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THE
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VOL. XXII.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1885.

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DEVOTED
TO

RELIGION, LITERATURE, & SOCIAL PROGRESS

EDITED BY
REV. W. M. WITHROW, D.D.

VOL. XXII.

JULY, 1885.

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STREET SCENE IN ROME.

(In Trastevere.)

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1885.

WALKS ABOUT ROME.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol ; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.

—*Childe Harold.*

THE approach to Rome, by way of the sea coast, is rather monotonous and uninteresting. The route leads through the low and marshy Maremma—a region almost abandoned by its inhabitants during the summer, on account of the much dreaded malaria. Those who remain, by their hollow eyes and cadaverous features, bear witness to the insalubrity of the climate. Here I first saw the long-horned, mouse-coloured buffalo of the Roman marshes. The gaunt and hungry-looking Italian swine looked more like greyhounds than like their obese and rounded congeners of a Canadian farm-yard. The lithe lizards gliding in the sun, the noisy cicada, sung by Sappho two thousand years ago, and the crimson poppies flaunting in the meadows, all give evidence of our southern latitude. Civita Vecchia, and Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, with a melancholy mediæval fortress, are at length reached, and traversing a dreary tract of the Campagna,

with the Alban and Sabine Mountains in the background, right and left, I arrived late at night at the city of Rome—the goal of a thousand hopes—"the city of the soul"—"the Mecca of the mind"—"lone mother of dead Empires"—the city of the Cæsars and the Popes.

It was rather a disenchantment of my dream of romance to behold a splendid new railway station, and be hailed by a mob of vociferous cabmen, and driven through a gas-lighted street to an elegant hotel with electric bells, and all the other appliances of the latest civilization. But the wondrous spell of the ancient city soon reasserted itself.



ROMAN PEASANT.

Nothing so struck me in my first drive through Rome—through the Forum to the Colosseum and the Palatine Hill—as the appalling desolation of those once proud abodes of imperial splendour. The scene of some of the most heroic achievements of the Republic and Empire is now a half buried chaos of broken arch and column. Here stood the rostrum where Tully fulminated against Cataline, and where,

after death, his eloquent tongue, was pierced through and through by the bodkin of a revengful woman. Here the Roman father slew his child to save her from dishonour. Here, "at the base of Pompey's statue," the well-beloved Brutus stabbed the foremost man of all this world. Here is the *Via Sacra*, through which passed the triumphal processions to the now ruined temples of the gods. But for a thousand years these ruins have been the quarries and the lime-kilns for the monasteries and churches of the modern city, till little is left save the shadow of their former greatness.

More utterly desolate than aught else were the pleasure palaces of the proud emperors of the world—the Golden House of Nero, the palaces of Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii,—monuments of the colossal vice which called down the wrath of heaven on the guilty piles. All are now mere mounds of splendid desolation, amid whose broken arches I saw fair English girls sketching the crumbling halls where ruled and revelled the lords of the world :

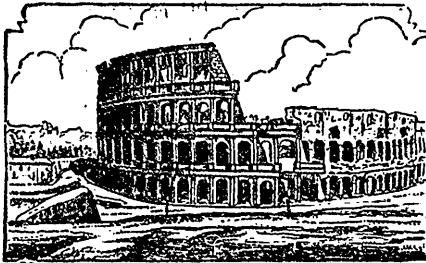
Cypress and ivy, wind and wallflower grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd
On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strewn
In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight.



OLD FORT AT OSTIA.

Near by rise the cliff-like walls of the Colosseum, stern monument of Rome's Christless creed. Tier above tier rise the circling seats, whence twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated upon the dying martyr's pangs, "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Ten thousand Jewish captives were employed in its construction; and at its inauguration five thousand wild beasts were slain in bloody conflict with human antagonists. The dens in which the lions were confined, the gates through which the leopards leaped

upon their victims may still be seen ; and before us stretches the broad arena where even Rome's proud dames, unsexed and slain in gladiatorial conflict, lay trampled in the sand.

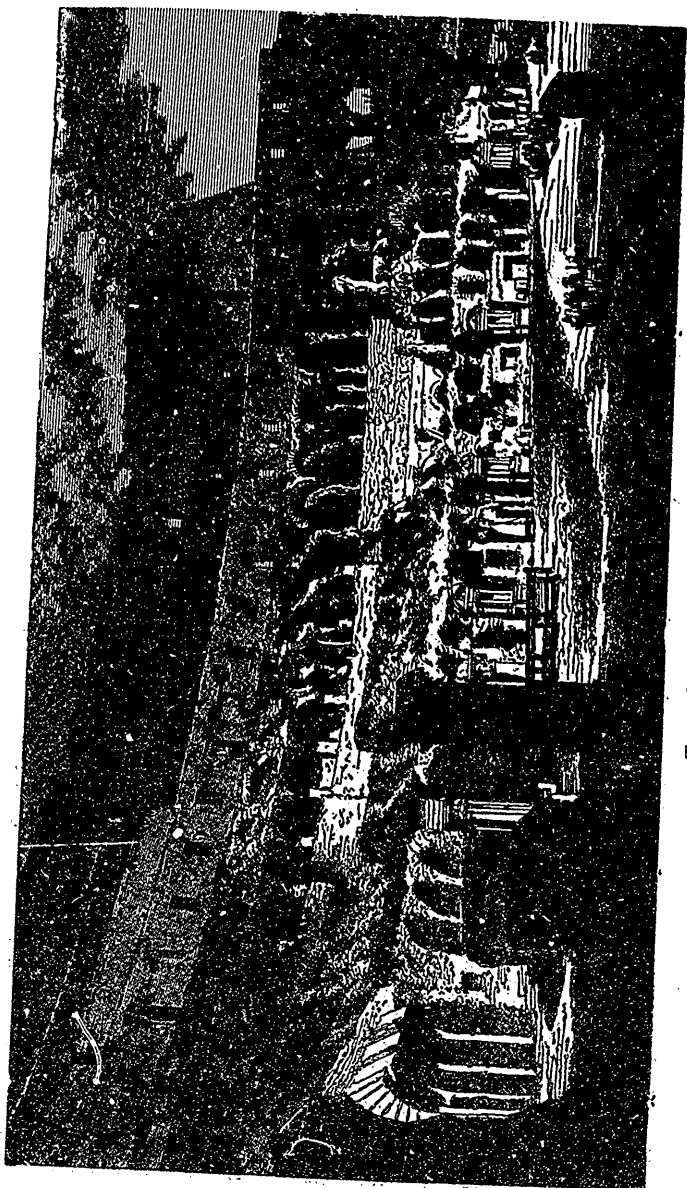


EXTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM.

As I clambered over those time-defying walls, and plucked from their crannied niches the blue-bell and anemone, the soldiers of King Humbert were drilling in the meadow near its base, and the sharp words of command came softened by the distance. Save these, no sound of life was audible in this once humming hive of human passion and activity. The cuts on this and the opposite page give exterior and interior views of this world-famous ruin :

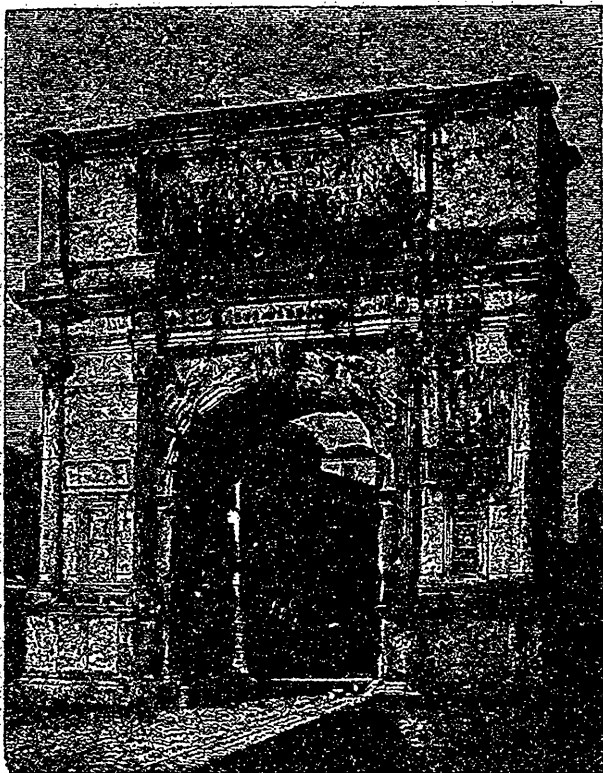
A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities have been rear'd ;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton we pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plundered or but clear'd ?

Near the walls of the Colosseum rises one of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome—the Arch of Titus, erected to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. On the crumbling frieze is carved a relief of the triumphal procession bearing the spoils of the Temple, with the table of shew-bread, the seven-branched candlestick, and a group of captive Jews. To this day, it is said, the Jews of Rome refuse to pass beneath this monument of their national degradation. A drive through the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, reveals the squalor and degradation in which these long-suffering and bitterly persecuted people still dwell. Whenever the carriage stopped, they swarmed out of the crowded shops in which they hive, and almost insisted in rigging me out from top to toe, in a suit of clothing most probably second hand. I visited one of the synagogues, on which, instead of their homes, they seem to lavish their wealth. A dark-eyed daughter of Israel did the honours, but kept a keen eye meanwhile for the expected fee.



THE COLOSSEUM.—INTERIOR.

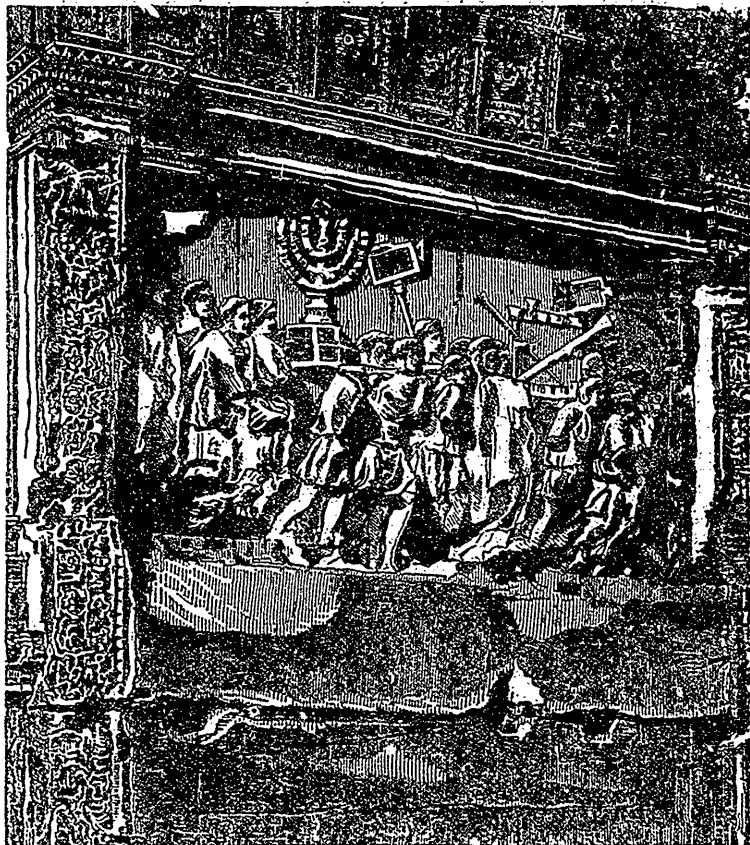
Nothing, perhaps, gives a more vivid conception of the boundless wealth and pomp and luxury of the Roman emperors than the vast public Baths of which the very ruins are stupendous. The most notable of these are the Baths of Caracalla, covering several acres of ground. They contained not only hot, cold, and tepid chambers, large enough to accommodate 1,600 bathers at



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

once, but also vast *palæstræ* or gymnasia, a race-course, and the like. Solid towers of masonry crowned with trees and matted foliage rise high in air; vast chambers once cased with marbles or mosaic, with hypocausts for hot and caleducts in the walls for cold air, bear witness to the Sybaritic luxury of the later days of the Empire. From the summit of one of these massy towers I enjoyed a glorious sunset view of the mouldering ruins which rose above the sea of verdure all around, and of the far-spreading and desolate Campagna.

The most notable of the churches of Rome is, of course, St. Peter's. I shall not attempt to describe what defies description. Its vastness awes and almost overwhelms the beholder. Its mighty dome swells in a sky-like vault overhead, and its splendour of detail deepens the impression made by its majestic vistas.



BAS RELIEF IN ARCH OF TITUS.

The interior effect is incomparably finer than that from without. The vast sweep of the corridors and the elevation of the portico in front of the church quite dwarf the dome which the genius of Angelo hung high in air. But the very harmony of proportion of the interior prevents that striking impression made by other lesser piles.

Enter : the grandeur overwhelms thee not ;
And why ? it is not lessened, but thy mind,

Walks About Rome.

Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal.

It is only when you observe that the cherubs on the holy water vessels near the entrance are larger than the largest men; when you walk down the long vista of the nave, over six hundred feet; when you learn that its area is 26,163 square yards, or more than twice that of St. Paul's at London, that the dome rises four hundred feet above your head, that its supporting pillars are 230 feet in circumference, and that the letters in the frieze are over six feet high, that some conception of the real dimensions of this mighty temple enters the mind. It covers half a dozen acres, has been enriched during three hundred years by the donations of two score of popes, who have lavished upon it \$60,000,000. The mere cost of its repair is \$30,000 a year.

No mere enumeration of the wealth of bronze and vari-coloured marbles, mosaics, paintings and sculpture can give an adequate idea of its costly splendour. The view, from the summit of the dome, of the gardens of the Vatican, of the winding Tiber, the modern city, the ruins of old Rome, the far-extending walls, the wide sweep of the Campagna, and in the purple distance the far Alban and Sabine hills, is one that well repays the fatigue of the ascent.

It was my fortune to witness the celebration of the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul in this very centre of Romish ritual and ecclesiastical pageantry. The subterranean crypts, containing the shrine of St. Peter, a spot so holy that no woman may enter save once a year, were thrown open and illuminated with hundreds of lamps and decorated with a profusion of flowers. Thousands of persons filled the space beneath the dome—priests, barefooted friars of orders white, black, and gray; nuns, military officers, soldiers, civilians, peasants in gala dress, and ladies—all standing, for not a single seat is provided for the comfort of worshippers in this grandest temple in Christendom. High mass was celebrated at the high altar by a very exalted personage, assisted by a whole college of priests in embroidered robes of scarlet and purple, and of gold and silver tissue. The acolytes swung the jewelled censers to and fro, the aromatic incense filled the air, officers with swords of state stood on guard, and the service for the day was chanted in the sonorous Latin tongue. Two choirs of well-trained voices, accompanied by two organs

and instrumental orchestra, sang the majestic music of the mass. As the grand chorus rose and swelled and filled the sky-like dome, although my judgment could not but condemn the semi-pagan pageantry, I felt the spell of that mighty sorcery, which, through the ages, has beguiled the hearts of men. I missed, however, in the harmony the sweet tones of the female voice, for in the holy precincts of St. Peter's no woman's tongue may join in the worship of her Redeemer.

The bronze statue of St. Peter in the nave, originally, it is said, a pagan statue of Jove, was sumptuously robed in vestments of purple and gold,—the imperial robes, it is averred, of the Emperor Charlemagne—a piece of frippery that utterly destroyed any native dignity the statue may have possessed.

It was on a beautiful spring day that I drove out to the reputed scene of the martyrdom of St. Paul.* The road lies, for part of the way, along the bank of the Tiber. To the right lies the ancient *Marmorata*, or quay where marble was landed, where may still be seen the inclined plane on which the marble blocks were moved. We soon reach the gate of St. Paul, built by Belisarius, on the site of that through which the apostle must have passed. Just without the gate is the famous tomb of Cestius,—an acute-pointed pyramid, one hundred and twenty-five feet high on a base one hundred feet square. Though almost all things else have changed, this marble tomb presents the same sharp outline that must have met the eyes of St. Paul as he issued from beneath the grim arch of the neighbouring gate. At the foot of the pyramid spreads the little Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of many pilgrims from a foreign land, for whose return their loved ones wait in vain. Overshadowed by a melancholy cypress, I found the grave of the erring genius Shelley. On his tombstone are the simple words "Cor Cordium;" only his heart is buried there, his body having been burned where it was washed ashore in the Bay of Spezzia. His own pen thus describes this beautiful spot—

"The grey walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid, with wedge sublime,

* The five following paragraphs are reproduced from a recent article by the writer in the *Sunday-School Times*.

Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
Like flame transformed to marble ; and beneath
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in heaven's smile their camp of death!"

Near by is the grave of the gentler spirit, Keats, with its touching inscription,—“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

About three miles from the gate of St. Paul, on a level spot begirt with low, rounded hills, is the ancient abbey of the Three



MONK.

Fountains. Once a rich and famous monastery with a numerous fraternity of monks, the deadly malaria has compelled its almost utter abandonment. Only a few pale Trappists now occupy the cells and observe the austere ritual of their order. A tall, grave brother, robed in a coarse serge gown, told in a low, sad voice the story of the fading frescoes and crumbling mosaics. He called my attention to the rapid growth of the eucalyptus trees, from which a more healthful condition of the soil and atmosphere was anticipated.

Within the little enclosure are three churches grouped together.

The largest one dates from the time of Honorius I., A.D. 625. It has a grave and solemn character, and is adorned with coarse frescoes of the apostles. The chief interest centres in the Church of the Three Fountains. It takes its name from the legend, that when the apostle's head was smitten off by the sword of the executioner, it made three bounds upon the ground, and that at each place where the severed head touched the earth, a miraculous fountain burst forth. In confirmation of this legend, there are shown within the church, three wells, surrounded with beautiful white marble enclosures. With a long-handled ladle, the monk dipped into one of the wells, and, with a courteous bow, offered me a draught of the sacred water. It was pure and limpid, but I am afraid that my lack of faith prevented my deriving from it the spiritual benefit which it is supposed to convey. In proof of the truth of the tradition, it is asserted that the first of these fountains is warm, the second tepid, the third cold; but I did not care to try the patience of my courteous guide by an exhibition of heretic doubt.

Over each of the fountains is a marble altar decorated with a bas-relief of the head of the apostle. The first is full of life, with a rapt expression of victorious martyrdom. In the second, the shadows of death already cover the noble features. In the third, the face is stricken with the icy rigours of the tomb. Despite the puerile tradition, one cannot but feel the spell of hallowed association rest upon his soul at the thought that in all probability he is near the spot where the hero soul looked its last on earth, and through the swift pang of martyrdom went home in triumph to the skies.

Doubtless—for even the stern Roman law made not war upon the dead—doubtless weeping friends were permitted to bear away the martyr's body for burial in those lowly crypts where “through many ages of oppression the persecuted Church found refuge for the living, and sepulchres for the dead.” Tradition affirms that the body was first buried in the crypt of Lucina, now a part of the catacomb of St. Calixtus. The legend goes on to say that the Oriental Christians attempted to carry away the honoured remains as belonging of right to them as the apostle's fellow-countrymen. A violent storm, however, it is said, prevented the accomplishment of this purpose, and the Roman Christians re-interred the body in a tomb which may still be

seen in a very ancient and curious chamber connected with the church of St. Sebastian, on the Appian Way. After visiting the Three Fountains I drove across the desolate Campagna to examine this tomb. Passing behind the high altar, and descending a flight of stone steps, one enters a vaulted subterranean chamber, around which are a number of ancient tombs. In the centre of this chamber is an opening in the marble floor widening in a vaulted and frescoed tomb about six feet square and as many deep. And here it is tradition declares the stolen body was placed.* In confirmation of the tradition, Damascus, bishop of Rome, 358 to 384 A.D., placed here an inscription which reads in part as follows :

*"Hic habitasse prius sanctos cognoscere debes.
Nomina quisque Petri pariter Paulique requiris."*



ENTRANCE TO CATACOMB OF ST. PRISCILLA.

"Here you must know the Saints once dwelt. If you ask their names, they were Peter and Paul." And the inscription goes on to recount the pious theft. But one's faith in the story is shaken by the association of St. Peter with St. Paul. The very minuteness of detail in the legends of St. Peter is their own refutation. In vain are we shown the chair in which tradition asserts that he sat, the font at which he baptized, the cell in which he was confined, the fountain which sprang up in its floor, the pillar to which he was bound, the chains that he wore, the impression made by his head in the wall and by his knees in the stony pavement, the scene of his crucifixion, the very hole in which

* Engravings of this chamber and tomb are given in Withrow's "Catacombs of Rome," pp. 187, 188.

the foot of the cross was placed, and the tomb in which his body is said to lie; they all fail to carry conviction to any mind in which the critical faculty has not been destroyed by the superstitions of Rome. Nor is the evidence much stronger in favour of the tradition that the remains of the great Apostle to the Gentiles now rests beneath the high altar of the stately Church of St. Paul Without the Walls.



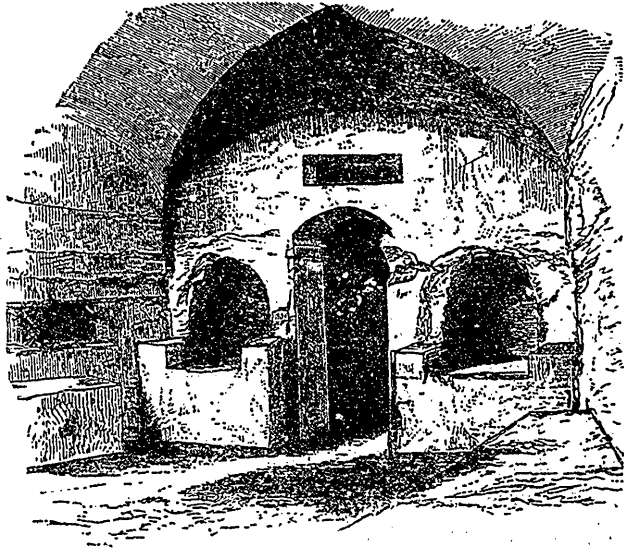
ENTRANCE TO CATACOMB.

Unbolting a side door of the church of St. Sebastian, a serge-clad monk, giving us each a taper, led the way down a long steep stairway to the dark and gloomy corridors of the Catacombs. Through the winding labyrinth we advanced, our dim lights shedding a feeble glimmer as we passed, upon the open graves that yawned weirdly on either side. Deep shadows crouched around, and the unfleshed skeletons lay upon their stony beds to which they had been consigned by loving hands in the early centuries so long ago. Much more interesting, however, on account of its greater extent and better preservation, is the adjacent Cata-

comb of Calixtus, of which I made a more thorough inspection. Here are large and lofty chambers, containing the tomb of St. Cecilia, virgin and martyr, and of several of the persecuted bishops of the early Church. The fading frescoes, pious inscriptions, and sacred symbols on the walls all being vividly before us; as nothing else on earth can do, the faith and courage and moral nobleness of the primitive Church of the Catacombs.

