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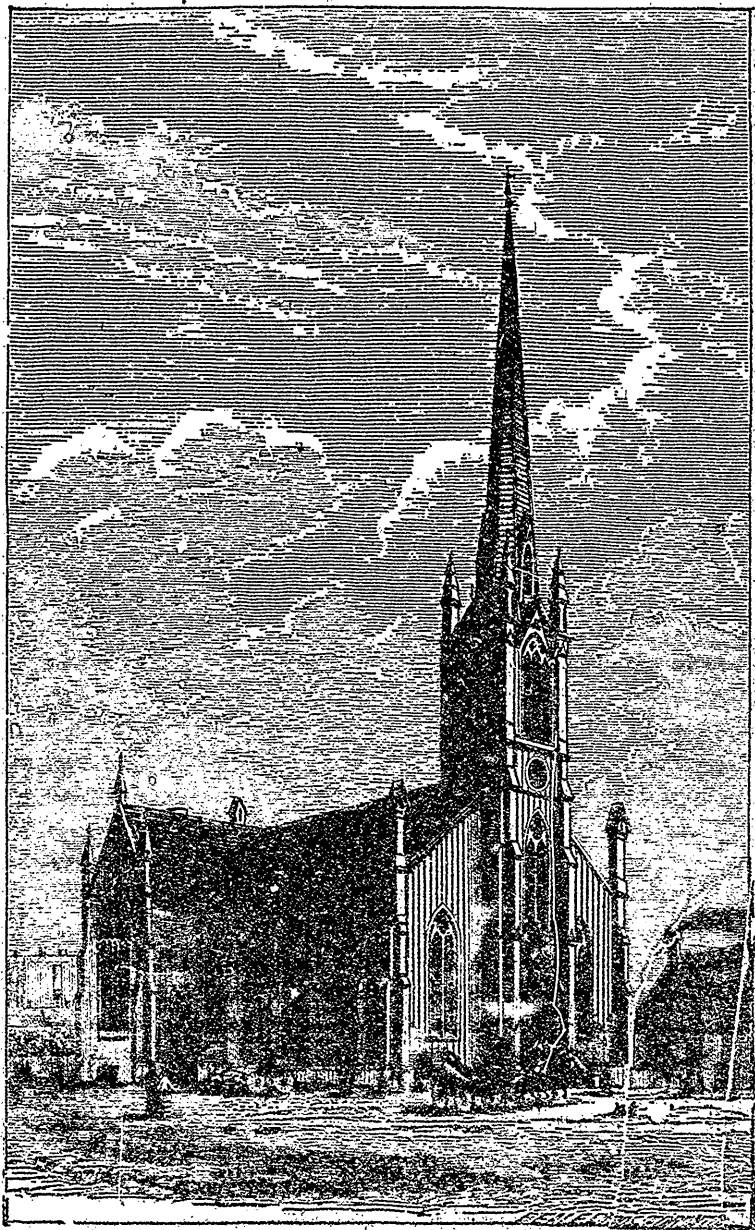
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METHODIST CHURCH, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1875.

J A M A I C A .

BY THE REV. JOHN G. MANNY.

FIRST PAPER.

JAMAICA is deserving of attention on various grounds. Ascending the stream of time, we reach that noble Englishman, Cromwell, under whom it became ours; and that famous Italian, Columbus, by whom it became the world's. Descending thence, what changes it exhibits, and with what suggestions and lessons is it fraught! We see it swept by hurricane, shaken and partially entombed by earthquake, singed by fire, saturated by flood, ravaged by epidemics, revolutionized by emancipation, darkened by adversity, stranded by party, sifted and searched for mineral wealth, and always abundant in the most valuable agricultural produce. How many British families it has enriched, and how many it has ruined! What English homestead has not some immediate or remote connection with "the isle of springs," as its name denotes, or some interest in its fortunes? It is one of our noblest colonial possessions, and deserves much more than trivial contemporary regard. Though a speck on the map, it is the queen of the British Antilles; and in fertility of soil, riches of productions, variety and salubrity of hill-climate, magnificence of scenery, and convenience of geographical position, yields to few.

of the islands that stud and gem the globe. It is protected from hurricanes (long unknown in it) by a girdle of islands, consisting of the Windward Islands, Porto Rico, St. Domingo, and Cuba; among the West Indies it is central; and for the various lines of European, Canadian and United States traffic with Central America, it is admirably situated as a shelter and a depot.

When Central America is canalled for shipping, and the Caribbean Sea becomes the highway of the world, what benefits must such an island as Jamaica at once receive and confer! With plains so fertile, with hills and mountains so noble and fruitful, with ample shelter throughout its coast for shipping, with English language, laws, and institutions, and, above all, with the light and power and purity of the Christian religion, Jamaica cannot sink. She will doubtless emerge from the shadows of adversity, to combine secular prosperity with political liberty and Christian truth and life.

Who, that has seen this noble island and lived in it, can disregard or forget it? Many years have rolled away since we saw its glorious chain of hills recede from our vision, and still more have gone since we caught the first glimpse of its proud appearance; and though we may never have the pleasure of seeing it again, we love to remember it, and must ever desire its peace and prosperity. We have inhaled its gentle morning breezes, cool and balmy as the airs of Eden; we have listened to the murmurs and followed the windings and marked the precipitations of its beautiful streams; we have feasted our eyes on the living verdure and graceful forms of its palms and canes; we have climbed several of its successive elevations, and thence looked down on such groupings and distributions of nature as we had nowhere else beheld. We have proved the hospitality, courtesy and kindness of its people; and must ever cherish its image and rejoice in its welfare.

Jamaica was discovered by Columbus, on the 3rd of May, 1494; and in June, 1503, he was both shipwrecked and sheltered on its northern coast. Exactly 161 years from its discovery, or on the 3rd of May, 1655, it was taken from the Spaniards by the English, under Admiral Penn and General Venables. In 1663, its first legislative assembly was summoned; in 1728, coffee was

introduced; in 1733, peace was established with the Maroons, who were the descendants of negroes left by the Spaniards and increased by runaways; in 1774, the very valuable and luxuriant Guinea grass, which now abounds throughout the island, was introduced; in 1782, Admiral Rodney preserved the British West Indies, by signally defeating the combined French and Spanish fleets, and in the same year captured and brought to Jamaica a valuable collection of exotic plants, including the *Mangifera Indica* or Mango, the wholesome and palatable fruit of a beautiful tree that now abounds in the island; in 1794, Captain Bligh brought the bread-fruit, China orange, and other plants; in 1796, came the Bourbon cane; in 1798, nearly a million of money was raised by voluntary subscription to aid the military operations of Great Britain; on the first of August, 1834, slavery was abolished, and on the same day, 1838, the apprenticeship of the negroes was abolished, and full and equal civil liberty was established throughout the island.

Jamaica is about 150 miles long and 50 broad, and consists chiefly of hills and mountains, running through its whole length, from east to west, in an unbroken chain, which towers to the greatest altitude in the eastern end, forming the celebrated Blue Mountains, whose peak is 8,000 feet above the sea level; then dips towards the centre of the island, shoots up again in the Bull-head Peak, and sinks again, but never meanly, towards the western extremity. These mountains decline towards the sea; on the north side more gently and beautifully; on the south side, with greater boldness and abruptness, and sometimes in the form of huge spurs. The chief plains are on the southern side; the largest is Liguanea, on which the city of Kingston is built. The principal rock is white limestone; and in the parish of St. George there are vestiges of a volcano. There are several rivers, of which Black River is the deepest and gentlest. The chief harbours are five, besides several bays, roads and shipping stations. The largest town is Kingston, which is now both the political and commercial capital, containing about 40,000 inhabitants. Its spacious harbour is well protected by a narrow neck of land (as Toronto was till lately) called the Palisades, whose terminus forms the site and harbour of the town of Port Royal, at the

entrance of the Kingston harbour, as if the western end of the island of Toronto were the site of a naval station. The population of the whole island is under half a million, and is increasing both in its gross amount and in the ratio of white to black, which at present is about one to ten.

The heat of Jamaica is greatly tempered by the sea breeze, sometimes called "the doctor," which sets in strongly about ten in the forenoon, and also by the land breeze, which comes down from the mountains about ten at night. The former especially renders the climate less sultry than that of the same continental latitudes, or even of much more northerly latitudes in summer. "In the plain of Liguanea, about three miles from Kingston, and 212 feet above the level of the sea, the thermometer generally rises, during the warmest weather, to 89° or 90° of Fahrenheit, and during the cooler to about 85°; it has been occasionally seen as high as 93° and as low as 60°. The barometer, kept at the same situation, does not fluctuate during the year more than two-tenths of an inch." In Spanish-town (till lately the capital), a few miles inland on the Rio Cabre, the thermometer sometimes rises, in the hottest months, July and August, as high as 100° in the shade; but in the mountains it sometimes falls as low as 49°. Far up in the hills, and in the sun at mid-day, I have been glad to button up a cloth coat; but in the plains, at the same time, it is tropical summer. There is every variety of climate, in some part of the island, above frost and snow; but these are nowhere known. With such care and prudence as are requisite in all countries, the climate of Jamaica, especially of the uplands, is decidedly fine and healthy; but the marshy low lands are unquestionably insalubrious. From the coast, swept by the strong sea-breeze, to the most distant inland places where the land-breeze alone is felt, and from the base of the hills to such elevations as Abbeygreen House, in the Port Royal mountains, 4,233 feet above the sea-level, there is a very great variety of climate, and there is a suitable atmosphere and temperature for almost every variety of constitution and condition. For invalids, Jamaica is, on many accounts, preferable to Madeira. Many deaths of Europeans in Jamaica have arisen from intemperance and recklessness, instead of the climate; and many re-invigor-

ations, on returning hence, are more attributable to the voyage and to simple change and rest than to the climate of Europe.

One of the greatest luxuries in the low lands is an early morning drive. Setting off before sunrise, one finds the air deliciously cool and balmy. Travelling is done in Jamaica at all hours; but the knowing ones, who study the welfare of themselves and their horses, and journey at their own option, rest during the noontide heats, especially in the low lands, and travel in the cool of the morning and afternoon. The interval between sunset and dark is very short, quite unlike the slow decline and long gloaming of an old country day; and as the sun begins to disappear the heavy dews begin to fall, which prudent people, especially the delicate, avoid. But at midnight, the fall of the dew has ceased, and then travelling may be commenced at any hour with safety. As the morning light prevails, the foliage appears wet with dew, in large beads, as if heavy rain had fallen; but long before the usual hour of breakfast, every trace of dew disappears, under the glowing heat of the ascending sun.

The chief produce of the low lands is sugar, and of the mountains coffee. The vegetation of the island is singularly rich and luxuriant. Dr. Macfadyen, of Kingston, ascertained and assorted no less than 598 botanical species, in the plain of Liguanea alone. Some sort of sugar cane appears to have been indigenous to Jamaica, but under English rule, the Bourbon cane and the Guinea-grass have been introduced,—the latter by a singular accident. A cage of African birds had been presented to Chief Justice Ellis, of Jamaica, and with them was sent a small bag of their native food, the wild-grass seed of the coast of Guinea. The birds died; the seeds, carelessly thrown out, quickly grew and spread; and the eagerness of the cattle to reach the grass called attention to what has since become one of the island's most valuable productions, growing in luxuriant clusters, and clothing the country from coast to hill-top. Cocoa was the favourite staple of the Spaniards in Jamaica, and at first of the English, and is also indigenous. The Cocoa bean, found in large pods, that makes the beverage (chocolate) that Linnæus loved so well and called "*Theobroma*," the food of the gods, must always be distinguished from the large and well-known cocoa nut, and from

the esculent cocoa root, which, roasted or boiled like the potato, is the chief vegetable diet, called "bread-kind," of the labouring classes of Jamaica. Ginger is easily grown, but exhausts the soil. The indigo plant once greatly flourished in the English settlements. Pimento or allspice, sometimes called Jamaica pepper, is perhaps the island's most distinctive produce, and grows on a handsome tree in the uplands and hills. Seen at a distance, the bark appears as if it had been lately whitewashed; in gathering the fruit, the smaller branches are broken off, which, when carefully done, serves as a pruning; and generally the crop is large only in alternate years. Pastured lands, dotted with pimento trees, as in the fine central parish of St. Anne, present a beautiful park-like aspect. What sugar can compare with the best of Jamaica, in granulation, saccharine matter and flavour? Mocha cannot equal the best Port Royal coffee, which fetches the highest price in the English markets. The island also produces maize or Indian corn, which is proved by analysis to be more nutritive than any extra-tropical Indian corn; and it produces the date, cocoa-nut, sago-palm, cabbage-palm, palma Christi or castor oil, bitter wood, screfras, cinnamon, Barbadoes aloes, croton Eleuthera, tobacco, cassava, useful for cakes and starch, limes, lemons, citron and orange, Avocado pear, neesbury, Tahiti gooseberry, etc., etc. There is a parasitical plant in the uplands, yielding a milky fluid that forms a substance like India rubber. The prickly pear and several other sorts of cacti abound. The Rev. Dr. King, of Glasgow, in a great anti-slavery meeting in Spanish Town, in 1849, in which the Bishop of Jamaica presided, observed with equal truth and eloquence—"Your soil is confessed to be generally excellent. The weeds of your public roads are the ornamental plants of our green-houses and hot-houses. Your very wilds are orchards. The grandeur of your mountains is qualified only by the soft charms of their vegetation, and the bounty of nature has transformed your rocky cliffs into hanging gardens. Your isle has a central position in the ocean, as if to receive and dispense the riches of the earth."

Jamaica contains a great variety of wood, for the manufacture of beautiful furniture, and for the construction or completion of buildings, though probably as yet only partly known. Besides

its well known mahogany, now scarce, there are cedar, yacca, mahoe, ebony, wild orange, yellow sanders, bully tree, lignum vitæ, brazaletta, maiden plum, mountain guava, and several others. The cotton tree excels every other in size and grandeur, rising and spreading in its enormous trunk and majestic branches like the lord of the forest. It flourishes in both hills and lowlands; but its wood is so soft that it serves scarcely any purpose but to be scooped out for canoes. Its exquisitely fine cotton is not manufactured. At a considerable elevation fern begins to abound, and in the higher mountains it becomes a tree. The varieties are very great, and many of them are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. Parasitical plants abound everywhere, except in the cool climates of the greatest heights; and if allowed to grow, intertwine and cover everything. One kind, called "the Scotchman," encircles trees from bottom to top, and eventually kills them. This of course, like the thistle, is intended to symbolize only old Scotia's terrible antagonism. "The chew-stick" may be ground into an excellent tooth powder, and nothing is more common than to see negro women, early in the morning, as they walk the streets or emerge from their places of rest, freshening the pearly whiteness of their teeth with a piece of chew-stick. The sensitive plant grows in the mountain pastures, in some places very abundantly. The plant called "live-for-ever" will grow anywhere, even hung up in the house, and is so indestructible and prolific that it becomes a troublesome weed. The fruit of the akee, a tree transplanted from Africa, is a very palatable article of food, and is often eaten with salt-fish.

Justice cannot be done to Jamaica without a word or two on its esculent vegetation. The yam, now widely known, looking in its raw state very much like large tree-roots, needs neither description nor eulogy. Even an Irishman would utterly forget the potato in his enjoyment of the white and Indian yam. The latter yam, commonly called "yampy," is exceedingly delicate and pleasant, and is probably unrivalled as an esculent root in all the world. Sweet potatoes are plentiful. The cocoa root is of a firm texture and suits persons of strong digestion. The enormous leaves and beautiful clusters of the plantain and banana greatly heighten the picturesque appearance of the field and garden; the banana

may be eaten as plucked, or roasted; and the plaintain, roasted before it is quite ripe, is one of the most agreeable articles of food. Roasted bread-fruit is very pleasant and nutritive; but the tree, though remarkably handsome and very productive, is not extensively cultivated, probably because it is one among so many. Nothing can exceed, nothing of the sort equals, the mucilaginous and highly nutritive ochropod, especially in soup. The celebrated soup called "peppercot," is chiefly composed of meat, dried fish and pepper, and corresponds to the "mullagatawny" of the East Indies. The beautiful cabbage tree, or cabbage palm, growing in the mountains to the height of 150 feet and upwards, forms at its summit and just beneath its beautiful crown of foliage, between the foliage and the stem or as the youngest part of the stem, a leafy heart, which our own cauliflower cannot equal; but to obtain the precious morsel, the stately and ornamental tree must be ruthlessly felled. The avocádo pear grows on a large tree; it is eaten as a vegetable (not like our own pear as a fruit), and usually with pepper and salt along with animal food; but its richness and fineness must be experienced to be understood. We have nothing that can at all compare with it. It is sometimes called "vegetable butter." For the invalid and for the thirsty traveller, no beverage can surpass the young cocoonut water; and the jelly of the young cocoonut is one of the most grateful and delicate of all fruits. Some of the fruits seem to want at the first, and to a European palate, a little of the European acidity and piquancy; but the pine-apple, the neesberry, the star-apple, the grenadillo, the guava, the mango, the custard apple, the sweet sop and the sour sop, the cherimoyer, the citron, the orange, the mammée, the shaddock, the pomegranate, the jack, the jamaica gooseberry, the Tahiti apple, the genip, the melon, the tamarind, the papaw, the cashew and others are found to afford great variety and fineness of flavour; and they all might be greatly improved by cultivation, which is scarcely ever bestowed on any of them; for agriculture, and not horticulture, has been the occupation of Jamaica, and is unquestionably its chief interest, though the fruit trade with New York is now increasing with increased facilities of transport. In the mountains are to be found the English strawberry, apple, pea,

potato, asparagus, and artichoke. There is scarcely any European fruit or vegetable but may be cultivated at some elevation, except the cauliflower, which seldom succeeds. Throughout the year there is a constant succession and variety of food. Wheat is not cultivated; but with the varied and abundant produce of the island itself, and the continuous imports from the United States, there is no want of appropriate and acceptable nutriment for the healthy or the invalid, the delicate or the robust. Very fine mutton and beef may be had on the mountains, though beef in the lowlands is often lean and tough; poultry and young birds abound; the corn-fed pork is unexcelled; and from the fresh water and the sea very excellent and varied fish is obtained, as king-fish, mud-fish, eels, calapeever, grouper, mackerel, barracooter, lobster, prawns, shrimps, mullet, jack, and many others. The black crab of Jamaica is much esteemed. That idol of aldermen, the turtle, is plentiful, good and cheap, and preserved meats, from England or the United States, can be had in the principal towns. Ice from the United States is also largely imported.

The last really harmful earthquake in Jamaica was in 1812; but the earthquake that destroyed the town of Port Royal, with 3,000 of its inhabitants, in 1692, deserves particular notice. "About mid-day, a mysterious roar was heard in the distant mountains. The wharves, laden with spoils, instantaneously sank; and the water stood five fathoms deep, where, a moment before, the crowded streets had displayed the glittering treasures of Mexico and Peru. The harbour appeared in motion, as if agitated by a storm, although no air was stirring; mighty billows rose and fell with such unaccountable violence that many ships broke from their cables, and the "Swan" frigate was forced over the tops of the sunken houses. This afforded a providential refuge for many of the drowning sufferers. Of the whole town, perhaps the richest spot in the world, [and probably one of the wickedest], no more was left than the fort, and about two hundred houses. The council had been held there that evening, and had but a few minutes adjourned; The president of the council was lost; and the rector escaped, to give a curious account in which he says: 'I made towards Morgan's fort, because being a well open place, I thought to be there securest from the falling houses; but as I

was going, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications; Moreover, the large and famous burying-place, called the Palisades, was destroyed, and the sea washed away its carcases. The whole harbour, one of the fairest and goodliest, was covered with dead bodies floating up and down.' The town of Port Royal was principally built upon a triangular bank of sand, loosely adhering to a shelving rock, whose base is in the sea. A slight concussion, therefore, aided by the enormous weight of buildings, would cause this delta to fall into the water, whence it had been by degrees and but lately thrown up. The morning of the 7th June had been clear, hot and sultry; not a cloud was above the horizon, nor a breath of air abroad. The earthquake commenced at forty minutes past eleven in the forenoon, with a gentle tremulous motion; and was succeeded by another shock somewhat more violent, but accompanied with a hollow rolling noise, mysteriously sounding in the earth and air. This dreadful warning, too familiar to West Indian ears, was instantly followed by a third tremendous shock, when screams of anguish and inarticulate cries of horror were as quickly drowned by the rush of waters, and the simultaneous crash of a thousand falling edifices."*

Nothing is more striking, in very dry seasons, than the contrast between the parched and dried lowlands, and the verdant, woody, and grass-clad hills. Below, on the plains, between the shore and the base of the mountains, or between the sea and the foot-hills, there is scarcely a blade of grass, and all vegetable life appears almost extinct, except in the hardy cacti, the penguin, the logwood, cashew, and cherry trees; above in the hills, where vegetable life aspires to the clouds and attracts the skiey juices and is exempt from the greater heats, the luxuriant Guinea-grass flourishes to the very summits; and the parasitical plants form lofty and extended masses of the finest festooning, while the trees are clad with the richest foliage, and the gardens of the peasantry are either largely yielding or largely promising what is pleasant to the eye and good for food. In the plains, the traveller becomes wearied and exhausted from the intense heat of a cloud-

* Brydges' *Annals of Jamaica*.

less tropical sky; but as he wends his upward way among the interlacing hills, and in the shade of bamboo clusters and over-arching trees, he feels as if suddenly transferred to another land and inspired with new life.

But the lowlands themselves exhibit strange scenic contrasts. When protracted drought appears to have nearly annihilated vegetation, and Guinea-grass for horses and cattle (as hay is unknown) has to be brought from the contiguous or distant hills, let us suppose that a rainy season, May or October, sets in, such an excessively rainy season as was formerly frequent, but did not occur in the place of our own residence more than twice in seven years. Now we have gathering clouds, livid lightning, and pealing or crashing thunder, as if the world's storm forces were concentrated in Jamaica; night and day, for several days in succession, the waters come down in sheets or as if emptied from innumerable buckets; the streets become deep and rapid streams; the rivers overflow their banks and sweep away cottages and bridges; and then again, the rains suddenly cease, the sun shines out with unclouded light and intense heat, vegetation revives with great rapidity and vigour, and tracts of land, that erewhile seemed nothing but clay and dust, become green and gay with luxuriant grass and bright yellow flowers. The change seems marvellous and magical. It is after such droughts and rains that bilious fever chiefly prevails, that medical men are constantly out, and that death sometimes gathers an abundant harvest.

The chief agricultural produce of the plains is the sugar-cane; and those estates that lie close to the hills and climb their gentlest acclivities, so as to catch the mountain rain, are often flourishing and remunerative, while other sugar estates are parched and languishing. The value of sugar estates depends on situation and soil, and on facilities for the cheap and speedy shipment of sugar and rum, such as good roads and contiguous harbours. The main low land roads are good, but many of the mountain roads are little better than goat-tracks.

The mountains of Jamaica are fitting scenes for poetry and song. The man of feeling and intelligence, as he traverses them, sees nature under a thousand aspects, and frequently experiences a new pleasure. Sometimes rivers or river-beds are crossed with

frequency or followed for miles; sometimes eminences are climbed by zig-zag roads, or by bridle-paths that circle the hills, with frowning elevations on the one hand and yawning abysses on the other; now the road passes or traverses a negro village and now intersects a coffee field; crowning a hill-top or close to a river-course appear the several barbecues for drying coffee, smoothly plastered, surmounting one another, terrace-like, or succeeding one another along the level surface, with little sheds into which the coffee is speedily gathered on the approach of rain; and close to these are the buildings for pulping, grinding, fanning, picking and storing coffee, together with the dwelling of the proprietor or overseer. From one range of hills you gaze across some spacious basin, drained by some great intersecting river, and by the tributary streams that pour among a thousand hills, down ravines and gorges, till the eye rests upon the highest elevations, blue as the heavens towards which they tower, or veiled in clouds or wet with showers. Here you may contemplate the hues of the clouds and the mountains, and the abundant progeny of rains and rills and rivers; and here experience as well as contemplate great atmospheric changes, for now the sun pours his "light and heat refulgent" on hill and dale, and the glare oppresses the eye, —and now the heavens gather blackness, the lightning (sheet, chain, or forked) flashes on the skiey darkness; the discharges of "heaven's artillery" reverberate among the hills; and the hapless traveller is drenched by such torrents as render English rains, in comparison, nothing but dew and mist. This great mountain land affords not only the poetry of sight but ample remuneration for the skilful tiller's toil, for it is the region of the world's best coffee, which grows at the greatest elevations.

