confession seems to be relaxing. As long ago as 1865 Dr. Tulloch, in a published work, stated "that it is well-nigh impossible that the old relation of our Church to the Westminster Confession can continue." In 1866 a petition came before the General Assembly praying that the assent of elders to the confession should be "wisely modified." Next, Professor Smith, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," denied the apostolic authorship of the Gospels and the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy. Yet the committee, before whom he was tried, reported "no ground sufficient to support a process of heresy against him."

During the present year the Rev. David Macrae, in the meeting of the Presbytery of Paisley, asserted that "the spectacle of a Church professing to hold all these articles [of

the Westminster Confession] as articles of faith, while holding many of them only as matters of opinion, and not holding some of them at all, is a bad example to the world and demoralizing to the Church itself." Mr. Macrae then goes on to arraign the doctrines of the Confession, concluding as follows:

"It teaches that by reason of the sin of Adam, apart from any fault of their own, men come into the world wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body, utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil. It teaches that because of this sin, which they could not and cannot help, they are bound helplessly over to the wrath of God and curse of the law, and so made subject to spiritual, temporal, and eternal death. It teaches that of the countless myriads of babes who have died and are dying in infancy, only the elect are saved. For the non-elect, young or old, it has no fate but the unending and unspeakable torments of hell. *I ask the fathers and brethren of the Presbytery,*" he exclaims, "*to say honestly if this is the theology which they preach?"*

More recently still Dr. Cunningham, historian of the Church of Scotland, in a published lecture, points out the obvious errors and exaggerations of the Confession of Faith: "(1) Its disproved theory of creation; (2) Its intolerance in the power which it assigns to the civil magistrate in religion; (3) Its doctrine of the non-salvability of the heathen; (4) Its extreme Calvinism." He thinks it impossible to read the clause about reprobation "without a shudder."

Such views being entertained by leading minds in the Presbyterian Church, we think it a duty that it owes to its thousands of ministers and millions of members throughout the world, to so modify the terms of adhesion to that ancient Confession that it shall no longer bind upon

men's consciences a burden grievous to be borne—the rigid dogmas formulated in a time of intense and bitter doctrinal controversy two hundred years ago. The recent pan-Presbyterian council would have been a favourable time to inaugurate such a movement.

We learn that its generally peaceful current was agitated by the ripples of unorthodoxy. The policy of repression in these matters is always a dangerous policy. The disturbing elements are allowed to accumulate strength till they produce an upheaval that often rends the ecclesiastical structure into ruins,—a result which might have been averted by a concession to the demand for a less rigid application of ancient formulas, which share the imperfection of the human agencies by which they have been framed.

“THE PRIEST IN ABSOLUTION.”

The discovery of this disgusting book, prepared for the use of priests of the “Society of the Holy Cross” in the hearing of confessions, reveals new perils to which the Protestantism of Great Britain is exposed. The following is the vigorous language of the *London Times* on this covert attempt to introduce the Romish confessional, with all its abominations, into English society:—“A priest is to interfere in every household, to direct a wife in the discharge of her duties to her husband, children in their relations to their parents and their schoolfellows, girls in their relations to their mothers, their fathers, and, at length, their lovers, and so on through every delicate relationship. The bloom is to be rubbed off every modest flower of womanly, manly, and youthful feeling by the introduction of the hand of a confessor into the most secret recesses of the heart, and there are to be no two human beings in the world, not even a husband and a wife, without the eye and the authority of a priest between them.

The English people have only one thing to say to this system. Their mind is made up. They will have none of it. They will have it at no price; and there is no institution they would not sacrifice, no system they would not repudiate, if it became the home and the protection of such practices. If this society cannot be suppressed among the clergy, rough times may be expected for the Church of England.”

John Bull plants himself on his hearthstone and determines that no Romanizing priest shall crawl, viper-wise, into that sanctuary of domestic virtue—an English home—and pollute the ears of his wife and daughters with the vile suggestions and questionings of the Romish confessional. “Of this sort are they which creep into houses and lead captive silly women laden with sins.” And they may expect the more vigorous than elegant ejection that they deserve. Our friend John may suffer long and be kind, but there is a limit to even his forbearance, and his wrath, when it is aroused, is terrible. Mr. Mac-konochie and his friends had therefore better abandon their machinations, or be prepared to accept the consequences, which we can promise them will not be pleasant.