The illustration on this page shows the entrance to the Catacomb of Prætextatus on the Appian Way, trodden in the

primitive ages by the armed soldiery of the oppressors, hunting to earth the persecuted flock of Christ. Here, too, in mediæval times, the martial clang of the armed knights may have awaked unwonted echoes among the hollow arches; or the gliding foot-step of the sandalled monk scarce disturbed the silence as he passed.



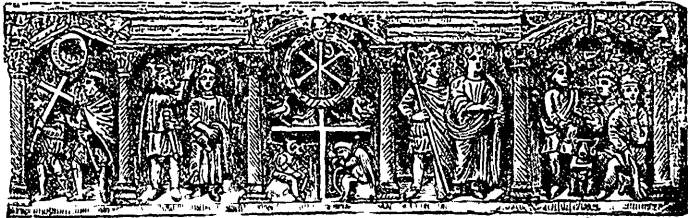
CHAMBER IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES.

The illustration on this page exhibits one of the numerous chambers of the Catacombs. These chambers are from eight or ten to as much as twenty feet square, generally in pairs on either side of the passage, and for the most part lined with graves. They were probably family vaults, though they were sometimes used for worship or for refuge in time of persecution. The chambers were lighted by shafts leading up to the open air, through which the brilliant Italian sunshine to-day lights up the pictured figures on the walls as it must have illumined the fair brow of the Christian maiden, the silvery hair of the venerable pastor, or the calm face of the holy dead, in those long bygone early centuries.

In the Lateran Museum are a large number of sarcophagi or stone coffins from the Catacombs. In the fine example shown in the cut, which is of the 4th or 5th century, we have first

Simon the Cyrenian bearing the cross, then Christ crowned not with thorns, but with flowers, as if to symbolize His triumph; then Christ guarded by a Roman soldier; and in the last compartment He witnesses a good confession before Pontius Pilate.

In the Catacombs have also been found large quantities of lamps, vases, gems, rings, seals, toilet articles, and other objects



SARCOPHAGUS IN THE LATERAN MUSEUM.

of much interest—even children's jointed dolls and toys, placed by loving hands in their tiny graves long, long centuries ago. The inscriptions of the Catacombs also threw great light on the doctrines and institutions of the Primitive Church, and on the domestic and social relations and conjugal and filial affections of the early Christians. The present writer has elsewhere treated this subject with great fulness of detail and copious pictorial illustrations.*

SEMPER IDEM.

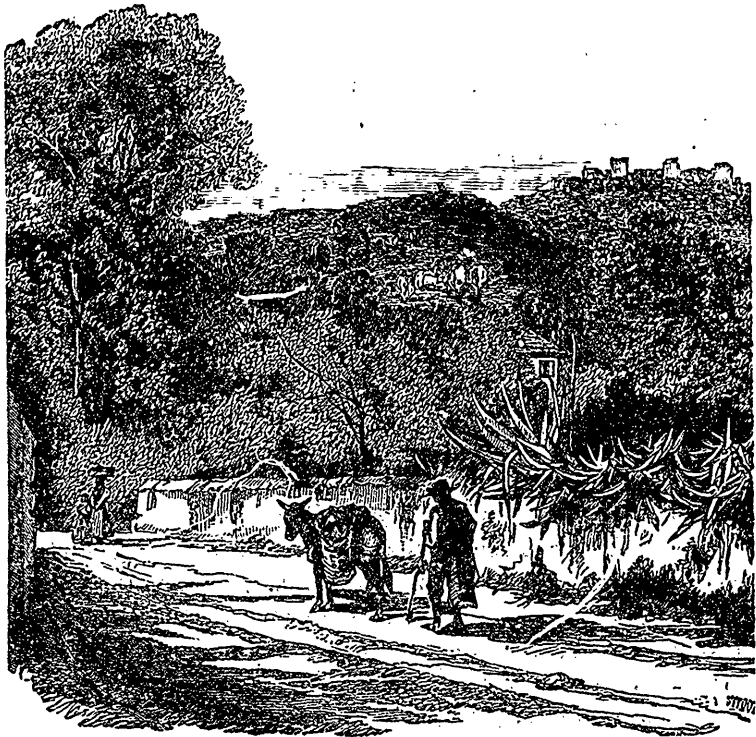
ALWAYS the same! O, blessed thought,
 Jesus our Saviour changeth not,
 His love and mercy will endure,
 And for our help His grace his sure;
 Jesus is always just the same,
 Forever blessed be His name!
 And at the mercy-seat of God
 He pleads for us his precious blood.

—Rev. K. D. Nettleton.

* *The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity*, by the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt; London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. 3rd ed., cr. 8vo., 560 pages, 134 engravings. Price \$2 50.

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.*

BY JAMES W. STEELE.



ON THE HIGHWAY.

MEXICO, save to the very few, has until very recently been an almost unknown country. Among the latest achievements of engineering enterprise must be counted the construction of the Mexican Central Railway, forming a continuous line through the heart of the country from Paso del Norte to the Capital. The republic is now open for the entrance of whomsoever will, and her chiefest cities are connected by a continuous line with the entire railway system of the continent. Fenced by impassable

*Abridged from "To Mexico by Palace Car." By James W. Steele. Chicago : Jansén, McClurg, & Company.

barriers for some three hundred years, this old, rich, quaint and isolated empire has suddenly become the coming country of the capitalist and the tourist. Mexico is accessible, as she has never been before, hopeful, expectant, and abandoning all the ancient antagonisms of race and custom, asking for no passports and making no enquiries, she invites every comer from the land of her ideals and hopes, to the palms and pyramids, the gray towers and tropical gardens, of a capital that may be as old as Thebes, is as quaint as Tangiers, as foreign as old Spain, and as new as the newest American territory to all modern things.

In people, climate, scenery, and a strangeness that is astonishing as pertaining to the North American domain, the country undoubtedly repays a visit. Winter and summer the climate remains nearly the same, a region of tropical latitude, but immense elevations. Mexico is preëminently the land of mountains. Near and frowning, or blue and ethereal with the haze of distance, they are everywhere before the eye, until the senses become accustomed to grandeur, and tired of inaccessible majesty. Ragged sierras, towers, castles, cones, seamed and scarred veterans of the age of fire, fence the horizon in. Among them lie valleys where the vertical sun shines scarce half the day, where villages nestle and mysterious waters flow, and where the only aspiring thing is the tower of the inevitable church, shapely and beautiful even in the most squalid village. You may go from the Capital by rail to Yantepec, at the foot of his serene and smoky majesty, Popocatepetl. If you are adventurous you may even climb that elevation of some nineteen thousand feet, and standing amid eternal snows, you may look down into the fervid heart of our common mother.

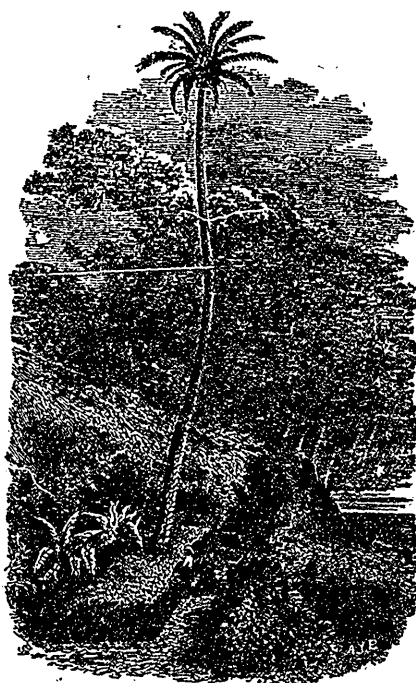
But everywhere you will encounter a quaint, primitive, slow and picturesque people. The Mexican at home stands as the sixth race; unlike all others in appearance, gait, language, and probably blood itself. Street and village scenes afford the stranger a panoramic amusement which does not fail him in weeks of association. Customs, industries, habits, mechanical operations, with industrial contrivances unknown to all the world beside, are everywhere. But everywhere and always, you are wrapped in a climatic brilliance that never fades, save when it gives place to the flashes of stars that seem nearer and brighter than ours. It is the perpetual glow of a land where winter

never comes, and whose people, time immemorial, worshipped the sun.

Four-fifths of the people of Mexico are Indians; that is to say, pure Aztecs. The remainder are of mixed descent, and, in a few cases, Castilians. The common idea is, that being a Spanish conquest, Mexico, like Cuba, should have few or no Aborigines left, and that Mexicans are the descendants of the conquerors and of Spanish blood. But the Indian blood is not the cause of any social or other distinction, save that it is considered, if anything, somewhat better than the Spanish. Spain, her glory, her tyranny and her dominion, have seemingly left but the faintest marks upon Mexican personal characteristics. Religion somewhat modified, language, and the Moorish architecture, are her bequests to Mexico, and are apparently all that is left to mark the brilliant conquest of Cortez.

Of the whole number, a larger proportion of the population than of any country except Italy, seem to be very poor. But inaction and laziness are not the cause of financial stress on the part of the masses. Every Mexican toiler is so from early youth. Boys

are stone-cutters and burden-bearers from twelve years. The peasant's gait is quick and all his movements active. He is a notoriously fast walker. Slight in figure and thick set, he will, and often does, carry a burden of three hundred pounds, and go off with it at a jog-trot. Three men, and sometimes two, will carry a piano a dozen squares. A crate of crockery, of vegetables, of fruit, of anything, may be discerned jogging rapidly up some steep road, so huge that the bearer is quite invisible,



A SOLITARY PALM.

and he has tirelessly borne it across mountain and valley in a country where leagues are notoriously long.

Every Mexican, of every grade and class, is a courteous man. Ask him a question, and he invariably gives you the best answer at his command. He is generally willing to spend time and effort for your accommodation. He is never embarrassed. Look at a Mexican gentleman, and he is wont to smile and salute you. Ask him a question on the street, and he will shake hands with you at parting. People whom you never saw before, and will in all probability never see again, will willingly show you through museums and libraries, give you their time for an hour, shake hands and bid you good-bye, merely because you are a stranger, and during the whole time never ask you a personal question.

In outlying towns the idea of what constitutes a hotel is, to say the least, unique. The ancient *meson* exists in many places. It is a building into whose open court the diligence drives through a castellated gateway. Mules, pigs and domestic fowls occupy the place together. A water-tank is in the centre. Around the sides are the rooms. Each has one door, no windows, no beds, no furniture of any description. The wayfarer furnishes everything and carries it with him, and rents the room for a single night. It reminds one of the scenes in *Don Quixote*.

Nearly all of Mexico that the tourist will wish to visit has an elevation of from five to seven thousand feet, and though far within the tropics, may be said to be never oppressively hot, and never really cold. It is always warm in the sun, always cool in the shade, always chilly at night-fall. There is no day in the Mexican year when light flannel underwear ought not to be worn.

It may be at first a matter of surprise that with an advancement in art that surprises every visitor, the country has no literature. The galleries of the capital are filled with specimens of the old and new schools, many of which would be masterpieces in any country. Yet, so far as I have been able to discover, there is not a publishing house in the republic, and the three or four book-stores of the city are filled with French works, either scientific or novels.

The Mexican is a man who is by nature picturesque, even in rags, and a Mexican crowd is a brilliant assemblage in the white sunshine of the Mexican street, without regard to the quality of the decorations. The tourist comes upon the native now, in all

his villages and by-ways, in the condition in which he has been for two hundred years. Such an instance of primitiveness is not to be met with elsewhere. He is awakening from his *siesta*; but the quaintness of his race and kind will probably never entirely leave him. The deep peace which broods upon all his hills can never entirely depart, and the sunlit glory will never be dimmed. He is the vigorous descendant of a powerful race, whose idols he has abandoned and whose language and history he has forgotten, but whose ancient dominion he still holds; the Mexican is almost the pathetic last man.

The ancient and sleepy town of El Paso del Norte is the utmost northern point of Mexico. It lies, an agglomeration of adobe houses embowered in vines and trees, on the southern bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte,—known to us as the Rio Grande. Mountains lie on every hand, and the scenery while not striking, is pleasant and not tiresome. It is a brisk place, and there is always the queer admixture of



THE CONVENT GATE.

the old civilization with the new. Except where, by a series of remarkable engineering gymnastics, it climbs the mountains, and the notched rim of the Valley of Mexico, the Mexican Central road seems, strangely enough in so mountainous a country, to

traverse a vast plateau. Cones, peaks, castles, ridges, lie on every hand. The train heads straight for some huge bulk, and always quietly slips by. Almost the whole distance is covered by a heavy growth of gramma grass, and is a pastoral country on an enormous scale. Many thousands of cattle are passed grazing near the track; the telegraph poles are rubbed until they are sometimes smooth and oily, and trails run in all directions.

Chihuahua may be regarded as the first Mexican city. There is a handsome plaza, an aqueduct of some two hundred and twenty years' standing, many mines of paying richness, a cathedral whose elaborately carved front has been much admired, and a vast variety of Mexican scenes and ways, very suggestive of what is yet to come.

After Chihuahua the line of the road lies for some two hundred and fifty miles through a region that is, in a sense, a desert. Rugged mountains fence in stretches of cactus-grown plain. Long vistas of level lands stretch away among the peaks and ridges almost as far as the vision extends. Pastoral country on an enormous scale is wanting, and the seeming desert is grazed by innumerable goats, which are killed by the thousand for their hides. The hides are dressed in a manner that makes them look like fine brown cloth, and used in the making of the Mexican breeches.

It begins to be perceived first in these regions, that corn, cotton, wheat, cane, barley, grow almost side by side. In most cases continuous crops of a kind follow each other in rapid succession through all the year. It is to be remembered that the process of irrigation solves all agricultural uncertainties. Sometimes the country, as far as one can see, is an appalling desolation, untenanted by even the ravens. Yet even here the faint lights which indicate human habitation are seen twinkling through the night, and in daytime groups of Mexicans rise like ghosts among the mezquite and cactus. Trains of donkeys, bearing curious loads, plod patiently along white roads. Here and there around the horizon are seen the tall and slender columns of white-dust, undulating and contorted, but never broken by the mysterious wind, that mark as an especial feature every Mexican landscape.

In these solitary fastnesses vegetation takes upon itself the most unusual and fantastic forms. There is nothing that is not thorny. The little pear cactus, so often seen in gardens and pots

with us, becomes here a tree that is the desert Caliban of vegetation, with a trunk and branches as large as those of an oak, and with huge green lobes, two feet or more in diameter, for leaves. It is as thorny as ever, and more so, but bears a blood-red fruit which, when plucked and peeled by the horny and accustomed hands of the Mexican, is called "tuna," and is good.

The bunch of slender green lances called by us "Spanish bayonet," is here a tree sometimes forty feet high, on whose huge and scaly branches the "lances" stand in grotesque tufts for leaves. Mezquite, known all over the Far West as a plant



TAKING SUGAR TO MARKET.

whose gnarled and crooked roots are used as fuel, is here, upon tens of thousands of acres, a not unhandsome tree, the groves of which remind one of an abandoned orchard of immense extent.

In any village in these regions one is astonished to find piles of yellow oranges, bananas, limes, and fruits of which one does not even know the names. Tanks, excavated by hand to catch the rains and hold water during the dry season, are common. Often, where the silence of the wilderness seems to close around impenetrably, the shapely tower of a church may be seen above the hills, and a visit thither would disclose a town, its rule of

life the traditions of two centuries, and all its hopes bounded by the church door and the gate of the little *campo santo* which ends all.

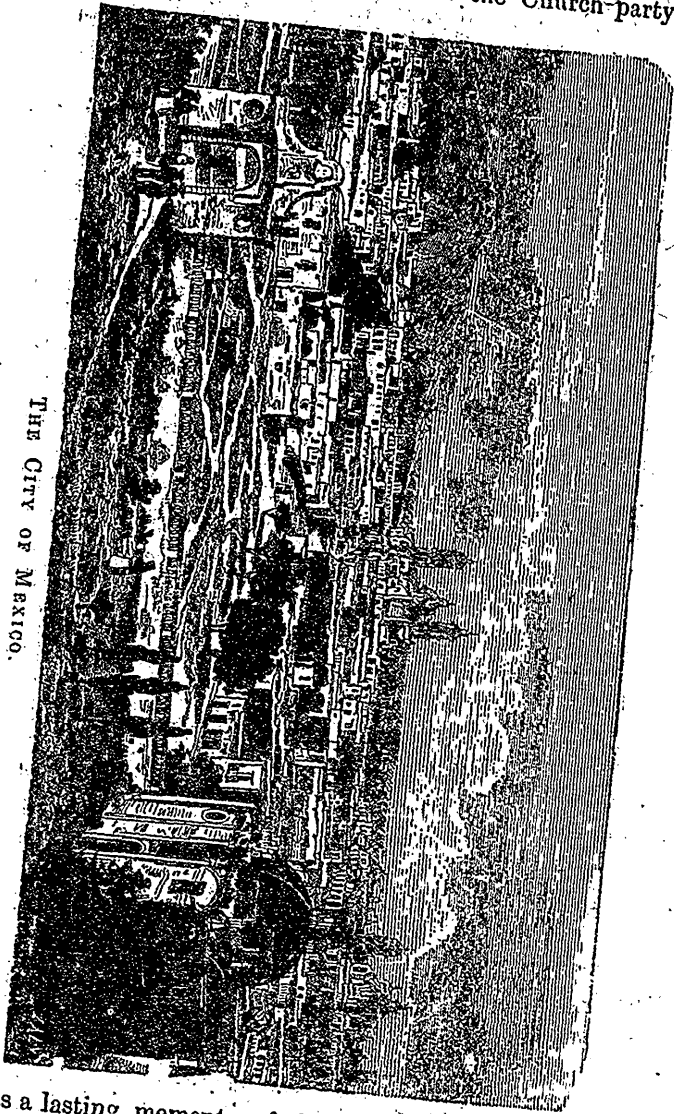
It is rather a queer sensation to look from the railroad station down into Zacatecas. It is a mining town of about 80,000 inhabitants, compact, closely built, the houses seemingly an immense number of red, green, blue, and yellow bricks set on edge. It swarms with people of the true and ancient Mexican type, sombreros, serapes, sandals, buttons and all. On Sundays, should the visitor happen there on that day, he will find the streets almost impassable because of the crowds, and every corner of the place turned into a market. Every man is busy chaffering with his neighbour, and all the world is in good humour. There are no wheeled vehicles to be seen. What is not carried on the native's back is relegated to his brother carrier, the donkey. Altogether it constitutes a scene not to be found elsewhere in any land.

The best hotel is called the "Zacatecano," and the visitor is inevitably the occupant of the cell of some departed nun, as the fine building was once a convent, the beautiful chapel of which is now used by the native Presbyterians as a house of worship.

All Mexico is street-car crazy, but the most remarkable branch of the "tram-via" system undoubtedly will be found in operation here. Its grade up to the railroad station is something near eight per cent., and on the opposite side of the town about six per cent. Through these narrow and crowded streets six good-sized mules to the car are made to go at a keen gallop. There are two drivers, a brakeman, and two conductors, besides, I think, a man whose extra-official functions are somehow connected with the management of a long whip. Once at the top of the hill; the mules are taken off and the car is turned loose laden with passengers, running down the steep incline at something like twenty miles an hour.

Querétaro is the last place on the line north of the capital. Bathed perpetually in an atmosphere almost tropical in mid-winter, plentifully supplied with all the products of perpetual summer, neither the railroad nor anything new seems to have the effect of modifying the character for which it has always been famous. It is in Querétaro always about A.D., 1640, and four o'clock in the afternoon. The streets are narrow, dense, and

with so few windows that they come near seeming to be long streets of blank walls. It is the reputed conservative town of Mexico, and the tower of defence of the Church-party. The



THE CITY OF MEXICO.

place has a lasting memento of this peculiar reputation in the little barren hill in the suburbs, where Maxmilian, Miramon and Mejea were shot together. It is as lonely a spot as lies anywhere under the sun, this *Cerro de las Campanas*, and that particular

spot on its brown slope which is marked by three little wooden crosses, saw the end of a brilliant scheme to strangle an established government and plant a European empire on transatlantic soil. I chanced to walk thither beside a donkey on which rode an old woman and a huge basket. She was garrulous of the event, and gave the details of the doings of that time with a vividness the histories do not attain.

Passing the crest which is the rim of the famed Valley of Mexico, the line is cut in the wall of the ancient canal which was digged to drain the water of the lake, in, or on the edge of which the city which is now Mexico stood. It is useless and dry now, but remains a curious relic of the time when there was a Venice in the heart of Mexico, and when the streets of the capital were traversed in canoes.

On the authority of so distinguished a traveller as Bayard Taylor, the City of Mexico, with its surrounding valley, may be pronounced to be one of the loveliest scenes of the civilized world. It has a population variously estimated at from 225,000 to 300,000, and is situated upon ground that was once the bed of a lake. The lake was what is now the Valley of Mexico. It was never intended by nature to be other than a body of fresh water, and nature is constantly rebelling against the inadequate plans of making it what it is; the site of one of the most beautiful capitals of the modern world. Some of the finest buildings bend downward in their centres, owing to want of solidity in their foundations, and there is not the means of efficient sewerage. The streets are some sixty feet wide, with wide sidewalks, and the city lies closely built in regular squares. The buildings are mostly of two, though sometimes of three or four stories. The square in front of the Cathedral, called the Zócalo, is the place of universal resort, though there are two or three others, handsome and clean, but not so well kept nor so expensively ornamented.

It is the city of churches, as Mexico is unquestionably the land of churches. Their towers, always handsome, assist very much in making up the general view. It was also once the city of nunneries and monasteries, all of which are now suppressed, and the buildings used for schools and other purposes, all secular.