A second paper will contain an account of the inhabitants of this lovely land, and of their religious, social, and political condition.

“UNEQUALLY YOKED.”

BY P. LE SUEUR.

It is a sad thing to see any grand or valuable work or thing whatsoever misused, defaced and destroyed. The world of letters has never ceased to regret the loss of the library of Alexandria by the hands of a wretched incendiary, who himself had no conception of the priceless worth of the books he was giving to the flames. And the lovers of art must ever deplore the vandal excesses which robbed posterity of some of the noblest specimens of architecture, sculpture and painting, the products of the genius of preceding ages.

But what are such losses compared to the wreck of a man! to the misapplication of great talents, and to the prostitution of an immortal intelligence to the mean and degrading pursuits of a vile sensualism. And how much greater yet must be the wrong and the ruin when it is that of a man who, having for years held a high and honourable character as a consistent disciple and follower of Christ, forsakes the way of life, turns to folly, persists in a course of evil, sinks into the lowest depths of vice, becomes a profligate, a scoundrel and a sot, and dies in his lapsed and fallen condition!

I am aware that some Christians hold that such results are impossible, and therefore when they see the righteous man turning from his righteousness and plunging into sin with reckless disregard of all laws, human and divine, they are driven to the alternative of denying that he ever was the subject of renewing and sanctifying grace.

But I submit that after all this is mere assumption, and that the ground for believing a man to be a Christian when he exhibits for years a walk and conversation every way worthy of his profession, is much more tenable and trustworthy than that which, in consequence of his apostacy, rejects the evidences of his previous holy life. Would God that there were no examples of such apostacy, but alas, they are neither few nor infrequent, and few Churches exist which cannot point to some sad instances of deep and apparently hopeless backsliding. The case which I

propose briefly to relate did not come to me by hearsay, but is a personal reminiscence, a statement for the truth of which I can personally vouch, and if it were necessary many other reliable living witnesses could give it the weight of their testimony.

It is not necessary that I should give the names of places and persons, as it is of small moment to the reader where a thing happened or what names the actors bore, especially when the reasons for withholding such particulars are strong; as for instance, that relatives survive who might thereby be uselessly grieved.

Full thirty years ago I happened to be taking my departure in company with a female relative from a port in the United Kingdom, and on board of a small trim vessel bound for these western shores. There were besides ourselves some thirty odd passengers, part in the cabin, but the greater part in a temporary room built off the hold, and quite comfortable. Indeed all the passengers would probably have taken cabin berths if they could have got them, and this will serve to show that they all belonged to those middle classes of society which are embraced under the comprehensive title of respectable.

Before warping out of the harbour an incident occasioned a good deal of agitation and inconvenience on board the ship, which, just then, besides the passengers and crew, was crowded with loving friends who had come to bid adieu, and in some cases, as I have sorrowful reason to know, a really final farewell to their relatives. Two officers of justice presented themselves on deck, and unfolding a warrant, demanded of the captain that he should deliver up a person (whom I will now call Richard Calvey), who, it was alleged, was fraudulently absconding from his creditors.

The captain replied that he had no such person on board, and gave full permission to the bailiffs to make any search they thought proper. This they did thoroughly, but in vain, and for the good reason that the runaway was really not in the vessel. We were now permitted to leave, and with a favouring breeze were soon at the confines of the pilot ground, where, if I mistake not, another fruitless search was instituted. The city friends then took their last look at children and other relatives whom they

were never to see again, and amid tears and prayers sobbed out their fond farewells.

We had now weathered a point of land stretching some miles out to sea, and feeling safe from further interruption the captain swept the gently swelling waves with his glass. He was evidently in expectation of discovering something within its range, and was not disappointed.

"Luff a point there," he said, addressing the wheelsman.

"A point it is, sir."

"Luff another point."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, steady," and in less than thirty minutes the object sought was alongside, in the shape of a stout fishing boat, with a man and a boy on board besides its crew.

When the former had reached the deck with their luggage, the captain and the man enjoyed some merriment which the uninitiated were soon enabled to understand as having reference to the clever way in which the prey had escaped the men of law. This was Mr. Richard Calvey, the man whom the bailiffs had made sure to capture just when the vessel was leaving the pier-head, or most certainly at the outer limits of the pilot ground. He had escaped them, and was not a little elated at his success. A glance at this person brought to the mind several items of information, but the general result was not favourable. He might be about fifty-eight or fifty-nine years of age, for though at first sight he looked much older, it soon appeared evident that his feebleness was due to something else than age, possibly to great trials and hardships, possibly to long-continued dissipation and misconduct. He had been a powerful and probably a magnificent-looking man. There he stood, over six feet in stature, with strongly marked but regular features, and with an expanse of brow indicative of large and noble thinking powers,—equal yet, no doubt, to many a terrible mental conflict. He had escaped his pursuers, and the western world was before him with its grand opportunities for successful enterprise. Was it not the hope of doing better that had prompted him to leave his native shores and seek a new field of effort in the land of the setting sun? No doubt it was. And what prevented him we shall see.

The shades of evening were fast gathering around us; the wind was freshening into a stiff breeze; many parcels, boxes and other matters of baggage and stores were lying about the decks which the sailors were busy putting under hatches, and no doubt some of the passengers felt they were in the way, or they might have another and not unusual reason for seeking rest. Be that as it may, several sought their cabins, and among others our new passenger and his son, a lad some twelve years old. Their quarters were in the improvised room or second cabin, and thither their trunks and things were sent after them.

Nothing at all particular disturbed the monotony of our life for the next four days. We were gaily proceeding with a fair wind, and our taut little craft being a good sailor, and but partly laden, our progress was every way satisfactory. Most of the passengers had got over their sea-sickness, and might be found on the quarter-deck from early dawn to starlit eve; but it was observed that Mr. Calvey came not. Indeed he had not as yet crept out of his berth, and in answer to inquiries about his health, his son represented him as ailing. But he was quiet. He troubled no one, and no one seemed disposed to trouble him.

This was on or about the 10th of April, when it is broad day at five o'clock in the morning; but before that hour there was a considerable stir in the second cabin, where, in berths arranged on the four sides, there slept some sixteen persons, the subject of this sketch and his boy included. Through the slight partition which divided our quarters I could hear a steady stream of words, rising at times into earnestness, anguish, or passion, and then other voices would mingle. Among the latter I recognized that of an Irish gentleman, of very quiet and retiring habits, who, however, had an adequate appreciation of his rights as a passenger, and who therefore objected in no very mild terms to the noise made by the principal speaker. We had also two Frenchmen, brothers, as passengers, both of them persons of exceeding kindness and civility; but they too objected very emphatically to the disturbance.

These altercations fully awakened me, and I passed into the room to ascertain the causes of this disquiet. I was not long in doubt. The leading voice was that of a man agonizing in prayer,

or perhaps I should say cowering under a very vivid apprehension of coming wrath. Little he recked the opinions expressed by his angry fellow-passengers as to the unseemliness of his conduct in disturbing them with his absurd wailings at so unseasonable an hour. Some one had tried the force of ridicule, but indignation and sneer were equally lost upon him; and it may be questioned whether he heard any of their remonstrances.

I approached his berth and listened a while to his outpourings, and soon recognized him as the person we had picked up at sea. He was clearly oblivious of time and place, but he was thrillingly and despairingly conscious of the anger of God. Whether he had been for any time previous alive to his spiritual danger I could not learn, but it was quite evident that his conscience had all at once awakened like an enraged lion.

Death had given him notice to quit. He said his time was come; he was sure of his doom; he had deserved the direst torments; he expected no reprieve, no compassion; on the contrary he seemed to have an apprehension of dread increase to his misery so soon as his guilty soul should leave its clay tenement. From his own confessions he had known the way of peace and enjoyed intimate and holy communion with his Maker; he had basked in the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness, and his emancipated soul had revelled in unutterable bliss. Oh! how affectingly he recalled those seasons of hallowed delight. It seemed almost as if he were estimating the depth of his apostacy by measuring the height from which he had fallen. And then, as if impelled by a stern sense of necessity to "justify the ways of God," he told of his fearful lapse and of the degrading vices in which he had indulged and rioted.

After these avowals, which were made as in the immediate presence of an officer of eternal justice, and unwitting of human witnesses, the solemn question suggested itself: "Could the blood of Christ avail to cancel such sin? to cleanse so vile a sinner?" Never until then had I met an individual so fully conversant with the promises. One by one he called them to mind, and as it were looked at them squarely to see whether they met his case and would bear him up if he should venture to trust them; but

by a fatuous logic of his own they always failed to give him confidence for the effort.

I was a good deal affected, and my sympathies were strongly drawn out towards the suffering, struggling man. Had I supposed him to be so near his end as the sequel proved him to be, my feelings would no doubt have been yet more deeply moved. He evidently had little or no hope, and I could hardly discover any signs of contrition. There was a very vivid recollection of sin and a terrifying apprehension of coming retribution; there was also a clear recollection of the theory of salvation and a desire to escape the divine wrath; but whether there was a desire for pardon, for reconciliation, for power to trust Christ, to love Christ and to enjoy happiness in union with Him, I could not determine. Fear, dread, terror, agony, combined with a full conviction of extremest guilt, seemed to be the exciting causes of his prayers, if his deprecatory addresses to Heaven could properly be so called. He was becoming violent, frantic indeed, and I feared would injure himself by his efforts and contortions, confined as he was in a small space which barely allowed him to sit upright. He was growing mad. Until then there had been method and recollection in his speech, I may say a correct appreciation of his state, and no doubt it was the awful condition in which he found himself which quickened his fears to the extent of affecting his reason. He now imagined he was contending with some corporeal enemy seeking to chain or manacle him, and his cries for help became most piteous.

I came nearer, and in one of the pauses which followed the paroxysms of his fears, when he appeared to be collecting energies for a new battle, suggested motives to encouragement, drawn from the compassion of God towards men who, according to the sacred records, had sinned most flagitiously and wantonly. The very fact of his present convictions I interpreted as a last effort of the good Spirit to bring him again in humble trust to the cross. I had not listened long before coming to the conclusion that he had once been a Methodist, and knowing how much balm there is for wounded consciences in some of the unequalled hymns of our God-inspired poet, I selected and repeated several verses full of tenderness and sympathy. He heard me

with evident surprise and apparently not without comfort, but his mind did not fully recover its balance, for he would have it that I was an angel sent to aid him in his conflict with the powers of darkness. I saw it would be useless to reason the matter, and therefore directed my efforts to bringing him, if possible, in humble penitence to the Saviour's feet. And for a moment he did manifest feelings which excited my hopes. Occasional drops of mercy seemed to filter into the dreadful cup his sins had prepared for this his dying hour; but terror and unbelief, or, which is very much the same thing, a strong persuasion that he could not believe, that he ought not to try to believe, that it would be in vain if he did, were the prevailing conditions of the closing scene, for shortly after this he lost all self-possession or control, and became the sport of a frenzied imagination. He would wail for a little in the saddest imaginable tones, and then all at once commence the most horrible yells, in the course of which we understood him to say that Satan had wound a chain about one of his feet and was dragging him away to his den.

It was useless to seek to quiet him, for he was past being influenced by argument, and so had to be left to the frightful fancies with which indulgence in one sort of vice is wont to repay its votaries. But happily his struggles did not last very long. The physical powers were fast being exhausted. The weary wheels of life almost stopped, and the poor wrecked frame nearly ceased to breathe.

The commotion I have attempted to describe lasted over an hour, and in a couple of hours more the captain got some convenient tackle prepared by which he was raised on his mattress through the hatchway to the deck, where it was hoped the fresh air of a lovely balmy morning would revive him; but the poor man was beyond human succour. He never rallied, and in less than another hour the soul forsook its dilapidated tenement.

Before committing his remains to the deep, the master, assisted by several gentlemen passengers, constituted themselves into a sort of court of inquiry as to the causes of so sudden and unexpected a death, when it became evident that for the four days in which the deceased had kept his berth he had eaten little or nothing, but had consumed over a gallon of brandy. A jar,

not yet empty, and which no doubt he had brought with him quite full, attested to the fact, which was further corroborated by several witnesses, his son included.

! An entry having been duly made in the vessel's log, preparations were made for a "burial at sea." An old sail was cut up, and the body, with two cannon balls at the feet, carefully sewed up in it. All hands were then called to the quarter-deck star-board gangway, when one of the passengers—himself, alas! the victim of strong drink, as the sequel proved—read the service appointed by the Church of England for such occasions, and "in hope of a joyful resurrection unto eternal life"—a hope in this case hardly justified by the facts—the corpse was committed to the deep.

The scene was both solemn and impressive, and for the rest of that day a chastened quietude reigned over the small community; but the event was soon forgotten, and many a revel was held in the cabin after that, especially on Saturday nights. The gentleman who officiated as reader at the burial service being something of a poet, produced a very feeling ode on the event; but as I have already intimated, his practice was in sad contrast with his professions, and before the voyage was over he became known as the sot and butt of the company.

After the disposal of poor Calvey's remains, the sympathy of the passengers was attracted towards his boy; a poor, emaciated, sad-looking, cowed, and apparently terror-stricken child of twelve years of age, but small and feeble for his years. He had scarcely been heard or seen during his father's illness, being content to mope in his own adjoining berth, whence he crawled out occasionally to attend upon his parent, or to minister to his own wants. He was almost destitute of clothing, and hardly knew what had been his father's intentions in coming on board; however, from some letters found in Mr. Calvey's trunk, it was discovered that he purposed to go to a locality in Upper Canada where he had relatives, and thither the captain undertook to forward the boy. Several persons then arranged to make him clothes out of his father's wardrobe, which was tolerably full, and in a few days he was equipped in excellent warm, if not very fashionably made garments. He continued to be a moody boy; poor child, he had

no doubt seen much more misery besides that which attended his parent's demise; but before the voyage was over his physique had considerably improved, and it is to be hoped that the terrible consequences of vice he had been obliged to witness had a deterring effect on his mind and heart in after life.

One year or so after this sad scene, an intimate friend of my own, who had resided for several years in the town from which Mr. Calvey had fled, arrived in this country. This gentleman had been himself a Methodist for a considerable time, and from him I learnt that Calvey had been a member of our Church for over twenty years: that moreover he had been for a great portion of that long period a leading man, in fact a class-leader, and one every way worthy to fill the office. He had then a wife who, like himself, served and honoured God with all her heart, and thus like Zacharias and Elizabeth, they walked together in holy fellowship towards the new Jerusalem. During this time, from being a journeyman mason, he had become a most respectable and successful master builder. Industry, enterprise, uprightness and piety, had produced their appropriate results. He was highly esteemed, trusted and looked up to as a valuable citizen and a sincere Christian.

But in the inscrutable orderings of Divine Providence his excellent wife died. While sorrowing over his loss he retained his religion; but after a time, being a man in the full prime and vigour of his life, he became enamoured of a fashionable and frivolous young woman, whom he married. This sealed his fate. She wanted to see sights and enjoy amusements, which aforesaid he had not countenanced, and which he could not countenance with a good conscience; but his lady-wife prevailed, and the Church was scandalized in him. Of course he could not long retain his prominent position, nor indeed did he keep that of a private member beyond a few months, but fell off to the position of a hearer merely. Then the company he frequented, and which frequented his house, led him to excesses in drinking, then a more common practice among all classes of society than even in our own day. Neglect of business, reckless speculation, heedlessness in endorsing for his new friends, and other conspiring causes brought him into pecuniary straits, and obliged him to

have recourse to the usurers, who very materially assisted in stripping him of his property. The next usual step is to get into debt, and while his credit lasted he pledged it far beyond his ability to redeem it, thus becoming a dishonest man. Lastly, he had recourse to lying shifts and dirty tricks which exposed him to the penalties of the law, so that, as we have seen, he was compelled to seek safety in flight. This downward progress occupied but very few years; and thus was a grand superstructure, reared with patient toil, a noble character, fashioned with persevering effort, dashed to the earth, broken, ruined, blasted by an unholy alliance and a degrading appetite.

“Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.”

OTTAWA, Ontario.

DARKNESS WITHIN.

BY THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART.

“Are the consolations of God small with thee?—is there any secret thing with thee?” —JOB xv. 11.

If in thy heart no golden sunlight lingers
 To brighten life within,
 And to thy ears earth's sweet and joyous singers
 Make only doleful din;—

If, while the world is robed in peerless beauty,
 Around thy spirit coil
 Serpents of doubt and fear, and sacred duty
 Is heavy, joyless toil;—

If, when thy knees are bowed in supplication,
 Struggling to cast thy care
 On Heaven, there comes no strength or consolation
 In answer to thy prayer;—

Seek not to find a reason for thy sadness
In Him who changeth not,
As if His hand withheld the light and gladness
Which thou hast vainly sought.

All worlds upheld and gladdened by His favour
His boundless grace proclaim ;
Thousands rejoice in Christ, the living Saviour,
Through changing years the same.

His loving-kindness is a fount unfailing,
Forever full and free ;
If life is dark and prayer is unavailing,
The hindrance is in thee.

Is there no foul impurity still clinging
Around thy yielding heart,
Dark'ning thy inner light, and surely bringing
This conscious, guilty smart ?

Is there no idol shrined within thy spirit,
Where God alone should reign ?
No love of wrong, which gives thee to inherit
A legacy of pain ?

Are there no works of faith and love neglected,
To thee by Heaven assigned ?
No daily Rimmon-worship, undetected,
Blighting thy peace of mind ?

Arise and search thy heart—let nothing stay thee—
The fatal fault is there ;—
This traitor in thy soul may else betray thee
To ruin and despair.

Nor doubt, when thou with heart contrite and lowly
Hast all thy sins confest,
Thy night shall pass away, and God the Holy
Shall hear and give thee rest.

A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS; OR, GLIMPSSES OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

BY THE HON. S. L. SHANNON.

SECOND PAPER.

I WISH now to take my readers on another excursion, but to quite an opposite part of the city to that which we last visited. We again set out from the Piazza di Spagna, but instead of driving down the Corso, we continue our journey straight on until we find ourselves crossing the Bridge of St. Angelo, from which we catch a view of the yellow Tiber. We pass on beneath the frowning Mausoleum of Adrian, now the Castle of St. Angelo and principal fortress of the Popes, and soon reach the beautiful Piazza of St. Peter, whose sweeping colonnades and sparkling fountains are always viewed with pleasure by the tourist. We pause not to gaze at the huge dome of the Church, or to criticise its facade, but turning to the right we pass on foot through one of the colonnades, and soon reach the court-yard of the Vatican, the termination of our journey. A few steps lead us to the Lapidarian Gallery, the object of our visit,—for here, as I have mentioned before, are deposited the sepulchral inscriptions and monuments, the precious remains of the early Christians, which have been taken from the Catacombs. The gallery is 331 yards long, and is occupied almost exclusively with these and pagan memorials, amounting to upwards of 3,000 in all. On the right hand as you pass up, the inscriptions and sculptures all refer to deceased pagans, on the left are those of the Christians. They are well arranged, and, placed thus on opposite sides, invite the contrast which is invariably made by every reflecting visitor, and which I shall have occasion to notice.

I may be permitted to advert to my own reminiscences, for I recollect perfectly well when I first passed up this gallery. It was on my first visit to the Vatican. I had gone alone, without guide-book or guide, and was eagerly hastening to the *Cortile di Belvedere* to enjoy the long-wished-for moment in which I could

gaze upon the Apollo and the Laocoon, when the rude outline of a dove with the olive branch, on a slab in the wall, on the left hand, arrested my attention. It was before I had visited the Catacombs, and I had in a measure forgotten that anything connected with the early Christians was visible here, and it was therefore with something like a thrill that the thought came home to me that I was indeed gazing at the veritable relics of the ancient martyrs and confessors. Thenceforward I never visited the Vatican without pausing to ponder over and spell out—for they are very difficult for the uninitiated to decipher—these storied memorials of the first centuries of the Church.

But before we proceed to examine the inscriptions, the question may be very naturally asked—are they really genuine? It is a question which one is very likely to ask in Rome, for a tour of the churches with their relics is by no means apt to allay suspicion or prevent enquiry. But the answer is easily given in the affirmative. We have already traced their history, and shown how diligently and carefully antiquarians of different nations, from the time the Catacombs were opened, had collected and published them, and that it was impossible any forgery could exist undetected. We may also add that the Roman Catholic Church viewed them with extreme veneration, and placed them in a most conspicuous situation. The external evidence is therefore all that could be wished; but does the internal evidence correspond? If they are Christian memorials, it may be said, then the Christian character will speak forth to the world in them in most unmistakable accents, and the Christian graces of faith, hope and charity—so far as is compatible with the brief sentences of an inscription—will be clearly developed. Is it so? Draw near and you will not be disappointed—test these old monuments, try every line—the Christian character will stand the scrutiny. It was not wanting in life, it will not be found wanting in the simple annals which the hand of affection has traced after death.

Is the life of a Christian a life of love, of good will to all mankind? Listen to the following:

“Maximius, who lived twenty-three years, friend of all men.”

This is all; there is no date, nor any other clue to the history of the individual, but it is sufficient to show, that in the midst of

the trials and sufferings of life, he had not forgotten the precepts of his blessed Master. Here is another of the same character :

“On the fifth before the Kalends of November, slept Gorgonius, friend of all and enemy of none.”

But it may be asked—for the thought immediately suggests itself in connection with the subject—are there any memorials of the martyrs, of those who bravely endured the persecutors' rage, and were covered with glory by yielding up their lives for their Lord? Strange to say, there are but few—but five in all have been found which can be ascertained really to bear this character. It would seem as if these soldiers of the Cross were absolutely afraid of human fame, and, in striking contrast to the pompous epitaphs which would be inscribed on the tombs of modern heroes, they preferred to look to the imperishable record in the Lamb's Book of Life, leaving their earthly fame to die away among their friends and relatives. Thus they exhibited the true humility of the Christian.

I will now give the inscriptions of these five martyrs, which indeed are curious in more particulars than one, for as they suffered under different persecutions, they give, in several instances, genuine dates of the periods when their mutilated remains were entombed.

The first is that of the young military officer to whom I have already alluded. It dates as far back as about the year 130. On one side is scratched the palm branch, on the other the usual monogram of Christ, and the inscription is as follows :

“In Christ. In the time of the Emperor Adrian, Marius, a young military officer, who had lived long enough, when with blood he gave up his life for Christ. At length he rested in peace. The well-deserving set up this with tears and in fear. On the sixth before the Ides of December.”

“In the time of Adrian”—contemporary with Polycarp, the disciple of St. John—how near it brings us to the days of the Apostles! With what interest the spectator gazes upon that which connects him, however slightly, with those times! But there are other things which may engage his attention in this inscription. It shows how the Gospel had penetrated all ranks of society, and that the higher classes, even those in the bloom of

youth, and to whom life was most dear, were as ready as their humbler brethren to yield themselves up as martyrs for their Lord. The inscription was evidently written by those who were themselves passing through the fiery trial. "With tears and in fear" they set up the monument, but they felt grateful that he whom they loved and honoured had passed beyond all these things—"at length he rested in peace."

The next is about thirty years later, under the fearful persecution of the Emperor Antonine. The inscription runs thus :

"In Christ. Alexander is not dead, but lives above the stars, and his body rests in this tomb. He ended his life under the Emperor Antonine, who, foreseeing that great benefit would result from his services, returned evil for good. For, while on his knees, and about to sacrifice to the true God, he was led away to execution. O, sad times! in which, among sacred rites and prayers, even in caverns, we are not safe. What can be more wretched than such a life? and what than such a death? when they cannot be buried by their friends and relations—at length they sparkle in heaven. He has scarcely lived, who has lived in Christian times."

This monument has also the palm branch.

The third dates at the time of the Emperor Diocletian, about the year 303, during the most severe of all the persecutions, when the Emperor fancied that he had destroyed the name of Christian from the earth, and accordingly set up a column with an inscription on it to that effect. There is on the tomb the sign of the cross, which is more common on monuments of about this date. The following is the inscription :

"Lannus, Christ's martyr, rests here. He suffered under Diocletian. The sepulchre is also for his successors."