The filthy book has been prohibited as obscene. It would be well if its “Reverend” authors could be sent to prison for six months with the less criminal atheist, Bradlaugh.

We believe that attempts have been made to introduce this odious spawn of Romanism into the Anglican Church in Canada. We greatly mistake if Canadian husbands and fathers will tolerate its vileness, defiling the heart and mind, any more than those of Great Britain. We observe that one Canadian “priest” regrets in the public prints that he has no brother priest who will confess and absolve him. Let him confess his sins and folly to the Great High Priest who alone can forgive sins, and he will need no human absolution.

A UNIVERSAL HYMN-BOOK FOR
METHODISM.

We take the liberty of reproducing from a letter from one of the most thoughtful and cultured laymen of our Church, the following paragraphs with reference to a common hymn-book for universal Methodism :

"I was much pleased with Mr. Lathern's papers on the hymn-book, and share with him in the regret that the opportunity of obtaining an Ecumenical Methodist hymn-book has been allowed to pass by unimproved ; for he is undoubtedly right in the remark, that such a thing would contribute more to the oneness of Methodism, and would contribute a closer bond of union than could be found in the meetings and discussions of any representative council or convocation. Its influence over our people as a common bond and as preserving among us 'the faith which was once delivered to the saints,' is incalculable. Its service is like that which the 'Book of Common Prayer' renders to the members of the English Church. It is our liturgy—our book at once of common prayer and common praise. Listen to the prayers of our Church members, and tell me whether its influence in maintaining a sound belief and supplying 'winged words' which shall bear sincere desire to the throne, is not remarkable in its force and extent. And all this would be intensified and rendered world-wide in its influence if Methodists in Britain and Canada and the United States, in India and Australia—in a word, throughout the whole world, could use the same hymn-book, and find in every church, in every place where they lifted up 'holy hands,' not only the same hymns along with others less familiar, but the same book, page for page and line for line, in which the local memory has full play—such a hymn remembered as being on such a page, and such a verse on just such a part of the page. I know well the influence and value

of such things, having been familiar with the hymn-book—the same good, old book which still lingers among us—from my childhood. I thank God that next to the precious life-giving words of His own Divine Word, I have been familiar with the Christian lyrics of Charles Wesley, hymns which are saturated with the water of life, as drawn from the Scripture.

"I do not, however, regard our hymn-book as perfect. On the contrary, I think that there are some whole hymns and a great many objectionable passages which it is desirable to expunge. Charles Wesley was deeply tinged in his early days with mysticism, and he had all the impetuous fire of a poet, whose inspired moods sometimes reacted 'a fine frenzy,' and some expressions, which are not warranted by either Scripture or good taste, demand excision. The fine critical taste and excellent judgment of his brother John was largely and severely exercised in preparing Charles Wesley's hymns for the present hymn-book ; but it is matter of little surprise that some passages escaped his notice, his vision at times being doubtless somewhat clouded by warm, loving regard for his brother.

"I have lately been examining some old volumes of the Wesley poetry, and collating the original versions with our present hymn-book, and if my reverence for Charles' good taste has been somewhat lowered by the process, that for his grand elder brother has been heightened. A finer critic than John Wesley is seldom met with.

"I do not think a larger hymn-book is needed, but rather the contrary. My idea of a hymn-book for public worship is that it should not contain hymns which, however fine and beautiful as poems for private, personal, or closet devotion, are not suited for public worship ; and those hymns which are seldom used had better be left out. It seems to me that at the outside 800 hymns is the

utmost that ought to be allowed, and I should myself prefer and advocate a smaller number.

"With reference to the question of finance, I would say that I am not sure whether the increased facility for multiplying copies, and the immense demand for one com-

mon Methodist hymn-book, would not be more productive in the long run than three or four distinct hymn-books for Britain, for Canada, for the United States, and for Australia, while a sort of Zollverein arrangement would furnish the means of dividing the profits."

BOOK NOTICES.

Official Report on the Ontario Educational Exhibit and the Educational Features of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876.