The Cathedral is almost in the centre of the city, and open always. Against the western wall, and close to the ground, is

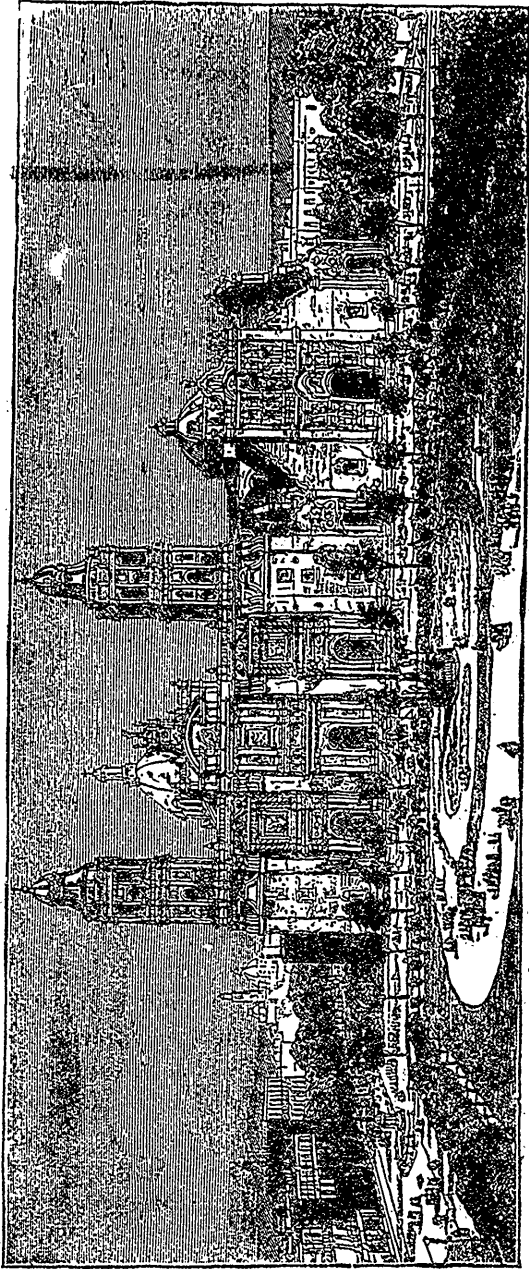
built the celebrated Aztec Calendar Stone, figured in every book of travel. To say truth, it is not precisely known whether it was a calendar stone or intended for some other purpose. This Cathedral is conceded to be the largest ecclesiastical edifice in America.

The Executive Mansion is the largest building in the city, occupying one entire side of the Plaza Mayor, of Zócalo. It is ancient, but not particularly prepossessing. It was not by any means constructed for its present uses, for it belonged to the family of Cortez until 1562, and was then purchased by the king of Spain for the use of his viceroys. Nevertheless it has, in one way or other, been the government building through all the vicissitudes of some three hundred and fifty years.

In the court-yard of the Museum lies the huge stone that could have been intended for no other purpose than the rites of human sacrifice. It is a block of volcanic rock shaped like an enormous mill-stone, and about nine feet in diameter by some four feet thick. It is as elaborately carved as though done by the best modern tools. There is in the centre of the upper surface a basin to catch the blood, and a deep gutter to carry it off. Much use must have been given it, as one side is worn perceptibly smoother than the other.

The system of street cars in the capital is very extensive and complete, and reaches all suburban points. The street hack system of the city is under certain regulations that might be advantageously copied elsewhere. Each vehicle carries a small flag, either blue, red or white. The colour designates the quality of the hack, and its price per hour. When it is engaged the flag is taken down. You may tell at some distance, and without inquiry, quality, price, and whether it is already hired.

Chapultepec is reached by street cars, but it is best for the first time to go by way of the *Paseo*; a drive which in the course of a few years will be one of the finest on the continent, filled with groups of colossal statuary, some of which are already in place, and lined with trees. It was captured by assault September 27th, 1847, and was an ugly hill to climb under fire, rocky and steep, and then as now, overgrown with thorns and brambles. All around it was once a swamp, which the cypress trees took advantage of to grow to a phenomenal size. Some of them, double or treble, are about forty feet in circumference. Nearly



CATHEDEAL, MEXICO.
(Grand Piazza.)

all of the extensive forest of them are adorned with fantastic hangings of gray moss.

The church of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, the "Mother of Mexico," is the scene of the Virgin's appearing to a peasant. Everything here works miracles, though I suppose it is necessary to believe it absolutely and beforehand, to have it so. A corner of the fine church below, for the largest edifice is below the hill, is given up as a depository of canes and crutches, votive offerings. There are several dozens of tawdry little paintings, representing every variety of accident by flood and field, each with its misspelled inscription detailing the miraculous cure worked by the direct and instant interposition of "Our Lady of Guadalupe." Not least curious among the votive offerings is a tall stone tower on the hill, made to imitate a ship's mast and sails. There is also a curious garden or grotto, embodying a local idea of beauty. The walls are entirely composed of broken crockery.

The Canal de la Viga is an ancient water way and is very well worth a voyage, as far as can be gone in half a day, at least. It passes through, or by, what were once the floating gardens of Aztec times, and are yet almost that. The means of the journey is either a scow or a canoe, preferably the former, upon the bottom of which you sit or lie, while it is "poled" up stream slowly by one or two Mexicans, who run up and down the slant of the prow. The charm of this little trip is not quite explainable in words, but charm there is, and the Viga is extensively patronized by all classes.

It is believed that as a field for the tourists and health-seeker Mexico as no equal, and there has been no attempt in these pages to conceal that impression. The facilities for a pleasant and economical journey thither are not overstated, and all ancient stories of danger, suspicion and semi-barbarism must soon be exploded by the experience of hundreds.

Our cuts represent varied aspects of this interesting country. That on page 15, shows the profuse vegetation of the irrigated gardens compared with the sterility of the arid hills. The palms grow chiefly in clumps and groups, but occasionally a solitary example will be found as in cut two, page 17.

The almost ubiquitous presence of the Romish clergy and the processions of nuns and monks of various orders indicates the almost universal predominance of the Romish Church. In cut

three, on page 19, two of the shovel-hatted brotherhood are seen entering the gateway of the closely walled and grated convent.

In many places civilization seems reduced to its most primitive elements. The instruments and methods of agriculture are the rudest conceivable. Anything more primitive than the rather ingenious method of conveying a sugar hogshead to market, as shown on page 21, it would be hard to imagine.

The view of the city, on page 23, gives but an inadequate conception of its beauty. In the distance rise the twin towers and dome of the great Cathedral, of which a better view is given on page 26. At the New Orleans World's Fair a beautiful model of this vast structure was one of the most interesting Mexican exhibits.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.

BY MRS. L. B. PILLSBURY.

OH, not alone on Gerizim,
 Or Zion's holy hill,
 Where once they sought with gropings
 dim,
 'Mid altar smoke and choral hymn,
 Thy reconciled face,
 We worship Thee, O Thou who art
 The God of Israel still,
 The Temple veil is rent apart,
 Oh, mystery of grace!
 In every humble contrite heart
 Thou hast Thy dwelling-place.

Above the city's towers and spires,
 Outlined against the sky,
 A maze of network runs the wires,
 Alert with strange electric fires,
 And to and fro they bear
 Their messages. So from below
 Up to the throne on high,

More potent than these currents, go
 The subtle line of prayer.
 And every breath of joy or woe
 Is heard and answered there.

Oh, power divine to mortals given,
 Oh, wondrous telephone!
 Though all our hopes of earth are
 riven,
 We hold communion still with
 heaven,
 And know beyond a fear
 That all things seeming good or ill
 Shall work for good alone
 To him who loveth God, who still
 With loyal heart doth hear
 The voice that maketh known His
 will
 To every listening ear.

CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

VII.



STREET ARCHITECTURE, DOBBO, ARRU ISLANDS.

ON the 1st September we arrived at Somerset, Cape York, the north-east point of Australia. The barren, sandy appearance of the coast, seen through the thick mist which, apparently, always accompanies the trade-wind, as we ran quickly past, gave anything but pleasing or hopeful first impressions; and this feeling each day's stay at this solitary outpost only served to intensify. The Colonial Government support the small settlement, and the monthly mail between the colony and Singapore makes it a port of call; it is besides of some importance as a station for the numerous small vessels engaged in the productive and increasing pearl fishery, which is carried on in the shallow waters of Torres Straits, and give employment to a great number of South Sea Islanders as divers and boatmen.

The Colonial Government have for some time been endeavouring to establish a settlement here, but the soil is found to be very poor,

and the climate anything but healthy; the chances, too, of frequent skirmishes with the savage natives from the adjacent islands make it far from a desirable locality for settling. On the plains, characteristic of the poor soil, the first objects to attract attention are the enormous pinnacled ant-hills of red clay and sand scattered profusely about on each grassy slope. These singular structures, some of which were 10 or 12 feet in height, seemed of great strength and toughness: on breaking off a piece, they appeared to be honeycombed inside, the numerous galleries being then displayed. The ants themselves are of a pale brown colour, and about a quarter of an inch in length.

In my wanderings I came across some of the aborigines, houseless and homeless. They are poor wretched specimens, the lowest in the scale of humanity: their dwellings, if such they can be called, being formed by a few bushes, behind which they creep for shelter; dependent from day to day on what they can pick up for food, not even having arrived at the first and simplest form of civilisation; and, in like manner, destitute of all traces of religion, except, perhaps, a faint symptom of belief in a good and an evil spirit. Their weapons are clubs and spears, and throwing-sticks, with which they propel small spear-like arrows. I spent some time amongst them, and gave them a few trifling presents, but could obtain little information; for their intellectual capacities appeared very low, and they showed but little interest or curiosity in the visits that had been paid them.

September 8th.—This morning left the anchorage, steaming through Endeavour Straits, and so had our last sight of Australia. After a few hours' run hove-to off Booby Island, where a party landed for shooting and to look up the post-office, a rough log shanty in which is kept a record book; for it seems to be a rule with vessels to heave-to here, after the dangers of Torres Straits are passed, and leave their names and letters to be forwarded by the first vessel. There were no letters for any of our party, but one directed to the first visitor, describing a sunken rock not laid down on the charts.

On the boats returning, we proceeded on our way for the Arru Islands. The group extends from north to south about 100 miles. On first sight, they appear as one continuous low island, but on nearing, intricate channels are found winding amongst them, through which set strong tidal currents.

September 16th.—We stood along the land all night, and early on the morning of the 16th were off the entrance of Dobbo Harbour. Immediately after we were visited by the Malay officials in their gay and pretty state dresses, their prahs being decorated with numerous flags, and their approach being announced by the sound of tom-tom and shouts of the rowers. Others who came on board afterwards looked and seemed remarkably awkward and out of their element, probably because they felt dressed up for the important occasion; for every one, it seems, holding a Government appointment (under the Dutch) *must* appear in a black suit when paying official visits. It was with the utmost difficulty we kept from laughing when it was expected we should look very solemn at their reception, for some of our visitors appeared in costumes apparently of the last century, in long-tailed coats which trailed on the ground, for which they had never been measured, or with sleeves so long that the tips of their fingers could scarcely be seen. But their hats were the treat to see, each sported a chimney-pot of some distant age, which was, in some cases, three or four sizes too large for the wearer, and to make it fit a large pad of paper or rag had been introduced. After fulfilling their mission on board, they were glad to hurry away, and could be seen stripping off their official dress on their way to the shore. We anchored off the trading settlement of Dobbo, and landed on the beach, along which a luxuriant grove of cocoa-nut trees extended for more than a mile: Under their shade were the houses, arranged with much regularity, so as to form one wide street, from which narrow alleys branched off on each side. The houses are all built after one pattern, being merely large rude sheds supported on rough and slender posts; no walls, but the floor raised to within a few feet of the eaves; the roofs neatly thatched with palm leaves, and formed with a very steep pitch, projecting considerably beyond the lower side, surmounted at the gables by large wooden horns, from which long strings of shells hang down, giving the village quite a picturesque appearance. This is the style of architecture usually adopted. The women, except in their extreme youth, are by no means pretty. Their strongly marked features are very unfeminine.

The forest scenery possesses a brilliant and varied vegetation. Here the lovely birds of paradise, and scores of others with

gorgeous plumage, flew in and out amidst the bright green foliage, forming a magnificent sight. From an early hour in the morning the forests are all alive with lories, paroquets, and cockatoos, whose shrill screams and cries resound through the woods. In and amongst this beautiful forest scenery we remained for a week, while daily excursions were made to the other islands of the group, and large numbers of very beautiful birds obtained, including many varieties of the rich-plumed birds of paradise. So gorgeous and beautiful are some of these (the king-bird) that the natives name them God's birds.

On the 23rd September we were off again, steaming along the land, which appeared very lovely and fertile, rising abruptly from the ocean, with its green hills piled gracefully together, presenting a mass of evergreen vegetation most inviting to the eye. Flying fish were very numerous; they appear to be a smaller species than those of the Atlantic, and more active and elegant in their motion. As they skim along the surface, they turn on their sides, so as to fully display their beautiful fins, taking a flight of more than one hundred yards, rising and falling in a most graceful manner. At a little distance they exactly resemble swallows, and no one who sees them can doubt that they really *do* fly, not merely descend in an oblique direction from the height they gain by their first spring.

On the 29th September the volcanic group of Banda was in sight, covered with an unusually dense and brilliant green vegetation, indicating that we had passed beyond the hot dry winds from the plains of Central Australia. Banda is a lovely little spot, its three islands inclosing a secure harbour, from which no outlet is visible, and with waters so transparent that living corals, and even the minutest objects, are plainly seen on the volcanic sands at a depth of seven or eight fathoms.

We anchored within the circle formed by these islands, at the foot of Gunong Api, or Burning Mountain, a conical, active volcano 2,300 feet high. Banda Neira is in full view before us. It is composed of hills, which gradually rise in a succession of ridges to the height of about 500 feet, covered with beautiful vegetation to the very top. On one of these prominent positions is Fort Belgica, with bastions surmounted by circular towers, resembling some old feudal castle, from which flies the Dutch flag. Its walls are white and dazzling in the bright sunlight,

and beneath is a broad, neatly clipped glacis, forming a beautiful green descending lawn. At the foot of this hill is Fort Nassau, which was built by the Dutch when they first arrived, in 1609.

During our stay here the Governor (or Resident, as he is styled) made up a party to visit the nutmeg plantations on Great Banda. Our steam-pinnace was in requisition, and a most enjoyable trip it was, for, on reaching the landing, horses were provided to take the party the remaining eight miles to the gardens. And what a treat presented itself, for there are few cultivated plants more beautiful than nutmeg-trees. They are handsomely shaped, growing to a height of 20 or 30 feet, with bright glossy leaves, and bearing small yellowish flowers. The trees were now in full bloom, and in a few weeks the fruit would be ready for picking. It grows in size and colour somewhat like a peach, but rather oval; it is of a tough, fleshy consistence, and as it ripens splits open, showing the dark brown nut within, surrounded with the crimson mace, forming a very beautiful object. The nutmeg trade was for a number of years a strict monopoly; recently the monopoly has been given up. The indignation at one time expressed against the Dutch for destroying all the nutmeg and clove trees on the many islands then covered with those valuable spices, in order to restrict the cultivation to the two or three that they were able to watch over, showed a narrow-mindedness in the Government of that time which has since happily passed away.

October 2nd.—Our stay was limited to three days, when we proceeded on our way to Amboyna, the most important of the Spice Islands, where we arrived and anchored on the 4th October. Amboyna is the name both of the island and its chief city—in fact, it is regarded as the capital of the Moluccas. Viewed from the anchorage the city has a pleasing appearance, its streets being broad, straight, and well shaded, with numbers of roads set out at right angles to each other, bordered by hedges of flowering shrubs, and inclosing country-houses and huts embosomed in palm and fruit trees; and, with the high land forming the background, there are few places more enjoyable for a morning or evening stroll than the sandy roads and shady lanes in the suburbs of this ancient city.

Landing on the mole in front of Fort Nieuw Victoria, we passed through this old stronghold out into the pretty lawn

beyond, which is surrounded by officials' and merchants' residences. Nor must I omit to mention the Societat, or Club-house, which occupies a prominent position just opposite the fort. It appears that every place of any pretension to size in Netherland India has one or two of these pleasant resorts, where newspapers and periodicals are received, and all the social Europeans gather in the cool of the evening to enjoy each other's society, or smoke and drink their favourite gin-and-bitters. Through the courtesy of the Resident, invitations were extended to the "Challengers" during their stay in port, and thus opportunities were afforded of passing a pleasant evening, especially when the band played.

The Dutch Government have a large coal depôt here. One day we proceeded farther up the harbour for the purpose of taking in a supply, lying alongside a jetty during the operation; it was, however, a slow and tedious process, for no inducement could make the coolies get in anything like a reasonable quantity per day. It was a pretty place, and as we had the additional facilities of lying alongside a pier, many excursions were taken. Away at the back are the favourite burial-places of the Chinese, whose tombs are curious horseshoe-shaped inclosures, their white walls making very conspicuous objects on the hillside; while scattered far and near are numerous little plantations filled with small trees which have a bright green foliage. These are the gardens of clovetrees, which have made this island so famous throughout the world. The passage down the harbour afforded one of the most astonishing and beautiful sights to behold. The bottom was absolutely hidden by a continuous series of coral, sponges, actiniæ, and other marine productions of varied forms and brilliant colours; the waters were clear as crystal, and the depth varying from eight to ten fathoms. All along the uneven bottom were rocks and stones, offering a variety of stations for the growth of these animal forests. It was a sight to gaze on for hours, and no description can do justice to its surpassing beauty and interest.

We had been here six days when it was determined to make a move from the anchorage. Accordingly, all was ready, and on the morning of the 10th October we were again under weigh, steaming through beautiful calm seas, with numerous islands of varied form and size in sight, sounding and dredging daily with most satisfactory results.

Before we left Ternate, the Resident made up a party for the purpose of visiting the spice plantations. Landing at an early hour, we found a walk through the charming avenues most enjoyable. The whole surface of the land is covered with various kinds of stately trees, interspersed here and there with neat little inclosures and huts of the natives. It must be remembered that we were in the tropics, where the wild luxuriance of nature runs riot, for the natural vegetation of the hedges and hillsides overpowers in picturesque effect all the artificial productions of man. Wending our way along paths where the line of vision is very limited from the dense foliage, we occasionally got, on reaching a clearing, alternate peeps into wooded valleys and fertile plains, and glimpses of the bright blue sea beyond, backed by hills and bordered with low, wooded shores, on the surface of which were numerous coasting vessels, boats and canoes, whose white sails looked bright in the morning sun. Still continuing our walk along shady pathways, and admiring each successive view, we reached the plantations. Delight itself, however, would be but a weak term to express the feelings even of the most ordinary observer of nature here. The lovely sago-palm, with its great bunches of fruit; the fascinating betel-nut, tall and tapering; the luxuriant profusion of pepper, cinnamon, cocoa, nutmeg, and clove trees, with numberless others producing durians, mangustans, lansets, and mangoes, whose wide-spreading branches and bright green foliage are offered to the hand of industry for fulfilling the varied purposes of life, whether useful or ornamental—all gave to the general aspect a picturesque beauty only to be met with amongst these lovely islands.

BEYOND.

WHENE'ER we cross a river at a ford,
If we would pass in safety, we must keep
Our eyes fixed steadfast on the shore beyond;
For if we cast them on the flowing stream,
The head swims with it; so if we would cross
The running flood of things here in the world,
Our souls must not look down, but fix their sight
On the firm land beyond.

—Longfellow.

A VISIT TO THE ROCKIES.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.

CHANGELESS monotony and interminable uniformity seem embodied in our vast western plains. You travel all day and feel as if you had not advanced, as if you had marked time rather than marched. Everything looks just the same at sunset as at sunrise. In the morning you stand in the middle of a boundless expanse of yellowish grass, here and there dotted with gopher mounds or a few whitened bones, and growing more and more indistinct, till the flat earth and the shallow sky meet in a wide sweep of dim horizon. The same disk of prairie journeys with you all day long, and at night you camp right in the centre of just such a disk with its sallow grass and gopher mounds and well-bleached bones. A feeling of almost dismay rises in your consciousness. Will this enchanted circle never break and let us once more behold hills and dales and forests! Have we not travelled with a bias, as lost men are said to do, and come back to our starting point!

Breaks are not entirely wanting, however. At intervals a stream crosses the trail, winding its muddy, doubtful way at the bottom of the chasm which it has dug in the alluvium; a groping, grovelling stream, never satisfied with its bed, but always digging away at one side and filling up at the other. Or perhaps a shallow, unrefreshing lake, with alkali-frosted margins, must be skirted round. Sometimes a herd of frightened antelope scuds into the distance, or the curling smoke of a far-off teepee shows itself; and these are watched with as much interest as sails are at sea.

Perhaps nowhere in the world can one travel so far and see so little variety. So far as I am aware, neither the great plains of Russia nor the steppes of Siberia nor the pampas of South America can equal our Canadian prairies for treeless monotony.

All this, however, makes an excellent preparation for the mountains, which at length, far toward the south-west of the hitherto limitless plain, rise as a faint, jagged rim of misty white and blue. A strange exultation springs up in your heart, as though chains were slipping off and liberty at hand. The fancy is no longer lead-weighted to a dreary wandering to and fro on the

everlasting level. It is once more free to climb aloft with the mountains and dive down with the valleys.

The prairies may rear men of strength and honesty and dogged perseverance, but I doubt if they can ever bring forth a poet! He could find no room to soar! The very sky seems a dozen miles lower on the prairies than among the mountains. Blessed be hills and valleys and oceans and mountains and all other obstructions that force men to look up and around as well as straight ahead!

But we have not yet reached the mountains. More than a hundred miles still separate us from those impassive giants; but their mere presence is inspiring and lifts the heart and shortens the way. All men seem to feel this influence, rough navvies going out to work on the railway, as well as men of more taste and education.

Our Rocky Mountains rise with more abruptness than most great ranges, but yet do not spring directly from the plains. A series of foot-hills sweeping up with ever increasing rolls and swells, and showing now and then the great folds and upturned edges of rock on which they are modelled, serves as an introduction to the world of mountains beyond.

In approaching the Rockies by the Canadian Pacific, Calgary, full of metropolitan dreams and ambitious aspirations, is first met, lying peacefully in its bluff-walled valley and waiting to supply the wants of ranchers and miners and hunters. Then among the foot-hills we see Morley, well known to the readers of this *MAGAZINE* as the home of the McDougalls. Let us rest there a while and take breath before our mountaineering. To reach Morley from the railway one must cross the rapid Bow River, at most seasons as clear and crystalline as Manitoban rivers are muddy. It is fordable when not in flood; but an eastern man is likely to remember for some time his sensations during the passage. The little Indian pony steps gingerly into the water which grows deeper and deeper till one's feet must be drawn high up to avoid a wetting. The pony leans strongly upward against the surging current, as a man would against a hurricane; and its swaying motions as it slowly picks its way over the rounded stones of the bottom combined with the rapid, angry swirl of the river all around seem to the newcomer anything but confidence-inspiring. But now the crossing is made, and the

dripping pony scrambles up the steep river bank, while its "tender-foot" rider reflects comfortably on his own great courage in circumstances of danger such as that just passed. When our tender-foot learns, however, that men, women, and children, cross the river every day, and often without a saddle or bridle, his consciousness of his own surpassing courage begins to wane. It is now but a five minutes' canter to Morley. One is sadly disappointed in the dried-up herbage covering the stony benches along the river. Can this be the famous pasturage on which fattened the myriads of buffaloes whose bones lie bleaching on every quarter section for a thousand miles; and are the rancher's cattle to live and thrive all the year round on this scanty growth on to which an Ontario farmer would hardly turn his sheep? Such it is, and insufficient as it looks, the good condition of the horses and cattle which have wintered there proves that in nourishing qualities it does not fall behind eastern meadows.