The fourth has no date, but is supposed to belong to the same period. It was raised by the widow of the deceased.

"Primitius in peace, after many torments a most valiant martyr. He lived thirty-eight years, more or less. His wife raised this to her dearest husband, the well-deserving."

The fifth and last is as follows :

"Here lies Gordianus, deputy of Gaul, who, with all his family, was executed for the faith. They rest in peace. Theophila, a handmaid, set up this."

The inscriptions which I now give I cannot pretend to classify, but will merely state that they all seem to express nearly the same ideas of faith, of hope, and of peace. The words "*In pace*," "In peace," "*In pace Christi*," "In the peace of Christ," or similar expressions, constantly occur, and show that the prevailing feeling was bright and cheerful, with a peaceful and confiding resignation to the Divine Will.

A few will suffice, such as,

"In Christ. Martyrius lived ninety-one years more or less. He chose a home during his life-time. In peace."

The above is an instance of the tomb being selected during the life of the party, and shows how constantly it was before the mind; it was to be "a home."

Others are short and simple as,

"Galla rests in peace."

"Nicephorus, a sweet soul in refreshment."

"To Adsertor, our dear, sweet, innocent and incomparable son."

"Lawrence, to his sweet son Severus, the well-deserving, borne away by angels on the 7th before the Ides of January."

"Borne away by angels." Can anything be more expressive of true Christian confidence!

Many more might be added, but those I give are to be considered merely as specimens, for the reiteration of the same ideas might become wearisome from their very monotony.

The following are brief but very expressive :

"Arethusa in God."

"Victorina sleeps."

"Zoticus, here laid to sleep."

"The sleeping-place of Elpis."

"Gemella sleeps in peace."

They are all beautiful, particularly the last. The words in the original language are, "*Gemella dormit in pace*—Gemella sleeps in peace." Can anything be more touching? We seem to stand by the death-bed of a young Christian, whose countenance is bright with faith and hope, and to whom the grave has no terror, because beneath and around her the Everlasting Arms are laid,

and the dark valley is irradiated by the presence of her Lord. They who raised this inscription must have watched the receding traits of life, and have seen her eyes close as it were in sweet sleep, never more to open in this world; but assured that they would open upon a scene of endless bliss, they rejoiced in the privilege of offering this simple tribute to her memory.

The whole line of pagan inscriptions, which are opposite to those of the Christians in the Lapidarian Gallery, are in striking contrast of character. In them there is no language of hope or confidence, but dark despair is visible in every line that utters the heart-broken feelings of the mourner. Now and then there is an attempt to exhibit the poor philosophy of the Epicurean in words which a heathen sensualist alone would use. Of the former kind are the following:

“O relentless Fortune, who delightest in cruel Death,
Why is Maximus so suddenly snatched from me:
He who lately used to lie joyful on my bosom;—
This stone now marks his tomb—behold his mother.”

“His mother Fusca, left to sorrow and groaning, buried him, moist with tears and balsam, in this sepulchre.”

“I, Procope, lift up my hands against God, who snatched away me innocent. She lived twenty years. Proclus set up this.”

In contrast to this is a Christian fragment given by Maitland, who thus remarks: “A part of the inscription has been destroyed, as far as mere perishable marble is concerned; but the immortal sentiment which pervades the sentence supplies the loss. Like a voice from among the graves, broken by sobs yet distinctly intelligible, fall the few remaining words upon the listening ear, ‘who gave and hath taken—blessed—of the Lord—who lived—years—in peace—in the consúlate of—’”

Here are specimens of the fashionable philosophy of the Romans, to which I have before referred:

“To the Divine Manes of Titus Claudius Secundus, who lived fifty-seven years. Here he enjoys everything. Baths, wine, pleasure, destroy the body, but they make life. Farewell, farewell.”

“While I lived, I lived well. My play is now ended,—soon yours will be. Farewell, and applaud me.”

Let us revert to a few more Christian inscriptions. Here is one which I distinctly recollect; it contains the dove with the olive-branch sculptured on it.

"Peace. This grief will always weigh upon me: may it be granted me to behold in sleep your revered countenance. My wife Albana, always chaste and modest, I grieve over the loss of your support, for our Divine Author gave you to me as a sacred boon. You, well-deserving one, having left your relations, lie in peace—in sleep—you will arise—a temporary rest is granted you. She lived forty-five years, five months, and thirteen days: buried in peace. Placus, her husband, set up this."

In this last we behold the confident expectation of a resurrection, expressed without the slightest possible doubt.

The following inscription on the tomb of a presbyter and his wife shows that clergymen married in those days:

"The place of Basil the presbyter, and his Felicitas. They made it for themselves."

Here is one to the wife of a deacon, of date 472:

"Petronia, a deacon's wife, the type of modesty. In this place I lay my bones; spare your tears, dear husband and daughters, and believe that it is forbidden to weep for one who lives in God."

The language, "forbidden to weep for one who lives in God," precludes any idea of purgatory having been entertained, and this too in the latter part of the fifth century.

Having given these specimens of the Christian inscriptions, I will now turn to the symbols engraved upon the tombs, to several of which I have already incidentally alluded.

It would naturally be supposed that the Cross would be the most common symbol, but although it is very frequently met with, yet it cannot be said to be the most in use among those who set up the earlier inscriptions. When it is found, it is in the simple form of two straight lines,—subsequently to the first centuries it presents a much more elaborate form. The idea of the crucifix did not seem to have entered the minds of those who looked more to the glorified Redeemer in heaven than to the suffering Son of Man on earth. Indeed such a representation would have been totally opposed to the cheerful feeling with

which they contemplated death and the better land to which they were going. The skilful exhibition of the agonized Sufferer by the Italian artist would only have presented to them images of a revolting character. What they most wished to display was their unshaken hope and faith in Christ, and hence their favorite symbols were formed from His name. They presented these ideas by taking the two first letters of His name in the Greek language, and joining them together in such a way as to present the appearance of our English letter P bisecting an X. This seemed to me the most common of any, and to be the monogram, or abbreviated form of Christ's name which they preferred. To this is sometimes added on either side an Alpha and an Omega, referring probably to the Book of Revelations, and then the whole meant, "In Christ, the first and the last." Another common symbol is the fish, which among other reasons for its adoption had this, that the Greek word for it, *Iχθῆς*, contained the initials of the sentence "Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour." The dove with the olive branch, to which I have before referred, is another expressive of "peace." The anchor is another, meaning either "hope," or as is thought by some, the close of a well-spent life, when the anchor is cast after the voyage is over. The ship is also used, expressive of the heaven-bound voyage, as well as the palm and crown in token of victory.

All these symbols are very rudely engraved, particularly on the earliest tombs,—indeed they are sometimes mere scratches, and they serve to show, as well as the language of many of the inscriptions themselves, that those who placed them were among the poor and humble classes, who had little regard for elegance provided that their trust in their Saviour were only faithfully represented, and the name of their deceased friend or relative preserved in the shortest and simplest form. Most of the inscriptions may indeed be well called "The short and simple annals of the poor."

Having thus examined the inscriptions and symbols of the primitive followers of the Lord, we have now only to dwell for a moment upon a few of the considerations suggested by the subject. I have already referred more than once to the tone which pervades them all, to the bright and cheerful hue of their faith,

and to the certainty with which they looked forward to a blissful immortality. It was evident amid the vicissitudes to which they were exposed, that this world could give them nothing beyond the ties of domestic life to engage their affections,—they therefore lived as true “strangers and pilgrims” here, and it was with a degree of gladness, too little appreciated by the Church in the present day, that they looked forward to that period when the “earthly house of their tabernacle” being dissolved they should gain a home in “the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.” But there is one trait to which I have only cursorily referred, and which I think is deserving of notice, namely, their entire freedom from hostile feeling towards the authors of their calamities. One would, of course, expect that no thought bordering upon revenge would be allowed to rest in their minds: but still there could be no good will towards them, and this would develop itself. But there is nothing of the kind,—nothing indeed beyond the mere lament that they should live in such trying times, when they could not even bury their dead in peace. They seem to have been living examples of the pure principles of the blessed Redeemer, and to have endeavoured to take up their cross and to follow Him by carrying out strictly the precepts He has given. There was no reproach of their enemies,—it was the will of God that they should suffer, and in humble resignation to Him they submitted. What a practical illustration is all this of the truths of the Gospel! The word of God must have sunk deep into their hearts to have thus produced such peaceable fruits of righteousness. We must recollect that they gradually grew to be a very large, and, if they had chosen, a very powerful body. It is mentioned by the younger Pliny, as early as the days of Trajan, that the altars of the gods in certain parts of the Empire had been forsaken in consequence of the number who had embraced the pernicious doctrines, as he esteemed them, of Christianity.

There is no question, then, with the dense and compact body which they presented, having members in every rank of society, many of them among the best soldiers of the Emperors, and well trained to arms, that if they had chosen to rise in opposition to the persecuting edicts, they might have kindled such a flame of civil war as might have tasked all the resources of the Empire to

extinguish;—and perhaps all those resources might have failed in the attempt. This is intimated by all the historians of the Church, and is referred to in the quotation from Lord Lindsay's work which I have before given. But the very reverse of all this was the case; they permitted themselves to be driven into the Catacombs by their heathen fellow-subjects, instead of opposing them, and when the arm of power required it they did not refuse to bare the neck to the uplifted sword.

Again,—in the language of these simple records we see how closely they adhered to the written Word; there is nothing in them savouring of human tradition. In this view too there is something for us in the present day to consider. When the profound theologian wishes to give us what he esteems the true teaching of the Church, and takes us back to times when she is supposed to speak with no uncertain voice, and points us to the traditions of the Fathers as the exponents of Christian doctrine, it is well that we have it in our power to oppose practice to precept, and that we can carry him to these speaking tablets, and show him how much superior light there was, and how much more of Scripture truth, in the poor and unlearned of those very days, than in those who were esteemed to be the luminaries of the Church, but who were too often entangled in the mazes of human wisdom. It shows us that the nearer we approach the fountain of living waters, the less desire we shall feel to trust to the broken cisterns that can hold no water.

There is also negative testimony against many of the so-called developments which have taken place in the latter periods of the Church. I have already hinted at some instances, but it will be as well to refer to them more particularly.

On one point, namely, with reference to prayers for the dead, a question has been raised in consequence of the peculiar language of some of the tombs. I give several of the inscriptions, which are supposed to bear out this view.

“Farewell, O Sabina! She lived 8 years, 8 months, and 22 days. Mayest thou live sweetly in God!”

“Exuperius, mayest thou rest in peace, who lived 23 years, 3 months, and 6 days.”

“Bolosia, may God refresh thee She lived 31 years.”

"Mayest thou be in peace and benediction, O Sufanatus! He lived 30 years more or less."

"Sweet Faustina, may you live in God."

"Amerimnus to Rufina, my dearest wife, the well-deserving. May God refresh thy spirit!"

But surely there is nothing in these beyond a natural exhibition of feeling, and perhaps a turn of expression which may have been insensibly borrowed from their heathen fellow-citizens. "May the earth rest light on thee," is a common phrase upon the pagan tombs, and these expressions are not unlike it, only imbued with a more Christian spirit. They are considered, too, as rather the expression of a wish, than a petition for the departed soul. There is one inscription, however, which is of a more doubtful character; it is supposed to belong to the middle of the fifth century, and is as follows:

"Gentianus, a believer, in peace: who lived 21 years, 8 months, and 16 days. Also in your prayers pray for us, for we know that you are in Christ."

This seems strongly to favour another dogma, namely, that of prayers to the saints. The inscription is found in the Lapidarian Gallery, and its genuineness cannot be disputed. But suppose we concede this:—it is the only one among the many thousands which have been brought to light, and if we admit it to be the exception, surely by all the principles of sound reasoning we must conclude the rule to be the other way.

On other points there cannot be the slightest question. In the whole Lapidarian Gallery, for instance, the name of the Virgin Mary does not once occur. So say those who have examined the inscriptions most carefully. This is a very striking fact, and presents a strong contrast to the images and ceremonies with which the traveller becomes familiar in every church in Rome.

Again—such language as "In peace," "In Christ," "In refreshment," "Borne away by angels," is totally inconsistent with any belief in Purgatory, and some of the proofs against the practice of celibacy among the clergy have already been given. I might enlarge upon all these points, but I prefer to quote the following passages from Seymour's well-known work, "Mornings among the Jesuits," as giving a short but excellent summary of the testimony of the Catacombs in favor of Protestantism.

"Day after day," says he, "and week after week," have I paused in this gallery, to examine these monumental inscriptions. It always occurred to me, that if a belief in the sufferings of the dead in purgatory,—if a belief in the efficacy of any praying to or invocation of the departed saints, was held among the Christians of the Church, in those early ages, when the Church used to hide herself, used to celebrate her worship and used to bury her dead in the Catacombs, there ought to be, and there should be, some evidence of such belief in the inscriptions so numerous to be found in the Catacombs. The absence—the total and perfect absence,—of everything of the kind, seems to argue powerfully that no such things entered into the religious belief of those ages.

"It is observable that in a modern grave-yard in any Roman Catholic country, there are always expressions in the monumental inscriptions which intimate the belief of the Church of Rome. There is a request to the passing traveller to offer a prayer for the dead; there is a statement setting forth that it is a good thing to pray for the dead; there is a prayer that the dead may rest in peace; there is a request for the assisting prayers of the saints. These and others of a similar tendency are found in every cemetery in Roman Catholic countries. But there is nothing like this—nothing that has the faintest resemblance of this, or of any opinion approaching to any of these to be found among the innumerable inscriptions collected from the Catacombs. The whole collection of inscriptions thus argues unanswerably that these opinions that have been of late years so universally received in the Church of Rome were wholly unknown in the Primitive Church."

I will now bring these remarks to a close. I might have extended them to greater length, but I think enough has been said to exhibit the leading features of the subject. It is for us all to consider the lessons taught by those primitive times; and if we learn to emulate the character of the early Christians in their faith, in their hope, and in their devotion to the cause of their Divine Master, it will not be in vain that we have descended together into the Catacombs of Rome.*

* The entire subject which is here cursorily treated, has been discussed with great fulness of detail, and with copious pictorial illustration, in a recent volume published by Nelson and Phillips, New York, entitled "The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity, by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M. A." It gives a full account of their structure and history, their re-discovery, and the result of the most recent explorations; with numerous engravings of the paintings, symbols, inscriptions, lamps, vases, implements, rings, seals, toys, trinkets, etc., found in the Catacombs. It also gives a critical account of the Doctrinal Teachings, above referred to, of the inscriptions; of the ministry, rites and institutions of the Primitive Church; and of early Christian life and character, social condition, trades and occupations, domestic and civil relations, etc., illustrated by translations of many hundreds of inscriptions.

THOUGHTS AMONG THE GRAVES.

BY W. H. W.

" For thee was a house built
 Ere thou wast born ;
 For thee was a mould meant
 Ere thou of mother camest.
 " Thy house is not highly timbered,
 It is unhigh and low ;
 When thou art therein
 The roof is built thy breast full nigh,
 So shalt thou in mould, dwell full cold,
 Dimly and dark."*

It is well to turn aside from the dusty highway of life to the cool shades of retirement,—from the busy city of the living to the silent city of the dead. In the din of day the tolling of the passing hours is often unheeded or unheard ; but in the hush and silence of the night it knells forth, loud and solemn over all, its thought-compelling warning of the flight of time. So the voice of conscience, which in the tumult of life's battle is often drowned, in the quiet hour of meditation echoes through the soul. The sublime poetry of death is felt, and our lives in the shadow of the grave become grand and awful. The unseen world seems near, and earth with all its noise and show seems very far off. Forms once throbbing with life like ours lie around us, each in its narrow cell forever laid. And some we know, too, may be there ; some who have walked with us life's weary way, have ceased to walk below. To their clear eyes the secrets of God are open spread. They now know all we so much wish, yet fear to learn.

Small wonder that all earnest-thoughted poets have loved to moralize among the tombs, and none have more truly interpreted for us the teachings of the grave than have they. Of these, one of the most seer-like in his calm philosophy is James Montgomery. He voices not querulous complainings, or at best a sullen submission to a stern necessity, like Young ; nor a

* From the *Anglo Saxon*.

rehearsal of the terrible and gloomy aspects of death—the marshalling of its ghostly spectres before us till we cry, “We’ll look no more! they make our blood run cold!”—not the sad, sweet, regretful strains of Grey, nor the despairing dirges of Edgar Allan Poe, revelling ghoul-like among the tombs. Not any of these are his, but with a calm content he welcomes death as

“The mildest herald by our fate allotted
To lead us with a gentle hand,
Into the Silent Land.”

He sees the grave despoiled of its victory, as only those at peace with God can see it. Instead of exciting terror and revulsion he makes one in love with dying, till with him one exclaims:

“Let me go, the day is breaking,
If ye love me, let me go.”
“’Tis the living are the dying,
Know that I would cease to die.”

Listen to the calm swell of these lines; they are like the heaving of old ocean’s placid breast:

“There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.
I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.”

Only less beautiful are these than the blest words of Holy Writ
“He giveth His beloved sleep.”
How many are the dead!

“All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.”

The varied beauties of earth are but “the solemn decorations all of the great tomb of man.” During centuries after centuries the tribes of earth ceaselessly pass over its face and sink into its bosom. They leave the result of their puny toil in solid-seeming pyramids and hundred-gated cities, in cloud-capped towers and

palaces, but in the sight of God and of the holy angels, how short-lived and how frail be they. Let us feel, therefore, that we walk in the very shadow of eternity, on the confines of the other world. Let us walk softly and circumspectly. Let us work while it is called to-day, for in the grave whither we are hastening there is neither labour nor device. Let us with earnest heed attend the admonition of the poet,

“ So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

Inexpressibly pathetic to me appear those solitary graves on lonely farmsteads, that we sometimes meet in riding through the country. The pallid head-stone gleams pale and wan amid the tangled foliage that surrounds it, like a sad and tearful face weeping over the buried dead. But dreamless and sweet is their placid sleep; the grasses wave, the sunlight falls, the sad rains weep, and winds of midnight moan a threnody, but heedless of it all are they. Till the archangel awake them they slumber.

I have recently visited several of the most beautiful cemeteries in the United States, or perhaps in the world. The lovely landscape, the trees, the shrubs, the trailing vines, the bloom of flowers and song of birds, the chaste adorning of the graves, the marble monuments gleaming white against the verdure of the foliage, the holy hopes and the touching sorrow, the tender and yearning affection breathing in the inscriptions, all conspire to invest them with a pathos and a poetry that makes them, to me at least, places of fascinating and profitable resort. On a lovely May morning I visited the Green Mount Cemetery, at Baltimore. It was studded with stately elms and melancholy cypresses. The snowy magnolia and brilliant blossoms of the tulip tree, and the more familiar lilacs and almonds, breathed their perfume on the atmosphere. The beautiful Baltimore oriole swung on his airy perch and carolled his joyous song. The emblematic figures of

Faith and Hope and Grief, in snowy marble, watched over the silent sleepers; and angels blowing the trumpet of resurrection, or bearing the wreath of immortality, seemed about to awake them from their slumbers.*

But of all the cemeteries I have seen, that of Laurel Hill, crowning the heights that overlook the picturesque Schuylkill, is by far the most beautiful. Not soon shall I forget the lovely aspect of nature, as the sun went down in golden splendour, suffusing each shaft and obelisk and columned monument with a rosy glow, while the river beneath, like the Nile when smitten by Moses, seemed turned to blood. Near at hand was the bronze effigy of a youthful artist, gazing with a rapt expression over the fading landscape he had loved in life so well. The hum of the distant city was faintly heard, softly pulsing on the ear with the intermittent wafts of air; as the sun sank a sigh whispered through the tree tops, as though the great heart of nature grieved, and so the solemn night came down and folded in one common pall the living and the dead.†

Greenwood Cemetery, although very large and containing many costly monuments, is less beautiful than some others. The view, however, from Battle Hill, over the crowded harbour and the broad Atlantic, especially as I have twice seen it, under the spell of the sunset hour, is very fine. Over this hill, in the stormy Revolutionary times, the tide of battle rolled, where now the dead of many races rest in the common nationality and common reconciliation of the grave. There are many beautiful monuments, but the one which elicits the greatest interest and sympathy, is that of Charlotte Canda, a beautiful French girl, who was killed by falling from her carriage, on her seventeenth birthday. Her disconsolate parents lavished her fortune on her tomb.‡

Many of the inscriptions are very pathetic; the most touching are the most brief. Note the following:—"Jesu, Mercy," "Fell asleep in Jesus," "Entered into rest," "Hier ruht in Gott—Here rests in God," "Gone home," "In memory of loved ones,"

* Amid all this beauty, beneath an ivy-wreathed obelisk bearing the family name, lay the remains of Wilkes Booth, the assassin of the martyr President.

† An adjacent cemetery bears the beautiful name of Mount Peace, and another that of Mount Hope.

"To my wife," "To our mother," "Father," "My little Jacob,"
 "To our babes."*

These are eloquent of affection, and tell of a grief, into the bitterness of which a stranger may not enter. The grand old Christian symbols of the cross and crown and palm, old as Christianity itself, carry us back to the heroic ages of the Church, when they were often the signs of bloody martyrdom. On the graves of little children, the carven lamb and dove, the broken lily, or the blighted bud, carried my mind to a little mound in our own "God's acre," and filmed my eyes with tears. Oh, what hopes are buried in those graves! what griefs still live in hearts that

"Long for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still."

Youth and strength and beauty, age and infancy, alike cut down by the remorseless reaper, lie silent side by side.

How still the tenants of these houses dwell! They go not abroad, their voices are not heard in the street, no busy din of wheels is there, no calls of hollow ceremony are made, every door is shut: "They rest from their labours." Their sepulchres "ope" not yet "their ponderous and marble jaws;" not yet the sleepers in the stony cerements rise. Fallen soldiers of life's grand army, beneath the "green tents whose curtains never outward swing" they keep the long bivouac of the grave, in the vast encampment of death, till the *reveillé* of the resurrection morning.

I was particularly impressed with the crowded graveyards which are sometimes found in the heart of great cities. The roar and din of trade and commerce resound above the heads of their silent tenants, but unheeding of it all are they.

"Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing about them;
 Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever;
 Thousands of aching brains where theirs no longer are busy;
 Thousands of toiling hands where theirs have ceased from their labours;
 Thousands of weary feet where theirs have completed their journey."†

* On a costly monument, in contrast with these, I noticed the fulsome adulation of the virtues of a circus rider.

† Of this description are the graves of "Benjamin Franklin and Deborah his Wife," as the inscription reads, close to the street, in the very heart of the

How enduring are these houses! That is a grim and ghastly riddle propounded in Hamlet: "Who builds stronger than mason, or shipwright, or carpenter?—The grave-digger; the houses that he makes last till dooms-day." Bitter satire, also, is that of the poet-prince of Denmark, as he walks among the graves: "Humph! this fellow might be in his time a great buyer of land. The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more?"

What a stern rebuke to human pride! Though he may have filled the earth with his fame, yet, there he lies, cold, stark, dead,—dust in his eyes, dust in his ears, and his heart is dust. "Expende Hannibalem," says the Roman satirist, "Weigh the dust of Hannibal. How many pounds will you find in this great commander, whom not all Africa, lashed by the western sea and stretching to the steaming Nile, could hold?"*

Beautiful is that instinct of our nature that prompts us to cherish and adorn the sepulchres of our departed. How pathetic is that old English custom of decorating with flowers the grave of the beloved one on the anniversary of the death-day. Fit tokens of the resurrection are they—emblems of the bright and better land. Very noble, too, is the annual celebration of Decoration Day, by our American neighbours, when, with religious rites and prayer, they adorn with lavish profusion of flowers the graves of their fallen heroes, no matter on which side they fought and fell. Now sleep they side by side

"Under the rain and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day;
Under the lilies the blue,
Under the violets the grey."

I have read of a savage tribe, which upon the death of one of their number, caused the cattle to trample out all traces of the

business portion of Philadelphia. A plain flat slab, bearing only their names and date of death, which the passing throng may read through the iron railing of the fence, covers the grave.

* Quot litras in duce summo
Invenies? Hic est, quem non capit Africa, Mauro
Percussa Oceano, Niloque admota tepenti.