By J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D.
Large 8vo., pp. 306. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

Every Canadian must have felt proud of the magnificent Educational Exhibit of the Province of Ontario at the Centennial Exhibition. Indeed, it challenged the attention and admiration of visitors from all parts of the globe, and was generally admitted to hold a foremost place among all the educational exhibits of that grand collection of the highest results of civilization from the whole world. In this large and sumptuous volume Dr. Hodgins, the accomplished Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, has prepared an exhaustive report on the subject to which he has devoted the best energies of his life. It is characterized by even more than his usual thoroughness, accuracy, and good taste; and presents, we judge, the best conspectus extant of the state of educational science throughout the world. Its plan is extremely comprehensive. It gives first, a succinct account of the late Paris and Vienna Exhibitions, as well as of that at Philadelphia. It gives then a detailed account of the Ontario Educational Exhibit, with the flattering opinions thereon of the public press and of distinguish-

ed educationists, together with a sketch of our educational institutions by the Hon. Adam Crooks, Q.C., M.P.P.

The remaining and much larger section of the work is occupied with an account of the educational exhibits of other countries at Philadelphia, and of the state of education in foreign countries not so represented. This important section gives a distinct conception of educational progress in the several Provinces of Canada, in the United States, Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Greece, Servia, Roumania, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, China, Japan, Brazil, Australia, and the Sandwich Islands. The compilation of the valuable information here given has been a labour involving great research and has laid all educationists under great obligation. The book is illustrated by a number of admirably engraved wood cuts of the exhibition buildings and of the Canadian and other exhibits. We commend the volume to the study of all who are interested—and what patriot is not?—in our educational institutions. It is a ground of denominational gratification that to the labours, during a long series of years of a distinguished member of our own Church, who now occupies its foremost official position, is due, more than to any other man, the success of the noble educational system of our country.

Outlines of Hebrew Grammar. By GUSTAVUS BICKELL, D.D., Professor of Theology at Innsbruck. Revised by the author, and annotated by the translator, SAMUEL IVES CURTISS, Doctor of Philosophy, Leipzig. Published by F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig, 1877. Appleton & Co., New York.

English and American Hebrew scholars will be very grateful to the genial pastor of the American chapel at Leipzig for this translation of Dr. Bickell's work, especially in view of the great improvements and additions which are to be found in this edition as compared with the German. For it the author has thoroughly revised and amended the original text. Dr. Delitzsch has contributed to it some paragraphs on the prose and metrical accents. A highly valuable and interesting table of Semitic characters by Dr. Euting of Strasburg has been appended. And Dr. Curtiss has himself added not a little to the convenience and value of the work by a table of contents, various indexes, and numerous important foot-notes.

This work is not an elementary Grammar of the Hebrew language, but rather a philological investigation into that language as connected with the other great branches of the Semitic family. Hence, for its full appreciation at least some elementary knowledge of Arabic and Syriac is almost indispensable. The author seeks to trace the present inflections of Hebrew back through the processes of their development to earlier if not original forms. Hence as many of these earlier forms are still retained in Arabic, this work forms an admirable introduction to the study of Semitic Grammar. The great principle which Dr. Bickell follows consistently throughout his work is this: that all inflection in Hebrew, the internal as well as the external, is nothing but the result of the juxta-position of roots. Our very limited acquaintance with the

parent stock of the Semitic languages, renders the search for those original forms, from the synthesis of which the existing forms of words are derived, exceedingly difficult. This search Dr. Bickell has with no ordinary ability and no little success attempted, and the results of his investigation, as detailed in the little work before us, must be of the highest interest to all Semitic scholars. The value of the work is evidenced by the fact that some of the leading Hebrew teachers of England and America are already recommending it to their students.

Baptisma; a Three-fold Testimony; Water-baptism, Spirit-baptism, and the Baptism of Fire. By the Rev. JOHN LATHERN, Charlotte-town.

Our accomplished and versatile contributor, the Rev. J. Lathern, has in this little work presented an admirable compendium of the arguments on the doctrine of baptism, which are accepted as conclusive by at least nine-tenths of the Churches of Christendom. This immense majority in favour of this interpretation affords, at least, a very strong presumption of its correctness. Brother Lathern's book gives evidence of deep and thorough study of the subject, and his conclusions are presented in attractive and lucid form before the reader. His book is admirably adapted for popular circulation, especially among young converts who are exercised in mind on the subject of baptism, and who are desirous of arriving at definite conclusions based upon scriptural authority. The author does us the honour to quote from our book on the Catacombs of Rome, the early and unconscious art-record in favour of effusion or sprinkling, and the direct testimony of many inscriptions in demonstration of the baptism of infants—a line of evidence which, we think, is of great importance in determining this controversy.