Morley would hardly be called a village in Ontario. A half dozen families of whites have their comfortable log houses scattered for two miles or more along the bench above the river. A part of the Mountain Stoney Indians have their small log houses grouped on the neighbouring reserve; but most of the tribe live across the river. They inhabit their houses only in the winter, however, going into teepees in the fine weather.

These Indians are well worthy of notice at the present juncture. They are a branch of the great Sioux family, and are honest, trusty fellows and as loyal as we ourselves. Probably no community of the size in Ontario is so free from crime as this band of blanket-clad Indians at the foot of the mountains; and they are admittedly among the best tribes of the North-West. Doubtless much of this is due to the efforts of their missionaries. They are hardy, well-made fellows, often with pleasant faces, but not equal in stature or stateliness to their ancestral enemies, the Blackfeet of the plains east of Calgary. In earlier times they had many a contest with the more numerous Blackfeet, but generally came off victors, their bracing life as hunters of the bighorn and goat among the mountains making them more than a match for the less energetic men of the plains.

Without wishing to enter into the political questions of the day, I still feel that a word should be said as to their treatment by the Indian Department. Their rations, which were of

the poorest, at times almost unfit to eat, were discontinued last summer except to those absolutely helpless, the idea, no doubt, being to encourage them to self-support. It must not be forgotten, however, that Morley is about four thousand feet above sea-level and close under the mountains, and that the resulting climate makes the raising of crops very precarious: A frost or even a flurry of snow may come any month in the year, and grain crops are most uncertain. Under these circumstances the Stonies must support their families chiefly by hunting; but the buffalo is gone and mountain goats and sheep become yearly more scarce, so that to live as hunters they must scatter far and wide, losing the benefits of schools and missions: Idle, vicious tribes on the plains—the Sarcees, for instance—have their rations regularly, that they may not become troublesome; while the honest and industrious Stonies have their rations cut off. We cannot wonder that the Indians look on this as a direct premium on idleness and vice.

The life of the fairer skinned Morleyites is a revelation to any chance visitor of the east. Their wealth is not told in dollars, but, like that of the patriarchs, in horses and cattle, for this is the ranching country. Their thoughts are naturally with their possessions, so that their converse, when not of bullocks, is very likely to be of horses. Even the ladies have very much to say of these quadrupedal friends of man, to the no small astonishment of the visitor who, however, in a week finds himself talking as constantly and as confidently of *cayuses* and *bronchos*, of corrals and branding and rounding up as a true son of the plains and not a mere newly arrived tender-foot. Life would not be worth living here without horses, and one soon grows more or less acquainted with the ponies and the curious, half Spanish terms used in connection with them. A piebald becomes a pinto (painted), a peculiar dun coloured variety is a buckskin, while an iron grey is a "blue" horse.

The common Indian pony (*cayuse*) is small, with fine, well-formed limbs and a rather large head, and has in disposition some delightful and several very objectionable idiosyncrasies. His relation to the eastern horse is exactly that of the Indian to the white man. He is hardy, half wild, and self-reliant, scrapes the snow from the grass and keeps in good condition, where a civilized horse would meekly starve and become food for the coyotes.

Several ponies which our party took as pack and riding beasts up into the Selkirks, where a horse from Ontario would have given up the ghost in despair from the scarcity of fodder, and the terrible roughness of the trails through the forests and over the rocks, came back weeks after in as good condition as they set out. No better horses for an irregular cavalry can be imagined than these ponies when improved in size and spirit by crossing with better blood, as in the so-called "bronchos" of Montana and Alberta. On the other hand they have their faults. They are wild creatures, unreliable and unsteady as draught beasts, and not to be compared for a moment with our Ontario horses for farm purposes. Vicious ones have an uncomfortable habit of "bucking," springing from all four feet at once and coming down with stiffened limbs and arched back in such a way as to send a frightful jar through every bone and muscle of the rider.

The treatment on the ranche does not tend to gentleness. Their first experience of man's authority consists in being driven, frightened, with half a hundred fellow-sufferers, into a powerfully-made pen of logs, the corral. Here one after another is lassoed, nearly strangled, branded with a hot iron as it lies panting and exhausted on the ground, and finally, if meant for service, saddled and mounted for the first time by some dare-devil cowboy who gallops off over the plains. A horse so treated is considered "broken," and fit for riding. A timid rider naturally hesitates to mount such a half-tamed, flighty steed as a spirited, just broken pony. Still they make good riding horses and have a very pleasant, cradle-like lope or canter, and are sure-footed and enduring. They must be handled cautiously, however, and as a rule driven into the corral to be caught. They generally yield at once when a rope is thrown over their neck, fearing the tightening of the terrible noose. A novice does not always find it easy to use the all-potent rope. One of my earliest attempts was met with a lightning kick on the head, which revealed to me many stars not usually visible by daylight.

The heavy Mexican saddle, with its picturesque trappings, is thrown on, and the two horse-hair girths tightened till the poor animal groans, and now, with the bridle-rein hanging down, your pony stands as demurely as though a wild or wicked thought never entered its drowsy brain. Put your foot into the clumsy wooden stirrups and let us be off! The fine dry air with

its strong bracing winds from far over the mountains exhilarates almost like wine, and the pony entering into your spirit canthers briskly down the green and flowery coulees and up the elastic turf of the hill-sides. Now we reach a swelling point with a view on all sides,—and what a view this morning with its glorious floods of sunshine, free from oppressive heat, but full of dancing, all-reviving light! The softly sinking billows of the foot-hills fade into the calm sea of prairie toward the east; toward the west the rising crests are more and more covered with dark evergreens, and dominating over all stand the cloud-turbaned mountains, the Devil's Head and his giant brethren, calm, solemn, immovable. On one side the flashing Bow River flows through its beautiful valley, beginning the long journey toward Hudson's Bay, on the other its turbulent tributary, Ghost River, winds through its deep cut gorge to the place of meeting.

But we have come out, not simply to view the landscape, but to look after the cattle on the range, and there they are before us. We can recognize ours by the brand as we ride up. They are wild, spirited creatures, suitable foreground figures in this splendid picture. We must cut one out of the herd and drive in as a milch cow. She lifts her head in alarm and runs with almost the fleetness of a deer when she sees our purpose, but the pony is more than her match. Dodging and heading her, dashing full speed over knolls and sloughs and badger-holes, rushing with perfect recklessness down hill-sides and along the steep inclines of coulees, the pony takes as keen an interest in the chase as his rider, and in a mile or two has the cow beaten and completely under control.

The process of milking would amuse or exasperate an eastern milk-maid. The cow is driven into the corral, lassoed round the horns and made fast to a strong post, while its left hind foot is secured with a rope so that kicking is impossible. These preliminaries to milking have to be repeated day after day for weeks or months till the animal becomes tame.

Not even in merry England will you find richer milk and cream, sweeter butter, and beef more tender and savoury, than here in the West. Animals leading that active, healthy life must surely afford more wholesome food than the pampered, stall-fed monstrosities of eastern stables.

But we have rested too long in this breezy Capua, Morley,

and must now hasten to follow the Bow towards its head waters, and enter the awful realm of the mountains through the majestic portal of Bow Pass. Let us stop at Silver City—a city now almost without inhabitants, for the silver from which it is named existed only in the excited imaginations of prospectors and promoters, and is not satisfactorily replaced by the ores of copper found near by. We are going for two or three days' prospecting with "Mose" McDougall, a relation of the missionary, and Mr. Grier, a miner of most varied experience; not of course that we are dazzled with the glitter of silver—far be it from us—but that we may pierce the mountain fastnesses, climb to the very homes of those cold, serene peaks and catch in some unguarded moment their muttered secrets.

But a large amount of prose must come before we reach the poetry. A long-suffering pony must be packed with provisions and blankets by Mose and Mr. Grier, who are skilled in the art, and so "cinched" and lashed that the beast could more easily lose its head than its burden. And now the party sets out. Presently the smooth valley is left and we follow a rough trail over logs and rocks and muskegs among the Douglas's firs, covering the flanks of Castle Mountain, which springs boldly into the sky with many a projecting buttress and steep wall of rock. Mose's partner, an intelligent Welshman, joins us at a point where the trail crosses the treacherous, trembling green of a moss-covered muskeg. We soon enter a beautiful horseshoe-shaped valley and traversing half the length of its heathery floor, reach the camp. This has been chosen under a sheltering clump of evergreens not far from the stream which chatters idly on its way from the snow-fields above.

This valley has indeed many charms; clusters and groves of gloomily picturesque firs, showing the hard, grim, contorted lines of beings whose life has been one long struggle, contrast with wide-spread beds of purple and white-blooming heather, interspersed with soft grasses and rich-hued moss, all fresh and smiling, watered by a hundred rivulets mostly hidden under the herbage but now and then betraying themselves by faint silvery laughter where an obtruding stone gives a chance for a leap and a tumble. What a mystery that such gay streamlets should be born of savage rocks and pallid snowfields! There are small lakes in the valley nestling close against the dark side of the

mountain and having their confiding trust recompensed by the angry rolling down of stones every spring to encroach on their narrow bed. Their waters darkle with an intense depth of green and indigo. Why should these pure, snow-fed pools display such powerful colours?

The best view of all these beauties is obtained from the mountain ridge to the north, whence one sees the groves and meadows; the winding streams and blue gems of lakes spread out as in a map; and the huge shadows of Castle Mountain and its fore-springing tower may be watched as with the shifting sun they slowly creep along the valley, covering from hour to hour fresh tracts with deep and solemn colour.

We have spent the day following up the vein of copper bearing ore which Mose and his partner have discovered and traced for several miles over rock slopes and gorges and precipices, and now at sunset we go down into the shadow of the valley and reach the camp. A fire soon blazes under the fir trees, the blackened camp-kettle hums and hisses a drowsy tune as it swings from its pole and wild goat meat splutters and browns in the long-handled frying-pan. What a picture it is as we lazily watch the firelight glancing on the three picturesque, busy figures, and the surrounding trees, while away beyond the towering bulk of the mountain rises black against the evening sky, threatening eclipse to the approaching moon! But now comes the hearty supper, welcome enough to mountain appetites, and then after a few camp-fire stories we creep into our blankets and sleep.

The morning dawns overcast and mists curl round the turrets of the castle foreboding storm, but we set off undaunted over the mountains to visit a neighbouring valley into which we had looked the day before. We stood on the very edge of a cliff falling sheer a thousand feet or two toward a green valley on a larger scale than ours, with a winding river and lakes of marvellous colour. For any being unprovided with wings it would have been madness to attempt the descent where we stood, so we make our way a few miles westward toward the valley's head where a descent is possible. Our course leads over rugged mountain-wastes above tree level and sometimes above any vegetation except lichens.

A few sodden mosses and tufts of stunted grass straggle over the weather-worn limestone in the lower parts, forming a

scant pasturage for bighorns, those largest and noblest representatives of the race of sheep, if indeed they can be called sheep at all and not relatives of the chamois and ibex. Two which were feeding there are startled by our coming and run toward a higher ridge. They stand there a moment silhouetted against the gloomy sky and look the rightful masters of these dreary regions. We follow them up, but long before we reach the slaty summit they have disappeared: They have made a well beaten path down the slopes of debris, which we take advantage of, thus avoiding a field of snow. On the rough plateau below we find the only other living beings to be seen in those desert regions—a brood of mountain chickens—birds of the grouse or ptarmigan kind, I believe, and taking a mean advantage of their tameness kill several with stones to help out our dinner.

At length the gorge is reached by which a descent into the wished-for valley is possible, one of the wildest pathways imaginable. We pick our way slowly among huge tumbled rocks, split from the over-hanging cliffs on each side by the great quarryman, frost; springing from one to another, or letting ourselves down with hands as well as feet, we find ourselves on one of the upper levels of the valley. Mose and his friend camped here a few days before beside a rock and sheltered by a meagre tamarack, and proceed to look for some food and a pair of blankets which they had cached. No horse could come within miles of the spot, so that all necessaries must be carried on the back and become correspondingly precious. Imagine their disgust at finding the blankets in tatters and the flour scattered, no doubt the work of gophers. We have fortunately brought some bread with us, and this with the chickens make us a dinner.

We have no time to lose and push down to a lower part of the valley till we reach a wild amphitheatre with walls a thousand feet high. Three or four small streams rising in the snows of the mountain, spring shuddering from the dizzy verge into space, leap and bound from projecting points and fall as wind-tossed spray upon the heaped rocks at the foot of the cliff, then gathering up their stunned particles unite to flow sedately toward the river.

But while we admire the scene and look for the green and blue colourations which proclaim the presence of ores of copper, the gathering clouds, which have temporized hitherto, now promising

to clear up, then sending down a spiteful shower, begin to rain in earnest. We cannot think of camping there with no shelter, little food and only two single blankets for four men, so our only resource is to take our way back over the storm-swept mountain, a dreary journey indeed. We are soon clambering up the wet and slippery rocks of the gorge and hurrying over the limestone wastes beyond, and at length reach the sharp ridge of slate where we saw the sheep. Here the rain turns to snow, whose flakes at that exposed height whiz past like projectiles, but fortunately not directly in our faces. Down we stride on the deep incline whose slaty fragments yield under foot and follow or out-run us like a miniature avalanche. The snow turns back to rain at the lower level, and now after a long tramp over the wet limestone, amid the gathering shadows of evening we let ourselves down the steep sides of our valley and stumbling in the darkness among the fir-trees reach the camp. The fire is lighted, strong tea brewed, and a good supper made of the high-flavoured goat-meat; and then warmed and comforted we go to bed. It is not precisely an ideal camp, but still might be worse. The rain still beats on our faces and blankets, but then a blanket will turn a large amount of rain and we do not become actually wet. Our latest recollections are of sickly gleams of the fire among the trees, a doleful moaning among the branches overhead, and the gloomy tower of the castle all wrapped in wind-trailed cerements of cloud.

We wake among the grey shadows of a cloudy dawn, partake of the warm breakfast which Mose prepares, and bidding farewell to our hospitable friends trudge back over the water-soaked trail to Silver City, there to meet civilization in the form of an eastward bound train of the Canadian Pacific.

And now farewell mountains! We must go back to the east, but often in our memories will your noble, massive forms take shape, and we shall see you stand wide-rooted among the earth's upturned strata with your swelling flanks forest clothed and furrowed by the parent streams of mighty rivers, your broad shoulders ermine clad with snows or embraced by the cold arms of clinging glaciers, and your scarred brows rising bare into the serene heavens or wrapped with clouds and mysterious darkness!

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY, *Cobourg.*

SHINY SMITH.*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

I.

SEVERAL times in the course of these papers I have had occasion to make incidental mention of "Shiny" Smith. My readers will have gathered from the chance notices of him, that Shiny was a popular character among the criminal and "shady" classes of the district. They will have gathered further that he was himself certainly of the shady order; that he was a good-looking, smart—not to say flash—dressing fellow, self-satisfied, and knowing as to his general manner, and slangy as to the style of expressing himself;—a man of some education, and considerable powers of speech, and with a fair share of ready wit, power of observation, and knowledge of human nature. This was about as much as I knew of him myself for a long time, and I think readers will agree with me that such a degree of knowledge about such a man was naturally calculated to make me desirous of knowing more about him. At any rate it had that effect upon me; but my endeavours to gratify that desire were for a considerable period anything but successful. Shiny used to be out of doors a good deal, and I often met him in my walks abroad, and generally entered into conversation with him when we did meet, but it was all in vain when I attempted to gratify my curiosity regarding him. Whenever I tried to "draw" him, either as to his antecedents or any detailed explanation as to the means whereby he then "knocked out" a living, I found that he was not to be "had." I tried others with little better result.

"You see," explained one worthy to whom I spoke, and who had sought Shiny's advice on sundry occasions when he had been "in trouble," "you see Shiny comed into this quarter promiscuous like, and though we could guess fast enough from his settlin here at all as he must a been up to some cross game, none of us

* Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the Riverside Visitor. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C. Toronto: William Briggs.

knew exactly what it was, and he worn't the chap to tell. And right he is! A cove that is on the cross shouldn't let no one—neighbour, nor pal, nor no one—know any more about him than he can help. The more they know about you, the more likely they are to have a pull over you; and I pities the feller as a pal can put the screw on. Very often you'd be skinned alive almost, only it mostly happens as it's the case of screw for screw, so as one's afraid, and the other daren't. Any one would have to get up early in the morning though, to get a pull on Shiny. He's the knowingest cove as ever I come across. There's no mistake about his head being screwed on the right way. He's up to every move on the board; he can talk like a book, and do anythink that needs to be done with a pen. Them's his tools,—his head-piece, and his tongue, and his pen, I mean,—and whether you're square, or whether you're cross, them seems to be the best tools to make your way with. He does a lot better than any of us rougls,—you should see his crib, it's quite a spicy affair."

This was the most I could learn at second hand. After any of my unsuccessful attempts to "draw" Shiny himself, I used to wish I had accepted the invitation to enter his dwelling, which he gave me on the morning on which he suggested the organization of the Sugar-Bags Defence Fund. I would no doubt, in the mood in which he then was, have got his story from him. I fully determined that if another such chance occurred I would not fail to avail myself of it; and at length, by the merest accident, the opportunity did offer.

One day when passing through the street in which Shiny lived I came upon a crowd that had been drawn together by the sight of "a horse down." It was attached to a cart heavily laden with stone, and had fallen in a painful position. Though the adult portion of the crowd consisted principally of rougls and loafers, there was a general feeling of pity for the poor animal, and Shiny with his coat off and his shoulders literally to the wheel, was giving directions to a number of men, who worked with a will—harder probably than they had worked for many a day before—to release and raise the horse. After a great deal of pulling and tugging and a little cutting of straps, the poor creature was loosed from its harness, and lay, only held down by the shafts, while Shiny called for all who could find room to bear a hand in back-

ing the cart. I joined in the work. I got a station at one of the wheels, and when, after several unsuccessful attempts, we at last effected our purpose, I found—the day being wet—my hands and parts of my clothing covered with mud. It was not till the horse was upon its legs that Shiny noticed me, and then he greeted me with—

“Hello, sir! I see you’ve been putting your pound in like the rest of us. I didn’t know we had one of the broad-cloth brigade among the helpers.”

He spoke with the utmost good humour, and in the same way I answered—

“Oh, people don’t think of their cloth in such an affair as this!”

“Say, *some* people,” he answered; “I think I have known ‘highly respectables’ who would have thought twice—and had ‘don’t’ for their second thought—over any such idea as soiling hands or garments to lift a poor old cart horse out of the mud. Save me from such men, say I. However, I see you stand in need of a wash and a brush like me. Will you step into my place?”

I replied that I would be glad to do so; whereupon Shiny, nodding an adieu to the knot of men who were still standing by, led the way to his home. When we had, in Shiny’s phrase, put ourselves straight, in a neatly appointed little bedroom, we returned to the second of Shiny’s apartments, which was furnished partly as a sitting-room, partly as an office. It was carpeted, there was an array of glass-ware on a cupboard-sideboard in one corner of it, and a number of fairly good engravings hanging upon the walls, a good-sized pier-glass over the chimney-piece, and on the chimney-piece, by way of smaller ornaments, were a tobacco-jar, with lucifer and spill-holders to match, a fancy cigar-case and a number of pipes. But across the window stood a pedestal-writing-table plentifully bestrewn with papers; a smaller writing-table for fireside use was put away in a recess, and against the wall opposite to the fireplace was a small, well-polished, mahogany book-case. Stepping over to the book-case, I saw that two out of its three shelves were filled with cheap novels; the other with a number of law-books, several volumes of a racing calendar, and a few other works also bearing upon horse-racing. Having before heard that Shiny was a sort of irregular lawyer, I

was not surprised at seeing the law-books, but I was at seeing the racing ones. Though slangy, Shiny was not *horsey* in his talk, and I knew sufficient of his habits of life to be certain that he did not, in racing phrase, "follow the horses." Still it was evident that the books were not there by way of ornament; they had appearances of being well thumbed, and although I would have found it difficult to give any reasonable ground for coming to such a conclusion, I instinctively felt that these volumes were in some way associated with Shiny's history. My curiosity was excited, and by way of saying something that might induce him to talk on the point, I observed, running my finger over the backs of the books as I spoke—

"Law and racing is a rather curious combination, isn't it?"

"Not more curious than racing and commerce, or racing and almost any other profession or calling you might name, would be. Horse-racing—or I should say *betting*, the end to which horse-racing is the means—is a disease that has affected members of every class, as few know better than I do. It has just struck me," he added, laughing, though in a forced manner, and with a tone of bitterness,—"that law and betting, for that is really what racing comes to, are rather an appropriate combination. They are both games of chance, only while law ruins its thousands, betting ruins tens of thousands." He paused for a moment, and then, looking at me hard in the face, slowly added, "and I'm an unit of the tens of thousands; betting brought me to what I am—made first a fool and then a rogue of me." As he uttered the last words, it seemed to occur to him suddenly that he had said too much, and, instantly resuming his usual jerky, voluble, don't-careish manner of talk, he went on—

"But as the poet says, 'thereby hangs a tale,' which there is no need to tell now. This"—waving his hand round the room—"is my little crib, not exactly in the marble-hall style, but I think I may say *coséy*, eh?"

"It is a comfortable little room," I said.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, "the room is well enough, but what sort of things are done in it, *that's* about what you are thinking, eh?"

"Well, something of that sort," I answered, imitating his own bluntness; "I was thinking that you were a strange character, and that for more reasons than the gratification of my curiosity, I would like to know more about you."

For about a minute's space he stood biting the corners of his moustache silently, then, with the air of one come to a resolution, he placed a chair for me—we had been standing up till this time—and, seating himself on the other side of the fireplace, said quietly—:

“Well, you shall, and I'll tell you why! Not because I can give you a tip or two ‘about things not generally known,’ but because mine is a horrid-example story, and you may be in a position to turn such a story to good account. I know I'm a bad lot, but I'm not quite so far gone as to wish to see others come down as I have. To give you a touch of the flowery—you know my weakness—‘I know myself a villain,’ but I do *not*

Deem

The rest no better than the thing I seem.’