—*Juvenal, Sat. x. vv. 147-150.*

grave, that they might never be reminded of their lost companion. Little more removed from barbarism than this is the criminal neglect of the graveyards in many rural districts. Thistles and thorns, and all vile, noxious weeds are suffered to grow in tangled, rank luxuriance, deriving the elements of their exuberance from the buried dead, while so dilapidated is the enclosure that vagrant cattle may enter and trample on the graves at will. The claims of such a community to more than a very low state of civilization are not very valid. The degree of refinement of a people may be easily inferred from their care of the dead.

But how sad is that condition wherein this loving instinct of our nature may not be indulged, where even the poor satisfaction is denied of going to the grave to weep there. In all large cities the often crowded and little-cared-for place assigned in which to bury strangers—the friendless and forlorn—is a spot fraught with life tragedies, sadder far than poet ever dreamed.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath many in its cold embrace; down through the whelming waves they sank; in their wide waste wandering grave they sleep their last long sleep; no man knoweth their sepulchre; none may weep there.

That is a sad tale told of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, that they were forced to sow wheat over the graves of their departed that the Indians might not know how weak they were, how many had died, for more than half the entire colony perished during the first three months. And yet, "O brave hearts and true! not one went back with the *Mayflower*."

But if there is much that is saddening and soul-subduing, there is also something cheering and inspiring in a walk through a Christian graveyard. The devout mottoes and texts of Scripture the simple inscriptions,

"Writ with little skill in song-craft,
Rudely written, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter,"

strengthen and inspire the soul. Such lofty calm assurance as is expressed in the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," "My flesh shall rest

in hope," and the thousand consolations of God's Holy Word take the sting from death, the victory from the grave. How grand, how soul-sustaining are the promises in such an hour as this! How sad and drear were the classic funeral rites—the "*Vale! vale! longum vale!*" the earth thrice thrown backward; the inverted torch, the emblem of despair; the blind groping in the darkness, uncheered by a single ray of immortality. How blest are we who are permitted to commit our loved ones to the earth in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to everlasting life.

"Ah! yes; into its furrows shall we all be cast
In the sure faith that we shall rise again,
At the great harvest when the arch-angel's blast
Shall winnow like a fan the chaff and grain.

"With thy rude plough-share, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow."

And bright and beautiful shall that great harvest be; for transfigured and glorified shall the dead arise, serene and passionless, purified and assoiled from the dust and defilement of sin; no longer with the faults and foibles, the follies and imperfections of humanity, but like God's blest angels shall they be.

I cannot better conclude this rambling paper than by the following quotation from the German:

"Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended,
Who through death have unto God ascended!
Ye have arisen
From the cares which keep us still in prison.
Christ has wiped away your tears forever,
Ye have that for which we still endeavour.
For you are chanted
Songs which no mortal ear hath ever haunted."

NIPIGON LAKE.

BY EDWARD KEARSLEY.

HIGH-SHOULDERED and ruddy and sturdy,
 Like droves of pre-Adamite monsters,
 The vast mounded rocks of red basalt
 Lie basking round Nipigon's waters;
 And still lies the lake, as if fearing
 To trouble the centuried slumber;
 And heavy o'er lake and in heaven
 A dim veil of smoke tells of forests
 Ablaze in the far lonely Northland;
 And, over us, blood-red and sullen,
 The sun in the dark umber water
 Looks up at the gray murky heaven,
 While one lonely loon on the water
 Is wailing his mate, and beside us
 Two shaggy-haired Chippeway children
 In silence watch sadly the white man.

DYING SUMMER.

BY M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

ON tawny hills in faded splendour drest,
 Of rusty purple and of tarnished gold,
 Now like some eastern monarch sad and old,
 The discrowned summer lieth down to rest!
 A mournful mist hangs o'er the mellow plain,
 O'er watery meads that slide down pine-clad heights,
 And wine-red woods where song no more delights;
 But only wounded birds cry out in pain.
 A pallid glory lingers in the sky,
 Faint scents of wilding flowers float in the air,
 All nature's voices murmur in despair—
 "Was summer crowned so late—so soon to die?"
 But with a royal smile, she whispers, "Cease,
 If life is joy and triumph, death is peace!"

THE GOD OF ROME EATEN BY A RAT.

BY FATHER CHINIQUY.

IN the spring of 1838, there was living at "La Jeune Lorette," near Quebec, an old retired priest who was blind. He was born in France, where he had been condemned to death, during the Reign of Terror. Escaped from the guillotine, he had fled to Canada, where the Bishop of Quebec had put him in the elevated post of Chaplain of the Ursuline Nunnery. He had a fine voice, was a good musician, and had some pretensions to the title of poet. Having composed a good number of church hymns, he had been called "Pere Cantique;" but his real name was "Pere Daulé." His faith and piety were of the most exalted character among the Roman Catholics; though these did not prevent him from being one of the most jovial and amiable men I ever saw. But his blue eyes, sweet as the eyes of the dove; his fine yellow hair falling on his shoulders like a golden fleece; his white, rosy cheeks, and his constantly smiling lips, had been too much for the tender hearts of the good nuns. It was not a secret that "Pere Cantique," when young, had made several interesting conquests in the monastery. There was no wonder at that. Indeed, how could that young and inexperienced butterfly escape damaging his golden wings, at the numberless burning lamps of the fair virgins? But the mantle of charity had been thrown over the wounds which the old warrior had received on that formidable battle-field, from which even the Davids, Samsons, Solomons and many others had escaped only after being mortally wounded.

To help the poor blind priest, the curates around Quebec used to keep him by turn, in their parsonages, and give him the care and marks of respect due to his old age. After the Rev. Mr. Roy, curate of Charlesbourg, had kept him five or six weeks, I had taken him to my parsonage. It was in the month of May—a month entirely consecrated to the worship of the Virgin Mary, to whom Father Daulé was a most devoted priest. He was really inexhaustible, when trying to prove to us how Mary was the surest foundation of the hope and salvation of sinners;

how she was constantly appeasing the just wrath of her Son Jesus, who, were it not for His love and respect to her, would have long since crushed us down.

The Councils of Rome have forbidden blind priests to say mass; but on account of his high piety, he had received from the Pope the privilege of celebrating the short mass of the Virgin, which he knew perfectly by heart. One morning, when the good old priest was at the altar, saying his mass, and that I was in the vestry, hearing the confessions of the people, the young servant boy came to me in haste, and said, "Father Daulé calls you; please come quick."

Fearing something wrong had happened to my old friend, I lost no time and ran to him. I found him nervously tapping the altar with his two hands, as in an anxious search of some very precious thing; when very near to him, I said, "What do you want?" He answered with a shriek of distress, "The good god has disappeared from the altar. He is lost!—J'ai perdu le Bon Dieu. Il est disparu de dessus l'autel!" Hoping he was mistaken, and that he had only thrown away the good god, "Le Bon Dieu," on the floor, by some accident, I looked on the altar, at his feet, everywhere I could suspect that the good god might have been moved away by some mistake of the hand. But the most minute search was of no avail; the good god could not be found. I really felt stunned. At first remembering the thousand miracles I had read about the disappearances and marvellous changes of form of the wafer god, it came to my mind that we were in the presence of some great miracle; and that my eyes were to see some of those great marvels of which the books of the Church of Rome are filled. But I had soon to change my mind, when a thought flashed through my memory which chilled the blood in my veins. The church of Beauport was inhabited by a multitude of the boldest and most insolent rats I have ever seen. Many times when saying my mass, I had seen the ugly noses of several of them, who undoubtedly attracted by the smell of the fresh water, wanted to make their breakfast with the body, blood, soul, and divinity of my Christ. But, as I was constantly in motion, or praying with a loud voice, the rats had invariably been frightened and fled away into their secret

quarters. I felt terror-struck by the thought that the good god, "Le Bon Dieu," had been taken away and eaten by the rats.

Father Daulé so sincerely believed what all the priests of Rome are bound to believe, that he had the power to turn the wafer into God, that, after he had pronounced the words by which the great marvel was wrought, he used to pass from five to fifteen minutes in silent adoration. He was then as motionless as a marble statue, and his feelings were so strong that often torrents of tears used to flow from his eyes on his cheeks. Leaning my head towards the distressed old priest, I asked him, "Have you not remained, as you are used, a long time motionless, in adoring the good god, after the consecration?"

He quickly answered, "Yes! but what has this to do with the loss of the good god?"

I replied with a low voice, but with a real accent of distress and awe: "Some rats have dragged and eaten the good god!"

"What do you say?" replied Father Daulé, "The good god carried away and eaten by rats!"

"Yes," I replied, "I have not the least doubt about it."

"My God! My God! what a dreadful calamity upon me!" rejoined the old man; and raising his hands and eyes to Heaven, he cried out again, "My God! My God! why have you not taken away my life, before such a misfortune could fall upon me!" He could not speak any longer; his voice was choked by his sobs.

At first, I did not know what to say; a thousand thoughts, some very grave, some exceedingly ludicrous, crossed my mind more rapidly than I can say them. I stood there, as if nailed to the floor, beside the old priest, who was weeping like a child, till he asked me in a voice broken by sobs, "What must I do now?"

I answered him, "The Church has foreseen occurrences of this kind, and provided for them the remedy. The only thing you have to do is to get a new wafer, consecrate it, and continue your mass, as if nothing strange had occurred. I will go and get you, just now, a new bread."

I went, without losing a moment, to the vestry, and brought a new wafer, which he consecrated and turned into a new god, and finished his mass, as I had advised him. After it

was over, I took the disconsolate old priest by the hand to my parsonage, for breakfast. But all along the way he rent the air with his cries of distress. He would hardly taste anything, for his soul was really drowned in a sea of disconsolation. I vainly tried to calm his feelings, by telling him that it was no fault of his; that this strange and sad occurrence was not the first of the kind; that it had been calmly foreseen by the Church, which had told us what to do in these circumstances; that there was no neglect, no fault, no offence against God or man, on his part.

But as he would not pay the least attention to what I said, I felt the only thing I had to do was to remain silent, and respect his grief, by telling him to unburden his heart by his lamentations and tears.

I had hoped that his good common sense would help him to overcome his feelings; but I was mistaken; his lamentations were as long as those of Jeremiah, and the expressions of his grief as bitter.

At last, I lost patience, and said, "My dear Father Daulé, allow me to tell you respectfully, that it is quite time to stop these lamentations and tears. Our great and just God cannot like such an excess of sorrow and regret, about a thing which was only, and entirely, under the control of His power and eternal wisdom."

"What do you say there?" replied the old priest, with a vivacity which resembled anger.

"I say that, as it was not in your power to foresee or to avoid that occurrence, you have not the least reason to act and speak as you do. Let us keep our tears and regrets for our sins; we have both committed many, we cannot shed too many tears for them. But there is no sin here: and there must be some reasonable limits to our sorrow. If anybody had to weep and regret without measure what has happened, it would be Christ. For He alone could foresee that event, and He alone could prevent it. Had it been His will to oppose this sad and mysterious fact, it was in His, not in our power to prevent it. He alone has suffered from it, because it was His will to permit it."

“ Mr. Chiniquy,” he replied, “ you are quite a young man; and I see that you have the want of attention and experience which are too often seen among young priests. You do not pay sufficient attention to the awful calamity which has just occurred in your church. If you had more faith and piety, you would weep with me, instead of laughing at my grief. How can you speak so lightly of a thing which makes the angels of God weep? Our dear Saviour dragged away and eaten by rats Oh! great God! does not this surpass the humiliations and horrors of Calvary?”

“ My dear Father Daulé,” I replied, “ allow me respectfully to tell you, that I understand, as well as you do, the nature of the deplorable event of this morning. I would have given my blood to prevent it. But let us look at that fact in its proper light; it is not a moral action for us; it did not depend on our will more than the spots of the sun. The only one who is accountable for that fact is our God. For, again I say that He was the only one who could foresee and prevent it. And, to give you plainly my own mind, I tell you here that if I were God Almighty, and a miserable rat should come to eat me, I would strike him dead before he could touch me.”

There is no need of confessing it here; every one who reads these pages, and pays attention to this conversation, will understand that my former so robust faith in my priestly power of changing the water into my God, had melted away and evaporated from my mind, if not entirely, at least to a great extent.

Great and new lights had flashed through my soul in that hour; evidently my merciful God wanted to open my eyes to the awful absurdities and impieties of a religion whose god could be dragged off and eaten by rats. Had I been faithful to the saving lights which were in me then, I might have been saved from that very hour; and before the end of that day, I should have broken the shameful chains by which the Pope had tied my neck to his idol of bread. In that hour, it seemed to me evident that the dogma of Transubstantiation was a most monstrous imposture, and my priesthood an insult to God and man.

My intelligence said to me with a thundering voice, “ Do

not remain any longer the priest of a god whom you may make every day and whom the rats can eat."

Though blind, Father Daulé understood well, by the stern accents of my voice, that my faith in the god whom he had created that morning, and whom the rats had eaten, had been seriously modified, if not entirely crumbled down. He remained silent for some time, after which he invited me to sit by him, and he spoke to me with a pathos and an authority which my youth and his old age alone could justify. He gave me the most awful rebuke I ever had; he really opened on my poor, wavering intelligence, soul, and heart, all the cataracts of Heaven; he overwhelmed me with a deluge of Fathers, Councils, and infallible Popes, who had believed and preached before the whole world, in all ages, the Dogma of Transubstantiation.

If I had paid attention to the voice of my intelligence, and accepted the lights which my merciful God was giving me, I could easily have refuted the arguments of the old priest of Rome. But what has the intelligence to do in the Church of Rome? What could my intelligence say:—I was forbidden to hear it. What was the weight of my poor isolated intelligence, when put in the balance against so many learned, holy, and infallible intelligences?

Alas! I was not aware then that the weight of the intelligence of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, was on my side; and that, weighted against the intelligence of the Popes, they were greater than all the worlds against a grain of sand!

One hour after, shedding tears of regret, I was at the feet of Father Daulé, in the confessional box, confessing the great sin I had committed by doubting for a moment the power of the priest to change a wafer into God.

The voice of the old priest had been like a lion's voice when speaking to the unbelieving curate of Beauport, had become sweet as the voice of a lamb when he had me at his feet, confessing my unbelief. He gave me my pardon. For my penance he forbade me ever to say a word on the sad end of the god he had created that morning; for said he: "This would destroy the faith of the most sincere Roman Catholics."

For the other part of the penance, I had to go on my knees

every day, during nine days, before the fourteen images of the way of the cross, and say a penitential psalm before every picture; which I did. But the sixth day, the skin of my knees was pierced, and the blood was flowing freely. I suffered real tortures every time I kneeled down, and at every step I made. But it seemed to me that these tortures were nothing compared to my great iniquity.

I had refused for a moment to believe that a man can create his god with a wafer, and I had thought that a Church which adores a god eaten by rats must be an idolatrous Church.

FLOWERS.

EVERYWHERE about us they are glowing,
Some like stars to tell us spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

In all places then and in all seasons,
They expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection
We behold their under buds expand;
Emblems are they of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

—LONGFELLOW

SLAVERY:

WEEP not for him who dieth,
For he sleeps and is at rest,
And the couch wheron he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast;
But weep for him who weareth
The collar and the chain,
For the agony he beareth
Death adds but little pain.

A CORNISH CLASS MEETING.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

PART II.

"TRUSTIN' Him where we cannot trace Him." Thus Widow Pascoe had finished her doleful statement.

She had picked out all the mysteries and perplexities of her lot. She had sighed with a sigh that spoke volumes, over a list of her troubles and trials. She had gone through a very dismal catalogue of the ills of the past. She had languidly shut her eyes, as if by way of adding to that darkness which was to her the emblem of true religion, and had shaken her head very solemnly over the fears of the future. As to love and joy and deliverance, she had not a word from beginning to end. Of Him Who always "causeth us to triumph;" through Whom we are "more than conquerors," there was just one word at the last: in a tone of despair she wound up by saying, she hoped she should trust Him where she could not trace Him. Then her mouth returned to its sour propriety, drawn down at the corners and tucked in under the folds that kept it in its place.

Poor Dan'el! More than once he had rushed at this sentence, and hacked and hewed it till he hoped it was past recovery; but here it was, growing luxuriant as ever in the garden, or rather in the graveyard of Widow Pascoe's soul. Again Dan'el gathered his strength to demolish it. Yet it was with much tenderness, and almost sadness, that he began,—

"Trust Him where? Trust Him where you cannot trace Him! Why, of course, of course: you know you can't trust Him anywhere else. You didn't mean any harm, I know. Folks mostly never do mean any harm; but they do it for all that. One way not to do any harm, is not to say any harm. If we thought more about what we said, we shouldn't do so much harm by a good deal.

"Trustin' Him where we cannot trace Him! Why, it be a poor kind o' trust that only trusts because it is blind, and not because it has got any faith in them that lead it; to go on

wonderin' and doubtin' and fearin', a-reaching out the hand, and a-feelin' with the foot, as if them that lead haven't a bit more eyesight than the blind man himself. When I was a little lad I remember once I'd gone up to spend the day with my grandmother. About sunset, when I ought to be goin' home, there came a tremendous thunderstorm, and the rain came down in torrents. Of course I couldn't start when it was like that, so my old grandmother said: 'Dan'el, my lad, however wilt thee get home?' And just as she was talkin', in came my father, drippin' wet. He had on a great, long blue cloak, like they used to wear in those times. So when we started to come away, he said, 'Now, Dau'el, come in under here;' and he put me inside the long cloak. I got in under there, and took hold of his hand, and away we went. It was pitch dark in there, o' course, and outside I could hear the thunder crashin' about among the hills, and every now and then I took hold of his hand tighter, for somehow I could see the blaze o' the lightnin' right in under the cloak. I went splashin' on through the puddles and the mud, all right because I'd got hold of his hand. Now shouldn't I have been a little stupid if I'd kept a-sayin', 'I don't know where I'm goin' to, and I can't tell where I am, and I can't see the way, and it's very dark, and I must trust my father where I cannot trace him.'

"Why I didn't grumble at the darkness; it would be like grumblin' at my father's cloak that wrapped me from the storm. I knew that he knew the way right enough. He looked out, and managed to see the road somehow. And at last we stopped at our door; and they flung back the cloak, and there I was in front o' the blazin' fire, with mother gettin' us all sorts o' dry things, and the supper waitin', and all lookin' such a welcome,—like only a lad's mother can give him. Of course he led me home: where else should he lead me too? An' seemin' to me that be just the way it ought to be with our Heavenly Father."

"Under the very shadow o' His wing, dear leader. He do love to cover us with His feathers, bless Him," said old Frankey Vivian, fervently.

"Under His wing, my dear Frankey. And in there we don't mind the dark a bit. It's so safe, an' so warm; so snug. We

can take His hand, and then go 'long our way rejoicin'. What of a few splashy puddles under-foot; and a bit of a storm now and then! Why, we'll only take hold of His hand all the tighter. Of course we don't know the way, and don't want to, either. Our Father looks out all along the way; and He leads us right. Aye, and by-and-by we'll get to the door; an' then we'll step out into the light, and be safe home, leavin' all the wild storms and darkness outside for ever and ever; and what more can anybody want than that? Goin' a-tracin' Him, like as if He didn't know; or like as if we weren't quite sure that He was takin' us right. Where else will the Father lead us but to the Father's house, I should like to know?"

"Bless his dear Name," cried Frankey; "straight home, o' course, straight home;" and the fire-light glistened in the tears of joy, and made his face yet more radiant.

"Seemin' to me that trust,—that be worth the name of trust,—don't think about itself one bit: it just *feels* so safe that it don't think of askin' any questions about it. O, dear folks, let us give ourselves right up to the good Lord, once for all; and then be so sure of His love an' care that we go singin' on all day long, doin' nothin' else but lovin' and servin' Him with all our hearts! If we trust Him at all we shall trust Him so much that we shan't think about it enough to try and trace Him."

When it came to dear old Frankey's turn, his pale worn face was lit up with holy joy and rapture.

"You've been talkin' about trustin' in the Lord where you cannot trace Him. Well, bless His dear Name, I don't know anything about tracin' Him, and I never thought anything about that. But I do love to think about *trustin'* Him, and I do know something about that, bless Him. I be a poor ignorant scholar, and always seem to be down to the bottom of the class in a good many things. But, bless Him, I've had enough, I reckon, to make me a'most the top o' the class in trustin' Him. Ah, dear leader, it be 'zackly as you been a-sayin',—so safe that you don't think 'pon it: just lyin' down in His arms, without a morsel o' care or frettin', but feeling so sure that everything be as right as it can be, an' never a shadow o' fear comè creepin' up between His sunshine and me. Why, if heaven be any better than that,

then heaven must be a wonderful place, sure 'nough. It come to my mind a week or two ago, so full an' sweet an' precious, that I can hardly think o' anything else. It was during them cold North-east winds; they had made my cough very bad, and I was shook all to bits, and felt very ill. My wife was sittin' by my side; and once when I'd had a sharp fit of it, she put down her work and looked at me till her eyes filled with tears, and says she, 'Frankey, Frankey, what ever will become of us when you be gone?'

"She was makin' a warm petticoat for the little maid; so after a minute or two I took hold of it, and I says—'What are 'e makin', my dear?'

"She held it up without a word; her heart was too full to speak.

"'For the little maid?' I says—'and a nice warm thing, too. How comfortable it will keep her. Does she know about it?'

"'Know about it! why o' course not,' said the wife, wondering. 'What should she know about it for?'

"I waited another minute, and then I said, 'What a wonderful mother you must be, wife, to think about the little maid like that.'

"'Wonderful, Frankey? Why, it would be more like wonderful if I forgot that the cold weather was a-comin', and that the little maid would be a-wantin' something warm.'

"So then, you see, I had got her, my friends," and Frankey smiled.

"'O, wife,' says I, 'do you think you be goin' to care for the little maid like that, and your Father in Heaven be a-goin' to forget you altogether! Come now, bless Him, isn't He as much to be trusted as you are? And do you think He'd see the winter comin' up sharp and cold, and not have something waitin' for you, and just what you want, too? And I know, dear wife, that you wouldn't like to hear the little maid go a-frettin' and sayin', 'There, the cold winter be a-comin', and whatever shall I do if my mother should forget me?' Why you'd be hurt and grieved that she should doubt you like that. She knows that you care for her, and what more does she need to know—that's enough to keep her from frettin' about anything. 'Your Heavenly Father

knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' That be put down in His book for *you*, wife, and a-purpose for *you*, and you grieve and hurt Him when you go a-frettin' about the future and doubtin' His love.'

" 'Ah, Frankey, I wish I had your faith,' says she. And I let her go on, with her work, hopin' she would think it over.

"When the little maid came home from school that afternoon, she had a bit of a sick headache. She went frettin' about the kitchen whilst her mother was gettin' the tea, and couldn't rest quiet for a minute together. But when the wife sat down, the little maid came and laid herself in her mother's arms, and put her head on her bosom; and her mother began to sing a quiet kind o' hymn to her. Then the little maid forgot her frettin', and sank down all snug and comfortable, and in a few minutes she was gone off to sleep. 'Frankey,' I says to myself as I looked at it, 'there's a lesson for thee. Sometimes the children o' the Heavenly Father get all fretful and sickly, and they go here and there and can't find a comfortable place anywhere, but all are nervous and fidgety. Here's what thou must do, Frankey. Thou must come and lay thyself down in the everlastin' Arms, and lean thy tired head upon the bosom of thy dear Lord, and draw His love in all round thee; and a'most before thou know it, all thy fears and troubles shall be hushed off to sleep, and thou'lt hear nothing but a quiet kind o' singin' in thy soul tellin' of His love.' Ah, it be more than true, truer than any words can tell or anybody can think for—'like as a father (or a mother either) pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.'

"It be a poor thing to go a-tracin' Him. But it be a blessed thing, sure 'nough, to put your trust in Him. And I can't understand how anybody can help a-doin' of it. Why, when things have come to the worst, and I do know what that be—when the monee been done, and the cupboard been empty, and I haven't seen a way out of my trouble, and the devil has come a temptin'—for he do love to hit a man when he's down—I've gone 'pon my knees, just like as if I got down under the Cross for a bit 'o shelter from the storm. An' whichever way the wind blow, a man can get shelter there. Well, let me lift my eyes to Jesus, and

see Him there for me, with the crown of thorns, an' the nails in His blessed hands and feet, and very soon my heart be so full as ever it can hold. 'Eh, Frankey,' I cry out, 'the King o' glory died for thee—died like that. One drop of His precious blood is more than all worlds, but for thee His heart emptied itself. He gave Himself for me.'” The old man's voice grew hoarse with deep emotion as he went on: “Why I kiss those bleeding feet, an' every bit o' life and strength in me cries out, 'My dear Lord, I can starve, I can suffer, I can die. But there be one thing I can never do; never—never—never. My Lord, I can never doubt Thy love!’”