Songs of Christian Life and Work.

By T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, B.A., with introduction by W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. 8vo. pp. 64. S. Rose Toronto and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price 10 cents.

Our friend, Mr. Bowman Stephenson, has devoted himself with enthusiasm to the work to which he has been providentially called, the rescue of little orphan waifs "from the Arabia Petraea of the stony streets" of London, and their transfer to the "Arabia Felix of happy Canadian homes." The history of this noble philanthropy, with four engravings of the Homes in England and in Canada, are given in this book. It also contains thirty-six approved "Gospel Hymns" with music, many of which are Mr. Stephenson's own composition. That gentleman was the first who "sang the Gospel" in Great Britain, long before either Mr. Phillips or Mr. Sankey. During his visit to Canada we hope that he will sing in many of our assemblies those songs of Zion which have won their winsome way into the hearts of the roughs of the New Cut and Lambeth Lane, among whom he has carried on successful evangelistic work, and which have charmed the cultured ears of immense audiences at Brighton and London. The Home maintains 450 children and needs liberal aid. The profits of this book and all other monies received during his visit are sacredly devoted to the support of the children. We hope that many in Canada will show their practical sympathy with this grand Christian enterprise by their liberal contributions.

The Methodist Quarterly Review,
July, 1877.

One of the most valuable features in this admirable Quarterly is the veteran editor's keen and trenchant reviews of current literature—especially biblical and scientific. Dr. Whedon keeps thoroughly posted in

these departments, and maintains a sharp look-out for the vagaries of the scientists, which are not allowed to pass without challenge and examination. The other articles in the current number are a discriminative review of Pope's Theology; a well-deserved eulogy on President Grant's Indian Policy; an interesting account of Mrs. Pearce Reeves, a noted female preacher; an examination of the position of Liberia at the Centennial; a history of the Freedmen of the United States since the war; a refutation of the misrepresentations of the New York *Independent* on the status of Methodism in American cities; and a judicious paper on the doctrine of holiness.

The Popular Science Monthly. July and August. \$5.00 a year; with supplement, \$7.00.

No periodical coming to this office is more highly prized than the *Popular Science Monthly*. It is the most complete reflection of the scientific and philosophic progress of the age that we know. It presents the course of contemporary thought on subjects of leading interest as expressed by the ablest minds in England, France, Germany, and America. From its doctrines we are often compelled to dissent, especially on the subject of evolution, of which it is the uncompromising advocate. But it keeps one abreast of current researches, and it candidly gives both sides of the case. Among its recent contents are the following: Herbert Spencer on the Evolution of the Family; a New Theory of the Tides, by Prof. Schneider; an interesting account of the Discovery of the Circulation of the Blood; the Zodiacal Light; Atmospheric Pressure and Life; Education as a Science; the Import of Protoplasm; Climatic Influence of Vegetation; the Sewing-machine in Political Economy; the Mystery of the Pyramids; the Soul and the Future Life; Is the Moon Dead? Gladstone on Montenegro; Christianity and Patri-

otism ; and many other articles of great interest and importance.

The Port-Chaplain and His Work at Quebec. By the Rev. J. S. SYKES. 8vo., pp. 54.

This is a very interesting pamphlet by a Church of England clergyman whom we had the pleasure of meeting at Quebec, who for many years has been engaged as the only regular chaplain of the twenty thousand seamen who annually visit the port of Quebec. He manifests a deep and earnest sympathy with this interesting yet spiritually destitute class, and has been the means of accomplishing much good among them. He gives several pathetic incidents of evangelistic labour among the British and foreign sailors, and has in many cases been the means of communication between seafarers to whom, dying far from home, he has administered the last consolations of religion, and their wives or parents beyond the sea, to whom every word of tidings of the loved and lost one was "dear as remembered kisses after death." The want of a mariners' church and of a "regular built parson of their own," as the sailors say, is one much felt in Quebec. For the supply of this want contributions are solicited. Any donations remitted by sympathizers with this project to the Rev. Mr. Sykes at Quebec, will greatly assist a most worthy object.

The Divine Authority of the Bible. By the Rev. LE ROY HOOKER. 8vo, pp. 27. Methodist Book Rooms.