And now here he goes! In the first place, my name is not Smith, but as in this case there is nothing in a name, I'll still be Smith to you—for my parents' sake, though they are now in their quiet grave. My father was a tradesman in one of the smaller county towns, and was a bit of somebody there—was twice elected a member of the Town Council, and that sort of thing, you know. He died while I was a boy at school, but left my mother sufficient for what her friends styled ‘a genteel subsistence.’ It wasn't so much, however, but what she had to pinch hard to be able to article me to a solicitor in the town, and find me in clothes and pocket-money while I was serving my articles. She did her duty by me like the loving, self-denying mother she was, but I did not do my duty by myself, and, above all, I did not do it by her. I was a handsome, healthy young fellow, and I went in for being a dashing, go-a-head one. I formed acquaintance with a set made up of fast clerks and tradesmen's sons, and a number of well-dressed loafers, who hung on to rich relations. In company with this set, I took to haunting the billiard-rooms of one of the hotels in the town, and soon fell into bad habits—late hours, drinking, playing, and betting; especially betting. From joining in lotteries on big races, I gradually progressed to ‘backing my fancy’ for them, and ‘making a book’ upon them. I took to study the sporting papers—to watching the betting on and result of races, and looking forward for the ‘tips’ of the ‘prophets.’ From betting half-

crowns and crowns, I got to half-sovereigns and sovereigns, and soon to 'fivers' and 'tenners.' Occasionally I 'picked up a trifle,' but as a rule I lost, and was consequently nearly always hard up, and drawing upon my mother to the utmost extent that she could let me, for, fortunately for her, a part of her money was 'tied up.'

"At last—for it was three years before the smash came, there is no use in dwelling upon details—I had got hold of what I was assured was a 'dead certainty,' and I had an opportunity of backing it at a long price. If I could only raise twenty pounds I could 'put it on' to win me a thousand, and then I could put myself straight, and drop betting. But how to get the twenty pounds? that was the rub. I had pumped my mother for the time being, and I was already in debt to every friend who had anything to lend; and yet it was such a pity to miss the chance for the sake of a paltry twenty-pound note. Well, I dare say you guess the rest! Satan finds mischief for wicked brains, as well as idle hands, to do. By this time I had got to such a position in the office that most of the money paid in to it passed through my hands, and—to make a long story short—being in a position to do so, I borrowed twenty pounds of the money of my principal. Of course I said to myself that it was only borrowing, for I would pay it back out of my winnings the moment they were paid to me. I had scarcely sent the money to the agent who was to 'put it on' for me, when I repented having taken it. My sin was swift in finding me out. My bet was made a month before the race on which it depended, and during that month I was in an agony of suspense, and was tortured by the recollection, which I had managed to stifle till the wrong was done, of the many other 'tips' that had been given to me as dead certainties, that had turned out to be dead losses, and I vowed that if this only *did* prove a win, it should be my last betting transaction."

Before he had reached this point, Shiny's usual jaunty manner had deserted him. He spoke earnestly and was evidently agitated, and now paused to moisten his parched lips; and having done this and drawn a long breath, he resumed his narrative.

"I dare say I shouldn't have kept these vows," he said, "but anyway I wasn't put to the test on that score. I went a hundred

miles to see the race run. There were seventeen started for it, but practically it was reduced to a match between my horse—as I called it—and another; and during the greater part of the race mine looked as if it was going to win. As it led the way round the last turn, I was already mentally disposing of my gains, and saying what a fool I should have been to have missed such a chance; but it was a case of counting chickens before they were hatched. The other horse began to gain inch by inch, till at a hundred yards from the winning post they were head and head; and they ran the rest of the distance so closely locked together that it was impossible for any one but the judge to be certain which had won until the numbers were hoisted on the telegraph board. When the numbers did go up, that of my horse was second; and as I had backed it for an absolute win, it might as well have been last so far as I was concerned. When I looked at the numbers, I felt my heart grow cold and my head dizzy. I felt like a branded man, but neither on the race-course nor when I got home did any one seem to notice anything special in my appearance. All the same, I suffered horribly in my mind. I couldn't sleep at night or rest by day. My one thought was that I must make up the stolen money *somehow*, and I saw but one way;—to take more money, and continue betting, in the hope that luck would turn, and that by some fortunate hit I should be able to replace all. This was the plan I acted upon; but I no longer called it borrowing even to myself. I had got to the desperate stage; and only argued that if luck didn't turn, I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

Well, luck didn't turn; I lost bet after bet. I grew more and more reckless and dissipated; so much so that my 'carryings on' became town talk, and my governor received a very pointed hint that I was going fast, and people were wondering how I did it. That meant, Look into your account; he interpreted it aright, and the result was the discovery of my defalcations. I was given into custody. I had, of course, been in a certain measure prepared for such a possibility; and I can honestly say, that I believe my chief feeling on being arrested was a sense of relief. But to my poor mother the news was a terrible blow. She almost lost her reason. She offered to pay the money and more; to sacrifice all she had in the world if I was only allowed to go free. She went down on her knees to the man, and grovelled at his

feet to beg mercy for me; but he was not to be turned. I was taken before the magistrate, and then for the first time I felt the full bitterness of my humiliation. It was on all hands voted an interesting case, and the little court was crowded; and as I glanced round it I saw scores of faces that I knew looking down on me, and scarcely one with a touch of pity on it; and yet, guilty as I was, I might as well have been pitied, for I was utterly bowed down with shame and remorse. In one place were my boon companions sneering and sniggering; in another a group of my mother's friends, looking sad for her sake; and the magistrate himself had been a friend of my father's. I pleaded guilty, was committed for trial, and sent to prison till the assizes.

"At the assize trial there was much the same scene, but with one difference, that was very material to me. My mother had, despite the advice of her friends, insisted on being present; and when I was sentenced, her grief found vent in a cry that told her heart was broken. I shall never forget that cry; it has rung in my ears a thousand times since in my sleeping as well as my waking hours, and I believe I shall hear it when I am dying."

He spoke in a quiet, even tone, but with a sigh of feeling that one would have thought him incapable of under *any* circumstances. Despite his efforts to master his emotion, for some moments he was unable to proceed; and, to fill up the pause, I observed—

"Well, seeing with what fair chances you started, yours is a sad story."

"Yes, as bitterly bad and sad as it is true," he answered, "and none the less sad a story from being a common one. I have had opportunities of knowing in a more general way, that mine was a well-beaten road to ruin, and I've no doubt that, as in my case, it often means ruin for more than one, and the bringing of grey heads with sorrow to the grave. However, to go on with my own story! The judge argued—justly enough, I dare say,—that my being educated and in a fair position was an aggravation of my offence, and gave me five years' penal. I served it out within fifteen months and then I got my ticket. My mother had died a year before that, and had left me what little she had by that time to leave; for, what with the drag I had been upon her, her having been

under the doctor's hands from the day on which she heard me sentenced, part of her income dying with her, and one thing and another, a little over a clear hundred was all I had to draw. What I ought to have done, when I got the money was of course to have gone to a new world and started life afresh as a new man; but I didn't. While I was doing my time I gave full rein to the very tidy share of devil-may-careishness that was in my nature; and I went back to my native town in high-flying style, dressed within an inch of my life, looking in the 'I-care-for-nobody-no-not-I,' style, and fully determined not to knuckle down. I spoke to old acquaintances as if nothing had happened, and in fact in rather a patronizing tone; but it wouldn't act; those of them whose good opinion was worth having cold-shouldered me. So, shrugging my shoulders, I said to myself, 'Very well, good people all, so let it be. If you won't have me at any less a price than doing the "umble," you shan't have me at all. You go in for treating me as a black sheep, and I shall go in for being one. So here goes for some racket in the world's-mine-oyster line.'"

During the latter part of his speech, his manner again underwent a change. The earnestness and sadness that had previously characterized it vanished, and he was again the rattling, slangy, self-possessed customer I had always found him before. Marking the change, I could not refrain from exclaiming—

"Shiny's himself again!"

"Yes, Shiny's himself again," he answered promptly. "We've all at least one weak joint in our armour, and you've just seen me touched in mine. When I speak of my mother I am for the moment another self than Shiny Smith—the self I might have been. And now we had, perhaps, better drop the subject; what I have told you is really the horrid-example part of my story; the only part of it I expect that you would ever be able to turn to any beneficial purpose."

MY boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and ruler of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The sons of parents passed into the skies.

—Cowper.

CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

VII.—MERITS OF HIS MUSE:

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all."

—*Tennyson.*"Strict sense appears in the most careless line,
And in the most exact the graces shine."

A CRITICAL analysis of Charles Wesley's poetry would doubtless bring to light blemishes as well as beauties. His verse, like the sun, is not without its spots. Some few of his hymns are perhaps egotistically introspective, and savour a little of a morbid self-consciousness. Many of his earlier effusions are tainted by "poisonous mysticism," or tinged with a sacramentarian hue. But his commonest fault is an amorous sentimentality, manifesting itself in oft-recurring terms of endearment; as, "dear Jesus," "dear loving," and "dear atoning;"—a fault which his brother John, with his fine critical taste, largely pruned away. However, to say that his poetry has defects is simply to say that his genius is human and not divine,—that while its head is of finest gold, its feet are mixed with clay.

Our minstrel is distinctively a subjective poet, applying to his themes, with a power and success seldom surpassed, all the resources of thought and passion which his introspective habit of mind had taught him. His muse is almost as intuitive as Shakespeare's, only in a narrower sphere; for, while that great master of the human heart photographs human nature in general, our bard confines himself mainly to its religious experiences. His genius is not creative, nor imaginative. He is not one who has

"Exhausted worlds and then imagined new."

His are lays of the heart, voicing its struggles, its hopes, its fears; "tinging sorrow with a strange beauty, and fixing into permanence the fleeting visions of joy."

There is little in his verse about Nature. He seldom

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones."

He never goes into rhapsodies about daisies and buttercups,

"The whispering zephyr and the purling rill."

He shows no special fondness for

"Soft dreams !
Reedy brooks and winding streams,
By our tuneful race admired."

And yet, that he is not wanting in a delicate and tender sensibility to the charms and beauties of nature, is evident from the following lines :

"Along the hill or dewy mead
In sweet forgetfulness I tread,
Or wander through the grove ;
As Adam in his native seat,
In all His works, my God I meet,
The object of my love.

I see His beauty in the flower ;
To shade my walks and deck my bower,
His love and wisdom join ;
Him in the feathered choir I hear,
And own, while all my soul is ear,
The music is divine."

It will not be surprising, therefore, to find that he culls a poetic image now and then from this floral garden to adorn his lines, without in the least lessening the subjectiveness of his genius. What could be finer than the following, from his "Hymn for Midnight" :

"Absent from Thee my exiled soul
Deep in a fleshly dungeon groans ;
Around me clouds of darkness roll,
And labouring silence speaks my moans ;
Come quickly, Lord, Thy face display,
And look my midnight into day."

Equally beautiful is a stanza in a hymn on "The Just shall live by Faith" :

"Twas then my soul beheld from far
The glimmering of an Orient star
That pierced and cheered my nature's night ;
Sweetly it dawned and promised day,
Sorrow and sin it chased away,
And opened into glorious light."

Nor is he deficient in descriptive power. In a hymn on "A Storm at Sea," occur the following graphic touches:

"Headlong we clave the yawning deep,
 'And back to highest heaven are borne,
 Unmoved though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
 And all the watery world upturn!"

Quite as powerful are the lines in one of his seventeen "Earthquake Hymns":

"Earth unhinged as from her basis,
 Owns her great Restorer nigh;
 Plunged in complicate distresses,
 Poor distracted sinners cry;
 Men their instant doom deploring,
 Faint beneath their fearful load:
 Ocean working, rising, roaring,
 Claps his hands to meet his God."

But as our bard's genius is essentially subjective rather than picturesque, these Turner-like touches of the natural artist are comparatively rare. We must look for other qualities in keeping with its character.

One of these is a certain tenderness of sentiment closely allied to pathos, which gives him power

"To ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

Let one instance suffice:

"ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT,

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care;
 The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there."

Akin to this tenderness of sentiment is a fine delicacy of thought. What a happy turn of thought occurs in the following lines:—

"ON AN INFANT,

"The man that ushered thee to light, my child,
 Saw thee in tears while all around thee smiled:
 When summoned hence to thine eternal sleep,
 Oh, may'st thou smile while all around thee weep."

As there is only a step between a tear and a smile, our min-

strel is not without a touch of playful humour. The following epigram was written to correct the ambitious aspirations of his son Charles:

"Take time by the forelock," is old Charles' word ;
 "Time enough," quoth the son with the air of a lord ;
 "Let the vulgar be punctual ; my humour and passion
 To make people wait, or I can't be in fashion.
 If I follow the great only when they do well,
 To the size of a hero I never can swell.
 But for me, insignificant wight, it suffices
 To follow them close in their follies and vices."

His humour occasionally sharpens into the keenest satire, especially in its lighter forms, with which is blended the purest Attic wit. His earliest composition extant, written in his 27th year, is a satire upon the marriage of his sister Martha. The following lines are taken from his

"MAN OF FASHION.

"What is a modern man of fashion ?
 A man of taste and dissipation ;
 A busy man without employment ;
 A happy man without enjoyment.

In sleep and dress and sport and play,
 He throws his worthless life away ;

Custom pursues,—his only rule,—
 And lives an ape, and dies a fool !"

But his muse for the most part is serious and its distinguishing feature is its fire, its impassioned vehemence, and even sublimity. In his loftiest flights he rivals

"Rapt, Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire."

For energy what could surpass the following couplets from our author's "Elegy on George Whitefield":

"Whitefield begins his course and rises fair,
 And shoots and glitters like a blazing star.

He takes the eagle's with the morning's wings,
 To other worlds the great salvation brings.

From strength to strength our young apostle goes,
 Pours like a torrent and the land o'erflows.

Resistless wins his way with rapid zeal,
Turns the world upside down, and shakes the gates of hell."

For sublimity the following stanzas from the last of his hundred and eighty-two "Hymns on the Trinity" have only to be cited to be appreciated:

"Great Triune God, whose ruling power
Must prevalent o'er all appear;
Hasten the destined day and hour,
Establishing thy kingdom here:
Sublime on Thy millennial throne,
Thee all Thy saints expect to see,
While every tongue, like ours, shall own
Jehovah One in Persons Three.

"Stretch out Thine arm, Almighty King,
Thine own omnipotence assume;
The first and last dominion bring,
To reign before Thine ancients come:
O might we at the time foretold,
See all things to Thyself subdued,
And every prostrate soul behold
Adorers of the Triune God!"

Above all, there breathe in Wesley's sublime and glowing compositions the high communings of a pure and pious spirit, which only a ripe experience in the things of God can fit one fully to appreciate and share. They show their glory, not to the masses that remain below, but only to the Moses that climbs the mount. The saintly Fletcher, referring to the hymn:

"Come, let us ascend, my companion and friend,
To taste of the banquet above,"

which is one of Wesley's "Marriage Hymns," eloquently observes: "When the triumphal chariot of perfect love gloriously carries you to the top of perfection's hill; when you are raised far above the common heights of the perfect; when you are almost translated into glory, like Elijah, then you may sing this hymn."

Turning now from the soul of our minstrel's poetry to the form it is made to assume, the first thing that arrests attention is its simplicity. "Simple, sensuous, passionate," all is perfectly natural. His is not the dainty diction of a verbal artist whose verses are mosaics. Nor are his lines a series of brilliant

epigrams or detached glittering apophthegms, like Pope's, for instance. They have little either of the wizard sorcery of Milton, with his literary necromancy, or of the magic of Tennyson, to whom words are "nimble and airy servitors" that muster in sweet felicities of phrase or trip singing to the music of verse. His language is plain and simple—

"All air and fire, which makes his verses clear."

The leviathans of the lexicon are eschewed. He never dips his pen in the rainbow, nor borrows a celestial vocabulary. When he introduces words derived from the Greek, Latin and French languages, it is, because the metre, the rhyme or variety of diction requires it; otherwise his words are of Saxon origin. And he is sparing in the use even of these. Feeble expletives are seldom admitted; and adjectives, which too frequently serve no better purpose than to support a limping substantive or to fill out a halting line, are rare with him. He is "a great eraser of adjectives." And this gives to his verses the simplicity of the old ballads in which few adjectives are found.

It must not be supposed, however, that Charles Wesley's poetry is naked of ornament and devoid of art. Here and there in its summer landscape, flowers of rhetoric breathe a fragrance and embody a honeyed sweetness that are very refreshing. His imagery is often beautiful and occasionally brilliant; but the inner thought always shines through and transfigures every fold and fibre of the drapery. Simplicity is the rule with him, and his thought is white as the light; but at times the light is made to pass through the prison of poetic imagery until it shines in all the opalescent colours of the rainbow.

The fact is, that religious truth and feeling, of all subjects, are those that admit of the fewest ornaments—

"When unadorned, adorned the most"—

but this has sometimes been forgotten, and one eminent author, at least—George Macdonald—has been misled into the unjust criticism, that Charles Wesley's hymns "do not possess much literary merit."

Our minstrel's simplicity is further relieved and the effect greatly heightened by a certain mechanical art. Few surpass him in that trim antithesis and exact alliteration that lend such charm and music to verse. It is an old-fashioned art and has a Hebrew

look, reminding one of the balanced antitheses and sweet alliterations of Old Testament poetry. None knew better than our bard how to enlist

“Apt alliteration’s artful aid”

without suffering it to degenerate into an offensive conceit or a tiresome trick.

Next to simplicity is the harmony of his verse. In its flowing diction murmurs the profoundest harmony—

“Musical as is Apollo’s lute.”

One element in this harmony is a sweetness and compass of rhythm. There is not a “moving strain” or a “melting measure,” as he phrases it, but he has woven it into his “various-measured verse.” With a thorough mastery of the *ars poetica* he has given expression to the most various emotions of mind in suitable and ever-changing rhythm—

“Untwisting all the links that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.”

Another element in the harmony of his verse is a pulsing swell of music. The ear discovers a gradual swell of thought together with a corresponding swell of harmony, rising like a gentle wave and rolling on until it breaks in the melody of the last line. He is a perfect master of the climax. His lightning thought often bursts in thunder. And the greater the swell the sweeter the music—

“And swells, when nearest to the sky,
His notes of sweetest ecstasy.”

But the main element in his harmony is a wonderful variety of metre. His metres, numbering about thirty, are more numerous than those of any other poet, and charm by their variety and fitness. Now you hear the resounding swell of the hexameter, and anon the neat and nicely-balanced swing and beat of the couplet, closing at intervals in the lingering cadence of an Alexandrine, but maintaining throughout that mysterious synthesis of sound and sense which is only possible to the hand of a master in “the tuneful art.” One of his favourite metres is the quatrain—a heroic stanza of four lines alternately rhymed—a measure introduced by Davenant in his “Gondibert.” Equally common with him are the dactylic measures of the learned languages:

Many of his most elaborate poems are written in the ten-syllabled, heroic couplet, of Dryden and Pope, which in the eighteenth century became the ruling form of English verse. But his most frequent metre is the iambic, of which long metre, short metre, and common metre, so called, are so many modifications.

To a fertility of invention in this matter he has shown considerable skill in consecrating to his use metres that have been employed in the service of common sentiment. Subjoined is a stanza by Dr. Barnard, Bishop of Killaloe, full of delicate irony in its allusion to Dr. Samuel Johnson :

“ Johnson shall teach me how to place
In fairest light each borrowed grace ;
From him I'll learn to write—
Copy his clear, familiar style,
And, by the roughness of his file,
Grow like himself polite.”

Now see how our minstrel has dignified this same metre by applying it to a sacred subject in the hymn :

“ Thou God of glorious majesty,” etc.

Shenstone, one of our pastoral poets, and a contemporary of our bard, has the lines—

“ I prized every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleased me before ;
But now they are gone and I sigh,
And I grieved that I prized them no more.”

How naturally this metre suits the sentiment of the hymn :

“ Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,” etc.

To simplicity and harmony must be added continuity. His muse can not only mount, it can sustain itself on the wing. Spasms of poetic effort and coruscations of excellence are not the highest expression of power. Continuity is. To maintain a freshness that never tires and to generate a “linked sweetness long drawn out” is possible only to the first order of genius; and this is found in the man whose verse shall live, not for the measured cadence of its rhythm, nor for any Della Cruscan tinsel and jingle of its rhyme, but for its own sterling and intrinsic merits.

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;
A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, A.B.

CHAPTER IX.—AT EVENING-TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT,

And the night shall be full of music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—*Longfellow.*

THERE was not much sleep in the settlement that night. The twinkling lights shone through the windows of the cottages, until the dawning of another day rendered them unnecessary; and as the day advanced, the men gathered in knots on the hills which commanded the best view of the bay, and peered earnestly through the morning mist, to catch a glimpse of the returning boats. Not a vestige of ice was in sight, though, off on the horizon, the dreamy light of the "ice-glim," in the sky, showed that the white field was just beyond its rim. Hour after hour passed away; the morning was succeeded by noon, and yet no stroke of work was done in the little harbour. The men could not work, for the strain of a terrible uncertainty unnerved them, and made them restless. From point to point they wandered; singly or in groups, now scanning the hazy horizon, now speculating as to the whereabouts of the boats, and the chances of their success, and anon commiserating their missing neighbours, and recalling their appearance and conversation when they had last seen them, or recounting reminiscences of similar accidents of which they had heard or with which they had themselves been connected.

Slowly the hours of the day dragged on, the suspense of all becoming every hour more painful, and the strain on those chiefly interested almost agonizing in its intensity. At length, just as the night came on, a boat was seen rounding the most distant point down shore, quickly followed by another and another. The news flew rapidly; "The boats are coming! The boats are coming!" and in a few minutes the whole population of the

village was clustered on the high lands watching the boats as they were rowed up the shore. Darkness closed in long before they reached the harbour mouth, and the people, hurrying from the hills, crowded the beach and the stages, to greet them on arrival and learn the tidings they were bringing. By-and-by, the oar-strokes plainly heard told that they had entered the Narrows, and as the splash, splash of the steady pulls came closer and closer, the eagerness and suspense became terrible. Here, indeed, were the anxiously expected boats, but what news were they bringing? Was it life or death? Oh, the suspense of that awful moment. All were longing to know the truth, yet none durst ask. And thus, amidst absolute silence, the boats came slowly on. At length a voice broke the stillness. It was Mr. Fairbairn's, and strangely tremulous and unnatural it sounded:

"Is that you, Skipper George?"

"Yes, sir." The answer came promptly through the darkness.

There was a pause, and it seemed to the minister that his heart-beats were as loud as the sound of his voice, as he asked,

"Have you found them?"

Again there was a pause—very long it seemed to the listeners—and then the reply in broken tones,

"All found, sir, thank the good Lord!"

The pent-up feelings of the people could no longer be restrained. Some shouted, some cheered, some laughed hysterically, while not a few, men as well as women, burst into tears and wept like children.

Meanwhile the boats had reached the stage and the lights of a score of lanterns flashed down upon them. Aye, there they were, poor fellows, haggard-looking and cold, it was true, as they lay wrapped up in the blankets which their finders had brought with them, but safe and sound, there was no doubt of that. In a few minutes the boats were made fast and the missing men restored to their friends on the stage. Who can describe that meeting—the joy that was almost too great for expression, the certainty that seemed almost impossible of realization, the excitement and agitation, intensified by the vigils of the past night and the strain of the anxious, dreary day that was closing so happily. Who can picture that mother receiving back as from the grave her two noble boys, or that aged patriarch clasping his son to his breast, or that sister sobbing out her gratitude and love

as she hung on the shoulder of her only brother almost mourned as dead, and now restored alive and well!