“The Lord bless thee, Frankey,” cried Dan'el. I'm a'most glad that you're shut up as you are, with nothing to do but to think over His love, and to come and tell us about it. You've done my heart good, anyhow.

“But I was goin' to tell the story that I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said:—

“Friends, last week I was a-diggin' up my 'tatures. It was a wisht poor yield, sure 'nough: there was hardly a sound one in the whole lot. An' while I was a-diggin' the devil come to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?’

“I should reckon He do,” I says.

“‘Well, I don't,’ says the ould tempter, in a minute. If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to 'en, for his 'pinions be . worth the leastest bit 'o notice. ‘I don't,’ says he, ‘and I tell 'ee what for: if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, He'd give you a pretty yield 'o 'tatures: so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it ben't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and He could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if He loved you, He would, too.’

“Of course I wasn't goin' to let he talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round 'pon 'en: ‘Pray, Sir,’ says I, ‘who may you happen to be, comin' to me a-talkin' like this here? If I ben't mistaken, I know you, Sir; and I know my Father, too. And to thiuk o' your comin' a-sayin' He don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house; and it do say,

Sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'. An' I'm sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as ever any poor wretch could: and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and an achin' head,—an' no tatures,—and the fear o' hell-fire to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven. I've been a poor servant of His, off and on, for thirty years. And He's given me a clean heart, and a soul full o' joy, and a lovely suit o' white as 'll never wear out; and He says that He will make a king of me before H. ve done, and that He'll take me home to his palace to reign with Him for ever and ever. And now *you* come up here a-talkin' like that.'

"Bless 'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I *do* wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good mornin'."

A hearty laugh followed Dan'el's story. Even Widow Pascoe had to twitch her mouth into its propriety.

"Class-meetin's," said Dan'el one day, "be like awls and needles—they'll go as long as ever you can keep 'em bright; but when they get dull they'll rust, and then it be hard work. There was my old leader that I used to meet with, he was enough to kill any Class-meetin'.

"I was a young lad, so full o' joy as ever I could live, and my heart singin' to God all day long. And then I used to go up to Class, and it took all the music out o' me, like Granny's finery over the canary, and I couldn't do more than squeak a bit instead of singing at all. Why first of all he'd give out a hymn—one o' them for 'mourners'—like this,—

'Woe is me! what tongue can tell
My sad afflicted state!
Who my anguish can reveal,
Or all my woes relate!'

And then they'd sing it to 'Josiah,' so slow as if they was to a berrin'.*

"Then he had what he called a bit o' prayer. But there wasn't a bit o' prayer in it from beginnin' to end. It was all a groan

* A funeral—at which hymns are frequently sung in Cornwall.

about how bad we were, and what miserable sinners we were. He never thanked God for anything at all but this,—that He had not swept us away with the ‘besom o’ destruction.’

“And then he used to speak—it was all dismal an’ mournin’ about this ‘howlin’ wilderness,’—till I couldn’t stand it any longer. I tried at first to feel so dull, and to speak so melancholy as he did. But it was no good my tryin’—not a bit. The Lord had put a new song into my mouth, and I couldn’t help singin’ it. So I thought I might as well speak out my mind about it, for all I was only a young lad. I can remember it quite well. ‘Twas in the spring-time, and I’d been rejoicin’ in all the beauty o’ the world as I came along.

“‘Well, my young brother, and how be you a-gettin’ on?’ he says, in his slow way.

“So I said, ‘My dear leader, I don’t know how it is, but I can’t feel like you do, for the life ’o me I can’t. I don’t feel any more like you do, than the day do feel like the night. Seemin’ to me I *must* sing because my heart be so full. ‘Tis like the spring down in the valley that be so full it must flow over. And if the Lord has made my heart to rejoice, I don’t believe I ought to try and make myself feel any other. I’ve been and washed my robes and made ’em white in the blood o’ the Lamb, and now I don’t like to think that they are not white; it seems to me like insultin’ my dear Lord for to go callin’ ’em filthy rags. If my Lord has wrapt me up in the weddin’ garment—and bless His dear Name He have! it ben’t right, and it ben’t grateful, and it ben’t true for me to go callin’ ’em sackcloth and ashes. An’ if I be drest for a weddin’—specially for the Marriage Supper o’ the Lamb—I don’t want to feel like as if I was a-goin’ to a berrin’. I may be wrong, but I do think that the world be a brave deal more like God’s world when the flowers be out, and the May be ’pon the hedges, an’ the trees be all green and beautiful, an’ the birds be a-singin’ everywhere, than when it be all dead and shiverin’ with the cold, and the trees all stript naked, and liftin’ up their arms to heaven, like as if they were askin’ for pity. “Howlin’ wilderness” it may be, till the blessed Lord come to us; *then* the wilderness do begin to bud and blossom as the rose, and rejoice with joy an’ singin’. And it says that “the

ransomed o' the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy 'pon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow an' sighin' shall flee away." Bless the Lord, my dear leader, I be His child! He has ransomed me, and now I can't help it—and I don't want to, neither—my heart be singin' all day long. I joy in Him by Whom I have now received the atonement. Why, I be a child of God, dear leader, and I can't help walkin' about so happy as a king; for it be my Father's world, and there ben't a thing in it anywhere but is workin' together for my good. Bless the Lord, that's how I be gettin' along: it may be right, or it may be wrong, but that's 'zactly how it be.'

"I didn't mean to say so much, but I felt it, and when once I open my mouth it be hard work to shut en' again till it be all said. The old leader didn't like it. He turned quite red, and gave me a sly rap or two. But he wasn't a bad sort of man, only a bit hasty in his temper for all he had so little fire in his bones. Before the week was over he went to the minister and told him that though I was so young he thought I might have a Class-book and get some members, for he was gettin' old, and couldn't do as he used to; and we two were all right after that. Nobody rejoiced more when I began to pick up a few members than he did.

"But, talk about Class-meetin's, and people not comin' to 'em: why the reason is pretty much the same as I was a-tellin Bob Byles's wife the other day,—that it wasn't all his fault that he was home so little, and at the public-house so often. If she kept a bright fireplace, and a snug corner, and a pleasant smile for him at home, he would be tempted oftener to stay at home. We leaders must keep the place bright and cheerful and attractive, if we want to keep the members. Why, I should every bit as soon think o' goin' to Class with the wax an' the grease on my hands, as soon think o' goin' with my apron on and in my shirt sleeves, as think o' takin' all my cares and worries. I get away first of all and lose all my own fears and troubles in the lovin' care of my Heavenly Father. I get my own heart put into tune, and then the rest 'll take the right pitch from me. And then with the fire burnin' I get away to meetin'. We may always begin with a good, cheerful hymn—one o' them that do stir up your soul, and

a good old tune that you can sing without thinkin' about it, because you do know it so well. Give me a 'trumpet metre' to 'Arise, my soul, arise!' or dear old 'Jerusalem,' to the hymn—

'My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights!'

" Bless 'e, why, by the time you're gone through that, and had a bit o' downright earnest prayer, the fire is burnin' in every heart, and you're all aglow with holy joy. No fear o' freezing the tender lambs to death then: more likely to warm the old ones up to shoutin' pitch. When I hear some folks talk about the Class-meetin's as they do, I wonder whatever the leaders can have been about for to let 'em get such notions as they have got. I know faults are thick when the love is thin; and standin' water 'll breed plenty o' nasty things without anybody goin' nigh it. The old mill-wheel 'll creak and grumble when the river be low. But you can't wonder that folks don't like Class-meetin's if there be nothing for 'em when they do come; neither meat, nor drink, nor fire, nor a nice hearty welcome.

" I was down to the Infirmary the other day, and while I was waitin' there, they were all a-tellin' o' their ailin's and failin's. One had a cough, and another had a pain here and a weakness there, and another had a crushed hand, and another a bad eye. Now it didn't do 'em much good for to tell each other how bad they were. But directly the doctor comes out. He never said a word about his own ailin's and failin's. But he looks in a cheerful kind o' way, and cheers up one, and has a pleasant word for another, and begins to examine another to see what be amiss with him, and tells him very serious that he must take care. And he writes down the medicines they want, an' tells 'em all to come next week.

" Now, that be just what a leader ought to be,—a kind o' doctor that can give each one the prescription he needs—the blessed promise that suits his case; that can deal out the Lord's medicines, and can make up a strengthenin' plaster for them as is weak in the back and can't stand very well, and can clap up a stiff blister to them as have caught the fever o' worldliness, and

can make a pill for sluggish livers—I do find that be the commonest kind o' ailin'. That's what a leader ought to be,—a doctor who knows how to deal out the Lord's blessed cure-all, and can tell wounded consciences how to get whole, and them as is hard o' hearin' how they may hear the gentlest whisper o' that still small Voice, and can help dim eyes to get a clear, strong vision that can look on the glorious sun all day long; iss, and can see the Sun o' Righteousness in the middle o' the darkest night.

“But theare, nobody feels less fitted for it than I do; but I *can see* what it ought to be: I can see that much. And if everybody saw that, perhaps they would come a little bit nearer to doin' it and bein' it. A dinner o' herbs be better than some things; but the man who hasn't got anything else for the guests won't have much company, whatever name he may call it by. We shan't get folks very often to come into a *desert place* and rest awhile, if we, like the disciples, *forget to take bread*. If we want the folks to come we must have it now as it was then, and as it always will be when the blessed Master be with us.—‘They did all eat and were filled.’ *All*—nobody was forgotten. It was a big Class-meetin' that, but everybody got a bit: not an old woman was shut out by the crowd; not a hungry child was past by because it was afraid to ask; not a little maid but got a bit. That be just what I do want my Class-meetin' to be; a bit for all round—old and young, weak an' strong. A bit for everybody. And bless the Lord, more than a bit, too! ‘*They did ALL eat,*’—but that's only half of it, only the beginnin'—‘*They did all eat and were filled.*’—*FILLED*. Ah! that's just like Him—*filled*. He don't give us a taste and leave us hungerin' for more. He ‘*SATISFIETH thy mouth wi h good things.*’ ‘*They did all eat and were filled.*’ Now that's a Class-meetin' 'zactly to my mind. And if we'll take the trouble to bake our bit o' bread, and catch our fishes, never mind though they be nothing but little sprats,—a few small fishes,—and if we'll put 'em into our Blessed Lord's hands, it'll be over again just what it was then—they shall all eat and be filled. And then they'll come again. Sure enough, they'll come again!”

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY SIGMA.

Οἷη περ φύλλων γενεή, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν.—*Pomer. Iliad, vi., 146.**

I AM particularly fond of observing the different appearances of nature. I delight to watch each varying expression that flits across her face. I love to listen to her thousand voices. The stately march of the seasons is, to me, a gorgeous cyclic panorama. Especially do I enjoy this season of the year. There is a tender, pensive melancholy about the autumn, that accords with the natural bias of my mind. Yet it is a melancholy chastened and subdued by soothing influences: The summer gives a sad, sweet parting smile before

She gathers up her robes of glory
And, like a dream of beauty, glides away.

The variegated hues of the fields and forests have caused this season to be fitly compared to a Joseph with his coat of many colours. And truly glorious in its apparel is autumn, with dyed garments like one that treadeth in the wine press. The brilliancy of tint of our bright skies, transparent atmosphere and gorgeous sunsets, astonishes those who have dwelt in a more sombre clime. See the crimson buck-wheat patch, a mimic Field of Waterloo. Where it spreads its ruddy stain the very earth seems dyed with gore, as if it were the scene of some death-grapple of the nations. Mark the apple's merry golden gleam amid the sombre foliage of the trees. And see the great, round, laughing, yellow pumpkins scattered so profusely amid the corn that, plumed and tasseled like an Indian chief, rustles in the autumn wind. And note the sober,

* "Such as is the race of leaves, so is also that of man." Wesley quotes this line in his account of his early doubts and perplexities. See *Southey's Life of Wesley*. Vol. ii. p. 185.

I have also seen it very appropriately engraved on a tombstone near Toronto.

We, too, have our autumns when our leaves
Drop loosened through the dampened air;
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare.

Lowell

thankful look of the broad fields where lately waved the golden wheat, or gravely nodded the quiet contemplative barley, bearded as a philosopher and earthward bowed as in earnest, solemn thought, the while the empty-headed ears swing loftily erect, like the shallow-pated coxcombs of society.

If we turn to the forest, equal or greater variety greets us. What glorious beauty does it wear "when autumn to its golden grandeur grows?" How it glows, and flares, and flickers like Moses' bush, forever burning, ever unconsumed. The fair-skinned birch, the lady of the forest—a white-armed Juno—sadly pines; no more her wavy tresses wanton with the toying breeze. In "faded splendour wan" her beauty pales in swift decline, the faithful woodbine meanwhile folding her in close embrace, like truthful love, most dear in sorest need. The maple tree, our country's emblem, blushes deep in her own conscious loveliness. The red-oak, in royal purple wrapped, dies like a warrior-king in his own blood. The chestnut flaunts like gallant courtier in brodered robes, and throws haughty largess to the beggar winds. The stately elm flings all her crimson banners out, blazoned with heraldry of gules and gold, to float upon the ambient air. Like dusk-browed Indian maids, bedecked with coral beads, the blushing rowans stand. And like a martyr amid ensanguined flames the tall ash tree expires. The whole forest seems like Sardanapalus, self-immolated on a funeral pyre. Like sable-stoled priests, the lofty pines look on, and like pensive mourners the sister spruces weep. With a beauty brighter than the summer's prime burns the wan cheek of the dying year, like some frail fading girl on whose fair face blooms bright consumption's hectic rose.

But not an idle pageant is all this. As flutters down each sere and yellow leaf, it awakes an echo in our hearts. We, too, all fade as do the leaves. Soon we, too, shall wither, pale, and die; soon other feet shall tread o'er us, as ours o'er these dead autumn leaves. Let us so live, then, that we may lay us down in the sure and certain hope of a brighter spring than that of earth, when we shall wake to fadeless bloom in the amaranthine bowers of Paradise.

Nature at this season wears a thoughtful mien—not the gay,

bride-like air of the early spring-tide, but a more chastened, matronly expression. All things have a subdued tone. The sunlight is not a merry bride-laugh, but a soft and tender mother-smile. Her voices are all in a minor key. She wears an air of majestic calm repose. There is not the sense of active growth of summer. She rests from her labours. She stands with folded palms and quiet thankful mien, and mellow into ripe maturity.

At the sunset hour, as the long shadows creep across the fields, you think that absolute and perfect stillness reigns. But list that low and tender understrain—that quiet monotone that ripples on the ear. Hark the thousand soft, sweet pastoral sounds—the happy singing of the crickets, the soft low murmuring of the brook, the rustling of the downward gliding leaves, the rattle of the falling nuts, the tinkling bell, the school-boy's shout, the house-dog's bay, the distant halloo, the creaking of the lumbering wain, "the far-off woodman's measured stroke,"—all these ascend from the darkened earth and seem to fall back from the holy sky, from the measureless depths of the pulseless air, from which the russet sunset glow is swiftly fading. "We seem to hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things—the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hour-glass of Time." But we feel, too, that a happy life is throbbing beneath this seeming death—that there are cheerful homes, and blazing hearths, and warm hearts, and quiet home-joys, and children's mirth, over all the land. And the darkness seems like the shadow of God's great hand stretched forth in blessing o'er the earth; and from it droppeth gentle sleep, and happy dreams, and the baptismal sprinklings of the holy dew. And then the moon comes forth and walks with calm and graceful dignity athwart the sky, attended by the handmaid stars,—like Ruth amongst the gleaners, the fairest among them all; or, like Pharaoh's daughter amid her maidens, a princess in the land. With tender mother care she goes through all the earth, and gives the villages a good-night kiss, and folds the curtains of the darkness round their beds and leaves them to their rest.

But to-night the twilight is sad and cloudy. A heavy mist lies on the fields "like the face-cloth on the face of a corpse." The landscape is spectral and ghostly. The lordly pine-trees, tall

and dark, each "fit to be the mast of some high admiral," loom up grand and majestic in their vague immensity. As they stand in lonely grandeur enshrouded in the fog, they remind me of Ossian's ghosts stalking o'er the misty hills. What a tranced stillness reigns through all the forest. Not a breath is stirring. The breaking of a bough startles one with its distinctness. The lofty pines, clothed in feathery silence, seem enchanted by some magic spell, like the German giants in the cave of Rütli. But when the spirit of the storm shall loose the mystic spell, how will they sway their lofty tops, and toss their mighty arms, and wave their hearse-like plumes, and moan, like some dark seer, in their prophetic agony. They are a sad and sombre brotherhood, these pines. As they stand in sharp relief against the sky, like solitary sentinels, the outposts of the denser forest, they seem so lonely, lorn and desolate. And as they range themselves in closer squadrons and in serried ranks, they seem so stern and cold and high, each absorbed in his own dark thoughts, like sad, proud men, compassionless and alone, self-absorbed and reticent, though in a crowd.

But an earnest lesson do they teach us.

O dark pine tree ! O dark pine tree ! how faithful are thy branches !
 Green not alone in summer time,
 But in the winter's frost and rime,
 O dark pine tree ; how faithful are thy branches !

Like the righteous man, "their leaf also shall not wither." When other trees stand stripped and bare, and stretch forth their naked arms all day, and shiver cowering in the wintry blast, these flourish on in fadeless green. They, and they alone, give evidence of inner-life amid the death-like silence of the snowy wold. So let us, likewise, keep our faith in God, when all things else shall fade and die, that so may we, too, flourish in immortal bloom, and wear a crown of fadeless amaranth.

EDITORIAL

GROWTH IN GRACE.

GROWTH is an ordinance of nature. Nothing attains perfection at once. It is by slow and often imperceptible degrees that plants or animals reach their full development. The mighty monarch of the forest, that reaches forth its sturdy arms and wrestles with the winds of heaven, was once a tiny plantlet, peering timidly above the earth. A wandering foot might crush it, a child's hand might pluck it; but the rain descended, and the sun shone, and the dews distilled, and it grew and grew till it became a great tree.

So also is it in the culture of the soul, in the development of the Christian character. It is by constant growth that we attain the full stature of men and women in Christ Jesus. Although a mighty change is wrought at conversion—a change described in Scripture as passing from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God—yet he is greatly mistaken who thinks that nothing more is to be done for the perfection of the Christian manhood. When a soul is born into God's family, it is born as a babe in Christ, with the imperfections and often the weaknesses of spiritual childhood. Now, although a child, considered merely as such, may be perfect in its rounded, rosy infancy; yet, considered with reference to its destiny, it is imperfect. Although we gaze with delight on the dimpled beauty and pleading helplessness of childhood, would we retain that feeling if there were no growth, no development, mental or physical, in that child? What sight is more painful than a dwarf, an aged dwarf, with the imbecile intellect, the feeble powers and stunted frame of childhood? Yet how many dwarfs are there in God's family! How many who ought to be strong and stalwart heroes in the strife, who are very babes in Christ, prone to stumble, easily turned out of the way, elements of weakness rather than of strength in the Church of God. How many who should be

very sages in wisdom, teaching others in the way of truth need rather that some one teach them what be the first principles of the oracles of God.

But what *is* growth? Universal as it is, it is a mystery that eludes our comprehension. The nature of that vital principle which enables the plant or animal to select from the elements around it that which is best adapted to its needs, to assimilate and transform it to its own substance, building up new cells, membranes, and tissues, and removing these as they become effete; is a problem that defies human intelligence. It is the almighty power of God directly manifested; a principle inscrutable, incomprehensible, ever operating and productive of marvellous results. So also the spiritual birth and spiritual growth of a human soul are the result of Divine quickening and Divine power. Even though dwelling in an environment of temptation and of sin, the Divine alchemy of spiritual life will enable the soul to grow in all spiritual graces, and to transmute into blessing elements of evil and of bane.

Now growth in grace is increase in holiness and in all the fruits of the Spirit. And the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. What goodly fruit is this to grow in any human life, to be matured in any soul! What clusters of Eschol for the vintage of the skies!

But we are exhorted not only to grow in grace, but in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. What sublime wisdom is this! beyond the teaching of the schools, beyond all human lore. And here Christ himself becomes the great Teacher. He still instructs souls anxious to learn of Him. We still may sit with Mary at His feet, and lean with John upon His bosom, and learn the lessons of His love, and grow in His likeness. The Holy Spirit will guide into all truth, and in us may be fulfilled that Scripture, "They shall all be taught of God." There is no fear of exhausting this sublime study. Jewish legend tells of a certain Rabbi, who, when asked to give a definition of God, requested a day for consideration, then successively for two, four, and eight days, doubling the period each time, and at last—so did the mighty theme grow upon

his soul—gave it up in despair. No room is there for self-complacency or pride of intellect here. In this science the loftiest are the lowliest; the wisest are those who most feel their ignorance.

This Christian growth should be symmetrical. Growth in nature is so. The bi-lateral symmetry of the body must be preserved, or else the body becomes a hideous monstrosity. Nothing must be suppressed; and no part developed at the expense of any other part. We sometimes meet with learned pedants, who have bestowed their whole attention on one or two subjects; to the neglect of all things else. These are men of narrow minds—one-sided, ill-balanced men. We sometimes find such men in the Church of Christ—men with a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge, often occasions of offence rather than an advantage to His cause. Now we can afford to dispense with none of the Christian graces. They are all necessary to the perfect symmetry of the human soul.

We may sometimes see a wind-swept tree upon a blasted heath, all of whose limbs have grown aside from the constant blowing of gales from the ocean; or perhaps one gnarled and distorted by some wanton twist or injury in its youth. So we meet men with natures bent awry by the gusts of passion that have blown upon their souls; or with characters distorted and deformed by the sins or sorrows of their early lives. These are no models of Christian symmetry, but rather warnings of evil to be avoided.

This growth in grace should be continuous. In the animal economy, no sooner does growth cease than disintegration begins—to be speedily followed by emaciation and death. The conserving power of life is antagonized by the destructive tendency to waste and decay, which evermore—Penelope-like—unweaves the subtle web, woven by the vital forces. This growth is not always necessarily at a uniform rate. In the spring of the year vegetable life exhibits wonderful vitality. The various plants put forth new shoots, and elongate their branches, and grow most rapidly for a few weeks, and then seem almost to stop. But during the later summer they are maturing their fruit, and even in the frost-bound winter are consolidating the woody fibre of the spring-time

growth. So, too, the human soul may have its seasons of especial quickening and refreshing, its genial spring-time, when showers of grace descend and dews of heaven fall; when it puts forth its tender leaves, and forms its beautiful blossoms; but it must never cease to ripen the fruits of the Spirit in the life. This, we think, is the philosophy of revival in the individual believer, and in the Christian Church. Neither need cease to grow when the time of special quickening has passed away, but should rather be established in the things whereto they have already attained.

But there can be no growth where there is no germ. There can be no fruit where there is no root. There can be no increase where there is no nucleus. There must be the seed of Divine grace implanted in the heart, and watered by the Holy Spirit, before the fruits of religion can adorn the life. Unless the plants of holiness are growing in the garden of the soul, vile weeds of sin and roots of bitterness with noxious luxuriance will choke the soil, empoison the air, and blast every bud of promise, every flower of hope. Let us seek rather to bring forth the fruits of good living day by day. As the flower holds up its cup for the rain and dew, and, stretching forth its tendrils, climbs toward the sunlight, and unfolds its corolla in its smile; so let our yearning souls drink in the showers of blessing and the soft distillings of the Holy Spirit—so let us stretch out eager arms of faith and prayer and climb towards God, and unfold the rich perfume and beauty of our lives in the light of His countenance.

“As flowers their op'ning leaves display,
 And glad drink in the solar fire,
 So may we catch Thy every ray,
 So may Thy influence us inspire;
 Thou Beam of the eternal Beam;
 Thou purging Fire, Thou quick'ning Flame.”

THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ALL over this great continent, from the ever-glades of Louisiana, and the drifting sand-dunes of the Texan coast, to where Isle Royal lifts its craggy wall against the northern sky, and the mighty Saskatchewan mingles its waters with Lake Winnipeg; from the slopes of the Alleghanies to the vast and lonely regions where rolls the Oregon, "and hears no sound save his own dashings," are everywhere scattered the alluvial mounds of an extinct and pre-historic people. They are countless in number, often vast in extent, and varied in character. Their study is one of great interest and importance. It has engaged the attention of the most distinguished archæologists, and has created a copious literature. The latest, and one of the ablest books on the subject, is that of Dr. J. W. Foster,* to which a pathetic interest is given, as the last literary work of its distinguished author, who, we learn through his publishers, has recently passed away.

Our learned and gifted townsman, Dr. Daniel Wilson, has also illustrated the subject with his usual felicity and ability, in his admirable work on Pre-historic Man. It has also been treated, more or less fully, by Sir Charles Lyell, Sir John Lubbock, Messrs. Evans, Baldwin Brown, and other writers on the antiquity of man, all of which authorities we have carefully read. We shall chiefly follow, however, in our own brief review, the lucid and accurate guidance of Dr. Foster.

These strange structures have been thus classified :

* *The Pre-Historic Races of the United States of America*. By J. W. FOSTER, LL.D., author of the "Physical Geography of the Mississippi Valley," President of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, etc. Third edition, 8vo. pp. 415, 72 engravings, \$3 50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trubner & Co.

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| I. ENCLOSURES | } | <i>For defence.</i> |
| | | <i>Sacred.</i> |
| | | <i>Miscellaneous.</i> |
| II. MOUNDS... | } | <i>Of Sacrifice.</i> |
| | | <i>For Temple-sites</i> |
| | | <i>Of Sepulture.</i> |
| | | <i>Of Observation.</i> |

The chief purpose of the Enclosures seems to have been for defence—the formation as it were of a fortified camp. These were sometimes of vast extent. Thus one at Aztalan, Wisconsin, encloses over seventeen acres in an irregular parallelogram, the embankment being twenty-two feet wide, and from one to five feet high. It was probably crowned with a palisade, as Champlain found similar structures in Canada. At Newark, Ohio, is a very intricate series of works, extending over an area of two square miles. It consists of circles, octagons, avenues, with parallel walls nearly five thousand feet in length. The parapets rise to the height of sixteen feet, with a ditch thirteen feet deep, making the altitude in the interior about thirty feet. These are all covered with gigantic trees of the primitive forest. "In entering this ancient avenue," says Squier, "the visitor does not fail to experience a sensation of awe, such as he must feel in passing the portals of an Egyptian temple, or in gazing upon the ruins of Petra in the Desert."

A striking form of the Sacred Enclosure is that known as Animal Mounds, which are especially numerous in the valley of the Wisconsin. These are the outlines in earth-work bas-reliefs of sacred animals; probably the totems of different tribes, as the turtle, lizard, serpent, alligator, eagle, night-hawk, buffalo, etc. Dr. Lapham figures a "turtle" whose body is fifty-six feet long, its tail two

hundred and fifty feet, and its height six feet. The "great serpent," in Adams County, Ohio, is seven hundred feet long, and the "alligator," in Licking County, is two hundred and fifty feet long, forty feet broad, and the length of the paws each thirty-six feet. In Dade County, Wisconsin, is a vast group, interpreted as a sleigh, driver, and dog team, the figure of the driver being one hundred and twenty feet long, and his head twenty-five feet in diameter, and in relief about six feet above the plain. Other enclosures were probably for the celebration of games or festivals.

The Mounds proper are of much less extent but of greater elevation. Those known as Altar or Sacrificial Mounds occur only near the enclosures of sacred places, are stratified in structure, and contain symmetrical altars or hearths of burned clay or stone, on which were deposited various remains, which in all cases have been subjected to the action of fire. There is evidence in charred bones, charcoal, carved pipes, trinkets, etc., that these were used for consuming dead bodies; and, perhaps, also for offering human sacrifice.

The Temple Mounds were chiefly truncated pyramids, with graded avenues to their tops, which are always level. One in Kentucky is fifty feet in height; in Illinois is another larger still. In Mexico and Central America these culminate in the Teocallis, vast structures, faced with flights of steps, and surmounted by temples of stone.

The Sepulchral Mounds, are probably the most numerous of any. By a sad necessity of humanity, the occasions for their construction were ever recurring. They always contain the remains of one or more bodies, accompanied by trinkets, cups and vases, probably once containing food for the spirit faring forth on its unknown journey to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns. The size of these is generally inconsiderable; but they

sometimes attain great magnitude, in which case we may assume that they cover the remains of some distinguished chief. One of the most notable of these is Grave Creek Mound, near Wheeling, Virginia. It is seventy feet in height, and nine hundred feet in circumference. It contained three bodies, and over three thousand shell beads. Sometimes urns are found containing charred human remains, indicating the practice of cremation by the Mound-Builders.

In many cases the loftiest eminences in the landscape are chosen for the construction of these mounds, which are then called Mounds of Observation. It is doubtful, however, whether they were employed as look-outs, or were selected on account of their picturesque beauty for sacrificial or sepulchral purposes.

The fortified enclosures occur chiefly along the Alleghany frontier, forming a great line of defence from Western New York to the Ohio River, and disappear as we approach the Mississippi Valley, which contains the most stupendous of the Mounds proper. Dr. Foster infers from this that there was a race of highlanders occupying the mountain region, against whose predatory incursions these defences were made. The Mound-Builders themselves must have been a very populous and comparatively civilized agricultural people, or they never could have created the vast structures from which they receive their name. The number of the mounds is enormous, it being estimated that there are 10,000 in Ohio alone.

But there are other evidences than these of the comparative civilization of those remarkable people. There are numerous remains of their art and manufactures. Among these are arrow-heads, stone axes, fleshers for stripping the hide from slaughtered animals, and scrapers for cleaning them, pestles and mortars for grinding corn, and pipes, frequently elaborately carved with considerable artis-

tic skill. These last often assume the shape of animals or human figures, sometimes exhibiting much grotesque humour, and often carved in very intractable material. Some remarkable discoidal stones, of hard quartz, are ground and polished in a true circle, in a manner to be now attained only by the skilful lapidary's art. They are supposed to have been used for some games of chance. Remains of closely-woven textile fabrics have also been found, together with implements used in the spinning of the thread and manufacture of the cloth, including one variety conjectured to have been weavers' shuttles.

The pottery, and other fictile wares of the Mound Builders, exhibit graceful forms, elegant ornamentation and much skill in manufacture. On some of the vases and drinking vessels the human face and form are delineated with much fidelity and grace, and the features differ widely from those of the present race of Indians. One elegant drinking cup, with a handle formed by a female head, not unlike a Greek or Roman *patera*, Dr. Foster characterizes as one of the most beautiful specimens of antique pottery that he had ever seen. The funeral urns are often elaborately ornamented, frequently with a scroll pattern or a chevron, not unlike the beautiful "Greek fret." Sometimes also pigments were used. At the Saline Springs, in Illinois, there is evidence of the manufacture of salt by evaporation of the water in vessels of earthenware, sometimes four feet across; they are well baked, and wagon loads of fragments cover several acres. These strange extinct people were also skilful basket makers. Our native Indians, it will be remembered, rarely make pottery, heating water instead in bark vessels, with red hot stones.

The most important domestic industry of the Mound-Builders was the manufacture of copper implements—knives, chisels, axes, awls, spear and arrow-heads, daggers and personal ornaments. Copper bracelets

were not uncommon. The absence of tin prevented the manufacture of bronze, and the softness of the copper forbade the erection of squared or carved stone structures, such as were built, probably by the same race, in Central America and Peru. Some of these implements exhibit on their surface the unmistakable traces of the moulds in which they were cast, showing that their manufacturers understood the art of the reduction, or at least fusion of metals.

But the most striking proof of the mechanical skill of the Mound-Builders is their extensive mining operations at Ontonagon, and Keweenaw Point, on the south shore of Lake Superior, and at Isle Royal, off the north shore. Here are mines and drifts, sometimes fifty feet deep, extending at intervals for forty miles along the shore. In one was found, at a depth of eighteen feet, resting on oaken sleepers, a mass of native copper ten feet long, three feet wide, and nearly two feet thick. It weighed over six tons, and had been raised over five feet from its matrix. Ten cart-loads of stone mauls and hammers were removed from one of these mines, and numerous props, levers, ladders, wooden shovels, wooden bowls for bailing, etc., were found. These operations were not conducted by the present race of Indians. When visited by the Jesuits, two hundred years ago, they had no knowledge or use of copper, except occasional fragments used as amulets or medicine stones. Growing on the rubbish which completely filled one shaft, was a hemlock tree, which exhibited three hundred and ninety-five annular rings in its cross-section.

The commerce of the Mound-Builders was also extensive, and must have been in some degree well organized. Copper is found largely distributed in the mounds as far as the Gulf States, through eighteen degrees of latitude—over 1,200 miles—and these mines were its almost exclusive source. Mica was

also in great demand, probably for mirrors and personal ornaments. It has been found in plates a foot and more in diameter, and in one mound two hundred and fifty plates were discovered. The source of these was a quarry in North Carolina, which still supplies the market of the United States. This ancient people also obtained iron from Missouri, obsidian from Mexico, and shells, which were largely used in personal ornamentation, from the Gulf Coast.

An examination of crania from these pre-historic mounds scattered over a wide area, by their resemblance among themselves, indicates a homogeneous people widely diffused, while their divergence in form from those of the present Indians, entirely separates them from that race. From their cranial developments, which are of a decidedly low order, Dr Foster regards them to have been a mild, inoffensive people, of unwarlike habits, content to toil like the Egyptian serfs, in the vast and profitless labours of mound-building. Secure from hostile interruption, and in the favourable environment of the great central basin of this continent, they would in time develop a partial civilization of an agricultural type, but would be liable to fall an easy prey to a more fierce and warlike race, even though of inferior civilization.

Who were the Mound-Builders?

Dr. Foster considers that they are the earliest inhabitants of this continent, but that all attempts to trace their origin to the old world only involve the investigator in the mazes of conjecture. In cranial conformation and in civilization they are closely linked with the ancient people of Mexico, Central America, and Peru. Their long occupancy of the Mississippi valley developed a domestic economy and civil relationship which widely distinguished them from the present

Indian races. They were probably sun or fire worshippers, and seemed, sometimes at least, to have offered human sacrifices. Their gigantic structures could only have been erected by a people among whom food was cheap, and this condition was met by the growth of maize, the most prolific cereal in the world. They probably came by way of Behring's Straits from the great central Asiatic plateau, which has been through all ages the fruitful mother of nations, and as they advanced toward the tropical and equatorial regions of the continent, developed the civilization which has left such marvellous remains in the ruins of Palenque and Copan, of Aurican and Peru. Successive waves of Asiatic emigration of a fierce and barbarous race expelled them from the Mississippi Valley, and drove them south of the Rio Grande. Probably little will ever be known of their history unless some new Champollion shall arise to decipher the strange hieroglyphs which cover the rocky tablets of the ruined cities of Yucatan and Guatemala.

Since the above was written, we find that Dr. Daniel Wilson expresses the opinion, founded largely on philological evidence, and that of megalithic sculpture and other art remains, that the earliest current of New World population "spread through the islands of the Pacific, and reached the South American Continent long before an excess of Asiatic population had diffused itself into its own inhospitable steppes."* He also thinks that another wave of population reached Central America and Brazil by the Canaries, Azores and Antilles, and that then the intrusive race, from which our Indians have sprung, arrived by way of Behring's Straits, driving the Mound-Builders before them:†

**Pre-historic Man*, pp. 604-605. †*Ib. passim*.

AQUATIC CONTESTS.

BY GEORGE WRIGHT, M.D.

A CALM view of all the circumstances connecting themselves with aquatic contests must convince the unbiassed judgment that they are not healthful in their ultimate effects upon the system. It will scarcely be denied that any form of physical exercise conducted with the degree of violence necessary to victory in these contests cannot be free from the danger of compromising most seriously the healthy functions of most important organs. The heart and lungs are called to act to the utmost limit of their capacity, and often to so prolonged a degree as to almost overpower the contestant. It is only reasonable to expect among such people considerable enlargement of the heart after no very great length of time, on the same principle that excessive exercise of any muscle tends to its excessive development. In the tremendous physical strain which is associated with every boat-race, the circulation is increased to almost double its normal rate. This very great increase in the circulation must of necessity be at the expenditure of a corresponding amount of vital force. Hence, the lungs must be brought into a proportionately vigorous exercise in order to preserve the normal state of the blood; and the excessive strain often put upon them is liable, in persons at all susceptible, to be followed as an immediate result by pulmonary apoplexy, and as a more distant, by emphysematous affection, owing to the enormous strain to which the air vesicles of the lungs are subjected.

But there is another grave objection to the aquatic contests of the present day. It has been found that excessive development of the muscles of the chest must of necessity circumscribe the action of the lungs. The

somewhat singular fact has of late been observed that gymnasts, athletes, pugilists, and all those classes who give themselves to those forms of exercise which secure the largest development of all the pectoral and thoracic muscles are most subject to the various forms of pulmonary disease, more particularly that recognized as tuberculosis. It will be manifest to anyone that everything that will secure the greatest expansive power of the lungs possible, must be healthful in its object; whilst it must be equally clear that whatever will circumscribe the healthy action of those organs must work serious damage to the organism. Well, in the classes I have named, those muscles referred to are found to be developed to an enormous extent. The muscular force possessed by men like Tom Sayers, is related as something almost incredible; and yet he fell a victim to tubercular disease of the lungs.

The training to which aquatic contestants must submit themselves, according to present notions, cannot be other than damaging to health. In the first place, persons who devote themselves to this or any other kindred form of physical exercise, generally care for nothing else; so that, when the season for this favourite sport is over, they are apt to lapse into the most demoralizing form of inactivity. A kind of reaction is thus incurred, which must necessarily destroy any benefit that might accrue from the exercise through which they have just passed. The want of uniform distribution of the exercise over the entire year is a grave objection to aquatic contests. The contestants compress within the limits of a very few weeks all the physical exercise which they are to enjoy

during the entire year; and so render an otherwise most invigorating exercise one of serious damage in very many instances. Instead of systematically distributing the exercise over the entire season, so as to make it moderate, and therefore healthful, the physical frames, in every part of them, are put to the extreme limit of physical endurance, in order to be prepared for a successful conflict. The irregularity, there-

fore, of these contests cannot reasonably be regarded as healthful in its tendency. Indeed, it is much to be regretted that aquatic contests, like many other forms of physical exercise, otherwise innocent and profitable, have now-a-days been reduced to so nearly a sort of profession, that they cannot be commended as having a healthful influence either morally or physically.

TORONTO, Ont.

ECCLESIASTICAL CONTROL OF BURYING GROUNDS.

OUR readers are probably aware that one of our ministers in the Bermudas is testing the validity of the claims of the Church of England to the exclusive right to celebrate any religious service in the parish churchyards of those islands. And in our own Province, it will be remembered, a Church of England minister threatened a suit at law against the Rev. R. Whiting, of Pembroke, one of our most honoured ministers, for merely pronouncing the benediction at the grave of one of his members, in a church burying ground. In view of the importance of this question, we have requested John E. Rose, Esq., an eminent legal practitioner in this city, to give his opinion on the subject, which, after examining the statutes referring to the case, he has kindly done. He says:

"The law respecting Burying Grounds in this Province seems to be as follows:

"FIRST. As to the Church of England.

"By a statute² passed in the year 1700, and styled 'An Act to make provision for the management of the Temporalities of the United Church of England and Ireland in this Province, and for other purposes therein mentioned, it was enacted that the soil and freehold of the churchyards and burying grounds attached or belong-

ing to the churches of the communion of the United Church of England and Ireland, then or thereafter to be erected, should vest in the Parson or other Incumbent of the church for the time being, and the possession in the Incumbent for the time being, and the Church-Wardens to be appointed as provided by said Act.

"By the same Act it is provided that the charges payable on breaking the ground in the cemeteries, etc., shall be regulated by the Ordinary or by the Bishop of the Diocese. And by a subsequent section the power to make by-laws for the management of the temporalities of the Church is declared to be in the members of the Vestries.

"SECOND. As to *all* Christians, including the members of the Church of England.

"By an Act passed in the eighth year of the reign of Her Majesty, Cap. 15, sec. 1, it is enacted that *any* religious society or congregation of Christians in Upper Canada may take a conveyance of land for the site of a burial ground, etc., as therein specified.

"Thus, not only the Church of England, but *any* Church or body of Christians, may take a conveyance of ground, as a burying ground, for the use of their own denomination,

and there does not appear to be anything to prevent them passing such by-laws or rules as they may deem best for the government of those who desire to bury their dead in such grounds.

"If any of those bodies grant the land to any person or persons for burying purposes, and do not restrict the grant in the deed, or pass any law, rule, or regulation, prescribing the form of service to be conducted at the burial of the dead, it would appear that such services may be conducted at the time of interment, and in the burying ground, as the parties who have acquired the right to bury in such ground may desire.

"There does not appear to be any reported decision in this Province on the point, and possibly no real difficulty is experienced here, as elsewhere, owing to the fact, as above stated, of ample power being granted to *all* bodies of Christians to obtain burying grounds for themselves.

"It is contended (in private circles) by some that the grant of the right to bury is subject to the proviso or condition implied, if not expressed, that no service will be conducted at the time of interment, not in conformity to the ritual of the denomination to which such ground belongs. This may be held to be the law, but it does not commend itself to our judgment.

"In view of the Keets case, (in England) it may be well to form no very decided opinion on any point of ecclesiastical law, for in that case the Dean of Arches argued from the fact that the incumbent had the right to depasture sheep in the graveyard, that he had the right to prevent the erection of tombstones, as interfering with the sheep, and from this right to the right of regulating the inscriptions on such stones, as he might allow to be erected, and, therefore, (?) it was illegal for Mr. Keets, without permission, to describe himself as 'Reverend,' in inscribing his name on the stone placed at the head of his child's grave. If this is, on appeal, held to be sound logic, or good law, we do not know what may yet be decided.

"In view of recent discussions it may be interesting to note the last section of the Act 3 Vic., cap. 74, which is as follows:

"And be it further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that nothing in this Act contained shall extend, or be construed to extend in any manner, to confer any spiritual jurisdiction or ecclesiastical rights whatsoever, upon any Bishop or Bishops, or other ecclesiastical person, of the said Church, in the said Province of Upper Canada."

JOHN E. ROSE."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

LAY REPRESENTATION IN THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

THE debates on this important subject in the late Sheffield Conference were of very great interest and ability. The issue has been fairly placed before the Connexion. The difficulties and advantages of the proposed change have been strongly and clearly set forth. The most

Christian and fraternal spirit animated the entire debate. The objections to the change were largely of a legal and technical character, although some of the ministers feared the invasion of their ministerial rights. Dear old Dr. Osborn, with his characteristic conservatism avowed that he would oppose the project "with the last sixpence in his pocket and the last breath in his

body." The speech of our friend, the Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., was regarded as probably the ablest in favour of Lay Representation. The reference of the whole question to a large mixed committee will give opportunity for the further development of an intelligent public opinion, the greater harmonizing of views, and avoidance of precipitate action. In this, as in all other great reforms, time is the most efficient ally.

The secular press has given more attention to the Wesleyan Conference than ever before, chiefly on account of the discussion of this important feature of ecclesiastical polity. For the most part it speaks strongly in favour of the liberalizing policy, and expresses a sort of wonder at the opposition to a principle which has long since found recognition in almost every other ecclesiastical body. The London *Spectator* is especially severe on the more hierarchical members of the Conference, whom it describes as the "Wesleyan Ultramontanes." We are confident, however, that the action of that great body will vindicate its prudence, wisdom, and adaptability to the altered needs of modern society.

A condensed statement of the principal items of business will be found elsewhere.

RECENT DEATHS.

ENGLISH Methodism has sustained a heavy loss in the death of the Rev. Charles Prest, the General Secretary of the Home Mission. He had for some time been ailing, and, like the Rev. Wm. Arthur, who was seeking health in the vale of Chamouni, and on the slopes of the Appenzel, was unable to be present at the recent Sheffield Conference. His half century of earnest toil, as a zealous Wesleyan Minister, had been a heavy draft on his strength, and when disease smote his frame, there was not enough vital force long to resist its attack. His last work, a few hours before his death, was the preparation of a circular, found in

pencil incomplete, with reference to his beloved Home Mission. Besides these he left no dying words, for he became speedily unconscious. Nor needs there further testimony than that of his self-sacrificing life. He was buried in the same grave with a lovely little granddaughter, who had a few hours preceded him to the spirit-world.

In our own Connexion in Canada, we have to mourn the loss, during the month, of two dear and honoured brethren. It was with many a heart-felt regret that the tidings were received of the death of the genial James Alexander Gordon. Cut off in the sixteenth year of his ministry, our departed friend had attained a good degree among his brethren and in the Church of which he was a faithful and successful minister. With the exception of two years spent in Hamilton, after his ordination, his field of labour has been chiefly in the Province of Quebec—Montreal west, Hemmingford, Prescott, and, since last Conference, Ottawa east, having enjoyed his valuable services. But while widening doors of usefulness were opening before him, the Master, in a higher wisdom than ours, said "It is enough." Let us, too, in the devout spirit of Montgomery's lines, say,

"Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle's fought, the victory won;
Enter thy Master's joy."

Brother John G. Keagey eight years since became superannuated, in the sixth year of his ministry, and, therefore, was less known throughout the Connexion than Brother Gordon, but where he was known he was deservedly esteemed and beloved. Since the opening of the Dundas Wesleyan Institute, till his strength failed, he discharged with ability the important duties of classical tutor. While sojourning for the restoration of his health, on the shore of the wide Atlantic, where in bodily frailty he laboured with zeal and success for the salvation of souls, he calmly and

confidently launched forth on the broad ocean of eternity. The immediate cause of death in the case of both these brethren was typhoid fever.

UNIVERSITY REFORM.

DURING last year the Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the property and income of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, submitted their report. From that report it appears that their annual revenue amounts to nearly \$4,000,000, and is rapidly increasing from the enhanced value of their immense landed estates. It is found, too, that for this large sum, a very inadequate service is rendered to the nation. Notwithstanding this lavish endowment, the expenses of education at these Universities are so great that only the wealthy can enjoy it. Then, there are nearly eight hundred sinecure fellowships, worth on an average \$1,500 a year each, for distribution among these young scions of aristocracy, who do not deserve, need, nor earn such emoluments. They are not the honourable reward for distinguished services rendered to literature or science, but college prizes awarded to beardless boys for writing useless Greek or Latin verses, or winning senior wranglerships. They are tenable during life, if the holder will observe the monkish rule of celibacy, or, whether he have any vocation for it or not, will, after a term of years, enter holy orders, induced thereto by the rich livings in the gift of the Universities. Suppose, for instance, a boy of twenty wins a fellowship, and lives to the age of seventy, having remained a bachelor or become a priest, he will have received the sum of \$75,000, for which he need render absolutely no service whatever. Rather a lavish reward this for even the most polished Greek ode. These fellowships, so far from being encouragements to learning, are rather premiums to indolence, by paying men for doing nothing,

and removing the stimulus to active industry. Two-thirds of the fellows are non-resident, and draw their pensions: often in addition to large private or professional incomes, and comparatively few of these become distinguished in literature. Davy, Owen, Huxley, and many other eminent scientists received no aid from this source. The great national Universities have long since ceased to be the leaders of English thought. They have been characterized by their intense opposition to every advance movement of modern times. They have been the strongholds of reaction and bigotry. Ten times they formally petitioned parliament against Catholic Relief Bills, and twice, at least, against Jewish emancipation. They petitioned against the founding of London University, against a Government scheme of national education, and against the abolition of religious tests and of Church rates. Did their learning, piety, and wisdom guide the counsels of the nation? Every scheme which they opposed passed the legislature. "Who ever talks of the Universities," asks the *British Quarterly*, "except, perhaps, in connection with a boat race?"