This pamphlet is a trenchant review of Mr. Roy's recent teaching on the subject of Catholicity and Inspiration. The author goes at once to the very core of the matter—the most dangerous and deadly feature of that teaching,—Mr. Roy's virtual denial of the Divine authority of the Scripture. He exposes the sophistry of the arguments

by which that authority is assailed, and demonstrates the vital essentiality of the doctrine of the Divine inspiration and paramount authority of those Scriptures as the very foundation of our faith and final ground of appeal in all matters of religious obligation. Its general circulation among our people cannot fail to confirm their faith in the oracles of God as our only rules of doctrine and practice.

Temperance Campaign Tracts. By W. H. WITHROW, M.A. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax, and all Booksellers.

These pamphlets are reprints of the articles on various aspects of the temperance question which have appeared in this Magazine. They have been re-published in tract form by request, for use in the temperance campaign waging in several parts of the country. Active campaigners have borne testimony to their value in this service. They are offered at the following cheap rates per hundred: Prohibition, \$3.00; The Liquor Traffic, \$3.00; The Bible and Temperance, \$7.00; Is Alcohol Food? \$3.00; and the Physiological Effects of Alcohol, \$7.00.

The clergyman's new magazine, *The Complete Preacher*, opens with a translation of a powerful sermon just prepared for the press by the great German preacher, Prof. Christlieb. It contains, also, able sermons by Spurgeon and Archbishop Tait of England, and by John Hall and J. P. Newman of the States; also a comprehensive report of a sermon by Rev. Dr. Broadus, the author of "The History of Preaching." The object of this monthly is to print, in full, sermons by the most representative divines of all denominations in the world. This monthly is published at \$2.00 per year, by the publishers of *The Metropolitan Pulpit*, 21 Barclay Street, New York.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

METHODIST CHURCHES, ENGLAND.

The Annual Conference of the Primitive Methodists met at Scarborough in June. This Conference is peculiar in its constitution, as it consists of one-third ministers and two-thirds laymen. There were nearly two hundred representatives, the largest number that was ever in attendance. Three ministers were present from Canada and one layman from New South Wales. The Church is prospering greatly in the Australian Colonies. The increase of members in the whole Connexion is about 4,000. Some of the funds are largely deficient, particularly the Missionary and Superannuated Funds, though the latter is largely aided by the profits of the Book Room.

There is great demand for additional ministers in the Southern world. Sixty young men were received as candidates for the ministry.

The Bible Christian denomination has formed its missions in Australia into a separate Conference. There are twenty-five ministers and one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five members, with encouraging prospects.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have just held their General Assembly in London. They report an increase of 5,700 members, have 112,000 communicants on the roll, and the Conference collections amounted last year to \$836,025.

We go to press too early to report the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference, but we are glad that there has been an increase in the membership of about nine thousand, and that one hundred and eighty candidates are recommended by the Examining Committee to be re-

ceived on trial at the Conference. An irreparable loss has been sustained in the sudden removal of the Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., who was seized with paralysis while preaching, and never rallied. He was only sixty years of age. He was an invaluable Missionary Secretary, and occupied a foremost place in the Conference. The last lines which he gave out in the pulpit were,—

" While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, UNITED STATES.

Our brethren in the States are very busy just now with camp-meetings and Sunday-school conventions, at Chautauqua, Sea Cliff, and other places. These services are, doubtless, of great benefit to the Church. But for them many would probably backslide by their attendance at watering places. It is computed that fifteen thousand people attended the meeting at Sea Cliff on a recent Sabbath.

Great efforts have been made to increase the Missionary income, but the debt, which exceeds \$130,000, still remains as a great incubus. Bishop Andrews has returned from his tour round the world, and reports good results respecting the missions in Europe. Bishop Wiley, who was formerly a Chinese missionary, by the time these notes reach our readers will have gone to Japan, thence to China. He takes with him some additional missionaries, whose appointment has been secured by special donations, and a guaranteed maintenance for a certain time.

The mission in Bulgaria has suffered much reverse, owing to the war in Turkey, but the following, from the Superintendent, breathes the true martyr spirit:—"The missionaries are ready and willing to stay at their post and suffer even unto death, be it from the hands of the Turks, Bulgarians, or Russians, if thereby the cause of Christ can be advanced, or if the Bulgarians, at this time, would show any especial concern for their souls and salvation, which, I am sorry to say, is not the case. On the contrary, the mind of every one is so taken up with the war that no one wants to hear a word in regard to religion. I have stored away my books, and those of the mission, together with all furniture, in the large, dry, and airy cellar of my house. Several neighbours have done the same; thus we hope to save our little "property from being destroyed."