"Friends," said Mr. Fairbairn, "let us sing the Doxology," and instantly every head was bared and every voice was raised as the grand and appropriate outburst of praise rolled up to heaven. Never more fittingly, and never perhaps more sincerely, did these words go up from human hearts. Again and again they sang them, and the surrounding hills caught the echoes and redoubled them until the very night itself seemed vocal with their song of thankfulness.

CHAPTER X.—THE RESCUE.

Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed!

—Wesley.

"Yes, sir," said Skipper George, as he and the minister sat together, the following day, in close converse on the events of the rescue; "yes, sir, we had, you may depend on it, a pretty hard time of it. After we rowed out o' harbour that night we kept well in by the land following the windings of the shore, and especially careful to examine the head-lands and to enquire at the settlements as we went along. But we couldn't see or hear anything of them at all, and the people down shore didn't give us much hope, for the ice had run off very fast, and hadn't penned in as we had hoped. However we kept on, and by daylight were down at the Point, but without any success. One thing we were now sure of, they hadn't got to land anywhere this side of the Point, and we knew 'twas no use trying the other side as the bay opens out wide immediately.

"We felt pretty well disheartened, I assure you, sir, but we didn't think of giving up the search yet. So I called the other boats up close, and I told them we'd row out to the ice, and that my boat would take the farthest off place, each boat to make the edge of the ice a mile or two from the rest so as to search the whole line of it as closely and as quickly as we could. I gave 'em their bearings and we started. They all got to the edge sometime before we did, for I was determined to keep as far out as possible. About an hour and a half's smart pulling took us to the edge, and we at

once scattered a bit and began our search. The ice was pretty loose, though not as much so as I had feared from the way the wind blew the night before, and the swell that was heaving among it.

"For about two hours my crew worked about, going out as far as we dared from the boat and keeping within hailing distance of one another, for the ice was bad and heavy. At last I heard a shout from one of the men, and when I got to him I found he had in his hand a piece of cloth all covered with blood, which I recognized at once as a bit of the sleeve-waistcoat belonging to my boy, little Jack. He had found it about half a mile to the north, he told us, and there was a good deal of blood on the ice where he found it, and marks of blood leading south and west, as if the person bleeding had gone in that direction. My heart gave a great throb as I saw that bit of blood-stained cloth, sir, and I began to imagine all sorts of terrible things; and yet I thanked God that we had a clue, trifling as it was, the whereabouts of the poor lads, and I knew that, after all, the blood might mean nothing worse than a cut hand, so I told the men to scatter again, and we went on in the direction the traces showed.

• "We soon lost the tracks, but we kept on, and by-and-by got among some heavy ice. I suppose an hour passed, and still no sign of them, when all at once I heard a shout of 'Father,' and there was my boy, William, not a hundred yards away, on the top of a big hummock of ice. In a few minutes more I was beside him, and there, behind the hummock, was a sight I'll never forget. Poor little Jack, white as a corpse, was lying with his head on Dick Tuffin's shoulder, and Harry Burton was busy rubbing his forehead with snow. The poor little chap had fainted when he heard William call out 'Father,' and knew that I was coming. As I bent over him he came to, and put his arms round my neck and cried.

"'It's all right now, father; I'll soon be able to get up and go home,' he said after the first outburst was over. It seems that poor Jack was the principal cause of their being blown off. He had managed to give his leg an ugly gash when sculping a seal late in the afternoon and just as they were thinking of starting, and it bled so much that the poor boy got weak, and couldn't get along fast. Then William told the others to go ahead, and he'd hold on with Jack; but the others wouldn't leave them, and so they all got drove off together.

“Poor fellows! they had an awful time of it. William told me the grinding of the ice, and the howling of the wind was fearful during the first part of the night. They were so near the weather edge that it was packed pretty tight so they were able to move about and keep themselves warm, and ever since daylight they had been on the L.amp keeping near the edge, and moving to windward in the bare hope that some one might rescue them. Will tells me they never gave up hope, and poor little Jack was the pluckiest of the lot, always with a merry laugh and a cheery word of hope that help was sure to come. Come in and see the boys, sir. They're smart to-day.”

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE MIST.

How well defined and clear
They hold themselves in view,
Peak, crag, and shadowy cleft,
Against the deep, dark blue,
And to our view how seeming near!

And now behind a filmy veil
Of mist or summer haze,
Peak, crag, and cleft themselves enshroud,
Distant and dim and pale,
Or disappear within the cold, gray cloud.

Yet veiled in haze or mist,
Or hid in clouds about their summits tossed,
Or sunlit in the tranquil summer air,
We know the glorious mountains are not lost;
Changeless, immovable and calm,
They still are there!

Ours is the mist of doubt,
Ours is the cloud of fear,
And the dark tempests of the soul.
That dim the vision clear
Of heavenly heights, serene and fair,
(Along whose upland slopes
Martyr and saint have trod,
That bask in cloudless day,
In ever peaceful air,
The eternal hills of God,
But they are there!

—*R. McCarter.*

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MERCHANT.*

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

I.

How many strange people are met as one travels through life! What stories could lawyers tell of what they have seen and heard of clients; physicians, of patients; clergymen, of those whom they had met in the discharge of their duties; politicians, especially those behind the scenes; bankers, of easy and needy customers! In fact, the observant man, whatever be his calling, will during an ordinary life meet men, so many and so different, that if he were to weave together the incidents growing out of such intercourse, he would produce a tale more startling than any romance, more instructive because true.

Professional men, especially lawyers, physicians, and clergymen, become familiar with aspects of human life of which many have never heard, simply because those who seek their counsel, feeling that they can rely upon their honour, tell them unreservedly that which they would hesitate to make known to others—a confidence, I do not hesitate to say, which is never betrayed.

And yet the classes of strange people differ as widely as do the professions or callings of the men who meet them, excepting only where, laying aside all professional or business duties, one goes into the outer world to do battle with sin and wretchedness and vice. Then, indeed, the experience of all is very much alike; such workers having many opportunities of realizing that

“One touch of nature makes the world akin.”

It is not strange, then, that we have books giving us peeps into the daily life of men in various professions and callings—stories of legal life, of bench and bar; stories of naval and military men; books of school and university life, as “Tom Brown at Oxford,” Canon Farrar’s books, “Eric,” “St. Winni-

* A paper read at Bond Street Progress Society, January 26th, 1883; at Commercial College, and at Jarvis Street Baptist Church, April 19th, 1883; and at Metropolitan Church, October 31st, 1883.

freds," and "Julian Home," "The Diary of a Physician," the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, the wonderful journals of John Wesley, and many other books of the same class, which one cannot read without profit.

The merchant, as well as the other classes referred to, meets with a variety of strange people in the ordinary nature of his business, the number and variety being larger or smaller in proportion to the extent and variety of his business.

Popular usage has given the term merchant to any trader who buys and sells goods, although the word is strictly descriptive of one who imports from or exports to foreign countries, and who sells in large quantities. In either case the term is an honourable one, and the only regret is that there have been, and still are, those who betray confidence, and in other ways show their unfitness to belong to a class who, take them man for man, are as advanced in thought, as generous and noble-minded, as truly the benefactors of the race as any other class of men on the face of the earth.

With what stories would the lives of A. T. Stewart and Peabody abound, in their struggles from comparative obscurity, until their names became familiar in both hemispheres as men of fabulous wealth, and, I think I may add, of untarnished honour. What incidents crowd round the memories of George Moore and Sir Francis Crossley—the first, from the period when as a commercial traveller he gave the first great impetus to the house for which he travelled, to the time when he became its leading partner, and as such was accustomed to entertain members of the Royal family, recognized as a great merchant and a distinguished philanthropist—the latter, from the humblest beginnings to the time when he reached the very first rank among business men, either in the Old or New World, at which time one appropriately said of him, on his presenting his native town with a park, as the Prince of Wales stood by him, his guest upon the occasion, "Show me a man diligent in business; he will stand before kings, and not before mean men." Or, with what stories would the lives of such London merchants as Sir William McArthur, the late Lord Mayor of London, on whom the Sovereign has recently conferred the honour of knighthood; or George Williams, one of the founders of the great work now so widely spread over the world—the Young

Mén's Christian Association. Wonderful, indeed, would be the stories which they could tell, still more wonderful the stories which they will never tell, of the good quietly and unostentatiously done, of the numbers benefited by their assistance in character and circumstances, and who to-day live for the "good that they can do."

But I am not going to furnish incidents from the lives of these men, but to present just a few sketches of scenes familiar to the daily life of a merchant in this "Canada of ours."

To most counting-houses capital and credit are very essential; indeed, without either one or the other the race is likely to be a very short one. In the house in which the incidents of which I am about to speak were gathered there was but a very modest quantity of either the one or the other: the capital was small, the credit in proportion. Limited, of course, will the number of customers be that such a house is likely to have, few comparatively the appeals to aid in undertakings requiring liberal subscriptions. Judicious collectors have discrimination enough to see how things are, and if between them any difference of opinion exists, it is generally settled by one saying to the other: "O let him alone, poor fellow; he is only beginning. He has enough to do." No one asks such a one to be a president of a bank or a director of a building society. None ask him to preside at some great public gathering. None ask him to take \$10,000 stock in some new company about to be formed. To such a one no one comes either and says, "I want to deposit with you \$5,000; allow me the best rate of interest you can. I know it will be safe with you." But as all conditions have their advantages as well as drawbacks, few would think of asking such a one to lend them \$1,000, or to endorse a note for them for double that amount. With such a one this is the period of laying the foundation, and that should be laid carefully, solidly, and well; and if well-earned success attends and crowns one's efforts, the result will be largely attributable to the manner in which that was done. And as it is not upon that which is seen that the safety of the building depends, but upon that which is not seen—that sure and solid foundation upon which the broad stones rest—so will the man's success depend upon his framing his business life by those principles which have their foundation in truth and righteousness—prin-

ciples which will help him when the crisis comes; and as the tempest, fierce though it be, does little more injury to the safely-constructed building than carry away a few ornamental finials or crestings, so, to the thoroughly earnest man, the crisis may take from him a few hundred, perhaps a few thousand dollars, but he comes out of it with unimpaired credit and with a spotless character.

While I am not going to speak of business success, I find that I have to enquire what the elements are that are needed to secure it. And these are just the same as those needed to secure success in any other calling or profession: a thorough mastery of details, strict attention to business, economical and prudent expenditure in the management of one's affairs, temperate habits, a pleasant and agreeable manner, intense earnestness, and a good character—these are needed, not singly, but combined. A man may have a good character with no aptitude for business. A man may be an expert, but be without character. A man may be an expert, but extravagant and inattentive. The whole combination is needed to secure success. The same combination is needed to ensure success in any calling in life, and it is not too much to say that the man who makes a successful merchant would make a successful lawyer, a successful physician, or a successful mechanic, for he would throw into his business that untiring earnestness which ever has made, and ever will make, men successful. In illustration of this position, let me say that a gentleman in this city, in the legal profession, held, when a young man, a good position in a large importing house. He exhibited then the strong characteristics which have marked his career since, and had he adopted business as his calling, he would have occupied in it the same proud position which he does in the profession which he adopted, and of which he is to-day so bright an ornament.

But now for some of the things which are seen, and some of the people who are met, by merchants in the office and out of it. I have spoken about temperate habits as being necessary to one's success. I well remember crossing the Atlantic upon one occasion when, among the passengers, was a fine, handsome young fellow, from a city in the United States. He was the buyer for an importing house. He was very young; and yet his taste had become so vitiated that, for breakfast, he

must have claret, and for this meal he rarely made his appearance before ten o'clock. Here is one of the sad pictures which one meets. Alas! how many buyers are like him to-day, young and bright as he was, and yet the slaves of a habit which must in a short time, unless the snare is happily broken, bring about the ruin of soul and body. How terrible the effects of drink! How many bright lives does it becloud! How many happy homes does it desolate! How many graves does it fill! And yet young men are offered—nay and pressed—to take that which, if indulged in, will forever bar their way to advancement and happiness. Are there not those here who have seen a generation of young men in this city swept away through strong drink, who might be living to-day, ornaments of society! Are there not those here who have seen a generation of merchants in this city fall by the same curse—able, bright, genial, clever men, leaving behind them not one trace that they had ever lived to any purpose—men who might have been a power in the land to-day!

If any man in business is mad enough to fancy that he can maintain his business and his credit, his respectability and his health; that he can steadily and certainly add to his capital and yet drink,—let him know that he never made a greater mistake. He will lose his business, his credit, his respectability, and his health; he will lose his self-respect, and then what is left? He may put cloves in his mouth when he goes into a merchant's office, but merchants have sharp noses as well as sharp eyes; and men who begin to tipple need not wonder if the merchants from whom they buy begin to be apprehensive, and tell them they would prefer not increasing their account.

I have spoken of economical and prudent expenditure in the management of one's affairs as being absolutely necessary to success. Without this, success is impossible. Two parties occur to my mind in this connection. The first, a young man of good manners and business habits, but, unhappily for himself and his creditors, wanting in this essential matter. Because he had obtained credit while destitute of means, and solely upon the strength of his supposed carefulness and ability, he must needs furnish his house with a piano, fine carpets, and everything in keeping. The end very soon came, when it was found

that he had the piano and the furniture, and the creditors the bad debt and the experience, and beyond that, I think, there was no dividend.

The other, the case of one whose wife, when he was unable to pay for it, must have a fine carpet with a rich fern, if it was to be had. The carpet was found. Within a month her husband was a bankrupt; but the carpet with the rich fern has not been paid for yet, and I greatly fear never will.

In neither of these cases would there have been anything wrong in the possession of either the piano or the carpet if the parties had been able to afford either; but to get these when they knew that neither could be afforded; when they knew that, under such circumstances, either would be out of place; if bought at all, must be bought, not by their own means, but by the means of those who had reposed confidence in them and given them a credit, not for the extravagant furnishing of their house or the bedecking of their persons, but for the wise and profitable carrying on of their business, was, neither more nor less, dishonest.

But the merchant meets with those who are prudent and economical, and whom no amount of credit leads into folly, or extravagance, who from first to last steadily keep in view the bettering of their condition and the maintenance of an unblemished business character. Here one may ask, Are there not many such careful and prudent men, and are there not a large number who succeed? There is abundant room for more careful and prudent men, and those who succeed are comparatively few. In this connection I have before me the case of three young men. They began without means; so far as I know, neither of them had one dollar; but they had ability, fixedness of purpose, great prudence in the management of their affairs, and were men of good character. I had reason to know that two were good sons—a species of capital which is not very abundant, but which is of unspeakable value. No piano, no carpet with a rich fern, no house of their own until they could keep it. And, though men with strong domestic qualities, no wife until they could make a wife comfortable; what is the result? They are to-day where such principles would lead one to suppose they would be, enjoying the confidence of those with whom they do business, retaining the confidence of those who gave them their

start in life; they are found-to-day, as the result of a long and honourable career, prosperous, wealthy, and respected.

How different from those who, carried away by the appearance of success, buy horses, build houses, speculate in bank and other stocks, withdrawing their attention from their business, and before long involving themselves and others in ruin; what stories could be told, what books could be written of the doings of this class whose name is legion. Some in their desire to make money dishonestly are discovered by the very improbability of the stories which they put together for the accomplishment of their purpose. One who shall be nameless came to the city with a long face and a long story. He had sold his farm for cash; while on his way to the city with the money to pay his bills (and here he showed a great cut outside his pocket) some one in the cars had robbed him of the money while he slept. Now, this doubtless was a fine story; but the old serpent is not always wise: his pupils are either not apt or he is not sufficiently thorough in teaching. The farm was, according to his story, sold. The merchant instructed his solicitor to test the validity of the sale; the result was that the value of the farm found its way into the merchant's office, and the man himself had abundant opportunity of reflecting upon the proverb that "Honesty is the best policy."

Another case. One of the partners of a firm, which must also be nameless, writes one of the creditors of their firm:

Dear Sir,—We were about leaving for the city to meet our maturing bills; we had in our safe \$10,000. In the morning the dreadful discovery was made that our safe had been blown open, and the money stolen.

Would it be believed that their own hands had applied the powder, and that they themselves had been the burglars. Some who fail dishonestly fancy that with a new veneering of capital enabling them to buy for cash, they will as customers be more desirable than ever and their accounts be more sought after. Let us see how such people fare, at least in some quarters.

The following conversation took place in a warehouse early one morning:

"Good-morning, sir," said the merchant to the customer, whom he noticed buying goods.

"Good-morning, sir," said the customer.

"You seem," said the merchant, "to be buying quite a large parcel."

"Oh, that is only a small lot. I go through a large quantity of goods in the year."

"Pray, where is your place of business?"

"In Blank town, if you can call it in business."

"Oh, you have been unfortunate, then, I should judge; were you indebted to this house?"

"Yes, and I was treated so kindly by the house that I intend buying all my goods from it for cash."

Meantime the merchant passes into the office and makes the following enquiry:

"What about A—— B——?"

Answer—"He made a most dishonourable failure."

The merchant returns to the customer, when the following took place:—

"I learn that in your recent failure you defrauded your creditors; life at longest is but short, many of us do but little good; but if we can show how thoroughly conduct like yours ought to be condemned by refusing to do business with you, we do a public good, and, to a certain extent, we protect every honest and upright trader. Have the goodness to leave the house." He vanished thoroughly dazed, as if he would have said, "Has it come to this, that a man will not deal with me even if I pay him cash." And the merchant saw him no more.

I CANNOT CHOOSE.

I CANNOT choose—I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus's feet, to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head,
While drinking in the gracious words He said.
And yet to serve Him!—O divine employ,
To minister and give the Master joy!
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,
To wait upon Him while He sat at rest!
Worship or service—which? Ah that is best
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest—
To labour for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet, a silent worshipper,
So let Him choose for us: we are not strong
To make the choice; perhaps we should go wrong,
Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship, and so fail of both.

HAS CANADA A HISTORY ?

BY JANET CARNOCHAN.

"YOUR country has no history, you must own,"
 They coldly say, with calm superior tone.
 Thus even spoke a statesman, good and wise,
 Four decades since, whose memory much we prize ;
 For now to his advice in part we owe,
 We stand "four-square to all the winds that blow."
 The plan was his, though others wisely wrought,
 Their toil we see to full fruition brought ;
 For now from wild Atlantic's stormy seas,
 To far Pacific's calms and balmy breeze,
 From Arctic's ice-bound seas so vast and lone
 Its arms our country spreads from zone to zone.
 No history, forsooth—consult the tomes
 Which tell of those who left their fair French homes,
 Their sunny vines and "pleasant land of France,"
 For rude stockade exchanged the merry dance,
 For glittering court the red man's scalping knife,
 For college halls a rude, laborious life.
 Consult the mouldering records of the past
 In Ville Marie and old Quebec amassed,
 Of France's chosen chivalry, which tell
 In this new land of France, then *La Nouvelle*,
 Which tell of chivalrous La Salle's essay,
 Long marches from Quebec to Mexique's Bay
 Thousands of miles not once alone nor twice,
 Hunger and cold and death the bitter price.
 Which tell, too, of her missionary band—
 Of hero martyrs in the red man's land,
 Whose mission was not gold, but souls to save,
 Of gentle Lalement and Bréboeuf, who gave
 Their lives through nameless tortures for the truth,
 To bear the cross to men, who knew nor fear nor ruth.

Go, ask the veterans of Hudson's Bay
 To tell of years of hardship as they may,
 Or Selkirk vainly battling in the North,
 When fortune sent her bitter arrows forth,
 'Gainst freshets, famines and the northwind's breath,
 And rival hostile bands, disease and death.
 Go, ask the unwritten history of those days,
 As told by those fast fading from our gaze ;
 Go, ask the veterans of the war to tell

One-half alone of all that then befell ;
Go, ask the ancient white-haired dames to speak
Of sad, sad moments, when they came to seek
New homes, new hearthstones, ah, the bitter pain
Of finding that, instead, they oftentimes gain
Lone graves for tender little ones, alas !
They may not stay, but onward, onward pass.

And have the walls of Louisburg no tale ?
Is there no history carried by the gale,
Of crumbling, blackened walls, scarred and defaced,
Which England there and France alternate traced ?
In Acadie St. Johns' long siege may tell,
How woman can her country's foe repel,
A humbler heroine's long march by night,
To Beaver Dams shall make the page more bright.
And Queenston Heights and hard-fought Lundy's Lane,
Detroit and Newark swell the loud refrain.

Nor boast we of a far descending line,
With long and laboured heraldic design
From Norman conquering host and robber band,
In this our fair and fertile western land.
Nor Pilgrim blood nor Puritan we claim—
We care not for the too much vaunted name.

No history—then tell me ye who can,
As chronicles of brave and good ye scan,
A higher, nobler, more unselfish deed,
And more deserving laurel crown and meed ;
To leave broad fields, and fruitful orchards fair,
Or happy smiling, prosperous homes, and dare
To face wild beasts, and still more savage men,
And yet are far beyond the white man's ken—
To leave the graves of those they loved so well,
More loved than these perhaps, the sweet church bell,
And all for what ? for an idea ? No—
Ten thousand times we say again—not so ;
The right to say aloud—God save the King,
To British laws, and British homes to cling.
For love of what they deemed good government,
Nor less than these demands will them content ;
To face reproach, abuse, nor weakly yield,
Even when the contest with their blood they sealed,
When specious pleading made the worse appear
The better reason, oft through force or fear.
These are the things that test and try men's souls,
And show what leading principle controls ;

And not the men alone thus did and dared,
But women fair and young, and old and silvery-haired.

If, then, they claim the sifting of the Old Land,
To form the Pilgrim Fathers' chosen band,
We claim a second sifting more severe,
To make the finest of the wheat appear.
No history! when half a continent
From France, by British swords was rudely rent,
And all the land changed masters in a day,
What time Montcalm met Wolfe in bloody fray.
No history, when each morn they proudly say
In Pitt's strong reign, "What conquest new to-day?"
When crippled by that Titan struggle long
Against a foe ambitious, selfish, strong
England sent scanty help across the sea,
To her fair daughter struggling desperately.
Through sore distress, alternate loss and gain,
The unequal contest nobly they maintain
To keep their soil a sacred heritage,
Those heroes all unknown to history's page.
A baptism of fire and tears and blood,
Our country gained and stemmed the swelling flood.
Again was seen as has been seen before,
On many a bloody field in days of yore,
Not always is the battle to the strong,
Nor to the swift must aye the race belong;
For to the arms though weak of those who fight,
For hearth and home, a freeman's sacred right,
There comes through all that dark and dreadful hour,
An energy before unknown, a sacred power,
The invading foe grows weak and melts away
As snow, before the sunny smiles of May.