It is being felt that this state of things can no longer be endured. There is a flutter among the learned dons and gownsmen on the Cam and Isis. Vested interests die hard; but the nation will no longer permit the perversion of national institutions to denominational or party purposes. Even yet dissenters rest beneath social, if not legal disabilities of a galling kind. The Review above quoted urges the sweeping away of the sinecure fellowships, and establishing lecture and tutorships instead, to be liberally rewarded in proportion to the work done. It recommends the establishment of open colleges at Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, and a dozen other great centres of population—these colleges to be perfectly unsectarian, thoroughly manned and equipped, and the fees merely nominal, or as

low as possible. This is surely a more sensible distribution than concentrating twenty colleges at Oxford and seventeen at Cambridge, with their profitless competitions, and un-employed or only half-employed Professors. As well might all the cloth or iron factories in the kingdom be confined to one or two of its towns. The advantages of concentration are vastly exaggerated. At Oxford and Cambridge many of the Professors lecture to a mere handful of students. And the great libraries of those Universities cannot suffice for the nation. This essential educational apparatus should be multiplied and rendered accessible in all the great cities in the kingdom. The English Wesleyans have done good service to higher education, by establishing a Wesleyan Hall at Cambridge; but they would have done better, we think, by demanding unsectarian colleges throughout the land.

EAST INDIAN MISSIONS.

THE progress of Christian missions in India since the Mutiny has been very great. Before that time they were subject to a repression and discouragement that were a disgrace to a Christian Government. So careful were the civil authorities to avoid offending the heathen prejudices of the natives, that all religious instruction of the Sepoys in the Bengal army was virtually prohibited, and native Christians were rigidly excluded from the civil service; the absurd caste distinctions were fostered, and the worship of Juggernaut was subsidized by British gold; and the scarlet livery of the British soldier was employed to adorn the idol god.

In a debate in the English House of Commons, on a Bill facilitating missionary operations in India, Mr. Marsh spoke violently against letting loose the missionaries upon "the mild Hindoo." "Will these people," he asked, "crawling from the holes and corners of their original destinations, apostates from the loom and

anvil, renegades from the lowest handicrafts, be a match in controversy for the cool and sedate Brahmins? What can be apprehended but the disgrace and discomfiture of whole hosts of tub-preachers in the conflict?" He seems to have forgotten that men, whom he would designate as apostates from the net and fishing boat, had overturned the philosophy of the ancient world, by the power of the truth which they spoke. Such bigotry is about on a par with that with which Sidney Smith satirized as "a consecrated cobbler," "a sanctified shoemaker," an enthusiast, and a fanatic, the sainted Cary, by whose labours 200,000 Bibles, or portions thereof, in forty Oriental dialects, were issued from the Serampore press. With the early coadjutors, this missionary philanthropist was banished from the soil of India, and the great Commercial Monopoly, eager only for rupees, diligently bolstered up the tottering system of idolatry.

Our pleasant vices become the rods to scourge us wherewithal, and our national sins become our national punishment. So an awful Nemesis followed British complicity with idolatry in India. The fostering of caste, and the alarm created by the greased cartridges, were the *fons et origo* of the nameless horrors of the Mutiny. In the Madras army, where caste was ignored and Christianity permitted, there was the utmost loyalty. In the Bengal army, where caste was fostered and Christianity forbidden, treachery wrought its hellish work.

Since the Mutiny a change has happily taken place, and Christianity is making rapid progress. The barriers of caste are breaking down. Brahmins, to whom the touch of leather was a pollution, do not hesitate to wear English shoes. The railway, telegraph, and postal systems, and the great public works in progress, are rendering vexatious restrictions impossible. Above all, the secular instruction in the schools

and colleges, the newspapers, books, and science of the times, are undermining the absurd cosmogony and mythology of Hindooism, and preparing the way for the gospel of Christ. Christianity does not ask any patronage, any favour, but only free toleration, to win its way among the most ancient and venerable religions of the world,—to prove itself no less adapted for the learned pundit, the wretched sudras, and the outcast pariahs, than for the polished European or American.

ULTRAMONTANISM AND THE CIVIL POWER IN CANADA.

WE are brought face to face with this question nearer home than we perhaps anticipated. In the interests of civil liberty the issue could not have been taken more advantageously. The controversy is not one between Protestants and Catholics, or between French and English-speaking people; but between persons of the same race and faith. However much the Roman Catholic Bishops of Montreal and Toronto may endeavour to import religious bitterness into the conflict, it is clearly one between the hierarchy and the civil power, represented by the highest judicial authority in the realm; or, in other words, the question is, is the Queen's or the Pope's authority supreme in civil matters in Canada? It may safely be fought out on this line, and without any doubt as to the result. The cobweb tissue of misrepresentation of the real points in dispute, in Archbishop Lynch's letters, has been blown to the winds by the merciless logic and irrefutable facts of M. Doutre's rejoinder. He shows that even according to their own ecclesiastical law, "(1) the members of the Institut Canadien were never excommunicated, even collectively; (2) Guibord was never excommunicated, either collectively with others or personally," and that the Cote des Neiges Cemetery was not consecrated until, as an engine of persecution,

it became so long after Guibord's death. The engineers now find themselves hoist with their own petard. The refusal of permission to bury the remains of Guibord in his family plot was nothing less than an illegal confiscation of his property, finding himself foiled in which, the bishop wreaks his petty spite by threatening to interdict and anathematize the spot where his body may lie. This making war upon the dead is an old trick of Rome's, since she dragged the bones of Wickliffe from their quiet grave at Lutterworth, and strewed their ashes on the rippling burn which bore them to the Severn, thence to be carried to the sea,—an emblem of his doctrines, which have engirdled the world. But such ignoble revenge cannot harm the dead, and admonishes the living of what the tender mercies of Rome towards them would be if she had the power. It shows, also, her irreconcilable antagonism to free thought and free inquiry; which, if carried out, would prohibit many of the most valuable books in the language, and as M. Doutre remarks, would even prevent a man being a Member of Parliament, if its library contained interdicted books.

But one of the most alarming features of the case is the connivance at the employment of violence to frustrate the law, if not, indeed, the instigation of its use. "If the State thinks well," says Archbishop Lynch, "to shoot down the people, it is the State's own business; and if the people resist and expose themselves to be shot, that is their own business too." After representing such resistance as a sort of religious act, akin to the spirit of primitive martyrdom, this sounds very much like consecrating violence which might end in bloodshed and murder. The drunken ruffians who assailed the funeral cortege, and the skulking banditti who pillaged the orchards and terrorized the neighbourhood in the sacred name of religion, no less than the miscreant who threatened

assassination to M. Doutre, should the burial take place, are allies that the hierarchy should repudiate as soon as possible. Yet this has not been done, and it must therefore stand convicted of connivance at the lawless acts performed in its interest. Much as we would regret the employment of force to carry out the Queen's commands and the decisions of the civil courts, the majesty of the law must be maintained at any cost: and should bloodshed unhappily result, which God forbid, on their heads be the blame who resist the peaceful mandates of the supreme authority of the realm. That this resistance is not grounded on any conscientious principle, but on factious priestly opposition, is proven by the fact that since the first refusal to bury Guibord, half a dozen members of the Institut Canadien have been buried with ecclesiastical honours; one of them, a Freemason. By graceful submission in this case also, the Romish hierarchy might have escaped much of the ignominy and loss of prestige and influence which it has wantonly provoked.

THE FINANCIAL POLICY OF THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT.

Two leading politicians, Mr. Cartwright, the Finance Minister, and Sir A. T. Galt, a member of a former Administration, have recently expressed their opinion on this subject. There was in some respects a remarkable coincidence of view, which could hardly have been anticipated. They both recognized the immense financial burden placed upon the country by the construction of the Pacific Railway, and that under certain contingencies the completion of the work might have for a time to be postponed. Sir A. T. Galt went further, and suggested that in case of British Columbia failing to agree with this judgment, "we intimate our acquiescence in her retirement from the Dominion," or in other words, tell her she may go. We utterly deprecate this policy. It would make our fed-

eral union a mere rope of sand. The integrity of the Dominion must be maintained. This noble chain of provinces must not be broken up, to be swallowed piecemeal by the neighbouring Republic; but, welded together in indissoluble phalanx, it will, we trust, develop a grand Christian civilization in accordance with the time-tried principles and noble Constitution, which we inherit from the dear old Fatherland across the sea. We prefer to hold more hopefully, with Mr. Cartwright, "that failing any extraordinary series of reverses, there is no good reason for doubting the ability of Canada to discharge her engagements, if not with perfect ease, at any rate without serious injury to herself."

THE STATE OF TRADE.

We are permitted by one of our leading wholesale merchants, whose own distinguished business success is a guarantee as to the soundness of his views, to make use of the following trade review:

As we have before stated our views upon the continued money stringency, we do not intend repeating anything we have said upon that subject; nor is it our intention to point out results (some very painful) which have in consequence been brought about. Our present purpose is to state how the lessons of the hour may be improved.

"We first address ourselves to the wholesale trade, and to them we say: Withdraw from the road eighty per cent. of the present staff of travellers. We have no expectation that this advice will be taken, however sound it may be considered. We are not the less persuaded that such a course, if adopted, would be followed not only by an amount of financial ease which would impart confidence in every business circle, but by healthful results which would be sensibly felt within six months in every home in the Dominion.

"To some houses travelling may be a necessity, and we would not

seek to discourage the custom where it is followed with any degree of sound judgment; but we assert that no thoughtful man (whether in the trade or not) who observes the vast army of travellers constantly wending their way to every village and country town of the Dominion, with enormous boxes of samples, will wonder, not that we have an occasional crisis, but that we are ever without one.

"We next address the retail dealer, and to him we say, whether he is accustomed to make his purchases in Toronto, Hamilton, or Montreal: Visit the market personally, select your parcel, and select it carefully. Err on the side of caution rather than on that of recklessness. Easier far is it to re-order goods than to sustain loss by clearing out an excess of stock at ruinous prices.

"Money is rarely lost by men who visit the market personally and prudently make their own selections. It is almost invariably with those who, having bought all the goods they want, and all their trade demands, are found the but too willing customers for every traveller who calls upon them with his samples. Let the retail dealer be firm, and steadily refuse to increase his stock beyond his legitimate wants, notwithstanding the tempting offers of travellers, such as low sterling advances, long terms and extra time, goods dated forward, promise of renewals, etc., etc., and the traveller will find that with all such prudent men he can accomplish nothing, and the evil which has done more, perhaps, than every other, will speedily correct itself. Is it not dishonest in a trader who obtains credit upon the strength of his character to multiply his accounts, so as to endanger his solvency and jeopardize the amount he is indebted to the house to which he owes his start in life? Thousands of traders in the Dominion have failed simply through unwise purchasing. Their business in the hands of a few creditors meant success; when unduly increased, embarrassment and ruin.

"If anything were needed to give force to these remarks it would be found: First, in the fact that the wholesale houses which have carried on their business without travellers have felt the crisis least, either in diminished receipts or bad debts; and second, that the retail houses which have been most prudent in their purchases, have wisely confined their business within safe limits, and have been deaf to the solicitations of travellers to purchase beyond their actual wants, are the houses which are strongest and in best credit to-day.

"With \$20,000,000 of the banking capital of the Dominion locked up in lumber and standing timber, and with the high (and in some cases excessive rates) banks are charging for money, (despite the statement of bankers generally that the effect of the abolition of the usury laws would be to cheapen money), prudent men will feel (whether buyers or sellers) that the present is a time not for extension, but for the utmost prudence. The adoption of these very simple suggestions may for a time diminish sales, yet in the end will most assuredly lead to an increase of capital, and result in benefits not only to the trade, but to the entire community."

THE MONTREAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

THIS assemblage of enthusiastic temperance workers, from distant parts of the Dominion, in its principal city, is peculiarly significant. It shows that these moral reformers are in dead earnest, and mean work. The moderation and practicalness of their discussions and conclusions, combined with their singleness of purpose, are worthy of all praise, and are an augury of success. It was a happy thought to request the Government to pass a Prohibitory law, subject to the ratification of the people by popular vote. It removes this great moral question out of the sphere of party politics, and invokes the endorsement of the nation—an en-

dorsation which, unless we are greatly mistaken, will be overwhelmingly given.

Of course there are fiscal difficulties to be overcome, but they are only temporary, while the benefit resulting—the moral elevation of the community, and the salvation of multitudes from a drunkard's grave—will far outweigh all the difficulties to be met. Better an annual deficit for years than that the exchequer of the country should be replenished with blood-money, with the price of souls.

We are glad to see the ladies so well represented in the Convention, and on the public platform, as they were by Mrs. Youmans, of Picton; and we congratulate the ladies' association of Prince Edward County, of which she is a moving spirit, in having swept from their beautiful peninsula—for the work was chiefly theirs—the curse of the liquor traffic, by procuring the passage of the Dunks Act. This is emphatically a woman's question. Women have felt most keenly the iron enter their souls, and if Christian women, old and young, would but exercise their potent influence, they would greatly contribute to the success of this reform. Surely there is urgent need; scarce a day passes but our souls are wrung with some harrowing tale of cruelty, or accident, or violence, or bloodshed, caused by the accursed drink. We are told that the times

are hard, yet the garish bar-rooms and saloons continue to flaunt their cut glass and gilding in our midst—social gangrenes, empoisoning the life-blood of the people—and every day more money is expended in deadly liquor than in needed bread.

Meanwhile the liquor sellers, whose craft is in danger, will pour out their money freely in defence of their right to deal out destruction to their fellow men. We are credibly informed that in one of our cities they make up an annual purse of some \$1,200, as a—present, let us say,—for an official whose duty it is to restrict the traffic. We may imagine that he sometimes winks pretty hard at violations of the law. The temperance community must exhibit not less zeal and sacrifice to save their fellow men, than those vampires do to destroy them. They must agitate, agitate, agitate, till victory is theirs. From reports given at the Convention, we are inclined to think that public opinion is more thoroughly prepared for Prohibition in the maritime provinces than in the west. We must by tongue and pen, by pulpit, platform and press, continue to educate the country on this great subject, till the guilty traffic is destroyed amongst us. We are proud of the noble stand of our Church in this matter, and the glory of the approaching victory of righteousness over wrong will be largely hers.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

WE could easily fill the whole of this department of our MAGAZINE with Conference details, but, our space compels us to condense. There was a large attendance, nearly 800 ministers being present at most of the sessions, though several well-known brethren were absent. Revs.

C. Prest, W. Arthur, and S. R. Hall, were prevented by illness from sharing the councils of their brethren. Letters of sympathy were sent to those worthy men. We greatly admire the plan of our Fathers at home, in sending letters of sympathy to ministers who cannot be present at Conference. Kind remarks, too, are always made respecting those who

retire into the superannuated ranks. Such courtesy, no doubt, is very acceptable, and the example might be safely followed by some other Conferences that we know of. Old ministers sometimes retire as though they were thought well gone.

The Wesleyan Connexion is evidently in a state of prosperity, as the following statistics will show. Members in Society, 358,062; increase, 6,417. Deaths, 6,012. Loss through removals, 13,000. There has been an increase of 87,810 members since 1856, and an increase of 384 ministers, in the same time; the number of the latter now in Great Britain, is 1,315. In respect to chapels, or, as we would say, churches, the debts are being rapidly reduced, inasmuch as \$1,870,560 have been paid off since 1855, though the debts still remaining amount to \$4,472,885. Six chapels and two ministers' houses, costing \$68,300, were presented to the Connexion; one of the donors, T. Hazelhurst, Esq., in twenty years, has given property to the Connexion amounting to \$250,000; 54 old churches were about to give place to better and more commodious ones; 2,721 Trusts contribute nearly \$165,000 towards the maintenance of the ministry. In twenty years, more than \$15,000,000 have been expended in the purchase or erection or enlargement of churches. During the last year \$1,378,255 were expended in new churches and enlargements; 122 other churches are soon to be built, (61 of which are to be in places where no Methodist Church had been erected previously), which will give additional accommodation to 14,532 hearers.

Foreign Missions.—Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., one of the Missionary Secretaries, is appointed to visit South Africa, with a view to form a Conference of the Missions in that Colony. A College is much needed in India. Rev. E. Jenkins, M.A., who visited Canada a few years ago,—an old Indian missionary—is appointed to visit the Missions in India and China.

Dr. Osborne had lately visited several of the stations on the continent of Europe, of which he spoke in the most favourable terms. The reports were full of interest. Bishop Simpson, who was visiting the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, recommended the Conference to strengthen its Missions in Europe; he had visited Italy, and was much pleased with what he had seen of the Wesleyan Mission in Rome. The distinguished missionaries, Rev. Messrs. Kilner and Piggott, gave encouraging accounts respecting their Missions in Ceylon and Italy, from which they had just returned. Mr. Piggott preached the first Methodist sermon in Italian in Rome. Mr. Kilner had translated some of Mr. Moody's Revival Hymns into the Tamil tongue, which he sung at the meeting of the Committee of Review, to the delight of all present. Dr. Punshon is appointed to succeed the late Dr. Wiseman at the Mission House,—the right man in the right place. The meeting held for the recognition of returned missionaries was of a deeply affecting character. One minister had been thirty-five years in the West Indies; others had been in West Africa, and were obliged to return home, if only for a season, that they may recruit their shattered health. The Wesleyan people have always loved their missionaries, and there is no likelihood of the attachment abating.

Home Missions and Contingent Fund.—The absence of the veteran Secretary, Rev. Charles Prest, was much regretted, but the Rev. J. W. Greeves, Treasurer, ably represented his absent friend. In addition to sustaining Home Missions proper, aid is given to poor circuits. In nine years, nearly \$50,000 have been thus appropriated. Also, since 1856, grants have been made towards furnishing 330 minister's houses, amounting to \$77,285; fully one-fifth of these houses are connected with the Home Mission and Army and Navy Stations. Assistance is also given to worn-out

ministers, to enable them to provide furniture when they leave the "active work." Besides the regular agents, 612 persons have rendered voluntary aid; 600 regular services have been begun, 700 classes have been formed, 153 Sunday-schools instituted, and 66,529 visits paid during the year, which have resulted in much good, especially to the sick. Ninety married ministers are sustained, wholly or in part, by the Home Mission Fund; of these, sixty-one are engaged in the Army and Navy work. The income of the Fund is about \$156,000, and the wants are \$250,000. Favourable mention was made of the District Sustentation Fund, which had greatly aided the stipends of ministers.

The need of additional Home missionaries was greatly felt. Alderman Barlow, when attending the Committee of Review, gave a gloomy picture of several parts of England. He said, that in London there are 100,000 criminals and 28,000 drunkards brought before the magistrates annually. The public houses, if set out in a line, would reach seventy miles, and the shops some sixty miles, all of which are open on Sundays. More than a million of the people never attend public worship. In Manchester, crime had increased 230 per cent. in ten years, while Liverpool was still worse. It is very gratifying to find that the number of evangelists is to be increased. Six men are set apart to labour in this special agency in Norwich, Bristol, Bath, and London (Surrey). Rev. Charles Garrett, well known for his Temperance advocacy and earnest labours as a revivalist, is to be a missionary at large in Liverpool; his salary has been guaranteed for three years by friends in that town. The Mission is to have for its sphere, the criminal, neglected, and degraded classes of the dock population of that great sea-port; its operations are to be of any kind and every kind which Mr. Garrett may think fit to adopt.

Lay Mission.—For many years it was thought that this was a kind of "missing link" in Methodism. Now, in London, there are forty-three lay missionaries, fourteen of whom are females, besides six hundred volunteer agents. Halls and rooms are hired for meetings; Sabbath-schools are established, and religious services are held in very unpretending places. During the past year 84,971 visits had been paid; 3,352 meetings had been held in halls, attended by 112,005 persons; and in spite of wet weather, 150 open air services had been held, at which 17,000 persons were present; 115,000 tracts and illustrated periodicals had been given away, and 1,540 persons had been induced to habitually attend public worship. A similar Mission is established in Manchester, with good results. It is advocated that in all large towns an ordained minister should be set apart to organise and superintend such Missions.

The Children's Home.—Rev. T. B. Stephenson, B.A., began in 1869 this institution with two poor boys; now, there are four branches, with 300 children in training; besides 270 who have been sent out, and are now earning their livelihood by honest labour, chiefly in Canada. The income is \$75,000, nearly \$15,000 of which has been contributed for new premises in London. There is a good farm in Lancashire, which was given by Alderman Barlow. A new branch house has been established near Gravesend, as an Industrial School, towards which the London School Board contributed \$5,000. Of the Home in Hamilton, Canada, we need not speak. There are 220 of the children in Canadian homes; and such is the demand, that last year, when Mr. Stephenson brought out 35 girls, there were applications for 400.

A man-of-war vessel has been promised by the Government, to be set apart for training boys for the navy; and it is hoped that soon 500

boys will be thus fitted for future usefulness. The Home has been eminently successful since it was established. Nineteen probationers have been raised, three of whom are in the ministry, and one is a city missionary.

Extension Fund.—Was established at the Conference of 1874, with a view to extend Methodism in the rural districts of England. Sir F. Lycett, and W. Mewbury, Esq., promised \$50,000 each towards the movement, and urged the Connexion to raise an equal sum. A great deal of preparatory work has been done, and it is hoped that during the year the Fund will be fairly inaugurated. There is a fund of a similar kind in Scotland.

The Metropolitan Chapel Fund has been established fourteen years, during which time it has added 60,000 sittings to the church accommodation of London. There is now Wesleyan Methodist accommodation for one in forty of the population. From these new erections, more than \$20,000 per year are received by the Home and Foreign Missions.

Education.—Woodhouse Grove and Kingswood have long been known as the schools where ministers' sons are educated for six years. Attempts have been made to sell both Institutions, and build a more suitable structure in some central part of England; but the scheme has not been universally approved, and now the Conference sanctions the plan of the Committee, for junior boys to attend Woodhouse Grove, and those further advanced to be sent to Kingswood. A Wesleyan Hall is being established at Cambridge, at a cost of \$125,000, a considerable portion of which has already been subscribed. The Conference recommends that High Schools should be established in other parts of England.

Theological Institutions.—There are three of these, and \$50,000 are invested for a fourth, to be established

in the Midland Counties. All probationers receive three years' training at one or other of the Institutions.

Sunday-schools.—Of these there are 5,893, with 111,003 officers and teachers, and 700,210 scholars; being an increase of 106 schools, 881 officers and teachers, and 11,224 scholars; 85,000 of the teachers are members of the Church, 50,000 of whom were formerly scholars; 132,000 of the scholars are above fifteen years of age, and 51,000 are meeting in class. A central Agency for the sale of Sunday-school books has been established, and there is some talk of forming branches in provincial towns. A Magazine is published specially for the schools. A Connexional Sunday-school Union has been formed, with which 1,000 schools have united on the payment of a small fee. Grants of books will be made to schools at greatly reduced prices. Rev. C. H. Kelley is appointed Secretary of the Sunday-school Union and Editor of the Magazine. He has long been known as a successful military chaplain and a racy writer.

The Book Room.—The issues from the Connexional press have been more than one volume per week, during the past year. The sales of periodicals had been 114,500 monthly; annually, a million and a-half. Reward books and tracts have been sent out amounting to over three millions. The new Hymn Book will be ready for use next January. Besides making a grant to the Annuitant Society, the Book Committee had also made a grant of \$2,500 towards the extension of Methodism in villages.

The Auxiliary Fund.—The Rev. J. Rattenbury has been set apart for two years past to increase the income of this fund, which supplements the allowances of superannuated ministers and widows. He has raised \$255,000 by special subscriptions. The circuits are expected to contribute towards it at the rate of sixpence per member. One gentleman

has given a donation of \$2,500, and the proprietors of the *Watchman* and *Recorder* have given \$500. An effort is being made to so increase the income that the annuities may be increased.

Ministers' Children.—For many years past, meetings of ministers' children have been held annually in London, and other large towns. The object is chiefly social. At the last meeting held in London, a memorial was adopted and forwarded to Conference, asking permission to establish a Fund to aid such young people, especially daughters, who may be in needy circumstances. As the Conference were not desired to assume any pecuniary responsibility, but merely to sanction the movement, this was readily done; and it is hoped that the project may meet with the encouragement which it so richly deserves.