The idea is somewhat prevalent that the Methodists in the States are not so strict on the class-meeting question as we are. There is, no doubt, too much laxity among us all in this respect; but the following deserves attention:—"The Methodists of this city (Baltimore) believe in class-meetings. Fayette Street Church has a membership of seven hundred, and five hundred and fifty of them attend the class-meeting. A great revival has lately taken place under Dr. France. A man known throughout the city as the owner of a dozen saloons, visited his church one evening, was convicted, went to the altar and was converted, and, of course, the saloons were closed at once. Fifteen committees of ladies have been organized to assist the pastor in caring for the extraordinary large number of probationers added to the Church during the revival.

The union movement spreads. The Methodist Protestant Church, which split into sections, North and South, mainly on the slavery ques-

tion, has recently effected a union at Baltimore, where the Conference met.

Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has nearly completed his tour around the world. His letters, published in the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, are full of missionary matter, which will be of permanent value to the churches. Our brethren of the Church South are struggling hard to redeem their Publishing House from its embarrassment. We wish them success.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CANADA.

Great anxiety was felt respecting the Assembly, which met in Halifax in June, as it was known that the case of Rev. D. J. Macdonnel, which has so much agitated the Church during the last year, was to be decided, and fears were entertained that a disruption might be the result; but, happily, this was avoided, as Mr. Macdonnel informed the Assembly that, notwithstanding doubts and difficulties which perplexed his mind, he adhered to the teaching of the Church as contained in the Confession of Faith. This announcement was received with great cheering, and thanksgiving was presented to God for the gracious interposition, by which the Church had been saved from a calamity that seemed to be impending.

The Pan-Presbyterian Council has been held at Edinburgh, at which there were representatives from all parts of the world. The sessions were seasons of great spiritual enjoyment. The famous old city has often been the scene of remarkable Church Councils, but probably none equal to this was ever held within its precincts. The Presbyterianism of the world was thus brought together. At some of the sessions as many as five thousand persons were in attendance. The number of delegates was limited to three hundred. The expenses amounted to \$75,000. A similar gathering is to be held at

Philadelphia, U.S., in 1880. When will the Methodists throughout the world hold such a Council?

We regret that a few ministers and others, who refused to join the Presbyterian union in Canada, have entered an action against the Church for the recovery of \$700,000, Temporalities Fund, to which they conceive they are entitled, and so, thereby, vexatious litigation will trouble those who have endeavoured to promote the unification of the Church.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The income of the Missionary Society has not been equal to the wants of the Church, so that no further aggressive movements can be made. The tide of emigration conveys several hundreds during the season to Manitoba, for whom provision should be made. The Methodist Church occupied the Northwest when there were few but Indians in that distant land. Ground long occupied should be held, and inroads should be made on the heathendom beyond. In the missionary districts of the Toronto Conference alone, this significant phrase is found nine times in the published Minutes, "One wanted," which means that this additional number of places could be occupied if means were forthcoming to supply them. Surely when the finger of God points to places of usefulness, His people are bound to make provision for their occupancy.

The President of the Toronto Conference and the Clerical Missionary Treasurer have visited Manitoba and held an ordination service at Winnipeg, at which three candidates were fully set apart to the ministry by the imposition of hands.

We are glad to learn that the camp-meeting at Lachute, Montreal Conference, was a season of great spiritual power, when several professed to be made new creatures in Christ Jesus. We hope to give an

account of the camp-meeting at Grimsby in our next.

We are sorry to record that the poor Oka Indians have been the objects of a further persecution, and several of them were imprisoned, but, on being brought up for trial, no bill was found against them; and now their lawyer has entered an action for the recovery of damages for false imprisonment. There seems to be some indication of appearance that the Dominion Government will take steps to settle the grievances of these long-injured people, whose sufferings, during the last few years, has been a sad stain upon our boasted civilization.