While Puritan and Pilgrim loud they praise,
And Loyalists are lauded in our days,
Shall not those Pioneers who crossed the foam,
And left th' Old World to hew them out a home,
Where all was new, and strange, and wild, and rude,
Who struggled on, with courage unsubdued,
Where hardihood and honest toil combine
Shall we forget a generous wreath to twine?
No history, forsooth—we claim the past,
Not only of this land, from first to last,
The Motherland shall open for us the page
And who could ask a nobler heritage?
Her history is ours, her heroes grand
In war or peace, a proud illustrious band,

We claim them all, in letters, art or song,
To us and to our sons, these sires belong.
In this new land of lakes and fertile meads
We claim besides, our other later deeds
In freer, purer, more untainted air,
Where plenty leaves no vantage for despair.
We boast of freedom real—to black and red,
Nor foot of serf our sacred soil may tread,
That long 'ere Britain's dusky slaves were free,
While Wilberforce was battling generously,
'Ere Southern neighbours dreamt the slave a man,
And not a chattel, under bonds and ban ;
Our legislators 'neath fair Newark's trees,
Declared our slaves were free on land or seas.
Our treaties with the red man in his need,
Have all been straitly kept in word and deed,
And still they shew with pardonable pride,
The silver service by Queen Anne supplied,
The medals handed down from sire to son
Which tell of treaties made or battles won.
For years our statesmen nobly sought to gain
The rights their sons enjoy and now maintain,
Nor England nor Columbia's power so great
Freedom to give to all in Church and State,
A hard and bitter battle long they fought,
Nor was our sires' unselfish toil for nought.

Then for our land unflinchingly we claim
That on a broad, firm basis rests its fame.
Be ours the willing task to help to build
A long enduring glorious record, filled
With all brave acts, of pure unselfish love,
Of gentle, knightly deeds, inspired above,
That our fair country justly may be famed,
That never may its children be ashamed.
Let each his part build, strong, and true, and sure,
Then shall we have a history to endure,
And Canada—our Canada—shall be
A noble, Christian nation, great and free.

NIAGARA, Ont.

MAN is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate ;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,—
Our fatal shadows, that walk by us still.

—Fletcher.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

BY ANNA LÆTITIA WAR'ING.

IN heavenly love abiding,
 No changé my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back ;
 My Shepherd is beside me
 And nothing can I lack.

His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim, —
 He knows the ways He taketh,
 And I shall walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen ;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where the dark clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free,
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

CHRIST IN YOU.

Christ in you is the mystery of godliness. The words must have had a novel sound to the Christians at Colosse, who had just come out of the darkness of heathenism. They go to the very bottom of the great question of a consciousness of divine things. They declare the fulness of the evidence that satisfies a believing soul. It is, as the apostle says, the revelation of a mystery. It is what the Psalmist calls the secret of the Lord.

Christ in you is Christ in your consciousness—a personal knowledge of Him as your Saviour. It is that direct testimony of consciousness to which appeal is so constantly and so confidently made in the New Testament. The indwelling Christ made that new world in which His followers dwelt apart. Apostolic lips seemed touched with sacred fire whenever they spoke of this sublime and gracious mystery of the faith. They took it for granted they would be understood. They made no argument to prove such blessedness possible, but appealed to it as a common experience, the supreme demonstration of redemption by Jesus Christ, and the bond of cohesion among His followers. Their exulting, undoubting affirmation is, We know whom we

have believed. They declare that they have the witness in themselves, and that is the end of the controversy. Sophistries could not confuse or confound them, torture could not conquer their endurance, death could not terrify them. Christ in them was the antidote to doubt, despondency, and fear.

Christ in you means to you no less than it did to them as regards these subjective results. It means to you righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. It means certainty with regard to the most vital questions concerning which others doubt, the rest of the soul in the realization of a present Saviour, and a conscious salvation. If the heathen of Colosse, born of the Spirit, knew the mighty meaning of the words, shame on us upon whom the ends of the earth have come if we comprehend them not in the fulness of their gracious significance !

THE LIFE OF FAITH.

The Christian begins to live by faith. He continues to live by faith. He walks by faith. He receives every Gospel blessing by faith. All his soul's needs are supplied by faith. He is justified by faith. He is sanctified by faith. To the believer who has been sanctified, there is need, no less than before, of a constant abiding in Christ. In sanctifying a soul, the Holy Spirit does not place it beyond the reach of danger, nor beyond the possibility of sinning. To every one who is sanctified, there comes a definite moment when he can say : "Jesus saves me, and saves me now," the blood cleanseth—cleanseth now. If the same faith continues, when another moment comes he can still say it cleanseth—and so for a day, or a year, or a lifetime. Just as needful is it that there should be a constant momentary experience of faith in Christ for the maintenance of our spiritual life, as a constant momentary breathing to keep up our physical life. The Christian's life is a life of faith, and a life of faith is a life by the moment. Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. For whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Without faith it is impossible to please God. The just shall live by faith. But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

1. Christian life is life in Christ. For your life is hid with

Christ in God. He is your very life. Not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me. And to the close we are dependent on Him for everything, and do all things through Christ that strengthens us.

2. Christian life is life in the Spirit. He seals it, sustains it, and is the substance of it. We live in the Spirit. All our graces are the fruit of the Spirit. We are illuminated by the Spirit, strengthened by the Spirit, and filled with the Spirit, and we are warned by Paul, against grieving and quenching this blessed friend.

3. Christian life is a life of waiting, hoping and trusting for the coming of Christ, and looking for the blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Ever pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Praise God. There remain therefore a rest for the people of God. That rest is mine. I have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. I am saved through the precious blood of the Lamb. I am enjoying the fulness of Christ's love. I am loving God with all the heart. The Spirit answers with the blood and tells me I am born of God. I am trusting, fully trusting, sweetly trusting in the Lord. On looking over the years of my pilgrimage, I am deeply humbled, in view of my unworthiness. I see so many mistakes, so many failures, but God has been good all these years, and at times I have enjoyed much of His love; sometimes my cup has been running over. And now just at the close of my earthly pilgrimage, for I do feel that end is near, God is blessing me wonderfully from day to day. I find it good to use David's prayer, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Truly God is good to Israel, even to such as are of a clean heart.

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

All theories aside, there is in the fact of a holy life something very attractive. To love God with all our hearts, and our neighbour as ourselves; to have the image of God stamped on our souls, the life of God manifest in our mortal flesh, the mind that was in Christ clearly perceptible in our expressions and ways; walking as Christ also walked; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; returning not railing for railing, but dis-

arming criticism by circumspect lives; constantly labouring, praying without ceasing, rejoicing evermore and in everything giving thanks; we say there is in such undeniable characteristics of personal holiness something very charming and beautiful.

How little does it matter whether the power of the Spirit, resulting in such living, overshadows the believing soul in an instant, as no doubt is often the case, so that from that time he enjoys inward and outward holiness, to which he was before an utter stranger; or whether it comes in the gradual unfolding of a long consecrated life! The main point is that the soul is truly transformed, that there is no deception, no delusion, but a deep and constant communion with the Father and the Son, whereby the whole heart is surrendered and the whole life governed and controlled by the purest principles of the Divine Word.

The truth is, no one experience, or class of experiences, as to this doctrine, can ever become a universal standard. Here, as in conversion, and in intellectual exercises, every man in his own order. Controversies as to the method of becoming holy, may wage until the millennium, and nothing be settled. Nevertheless, souls may continue to trust God for full salvation, and testify to the experience of it, supporting the testimony by holy living and dying. In this, not in the long-drawn argument of theorists, the beauty of holiness appears. To this, earnest-minded believers would better give attention. In the contemplation of it there is profit, and in the experience of it there is spiritual and eternal gain. To have the inward man of the heart renewed after the image of God, cannot but strike every eye that God hath quickened—every enlightened understanding. As Wesley observed, the ornament of a meek, humble, loving spirit, will at least excite the approbation of all who are capable, in any degree, of discerning spiritual good and evil. From the hour men begin to emerge out of the dark which covers the giddy, unthinking world, they cannot but perceive how desirable a thing it is to be thus transformed into the likeness of Him that created us. O that a widespread, deep agonizing desire for this Scriptural and beautiful experience might seize upon all our people, leading them forthwith to prove God for the baptism of sanctifying power.

THE NATIONAL HOLINESS ASSEMBLY AT CHICAGO.

[We have received from an esteemed correspondent the following interesting communication.—Ed.]

It was our privilege to attend this important gathering, and partake of the benefits which could not fail to result from meeting with so many of the people of God.

The call to assemble was sent out by a large and influential committee, representing all parts of the country. The invitation was given to all the friends of holiness to meet together for thanksgiving for past blessings and for counsel concerning future work.

As might be expected, we found the neighbouring States chiefly represented. The Rev. George Hughes, Editor of the *Guide to Holiness*, was chosen President of the Assembly. At the very first meeting definite work was done for the Master, believers were helped to claim by present faith the blessings of full salvation. Indeed, this character of the meetings was maintained to the last, and there was scarcely a service held that did not witness fresh testimonies to the power of Christ to pardon and to cleanse from sin.

During the Convention a number of resolutions were adopted as the deliverances of the body concerning the doctrine held and preached on the subject of Holiness. These resolutions in no way clash with the usual teachings on this subject, and their chief nature consist in showing that the general teaching of those who responded to the call for a general assembly of the friends of holiness harmonises with the doctrines of the Methodist Church.

There were not wanting at this Assembly extremists on some of the questions which agitate those who attach supreme importance to non-

essentials as, for example, the dress question, faith healing, and physical demonstration, but they were not able to commit the Assembly to any deliverance which could in any way be made to sanction their pet views. We were rather surprised to find that the most important Holiness Association in the States was not represented at the Assembly, namely, the National Holiness Camp-Meeting Association. This appeared to narrow down the Assembly, as a representative body, to the Western States, whose mouth-piece we are inclined to think it really became. This, in place of detracting from its value, really increases it. For as it is in the Western States where extreme views on non-essentials most prevail, it is a source of great satisfaction to have it demonstrated that those who fain would teach others to love the spirit of holiness in the undue exaltation of externals are in the minority on what would naturally be their chosen ground. Nevertheless evidence was not wanting during the sessions of the Assembly that the disposition to exalt non-essentials to supreme importance is widespread, and is causing its usual evils.

With profounder gratitude to God from what we there witnessed, we realize the guiding hand of the Master in restraining us as an Association from committing ourselves, in the slightest degree, in that direction. So too the evils of leaving any practical question an open one, or simply swathed in indistinct general utterances, became more than ever apparent to us. Almost any creed is better than no creed on subjects of practical importance.

A NEW ROUTE TO OTTAWA AND MONTREAL.

By means of the recently opened Canada Pacific Railway, one may now proceed to Ottawa and Montreal by a very picturesque route and in less time than by any other road. The comfort and elegance of the cars is, I think, unequalled on any road on the Continent. On leaving Toronto the Canada Pacific skirts the northern front of the city, giving fine views of its many towers and spires and of the elegant villas on the neighbouring heights. Passing over the deep lateral ravines and main branch of the Don on lofty iron bridges, it commands a noble prospect of the beautiful Don Valley and of the picturesque hamlets of Todmorden and Agincourt, and of the rich farmsteads of Markham and Pickering. The country is now in its brightest verdure, the young wheat, the springing grass, and the fresh foliage of the trees being of an exquisitely tender green. Nothing can be more delicate and beautiful. The spring of Florida cannot compare for vivid freshness with ours. The live oaks and orange trees are evergreens of a dark glossy leaf and never exhibit the extreme delicacy of our opening buds, so welcome after a long winter.

In about three hours we reach the thriving town of Peterboro', the charm of whose environment makes one long for a more intimate acquaintance. As we advance the country becomes more rugged and broken, picturesque lakes appear and ledges of primitive rock crop out through the sod, as though the earth were getting out at elbows and the bones were appearing through the skin. Charbot Lake is a charming sheet of water, with bold rocky shores, and dotted with numerous verdure-clad islands.

The lake is only some forty miles north of Kingston and I made the run into the Limestone City. The ancient capital presents many features of great interest. One of

this is the Tete du Pont Barracks on the site of Frontenac's old fort, built in 1673. Fort Henry is a very elaborate fortress with deep stone-lined ditches, ramparts, casemates, and store and barrack accommodation for a thousand men. I was surprised at the extent and strength of its works and of the outlying martello towers and earthworks.

The other chief attraction of the city, from the tourist point of view, is the Penitentiary. Through the courtesy of the accomplished warden, Dr. Lavell, I was permitted to make a thorough inspection of the workshops, hospital, lunatic asylum, and prisons—including the underground dungeons for the punishment of refractory prisoners. I was shut up for a while in one of these cells. It was the darkest experience I had since I was locked up in a dungeon of the Doges' prison at Venice. The darkness, like that of Egypt, might be felt. The workshops, for comfort and cleanliness, we think cannot be surpassed in the world. Few free workmen labour under such favourable conditions. It was sad to see so many young men and young women spending the prime of their years behind prison bars. The discipline of the prison is reformatory as well as punitive. It is possible for a convict to considerably abridge the period of his sentence by good behaviour. Moral influences are largely employed. Two chaplains devote their services to the prisoners. A good library is supplied. Habits of industry are acquired. Many learn a good trade and are better cared for in body and mind than they ever were before.

It fosters one's feelings of pride to visit the capital of the Dominion. The Parliament and Departmental buildings form one of the most imposing architectural groups in the world, and their site is one of unsurpassed magnificence. Around a lofty cliff, tree-clad from base to summit,

sweeps the majestic Ottawa, to the left resounds the everlasting thunder of the Chaudiere, and in the distance rise the purple slopes of the Laurentians. The broken outline of the many-towered buildings against the sunset sky is a picture never to be forgotten. The two finest features of the group, we think, are the polygonal-shaped library, with its flying buttresses, its steep conical roof, its quaint carvings and tracery; and the great western tower, rising Antæus-like from the earth, pausing a moment and then, as if with a mighty effort, soaring into the sky. The view of this tower from the "Lover's Walk" beneath the cliff resembles some of Doré's most romantic creations.

The details of the buildings will repay careful study. Each capital, finial, crocket, corbel and gargoyle is different from every other. Grotesque faces grin at one from the cornices, and strange, twi-formed creatures crouch as in act to spring or struggle beneath the weight they bear. Canadian plants and flowers and chaplets of maple, oaks and ferns form the capitals of the columns, amid which disport squirrels, marmots, and birds. The Commons and Senate Chambers, though less magnificent than those at Albany, are loftier and more tasteful than those at Washington.

The meeting of the Royal Society was an occasion of much interest. Among the members are some of the ablest men in science and literature in Canada. Sir William Dawson, Dr. Sterry Hunt, Dr. Daniel Wilson and Prof. Goldwin Smith are authors of whom any country may be proud. His Excellency the Governor-General showed much interest in the Society. He opened its sessions in a graceful address, through which ran a fine vein of humour, and extended to its members the hospitalities of Rideau Hall. Many papers of much value were presented and the published "Transactions" are exchanged with those of the leading learned societies of the world.

The great sawmills at the Chau-

dière, with their many gangs of saws, and machinery for handling the huge logs as if they were light as walking canes, are a wonderful sight, especially at night, beneath the glare of the electric lights, when the surface of the water and the wet logs flash with a sheen like silver.

The ride to Montreal over the C.P.R. is of exceeding interest. To the right stretch long shining reaches of the river studded with tree-clad islands. To the left rise the outliers of the Laurentides, clothed with spring verdure to their summits. Along the route are strewn picturesque French villages, bearing such pretty names as Ste. Thérèse, Ste. Rose, L'Ange Gardien, with their broad-eaved houses and large stone churches each with its cross-crowned twin towers gleaming brightly in the sun. The "Back River" is crossed at the historic Sault au Recollet. Sweeping around the many-towered city the train skirts the St. Lawrence with its forest of masts to the station on the site of the quaint old Quebec barracks. It is always a pleasure to visit the Canadian Liverpool—the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. Its massive majesty of architecture, its quaint, huge-gabled, old stone houses, its picturesque Romish churches of the *ancien régime*, the constant ringing of the many bells, the resonant French language heard one very side and its foreign-seeming population make it more like Rouen or Paris than like a New World city. Yet "the deadly march of improvement" is removing the ancient landmarks. The huxters' stalls that clung to the walls of the old Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, like mendicants at the feet of a friar, were being—more's the pity—torn away. But the queer o'd church is still intact with the pious legend above the door—

Si l'amour de Marie
En ton cœur est gravé,
En passant ne trouble
De lui dire un Ave

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE REVISED OLD TESTAMENT.

While the Revised Version of the Old Testament has not been received with such eager curiosity as that of the New Testament, neither has it awakened such a storm of opposition. The changes of the text from that of the time-honoured Authorized Version are much less frequent and less striking and will, we think, be received with very slight opposition. The extreme literalness of the New Testament revision, which has often marred the age-endearing associations and euphony of the sacred words without any adequate increase of clearness, is not here so apparent. Indeed one might read many chapters, and scarce be conscious of any change at all. Still the reception of either version should not be a matter of mere taste or of personal preference. The real question is, Does the new version more fully and clearly convey the exact meaning of the original text? There can be no question that it does. It betrays very great lack of modesty for even a scholarly critic to oppose the deliberate and carefully-formed convictions of a body of the most learned men of two continents who for years have been labouring in concert on this great work. This revision is an epoch-marking event. The result of the highest criticism is brought to every man's hand. It is safe to say that not a sermon will be preached, that scarce a Sunday-school lesson will be taught, without feeling the influence of this revision. Some cherished texts may be modified, a few may be removed, and some shown to have been erroneously understood, but the truth—the truth of God—stands all the more steadfast and sure because the imperfections and accretions of human error have been removed. The things that cannot be shaken shall remain. The very severity of the

scrutiny it has undergone will make the grand old book the dearer to the heart of the Church, will make it command more the respect, or at least defy the malice, of the worldling and the infidel.

It is a very happy circumstance that the best Biblical scholars of the New as well as of the Old World were engaged in this revision, and that their labours were harmonized in one result. It would have been a calamity had there been separate revisions—a different Bible for each nation. A common Bible for all English-speaking lands—the common source of inspiration, faith and hope—will be one of the strongest bonds of unity throughout the world of that widespread race which is moulding so largely the destiny of the earth.

THE CONFERENCES.

The leafy month of June is a most delightful time at which to hold the annual ecclesiastical gatherings of the land. There is so much of inspiration and buoyancy in the bursting buds and blossoming trees that one would think the deliberations of these grave and reverend bodies must catch therefrom much of the joyous and hopeful tone by which they are characterised. Glad are the greetings and pleasant the intercourse of the brethren beloved, many of whom see each other but once a year. Old companions in arms renew their youth and fight their battles o'er again in sweet converse on the past. The religious services are seasons of great spiritual blessings—especially the Conference love-feasts. The memorial service for the fallen heroes is one of deep and tender pathos. The voices of strong men falter and tears fall as they pay their tribute of love to those whom they shall see on earth no more. The Conference Anniversaries, Missionary, Educational, Tem-

perance, and Sunday-school, are exhibitions of a high order of sacred eloquence; and the Friday night meeting, where the young knights of this holy war gird on their armour to receive the accolade of ordination, is a service of thrilling power. It is a joy to visit the Conferences and to realise that the Methodist ministry is a brotherhood—a fellowship no less chivalric and brave than that of "King Arthur's table round." Of the chief business of the Conferences our indefatigable co-labourer, Brother Barrass, will present a condensed account.

THE SCOTT ACT AMENDMENT.

One thing especially marked the Conferences of this year, and that is the strong, ringing protest which came rolling up in tones of thunder from Conference after Conference against the cowardly and treacherous action of the Dominion Senate in so mangling the Scott Act as to render it, should their amendment prevail in the Commons, scarce worth the paper on which it is written. Cowardly, we say—for those unvenerable senators from their coign of vantage can smite at the liberties of the people and incur no risk of being reached by popular indignation; and treacherous—for they betray the sacred rights of the people—the rights of the vast majority of the voters in the counties where the Act has passed, to have the twice-confirmed enactment of Parliament for the restraint of the liquor traffic maintained intact. The present writer was in Ottawa while the debate was in progress. We heard three addresses against the amendment, by Senators Videll, Billa Flint and G. W. Allen—clear, strong, cogent arguments against tampering with an Act passed by such large majorities, and sustained by the moral sense of the community, and the great moral forces of the age. But although the weight of reason and of righteousness was with the friends of the Act, at the despotic command of the hideous traffic in the bodies and the souls of men, a servile majority oversloughed and destroyed the rights of the majority of the voters in the Scott Act

counties. It remains to be seen whether the Commons will venture to confirm this atrocity. If it do, we believe that it will raise such a storm of indignation as will sweep into oblivion nine-tenths of the men who shall oppose the Act and present themselves for re-election. As Dr. Hunter remarked in his eloquent speech on this subject, even should a snatch verdict go against us for the time, we will not falter nor bate a jot of heart and hope. The moral forces of the age are with us in the conflict with one of the most gigantic evils of the universe;

For right is right, while God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

PEACE AGAIN.

Thank God, the dove of peace once more broods over the fair regions of our far North-West, but late ravaged by the ill-omened vulture of war. It is with a thrill of patriotic pride that we read the stirring story of our brave boys summoned at a moment from their homes to travel two thousand miles—or three thousand miles, in the case of the Halifax volunteers—to encounter a savage and truculent foe, and marching to danger and to death with the valour of veterans. With our pride is mingled mourning for the unreturning brave, over whose prairie graves the blue bell and the wild rose already bloom. Our New Canada has had its baptism of blood. Its broad area is made sacred to liberty, to law, to justice forever, by the blood of our slain soldiers, martyrs for their country and their Queen.

THE ONTARIO INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

We were greatly pleased during our brief visit to the Niagara Conference in the beautiful city of Brantford, by a hurried inspection of the Institution for the Blind. The building is large, airy and healthful, of handsome architecture, and commands a magnificent prospect over a broad and beautiful country. But alas! for the one hundred and forty inmates this glorious

panorama is a sealed book. Yet it was pleasant to see them sauntering about the spacious grounds in pairs, inhaling the fragrance of the lilacs and roses, and breathing the pure, fresh, invigorating air. There is no more beautiful illustration of Christian philanthropy than the education of afflicted children who dwell, as it were, beneath the shadow of God's hand. All that loving ministration can do is done to mitigate their suffering, to illumine the perpetual gloom in which they walk. A copious literature exists in the embossed raised letters which they read with their finger tips almost as readily as we read with our eyes. Their books are, however, very large and very costly. The Bible fills eight huge volumes and costs \$20. A single play of Shakespeare fills a large volume, and Scott's "Ivanhoe" fills three volumes. But the classics of the language in prose and verse are printed in these books, and the blind are exempted from the flood of frivolous or pernicious reading which occupy so many hours of those who can see. Raised maps and models give instruction in geography, physics, etc. A magazine for the blind is also published, as well as Sunday-school lessons of the International Series.