The Death Roll.—The announcement of this always produces peculiar emotions in Conference. The President said, "My own heart has been greatly smitten by the removal of more than one of our dear and honoured brethren from our midst, since last Conference. Will all the brethren take their places and give the most solemn attention to the subject which has now to be brought before us." A few verses of the hymn "Come, let us join our friends above," were sung, and the question was asked, "What ministers have died this year?" The first on the list was Luke Holt Wiseman, D.D. In each case a brief obituary was read, and then, usually, some minister well known to deceased made such observations as he deemed suitable. Dr. Punshon said, respecting his friend Wiseman, "I cannot speak; I can only feel and pray; but I shall be better all my life long for having known and loved Luke Holt Wiseman." There was something more than usually solemn and affecting about the death of Dr. Wiseman. He had been elected to deliver the

Fernley Lecture, this year, the subject of which was to be "Eternal Life;" but he had entered into eternal life before he could give the world the benefit of his musings on that sublime subject. Including those who have died in Ireland and on the Foreign Missions, there are thirty-two ministers who have gone to their reward. Respecting Dr. Wiseman, it appears that some friends in Norwich, of which city he was a native, intend to erect a memorial church, to be called Wiseman Church, for which \$50,000 is to be raised.

The Public Meetings in connection with the Conference were crowded to overflowing. Two services for the reception of candidates for ordination were held, and the addresses by Dr. Punshon and Mr. Perks were such as might be expected from ministers of such celebrity. The sermons on the Conference Sunday, by the Ex-President and the President, were pronounced to be of a very high order. The meeting for the promotion of holiness was a novelty of its kind, and was a season of great spiritual enjoyment. The open session of Conference was held in the largest hall in Sheffield, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Besides the Deputation from the Irish Conference, Bishop Simpson and Dr. Currie, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, delivered addresses which were of the most eloquent and impressive character. Dr. Punshon and Dr. Jobson replied to the American strangers; and it was agreed that the portraits of the Bishop and his companion shall appear in the *Magazine*, and a copy of the Standards of Methodism shall be presented to each of them as a souvenir. The Revs. Dr. Rigg and W. B. Pope are to attend the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Nonconformist ministers of the town presented a complimentary Address to the Conference, which was accompanied by short speeches,

to which responses were made on behalf of the Conference by the Revs. Dr. Rigg and W. B. Pope. These fraternal greetings were a most agreeable episode in the Conference proceedings.

There were two subjects which were anticipated with some anxiety; but both were settled in an amicable manner. One was the admission of laymen to Conference. Committees have been appointed to mature some plan, and report to next Conference. The other grew out of the circumstance of the Rev. John Bond having spoken in favour of the Disestablishment of the Church of England, at a meeting of the Liberation Society. A full discussion took place, when it was resolved, that ministers in all such cases must act according to their individual judgment; but the discussion of political questions was strongly deprecated.

The press of England took great interest in the doings of Conference, and the two great questions just named, were the subjects of several leading articles. Dissenters of other Churches think it strange that so many Wesleyan ministers are so tenacious in their attachment to the Established Church, seeing that the clergy generally regard all ministers out of the Establishment as schismatics. The policy of that Church, especially in the recent "tombstone controversy," is fast tending to alienate that sympathy, and the most effective allies of the Liberation Society are within the Establishment itself.

Taken as a whole, the Wesleyan Conference of 1875 will be a memorable one in the history of the Church; and so far as we can judge, the outlook is of the most cheering character.

UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCH.

THIS Denomination consists of what was formerly known as the Wesleyan Association and the Reformers, which originated in divisions

from the Wesleyan Conference, in 1835 and 1849, respectively. The Conference, called the Assembly, meets at the same time as the Wesleyan Conference. This year it met in Nottingham. The following are the statistics of the Connexion.—Itinerant preachers 328, supernumeraries 26, local preachers 3,428, leaders 4,293, members 68,652, members on trial 619, chapels 1,309. The losses of the Connexion by removals, withdrawals and deaths, have been 7,829; notwithstanding this there is a net increase of 1,281 members.

The Denomination owns a Theological Institute, in Manchester, but only has one theological tutor, who has a salary of \$900. An attempt is being made to establish a Connexion Day-school, for the education of the sons of ministers and laymen. The sum of \$9,400 was there and then promised; \$40,000 will be sufficient for the purpose. The Book Room reported net profits exceeding \$5,000.

The Missions are Home and Foreign; the income of which is not far from \$100,000. A special effort is being made on behalf of the former, which includes a scheme to raise \$59,000 in five years, for Church extension.

The Foreign Missions are in the West Indies, Australasia, East and West Africa. Rev. Charles New, well known as the friend of Dr. Livingstone, belonged to this denomination, and his tragic death was the subject of much serious conversation in the Conference, as it is believed that it was hastened by the conduct of Mandara, the Chief of Chagga. A petition was sent to the Government, calling for an investigation by Her Majesty's representative at Zanzibar.

The United Methodist Free Church is very strong in its advocacy for Disestablishment, and adopted a resolution eulogising the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. It also very warmly supports the Temperance movement.

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL CONFERENCE.

THE marvellous growth of Methodism has often been a subject of astonishment to its admirers. We cannot contemplate its rapid extension in the Southern World without exclaiming "What hath God wrought!" In 1820 there was only one Methodist missionary in that vast region. In 1855 the work had become so extended and consolidated that an Affiliated Conference was formed, taking under its care all the Missions, not only in the Colonies of Australia, but also throughout the whole Southern Pacific. In the month of May, during the present year, the said Conference having been divided into four Annual Conferences, a General Conference was held. It is worthy of note, that the Rev. W. B. Boyce, now senior Missionary Secretary, who has done much actual labour in the Mission

field, had the double honour of presiding at the first Australian Conference, in 1855, and again negotiating on behalf of the Parent Society and arranging for the present organization. Including all the Conferences, there are more than 60,000 members, and about 400 ministers.

The General Conference alone can legislate, under certain restrictions. Laymen are also to form part of the said Conference. Respecting their admission into the Annual Conferences, there seems to be a diversity of opinion; though all agree that the examination of ministerial character, and making appointments, must belong to ministers alone. The Annual Conference will not consent for the General Conference to make any alterations respecting class-meetings or the itinerancy. From all we can learn, there is a career of great prosperity before our brethren in the Southern World.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

(SEE FRONTISPIECE.)

METHODISM IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MORE than twenty years ago the Christian sympathy of the Rev. Dr. Wood, now senior Missionary Secretary, was strongly awakened on behalf of the numerous and neglected pagan tribes on the Pacific Coast of British North America. He opened a correspondence with the Wesleyan Mission Rooms in England, urging the opening of a mission among that people. Before any plan was devised for that purpose, British Columbia was erected into a crown colony, and arrangements were soon made for sending missionaries from the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada. Twelve brethren volunteered; and in December, 1858, the Revs. Dr. Evans, Edward White, Ebenezer Robson, and Arthur Browning, left Toronto to begin the mission.

On the 15th of August, 1859, the foundation stone of a Wesleyan Church was laid at Victoria by His Excellency Governor Douglass. The Hon. Hudson Bay Company gave, through Dr. Evans, a most eligible site, and liberal subscriptions were made in the country to defray the expense of its erection. The ladies of the Mount Allison Academy sent \$40; a lady at Three Rivers, \$200; Edward Jackson, Esq., and Mrs. Jackson, of Hamilton, the noble sum of \$1,000. We have reason to know that this was a most providential and timely gift. The congregations having filled the first building, its enlargement became a necessity. This was accomplished after the appointment of the Rev. Wm. Pollard. The accompanying wood-cut is from a photograph of the building, faithfully representing a beautiful sanctuary,

where hundreds listen to the glorious gospel every Sabbath. The cost of its erection, in consequence of the high price of materials and labour, was so great that it would be no guide as to the cost of a similar structure in these provinces. Its dimensions are as follows: extreme length, 84 feet; breadth, 42 feet; breadth across transepts, 62 feet 6 inches. Tower: 11 feet inside, height of spire, about 150 feet. The church is a conspicuous monument of the energy and enterprise of the Methodist people of the Pacific Coast, and of the Christian liberality with which they were assisted from the older provinces. It is a distinguished ornament to the city, and has contributed largely to our success as a denomination in that country.

In the comparatively short interval which has since elapsed, this small beginning has expanded to a magnificent work, embracing nine missionaries and thirteen missions, with a membership of 560, many of whom are men and women reclaimed from pagan barbarism to Christian civilization. There are now in Victoria 196 members in Church fellowship, 57 of whom are converted Indians; one Sabbath-school, among the white population, 15 teachers and 120 scholars; one Indian Sabbath-school, 10 teachers and 70 scholars. They have a commodious parsonage, and are now an independent Circuit. A Chinese Mission has also been opened in the city, which has already been attended with marked manifestations of the Divine approval.

BOOK NOTICES.

Commentary on the Old Testament.

Vol. III. *Joshua to II. Samuel.* The Book of Joshua, by D. STEELE, D.D.; Books of Judges to II. Samuel, by REV. MILTON S. TERRY, M.A. Vol. iv. *Kings to Esther*, by REV. MILTON S. TERRY, M.A. D. D. WHEDON, LL.D., Editor. 12mo. Pp. 534 and 538, with maps, plates, tables, etc. New York: Nelson and Phillips; Toronto; S. Rose.

ONE of the especial glories of early Methodism was the valuable service it rendered to Biblical criticism and interpretation. The labours of Wesley, Clarke, Coke, Benson, Watson, and others, in this respect have conferred an immense benefit on the cause of religion ever since. It is a cause of surprise and regret that, in this age of eager Biblical investigation and increased facilities for textual criticism, the Mother Church of Methodism has furnished no commentators, to do the work for

the present generation that those we have mentioned did for theirs. One of the most imperious needs of Methodism, to-day, is a complete popular commentary on Holy Scripture, interpreting the oracles of God in accordance with our Arminian theology. It is a rather anomalous circumstance, that the most widely circulated commentary of the times, both in the Old World and the New, the one on which sole dependence has been placed in very many of our Sunday-schools and families, was the work of a worthy Philadelphia pastor, of no great erudition or critical faculty, of theological views strongly opposed to our Church standards, and so engrossed in the duties of an active pastorate that his entire commentary was written before breakfast in the morning.

It was to meet this long-felt want that the enterprising Methodist Book Concern, at New York, projected a commentary under the able supervision of Dr. Whedon. Three vol-

umes of the New Testament Commentary have already appeared from the pen of the distinguished editor. Their clear, terse, vigorous criticism, going right to the heart of the subject, and grappling with all the difficulties of the text, have proved them to be the best for popular use extant. Their success commended them to the enterprise of a first-class London publisher,—although we wish that the Conference Office, instead of a Calvinistic house, had done itself the credit of presenting them to the British public.

The present volumes on the Old Testament, the third and fourth of the series, although the first and second issued, are a worthy complement of those on the New Testament. The writers selected have done their work well, with great critical ability, and with the aid of the best recent authorities. The volumes are enriched by copious notes by Dr. Whedon, and have enjoyed the advantage of his careful supervision. Coloured steel-plate maps, numerous engravings, and careful genealogical and other tables illustrate and embellish the work. In order to gain space, the text is printed in smaller type than in the volumes on the New Testament, and in the Books of Chronicles is omitted altogether, and the poetical portions are printed metrically.

For pastors, Sunday-school teachers, or for private reading, we regard this as by far the best commentary extant. It contains much more matter than the *Speaker's Commentary*, and is much cheaper in price and more convenient in size. Nor is it largely filled up with homiletical extracts, of little interest to the general reader, as is Lange.

The fourth volume of the New Testament, from I. Corinthians to II. Timothy, now in press, will shortly be issued, and will be eagerly hailed by those who have the former volumes. When completed, this Commentary, and Strong and McClintock's Biblical Encyclopedia, will

be a literary monument of which American Methodism may justly be proud.

The Living Wesley, as he was in his Youth and in his Prime. By JAS. H. RIGG, D.D., Principal of the Wesleyan Training College, Westminster, England; author of *Essays for the Times*. 12mo. Pp. 267, with steel portrait. New York: Nelson and Phillips; Toronto: S. Rose.

TYERMAN'S *Life of Wesley* will probably never be superseded as an exhaustive account of all that is known of the wonderful career of its subject. But the sinister austerity with which it is written, the harsh and, as Dr. Rigg thinks, unwarranted severity of many of its judgments, make it, at times, an unreliable guide. It is to correct some of the erroneous opinions that have been set forth, and more especially to present certain aspects of Wesley's life and character that have not yet been duly recognized, that this book is written.

Dr. Rigg throws much new light, from the examination of original documents, letters, and the like, on some of the most interesting episodes in the life of this most remarkable man of his age. Wesley was singularly unfortunate in his relations with the gentler sex. "He was naturally," says Dr. Rigg, "a woman-worshipper. He had been brought up in the society of clever and virtuous women—his sisters; and it seems as if he could at no time of his life dispense with the exquisite and stimulating pleasure which he found in their society. An almost reverent courtesy, a warm but pure affection, a delicate but close familiarity marked, through life, his relations with the good and gifted women with whom he maintained friendship and correspondence." Yet all his early experiences of the tender passion, and he had several, were doomed to disappointment; and his marriage in later years produced the bitterest disappointment of all.

Dr. Rigg gives copious citations from the sentimental correspondence

between John and Charles Wesley, and Miss Kirkham and Mrs. Pendarves, afterwards Mrs. Delany, a celebrated high-born Court beauty. The correspondence is conducted under the romantic names of Cyrus and Araspes, and Varnese and Aspasia, and indicates a very tender regard for both of these ladies, on the part of the future founder of Methodism.

His unfortunate Georgia experience, in what Dr. Rigg calls his "third love affair," is better known. Yet so poignant was the mental anguish he suffered, that forty-nine years after the event he writes of it, "I remember when I read these words in the church at Savannah : ' Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke,' I was pierced through as with a sword, and could not utter a word more. But our comfort is, that He that made the heart can heal the heart."

Dr. Rigg also fully vindicates the character of Wesley from the austere criticism of Tyerman, in the affair of Grace Murray, and in several instances in which the biographer seems to have been in little sympathy with his subject. Among the most interesting chapters are those on his theological views and religious character at Oxford and in Georgia, and his ritualism and mysticism before his evangelical conversion, as also the chapters on Wesley as a preacher, and as a thinker. We can hardly concede, however, that he makes good his assertion, that Wesley was "one of the keenest and most skeptical of historical critics." We think there was a vein of credulity in his mental constitution, that sometimes led him to accept conclusions on insufficient data ; as for instance, concerning witchcraft, as cited by Leckey. It is a pity, that to the indefatigable industry and thorough knowledge of his subject of the fullest biographer of Wesley, was not added the philosophical insight, the skill in grouping, the literary taste, and above all, the

fine sympathy with his theme, that exist in Dr. Rigg, and are manifested in this sketch.

Songs of Life ; a collection of Poems.

By the REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART. Toronto : S. Rose. Large 12mo., pp. 256, cloth. Cheaper edition, price 75 cents.

WE think that Mr. Dewart is altogether too modest in his estimate of his own poetry, as indicated in his Preface. He is something more than a mere "minor bard reflecting with subdued lustre" the light of the great Masters of Song. His verse glows with the fire of original genius, and often rises to epic dignity and power.

He says truly, "The inner, spiritual life," which is the theme of several pieces in this volume, "is a field which contains mines of untold poetic wealth, awaiting the developing hand of genius."

In these mines he has wrought and found therein nuggets of golden truth, which he has polished and burnished to a beauty and lustre worthy of their intrinsic value. In his noble prologue, which is a fitting prelude to the after songs—a worthy portal to the garden of sweet spices through which he leads us—he avows as his purpose in writing, the effort—

"To wake within
The dreaming soul a higher view
Of life's mysterious worth ;
To sing of liberty for hearts oppressed,
And promises of true, abiding rest."

This lofty gage he faithfully fulfils. His "Questionings" remind us somewhat of Burns' "Man was made to mourn," but it is instinct with a higher Christian philosophy than that poem, or than "The Voices," of the English Laureate, to which it bears some affinity.

But we have here no weak imitations of the popular poets of the day. His verse is not fashioned after the manner of Tennyson or Longfellow. It is not the faint echo of other voices, but the strong, clear, natural utterance of his own.

We would refer to a few of the nearly seventy poems of the volume as particularly impressing our mind. "The Unspoken," the voicing of feelings we have all experienced, though unable to give them utterance; "The Song of the Wind," evidencing a deep and keen sympathy with nature; "Milton," an ode of epic dignity; "A Plea for Liberty," not unworthy of the author of the *Areopagitica*; "The Polar Sea," and "The Atlantic Cable," which chronicle the triumphs of science. The calm and introspective tone of "The Songs of the World Within," will make them favourites of life's quiet hours. One of these, which we reprint on page 310, will commend itself to every pious heart and appreciative taste. In the "Songs of Home and Heart," those entitled "Our Dead," and "Our Boy," will awaken a sympathetic chord in many a bosom. A noble patriotism rings through his "National Lyrics," and an unsuspected vein of humour is evidenced in "Deacon Grimes."

The author gives us a fragment of a longer poem, which he promises, if life and health be spared, entitled, "The Canadian Year." The speci-

men we have, only whets our appetite for more. We bespeak for this volume a still wider circulation than the first and more costly edition. Its mechanical execution is a credit to the Canadian art of book-making.

WE took the liberty, not long since, to send to Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, a copy of the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, containing the beautiful tribute to her character as "The Royal Peace-Maker, accompanied by a letter expressing the loyalty which Her Majesty's Canadian subjects feel towards her person and throne. We were greatly gratified to receive, in reply, a communication from Lieut. General Sir M. T. Biddulph, Keeper of the Privy Purse, dated Buckingham Palace, September 3rd; conveying Her Majesty's gracious acknowledgment of the said loyal tribute. The paper and envelope of the note were edged with black, and the latter bore a large black seal—a token, even in small things, of the grief for the memory of her royal consort which pervades our gracious sovereign's life, fourteen years after his death.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, &c., &c.

LITERATURE.

—Mr. Charles Darwin's new book, "Insectivorous and Climbing Plants," on their sensitiveness and powers of digesting and absorbing animal matter, their habits, movements, etc., is in forward preparation, and will shortly be brought out.

—Among recent scientific books, the most remarkable is the "Introduction to Experimental Physics, Historical and Practical," by Prof. Adolf F. Weinhold, of the Royal Technical School of Chemistry, translated and edited by Professors B. Lowry and G. C. Foster. It includes directions for constructing physical apparatus

and for making experiments, and is illustrated with coloured plates and over four hundred woodcuts.

—The residence of Mrs. Lucy Bakewell, in which was the library of the great naturalist Audubon, was burned at Shelbyville, Kentucky, on the 29th of April. Mrs. Bakewell was a relative of Audubon, and his library had been left with her. The collection consisted of 800 volumes of inestimable value to science.

—Mr. A. R. Wallace, the celebrated naturalist and co-discoverer of "Natural Selection," has in the press a work upon which he has been engaged for several years on the "Geographical Distribution of Animals,"

to be illustrated with elaborate maps and woodcuts of animals. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan. The same firm have in the press "A Course of Practical Instruction in Elementary Biology," by Prof. Huxley, assisted by Mr. H. N. Martin, of Christ's College, Cambridge.

SCIENCE.

—The Russian Government is experimenting on the use of Electrical head lights for locomotives. A battery of forty-eight elements makes the track perfectly clear for a distance of 1,300 feet.

—A method for increasing the supply of lithographic stones has been patented in England. It consists in slitting stones of the ordinary thickness into three or more thin pieces, which are then blocked up by a cement pressed and moulded on the stone. Besides the economy thus obtained by the use of "veneered" stone, the liability to fracture is said to be much reduced.

—An interesting numismatic discovery was made the other day at Bourbonne-les-Bains, Department of the Haute-Marne, in France. In making excavations for the public baths and reservoirs now in course of construction, the workmen came upon a large number of Roman coins and medals, respectively of bronze, silver, and gold. Between 4,000 and 5,000 pieces in all have been already removed to the museum—namely, 4,000 bronze, 300 silver, and a few gold coins; the latter are in size equal to French pieces of forty francs, and bear the portraits of Nero, Hadrian, Honorius, and Faustina Senior, wife of Antoninus Pius.

—Herr Füscher has recently discovered that if one volume of castor-oil be dissolved in two or three volumes of spirits of wine it will render paper transparent, and the spirit rapidly evaporating, the paper, in a few minutes becomes fit for use. A drawing in pencil or in Indian ink can thus be made, and if the paper is placed in spirits of wine, the oil is dissolved

out, restoring the paper to its original condition.

—Prof. Stanley Jevons is to contribute to the "International Scientific Series," a book entitled "Money, and the Mechanism of Exchange." It will be a popular description of the functions of money, the substances employed at various times for making coins, the actual systems of money used at present in different countries, international currency schemes, &c.

ART.

—Frederick De Waldeck, the famous traveller and artist, is dead. He was in his hundred and eleventh year.

—The statue of Grattan, by Foley, the eminent English sculptor, has been successfully cast in bronze in London. It is to be erected in Dublin.

—The statue of General Stonewall Jackson, by the English sculptor, Mr. Foley, is now nearly completed at the Manor Foundry, Chelsea, London; and is said to be one of the best of that sculptor's works. When finished it is to be set up in Charleston.

—A painter without arms is a rarity. There is one—M. C. Fein of Antwerp—on a visit to London, where he is engaged in copying some pictures in the South Kensington Museum. The facility with which he manages his brush with his right foot, while holding his palette with the left, is said to be marvellous.

—The "Portfolio" for April contains an excellent article on M. Herbert, the painter, illustrated by a fine reproduction of his picture "La Malaria," obtained by a new wonderful process of reproduction styled "Photogravure," which is said to surpass, beyond all comparison, every other mode of transcribing pictures in black and white.

MUSIC.

—*Important Musical Discoveries*—Mr. J. B. Hamilton recently read

before the Physical Society of London, a very important paper "On the Application of Wind to stringed Instruments." Mr. Hamilton, in attempting to complete a perfect instrument, soon found he had undertaken an almost impossible task. Failing to obtain advice or assistance either from scientific men or from the musical instrument makers, he was once more thrown upon his own resources, and, conscious both of his responsibility and difficulties, resolved to leave for a time his University career, and to investigate to the uttermost a matter on which no information could be obtained. After two years of labour Mr. Hamilton

had not only gained experience sufficient to perform what he had undertaken, but had also discovered that by a different mode of employing a string and a reed, he could secure for a string the advantages afforded by an organ pipe, in addition to those it already possessed. Another invention of Mr. Hamilton's was a string which could not be put out of tune, to the great surprise of those who attempted to do so. He also exhibited a new pianoforte string, which, by its purity and volume of tone, showed that the results of a grand pianoforte could be obtained from a cottage instrument.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Ann Vellie	Richmond Hill	Yonge St. N., O.	72	April 24, 1875
Thomas Edgcombe..	Port Stanley..	Port Stanley, O.	50	May 5, "
James Forwan	Winchester ...	Winchester, O..	72	" 9, "
Polly Loveless	Murray	Frankford, O..	64	" 13, "
Phebe Jane James...	Severn Bridge.	Morrison, O....	17	" 24, "
Elizabeth Richardson..	Lanark	Renfrew, O....	81	June 14, "
Catherine Huff	S. Fred'rksb'g.	Bath, O.....	70	" 22, "
George Brown	Talbotville....	Talbotville, O..	60	" 27, "
Mrs. Chisholm	Selby	Selby, O.....	81	" 29, "
Eliza Clarke	Amherst Island	Amherst Island	83	July 18, "
David Loire	Quebec City...	Quebec, P.Q. ...	88	" 23, "
Hattie E. Taylor....	Halifax	Halifax, N.S. ...	15	" 23, "
Emily Thompson....	St. Stephen...	St. Stephen, NB.	60	" 23, "
Mary S. Harvard	Harrogate ...	Harrogate, Eng.	78	" 28, "
Thomas Nixon	Margaretville..	Margaretville..	74	Aug. 3, "
William McCrae	Metis	Metis, P.Q.	43	" 6, "
William Nelson	Wallace	Wallace, N.S. ...	29	" 10, "
Mariner Wood, Esq...	Sackville.....	Sackville, N.B. .	..	" 11, "
Laura Wilson	Cobourg	Cobourg, O....	23	" 19, "
Elizabeth A. Keeth...	Aylesford West	Aylesford, N.S. .	31	" 20, "
Thomas Trott	Gasperaux ...	Gasperaux, N.S.	59	" 21, "
Solomon Bard	Vanceboro'....	Vanceboro'	48	" 22, "
Rev. J. A. Gordon ...	Ottawa	Ottawa East, O. .	..	" 27, "
Rev. J. B. Keagy, B.A.	Dundas	Dundas, O.....	..	Sep. 1, "

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