By the dreadful catastrophe which has befallen the city of St. John, New Brunswick, the Methodists of that city were great sufferers. Three of their churches were destroyed in the conflagration which swept over so large a part of the city. Families which were wealthy a few hours before are now compelled to depend, for some time, on charity. The Montreal Conference was in session when the news flashed over the wires as to what had befallen our brethren, and, in a little time, \$306 were collected and sent to the relief of the sufferers. Large sums have been collected for the general fund, but several years will elapse before the people can be in such a condition of comfort as they were prior to the fire. We are especially sorry to learn that some of our superannuated ministers and widows have lost their all. The New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, to which St. John belongs, have appointed deputations to visit England, the United States, and the Western portions of Canada, to obtain relief for the sufferers. We trust that wherever they go they will meet the kindly greeting which the circumstances of the case so imperatively demand. Now is the time for us to prove our Connexional sympathy. The Presbytery of Toronto have appointed a day for collections

in aid of the Presbyterians in St. John. Other denominations are acting a similar part, and we feel sure that the Methodists in the Dominion will not fail to do their duty in this time of great distress.

The History of Mr. Spurgeon's church is wonderful. Twenty-three years ago, Mr. Spurgeon became the pastor. The Tabernacle was opened in 1861, having cost \$156,660. It will seat 6,000 persons. At the close of 1854 there were 313 members, now there are more than 5,000. A Pastor's College for the training of young men is maintained, also an orphanage. The inmates of the latter are 240 boys, who are fed, clothed, and

educated. Forty-five men are kept at work in the city as colporteurs. A Sunday-school of 1,000 is one of the adjuncts of the church, and to the list may be added benefit societies and unions of great variety.—E. B.

NOTE.—The New Brunswick Conference, which we had the pleasure of visiting, and where we received much kindness, reports a considerable increase in membership, and an advance, we think, in all the Connexional funds. Full notes of our visit are crowded out of this number. The Nova Scotia Conference reports also substantial increase in every department. ED.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

NAME.	CIRCUIT.	RESIDENCE.	AGE	DATE.
Mrs. Ann Griffin	Little Harb'r, N.S.	Lewis Head . .	75	Mar. 14, 1877.
William Rogers	Darlington, O . .	Darlington . . .	25	Apr. 18, "
Henry Copp	Derby, N.B. . . .	English Settle't.	92	" 28, "
Timothy Jones	Woodslee, O . .	Essex Centre . .	48	" 29, "
Sophia Beasley	Hamilton 1st, O .	Hamilton	74	May 4, "
Mrs. John D. Burt	Hamilton 3rd, O .	Hamilton	28	" 4, "
Mary Jane O'Brien . . .	Tyrconnel, O . .	Tyrconnel	19	" 5, "
Dinah Hickey	Aultsville, O . .	Aultsville	72	" 15, "
Stephen Mack	Mill Village, N.S.	Mill Village . .	85	" 16, "
Elias Adams	Oxford Centre, O	Oxford	59	" 23, "
J. Benson Steed	Hamilton	Bermuda	41	" 23, "
John Leake	Beaverton, O . .	Beaverton	76	" 26, "
Allen Ferris	Lansdowne, O . .	Lansdowne . . .	83	" 28, "
John Chapman	Port'ge Laprairie .	Port'ge L'prairie .	..	" 29, "
James Harper	Carlisle, O . . .	Harper's Cor'rs .	80	" 30, "
Cornelia Spencer	Henrysburgh, Q .	48	June 3, "
Rev. Henry Pope	Halifax South . .	Halifax	88	July 6, "

ERRATUM.—In Dr. Stewart's article on St. Paul, in the July number, on page 52, line 7, for "Churches of India" read "Churches of Judea."

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. ROSE; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto.

"I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS!"

Music by HENRY WATSON, Mus. Bach.

Hamilton, Ont.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the beginning of the piece in G major, 4/4 time. The second system includes a forte (f) dynamic marking. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The fourth system includes a *rit. et dim.* (ritardando and decrescendo) marking and ends with a fermata over the final chord, marked *A - MEN.*

1 I need Thee, precious Jesus !
 For I am full of sin ;
 My soul is dark and guilty,
 My heart is dead within ;
 I need the cleansing fountain,
 Where I can always flee—
 The blood of Christ most precious,
 The sinner's perfect plea.

2 I need Thee, blessed Jesus !
 For I am very poor ;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store ;
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my Strength and Stay.

3 I need Thee, blessed Jesus !
 And hope to see Thee soon,
 Encircled with the rainbow,
 And seated on Thy throne ;
 There, with Thy blood-bought children
 My joy shall ever be
 To sing Thy praises, Jesus—
 To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.