A most important feature of the institution is the instruction in manual industries by which the blind may earn a livelihood. The defect in one sense seems to be accompanied by the increased efficiency of the others. The pupils have a special aptitude for music, and several of them have learned the art of piano tuning. Others work with great skill at basket weaving and cane chair making, broom making, mattress making, etc.; and among the girls, machine and hand sewing, and knitting and crochet and bead work give profitable employment. The institution is open to all blind or partially blind persons in Ontario, and no charge is made for the board or instruction of pupils.

THE REV. CHARLES EBY, M.A.

This energetic and successful mis-

sonary of our Church in the great empire of Japan has returned on a few months' furlough. His health, we regret to say, is much impaired, but we trust that the genial influences of his native air will soon completely restore it. Brother Eby has rendered most efficient service to the cause of Christianity in Japan, especially in a series of public lectures given in both Japanese and English, on the higher evidences of the Christian religion as opposed to the scientific sophisms of the day. These lectures have been published in book form, and have been most favourably received by the press as one of the ablest vindications of the claims of Christianity against the materialistic skepticism which is being diligently instilled into the inquiring mind of young Japan.

MISLEADING FIGURES.

It is not surprising that Archbishop Lynch, lecturing on "The Vitality of the Catholic Church," should find an illustration of his theme in the growth of that body in the United States. It is safe to say that there is no other country in the world in which Catholicism has made such gigantic strides during the past quarter of a century. Surely if that form of Christianity is dying out, as some sanguine Protestants seem to suppose, there is no sign of it in the great American republic. The Archbishop, however, would have made his case stronger if he had confined himself to official and authentic statistics, instead of allowing himself to be misled by the random and unwarrantable statements of Father Brady, of Xavier College, Cincinnati. No cause is helped by any such gross exaggeration.

The glaring inaccuracy of the statements of this Jesuit priest in respect to the growth of the population of his Church, casts doubt upon everything else contained in the lecture from which the Archbishop has quoted so largely. It may indeed be true that the adherents of his Church in the United States in 1860 were 3,175,000, but there is no evidence that they number anything like 9,500,000 at present. *Sadtler's*

Catholic Directory, Ordo, and Almanac is understood to be the very highest authority on this Continent in respect to the statistics of the Roman Catholic Church; but it gives no such figures. In its last year's edition we find the Catholic population of the United States set down at 6,623,176. These figures, of course, though published in 1884, belong to the statistics of 1883; but if we add a number equal to the increase in this population during the three years from 1880 to 1883, which, according to *Sadler*, was 255,886—which is certainly more than enough to cover the increase of the last two years—the result which we reach is that the present number of members and adherents of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is 6,879,022—not within 2,500,000 as many as represented by Archbishop Lynch on the authority of Father Brady!

But though there are not seven millions of Roman Catholics in the United States, neither Archbishop Lynch nor any other of his co-religionists has any reason to be ashamed of the progress which his Church has made. The number of its adherents have rather more than doubled during the last 25 years. There is only one other denomination in the country that appears to have kept pace with it. Methodism has not only done this, but it has left its powerful competitor far behind. And there has been this difference too between Romanism and Methodism, whereas the growth of the former has been almost entirely the result of natural increase, and immigration from the Catholic coun-

tries of Europe, the growth of the latter has been almost exclusively the result of conversions. And yet, while Romanism has a fraction less than seven millions of adherents, Methodism has a fraction more than fourteen millions. If the growth of the former of these furnishes evidence of its vitality, which no intelligent Protestant would be disposed to deny, surely there must be even greater vitality in the latter, which, with very little help from abroad, has grown so much more rapidly.

So far as attendance upon public worship is concerned, it is to be feared that but few Protestant communities compare favourably with Roman Catholics. Devout religious Protestants are perhaps as regular and conscientious in the discharge of this duty as their Catholic neighbours are; but the vicious, the profane and the downright criminal classes among the latter, though apparently they fear not God, neither regard man, cling to their Church and persist in attending its services. In the matter of retaining its hold upon the degraded and vicious, between whom and the Church in some Protestant communities there is danger of a great gulf being fixed which practically consigns them to perdition even in this life, Protestantism has possibly something to learn from the Roman Catholic Church. And Roman Catholics generally set an example in respect to attendance upon the services of their Church which Protestants may imitate with advantage.

W. S. B.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The May meetings held in London in connection with the parent society of Methodism were seasons of

great interest. The Missionary Anniversary in Exeter Hall was presided over by the Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P., brother to our own Dr. Fowler

of the London Conference. As usual the attendance was very large, and the service continued from 11 a.m. until 4 p.m. The report was a lengthy document and contained a resume of the work under the care of the Society in various parts of the world. There was one subject regret, viz, the income was not equal to the requirements of the Society. Numerous openings, especially in Africa and India, cannot be occupied until there is a large augmentation of income.

One very pleasing feature of the missionary anniversary was the mass meeting, of the Sunday-school children which were held in various central parts of the metropolis. It was stated that about \$100,000, or one-fifth of the entire income of the Missionary Society, was raised by the Sunday-school children.

Out of 78 large chapels built in London, 66 owe their erection mainly to the Metropolitan Chapel Building Society, originated by Sir Francis Lycett.

THE CONFERENCES.

Montreal was the first in order, Kingston was the place of meeting. Rev. Leroy Hooker was chosen President, and the Rev. Jas. Allen, M.A., Secretary. Superintendent Carman was present at this Conference several days, delivered the opening address, and preached on the Sabbath, and took part in the ordination service. The list of superannuates receives this year the names of the Revs. J. Elliott, D.D., and G. H. Davis, who have travelled 44 and 42 years respectively.

The Book-Room was well represented, as the Book-Steward and two of the Editors were in attendance. The sale of publications, receipts of the year, and the profits of the establishment are very satisfactory. The latter exceed \$10,000, \$4,000 of which was appropriated to the Superannuation Fund.

The Missionary Society was represented by Dr. Sutherland, the indefatigable Secretary. He was hoping for an increase of income, and was gratified to find \$10,000 more had been received than was in the treasury at this time last year.

The Educational Society presented a good appearance. There was an increase in the Conference for educational purposes of about 20 per cent. There are in the Church nine colleges, two of which are universities and three ladies' colleges, one is only theological, and three are higher seminaries of learning. There is an aggregate attendance of 1,800 students. Dr. Nelles said they needed \$150,000 for new buildings, etc.

Stanstead College was reported as paying its way, though the debt exceeds \$12,000, to remove which a trust fund to extend over three years has been created and some \$3,000 is to be expended in improvements on the building.

A new mission is to be established in Montreal for which \$1,000 is authorized to be expended.

LONDON CONFERENCE.

This Conference met in the town of Chatham. The Rev. Dr. Sanderson was elected President. This is the second time the mantle of the Presidency has fallen on the shoulders of the venerable Doctor, whose year of Presidency will complete the 50th year of his ministry. This is an honour which falls to the lot of few. The Rev. R. C. Parsons was elected Secretary.

The Educational meeting appears to have been one of uncommon interest. Dr. Nelles, Chancellor of Victoria University, made an eloquent appeal on behalf of higher education, during which he said, that Victoria University conferred the first B.A. degree in Ontario. The Methodist Church was the first to establish Ladies' Colleges, the first Church organ established in Canada was the *Christian Guardian*, the official organ of the Methodist Church, and the Public School system of Ontario is the result of the labours of a Methodist minister, the late Dr. Ryerson. He hoped that the Educational Fund would soon have an income of at least \$50,000.

The Reception Service as usual was one of great interest and was attended by a larger congregation. The addresses of the Rev. W. Pascoe

and Dr. Parker were eloquent and appropriate. One of the young men ordained was the son of a minister.

The Missionary meeting was enthusiastic. Rev. Dr. Meacham spoke respecting Japan, where he said the school for young men contained 80 students. There was a great call for men. He earnestly appealed for increased contributions, reminding his hearers that a cent per day from each member of the Church would amply replenish the treasury. The Rev. W. Riggsby, and J. N. Smith also addressed the meeting.

NIAGARA CONFERENCE.

This Conference met in the city of Brantford and was opened by the Rev. J. A. Williams, D.D., General Superintendent. The Rev. A. E. Russ, M.A., was elected President, and the Rev. W. J. Maxwell, Secretary. Mr. Russ was re-elected, as he had been President for the balance of the year after Dr. Williams was elected General Superintendent.

The Conference Missionary meeting had the advantage of the services of Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, Dr. Meacham, returned missionary, and Dr. Gardiner. No wonder that the speeches were designated as being "eloquent, comprehensive and instructive."

Like all the other Conferences, Niagara adopted a strong resolution condemning the action of the Senate respecting the proposed amendments to the Scott Act. We may here assert that the Methodist Church as a body has always been characterised by its loyalty to the civil authorities, but the action of the Senate has aroused its indignation, and will, we feel assured, excite the opposition of many, both ministers and members, against such members of the House of Commons who will sustain the action of the Senate.

GUELPH AND BAY OF QUINTE.

These Conferences were opened on the same day. Guelph met at Owen Sound and was opened by Dr. Williams, General Superintendent, who stated that 26 years ago he was

stationed at Owen Sound, and commenced his career as Chairman of District. Rev. D. C. McDowell was elected President, and the Rev. J. W. Holmes, Secretary. This was the first Conference held at Owen Sound.

The missionary anniversary was addressed by the Rev. P. Phillips, T. Nugent, and Dr. Aylsworth. Among the superannuates the name of the Rev. D. C. Clappison appears for the first time.

THE BAY OF QUINTE CONFERENCE

met in the town of Port Hope, which is the second time the town has been the place of meeting. Methodism is a power in this town. In the "Life and Times of Dr. Green" there is an account of the first religious service ever held there. The Doctor, who was then a young man, says, "I had a shoemaker's shop for my church, his shoe-bench for a pulpit, and six persons for a congregation. Port Hope is the largest village in the circuit which extends to the Carrying Place. It is full of enterprise and spirit, but so full of whiskey and sin that it bears the name of 'Sodom.' But the wedge is now entered, and Sodom may yet be redeemed." This was written Nov. 30, 1824. Since then what hath God wrought! The church in which the Conference meets is one of the most commodious and elegant that is to be found anywhere. There is also another Methodist church in the town.

The Rev. John Bredin, D.D., was elected President—a position to which he is justly entitled after having been in the ministry forty-three years without one day's sickness. He has long been known as an elegant penman and a prince of Secretaries, and no doubt he will prove efficient as a President. Rev. I. Tovell, M.A., was elected Secretary. The Conference resolved to employ an evangelist, and the Rev. Charles Fish was designated to this work. Among the number of Committees there was one which was regarded as unique, viz., "The Equalization of Ministers' Salaries." There

is now great inequality, and unless a Sustentation Fund be established or the Contingent Fund better supported the inequality will increase. Brethren on poor circuits are deserving of serious consideration.

The Educational Institutions were well represented and their claims eloquently advocated by the Rev. Amos Campbell, and Professors Burwash, Shaw, and Dyer. Only one Editor, Dr. Stone, was in attendance, but his racy speech will not soon be forgotten.

Professor Badgley delivered an admirable lecture before the Theological Union on Pantheism, which was exceedingly well received.

The Ordination service was very impressive. The sermon was preached by Dr. Jeffers. It was one of his best efforts. He was truly the old man eloquent. A son of the pastor

of the church, Rev. J. Learoyd, was among those ordained. Thus, as at London Conference, we see that instead of the fathers we have the children. The Love-feast was a melting season. The venerable Richard Jones, now in the sixtieth year of his ministry, presided. One minister said that he was baptized by Mr. Jones, and several others testified that they received their first ticket at his hands, and others that he took them into the ministry. The scene must have been very inspiring to the good man's heart.

Rev. J. B. Clarkson, M. A., preached with great power in the evening, after which several hundreds partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Reports of the other Conferences, with additional particulars, will be given next month.

BOOK NOTICES.

Paradise Found. The Cradle of the Human Race at the North Pole: A Study of the Pre-historic World. By WILLIAM F. WARREN, S.T.D., LL.D., President of Boston University. Pp. 505. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.25.

We confess we took up this book with a strong prejudice against it. The suggestion that the lost Eden was at the North Pole seemed, to use the words of Dr. Warren himself, "at first sight the most incredible of all wild and wilful paradoxes." But as we read, our amazement grew as we found so many lines of argument converging to this very conclusion — arguments from geogony, geology, geography, prehistoric climatology, paleontological botany, zoology, anthropology and ethnography, ancient cosmology, ethnic tradition and comparative mythology. On any law of evidence it seems to us impossible that these should so converge unless President

Warren had found the solution to the problem of the ages—Where was the lost Eden? To some of these arguments we will briefly refer—their cumulative effect, however, is seen in their remarkable *consensus*. A negative argument against any previous identifications of the lost Eden is found in the fact that scarce any two authorities, or any two lines of argument, will lead to the same conclusion.

On the almost universally accepted theory that the earth has cooled from a molten mass, it is indisputable that its poles were the *first* portions of it that were cool enough for the existence of life. So far from there being six months' night at the North Pole, astronomy shows that there are only 76 days of darkness to 194 days of continuous sunlight, and 95 days of dawn or twilight, and even the darkness is illumined by glorious displays of the *Aurora Borealis* such as we can scarcely conceive of in Southern latitudes. The testimony

of Geikie and other eminent geologists concurs in showing that a great northern continent must have occupied the arctic regions which became submerged by the cataclysm attending the Noachian deluge and the glacial period. The most northern geological explorations give evidence of a very warm climate having existed in the Miocene era, a comparatively recent period. Keerl, a German authority, holds that "at the very Pole it was then warmer than now at the Equator." Of this the extraordinary copiousness and magnificence of plant and animal life, of what we now call a tropical character,—magnolias, sequoias, etc.—give abundant evidence. The greatest source of ivory in the world is the Siberian accumulations of tusks of prehistoric elephant-herds. The remarkable discovery has also been made and recorded by such authorities as Sir Joseph Hooker, and Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, that the earliest types of these plants and animals, as revealed in the oldest fossils, had their origin in high arctic regions and thence spread over the Northern and Southern hemispheres.

The same local origin has also been attributed by independent authorities to the human race. The convergence of the great continents toward the north facilitated this radial dispersion of man from a common centre as does no other part of the world. These lines of divergence cannot be traced from any other assumed centres of creation.

Dr. Warren next proceeds to examine the cosmology and mythical geography of the ancient races of the world, and finds in the Egyptian, Chinese, Indo-Aryan, Iranian, Greek, Roman and other mythologies remarkable coincidences of reference to a sacred garden; a lost Atlantis, or garden of the Hesperides, a Tree of Life, a pillar of heaven, around which swept the stars in their courses; a mystical mountain—Olympus, Meru or Mount Sion—a

central throne of God whence issued the fourfold stream* to water the earth, of a golden age, of happy Hyperboreans, an exuberant life, a year-long Eden-day, and moveless Eden zenith, of the umbilicus of the earth—all of which find the key of their solution in the Eden records of the Book of Genesis, which were probably "the sacred Scriptures of the ante diluvian patriarchal Church."

If Dr. Warren is right in his identification his discovery throws a flood of light on the study of biology, terrestrial physics, and ancient literatures; the problems of the origin and primitive condition of man; on the origin and earliest forms of religion, on the development of civilization and the philosophy of history. The primitive condition of man is shown to be, not that of a semi-brute, cave-dwelling, flint-splitting savage, waging incessant war against inclement elements and wild beasts. He is created a little lower than the angels, in a garden of delight, amid an environment conducive to the greatest vigour of body and mind, and to an extension of life like that recorded of the antediluvian patriarchs. The savage races of the earth are degradations through sin, of the Edenic type, not survivals of primitive man.

The Minor Prophets, with a Commentary Explanatory and Practical, and Introductions to the Several Books. By the REV. E. B. PUSEY, D.D. Vol. I. Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah and Jonah. 8vo, pp. 427. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.

The Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls have laid Biblical students in America under great obligations by bringing within their reach, at a very moderate cost, the ripest results of British and foreign scholarship. The Schaff-Herzog Cyclopædia, Spurgeon's Treasury of David, Meyer's Commentaries, Ochler's Old Testament

* In Withrow's "Catacombs," page 249, is a curious engraving of the four streams flowing from Mount Sion, with an account of the mediæval significance of the symbol.

Theology, and Pusey's Daniel, and the Minor Prophets are among the most valuable additions to the critical apparatus for the study of the sacred Scriptures. Dr. Pusey has long enjoyed the distinguished reputation of being one of the most learned Hebraists living. The present work is the *chef d'œuvre* of his life. It embodies the result of the matured study of thirty years. The subject matter is often difficult and obscure. He has thoroughly sifted all that has been written by Dutch, German and British commentators. The introductions are of special value and furnishes an extended survey of the essential themes of the prophecies and cognate topics, while the commentary proper is chiefly devoted to textual criticism. We have no hesitation in describing this book as the best on the subject that we know.

The Messages of the Books; Being Discourses and Notes on the Books of the New Testament. By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S. 8vo., pp. 532. New York: E. P. Dutton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$3.50.

Both the Old and the New Testament are too much studied as a series of isolated texts. The scope and purpose of the separate books and their relation to each other and to the whole revelation of God are by most persons not adequately apprehended. Now many passages can only be understood in the light of their historical setting. Indeed many passages have been perverted from their true meaning by disregard of the circumstances and purpose of their utterance. "It is as impossible," says our author, "to judge of the design or to realize the splendour of a mosaic by picking up some glittering fragment of it as to judge of Scripture or to apprehend its many-coloured wisdom by a few favourite verses." Canon Farrar, therefore, out of the resources of his vast and varied reading in Biblical literature, has framed these studies of the books in their unity and relations. While written in his popular and poetical style, much recondite learn-

ing is exhibited in the appendices and copious notes. The analyses of the books, and the many side-lights thrown upon them, are an invaluable aid in reaching their true meaning. No minister, Sunday-school teacher, or private student can read this volume without attaining more clear and comprehensive conceptions of the grand purpose and teachings of the Book of books. The present volume is confined to the books of the New Testament, and is to be followed by a companion volume on the books of the Old Testament.

Hegel's Aesthetics. A Critical Exposition. By JOHN STEINFORT KEDNEY, S.T.D. Pp. 302. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price \$1.25.

This is another volume of the admirable philosophical series now in course of issue by this enterprising house. It is likely to be even more popular than the preceding volumes on Kant, Schelling, and Fichte. Many who will turn away from the critique of Pure Reason and the Transcendental Idealism, will be attracted to a disquisition on the philosophy of art and its application to the criticism of architecture, sculpture, painting, music, poetry, and the drama. Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful and Allison's Principles of Taste, have long been standards on this subject; but the more philosophic basis, classification and discussion of the German author will be recognized, we judge, as a more satisfactory treatment. The popular interest of this treatise should commend it to all who love art or higher literature. Dr. Steinfort has judiciously condensed the voluminous treatise of Hegel and added explanatory criticism and notes.

Among the Laurentians. A Camping Story. By SIDNEY C. KENDALL. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 50 cents.

This is a graphic and clever account of the hunting adventures of a holiday party among our northern lakes and streams. The characters are pseudonymous, but one of them

is evidently the accomplished author—a young preacher of the Montreal Conference. There is a pleasant out-of-doorish character about the book that will make it the agreeable companion of a summer holiday.

Valeria, The Martyr of the Catacombs. A Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome. By REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Cloth, 12mo, 243 pp., price \$1.10. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The New York Methodist Book Concern has brought in very handsome style this book, which has also been republished with original illustrations by the Wesleyan Conference Office, London. We express no opinion of its merits, but quote the following by an American reviewer: "We have here a story laid in a period and place which makes it of intense interest to every student of Christian history, while the form of the narrative makes it more attractive to the average reader than an abstract treatise on the Catacombs. The author has previously written an elaborate work (published by the Book Concern) on the Catacombs of Rome. He has made a thorough study of his subject, and in this work has preserved historical accuracy, while he has filled in the details in an entertaining popular story of the persecutions of the early Christians in Rome, under the Emperor Diocletian. The book should be read by all our young people, who will be interested in this description of those weird underground caverns where lie buried the countless multitudes of the early Christians. The book is freely illustrated with views of the Catacombs."

The Young Men of the Churches: Why Some of Them are Outside, and Why They Ought to Come In. By WASHINGTON GLADDEN. Boston: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. 16mo, 71 pages. Price 50 cents.

This dainty little volume deserves to be widely circulated and carefully read. It is especially worthy of the attention of pastors and young men.

Light on the Pilgrim's Way. Selections from the writings of the late REV. C. A. STORK, D.D. Edited, with a sketch of his life, by his brother, T. B. STORK, Esq. 12mo., pp. 341. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication House. Price \$1.25.

Dr. Stork was one of the most prominent ministers of the Lutheran Church in America. He was an accomplished scholar, an able preacher, a thoughtful and lucid writer. In this volume are reprinted a number of selections from review articles, sermons and other writings. The latter especially are characterized by deep spirituality and evangelical sentiment.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We are late in noticing the Rev. John McLean's "Methodist Annual," which only reached us a few days since. It is just the thing that was long needed, giving in concise form the facts and figures about the far-extended work of our Church, which are often wanted, but can't be easily found elsewhere. We would suggest that next year an alphabetical list of the preachers of the ten Conferences should be given.

We are glad to know that Mrs. M. E. Lauder's admirable volume of "Legends and Traditions of the Harz Mountains," published in England by Hodder & Stoughton, has been so successful as to lead to the issue of a special Canadian edition, published in first class style by the Rev. William Briggs. It abounds in the quaint tales of German folk and fairy-lore which have made the Harz a legend-haunted ground. (See announcement in our advertising pages.)

A book of more than ordinary interest is issued by Messrs. Cassell & Company. It is the "Life and Reminiscences of Gustave Doré," compiled from material supplied by his family and friends and from personal recollection, by Mme. Blanche Roosevelt. The story of the distinguished artist's life covers over 500 octavo pages, with several hundred illustrations, many of them never before published.

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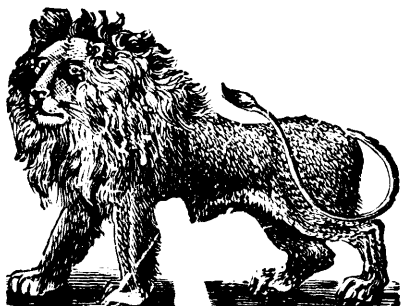
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