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GREEK CHURCH,
RUSSIA.

EASTERN PEASANT GIRLS,
RUSSIA.

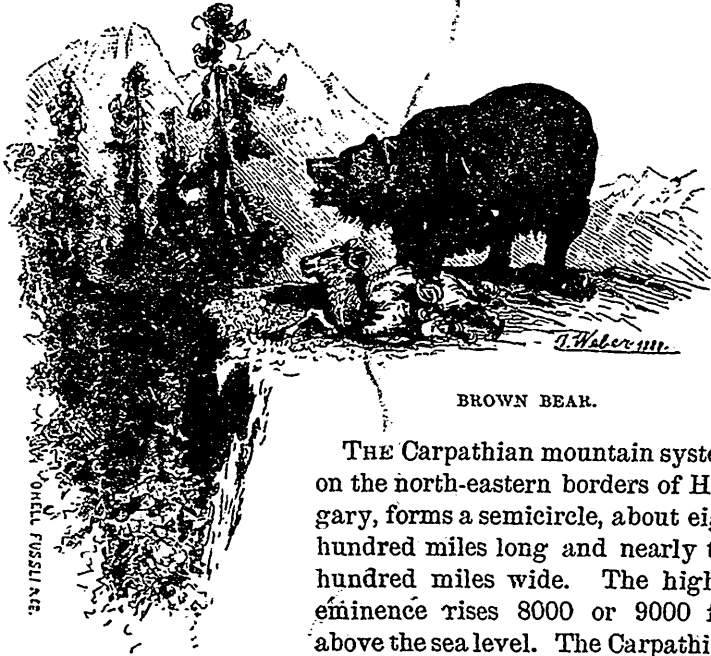
THE
Methodist Magazine.

April, 1891.

THROUGH HUNGARY.

III.

AMONG THE CARPATHIANS.



BROWN BEAR.

THE Carpathian mountain system, on the north-eastern borders of Hungary, forms a semicircle, about eight hundred miles long and nearly two hundred miles wide. The highest eminence rises 8000 or 9000 feet above the sea level. The Carpathians stand pre-eminent among the moun-

tains of Europe in respect to mineral wealth. Nearly every metal is produced abundantly from their sides, and rock-salt lies in immense deposits throughout both sections of the chain.

The Carpathians present four zones of vegetation, rising successively. There is first the woody region, where the oak, the chestnut, and the beech thrive, which reaches to a height of more

than 4000 feet above the sea. Then the *pinus abies*, or Scotch fir, appears and occupies a zone of 1000 feet. This is succeeded by the moss pine, which diminishes in size as the elevation increases, and at the height of 6000 feet appears only as a small shrub and in scattered patches. The open places of this region produce a few bluebells and other small flowers. From the termination of the moss pine to the summit the mountains have a barren and dreary look, their conical peaks being of naked rocks, or covered only with small lichens; yet even at these heights a straggling bluebell or gentian may sometimes be found. None of the Carpathians are covered with perpetual snow. Small mountain lakes of great depth, called the "eyes of the sea," are met with in various parts.



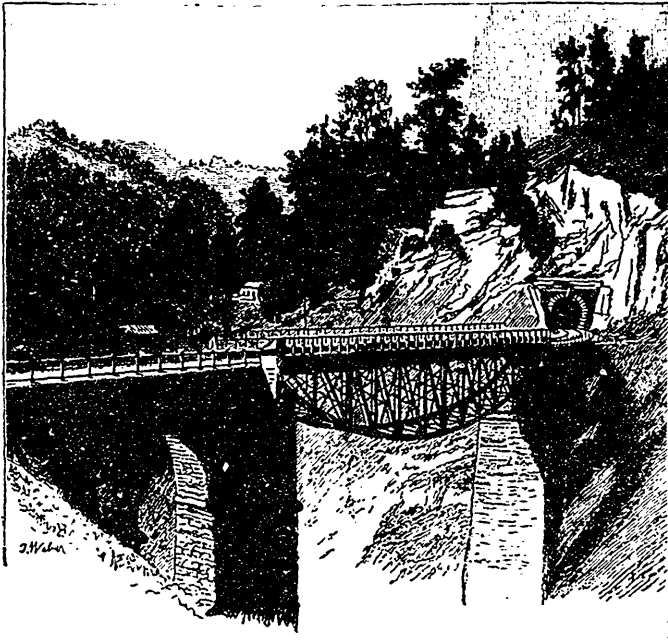
CHAMOIS.

Numerous passes intersecting these mountains facilitate communication between the countries lying at their base. All these passes were formerly strongly fortified, to prevent the entrance of the Turks into Transylvania, but several of them have nevertheless at various times been forced.

In the Eastern Carpathians the beech is the commonest forest-tree, forming as it does entire virgin forests. In the hilly country on the southern border of the mountains, and in the subjacent plain, extensive forests of oak formerly existed, but unfortunately they have been for the most part destroyed. There are whole

meadows of *Rhododendron*. The virgin forests of these highlands are well stocked with animals of the chase, such as bears, foxes, and wild boars; herds of red-deer and roebucks browse in the forests of the less elevated mountains, and on the rocky ridges of the Rodna chain the chamois finds a home.

Few things are more striking than the alert and fearless attitude of the chamois goats on the mountain crags. Their senses of sight, hearing and smell are wonderfully acute, and it is exceedingly hard to get near enough to have a shot at them. Yet stalwart cragsmen, with their iron-shod shoes, will track the



THE KOSARI TUNNEL, HUNGARY.

chamois to their most inaccessible resorts. Having got your chamois, however, it is almost a greater difficulty to fetch him home, as the mountain paths and rocky ledges are more than sufficiently difficult without any load whatever; nevertheless, these sure-footed hunters hardly ever leave their prey behind them.

Cropping the scanty herbage of the upland meadows and higher mountain slopes are a number of hardy mountain sheep. Their chief enemies are the great-horned eagle, which will sometimes swoop down and carry off a lamb, and the brown bear, which is their remorseless foe.

These mountain regions are traversed by several railways.

The wheezing locomotive takes the train through the romantic valleys. The rocks echo to the sound. A delightful picture attracts our attention: not far from the railway a herd of deer are quietly feeding; as the train passes they look up at it inquisitively for a moment, but show no signs of fear, and do not take to flight.

The ascent soon becomes somewhat steep and the train climbs higher and higher up the slopes by means of the winding track, till it crosses a number of valleys and torrents; by a series of lofty viaducts, like that shown in our cut.

In many places the Greek Church has a strong hold upon the population, and the strange and grotesque appearance of the buildings meets the eye with their terraced towers and bulbous spires,



RUTHENIAN
COTTAGE.

as shown in the cuts. The peasants' cottages have enormous roofs, two or three times the height of the walls, which gives them a curious expression, like a little man under an enormous hat.

Market-day in the mountain villages is a very busy time, and the concourse of people presents many interesting features for the tourist. The Ruthenian and Wallachian peasant-women sit on the street pavement, and offer for sale, besides vegetables, fruit and poultry, products of their domestic industry, such as linen, carpets, etc. The Wallachian women, in their long gowns with red embroidery on the sleeves and breast, and their two aprons, one in front and one behind, make a very picturesque appearance. Their hair hangs in long braids down their back. The men, mostly tall and lean, with long black hair hanging straight down, are of grave and earnest aspect. A principal part of their attire

is the broad leather girdle ornamented with shining brass buckles and buttons. Then, too, there are numerous representatives of the Hebrew race, dressed in their caftans, and with long locks of hair hanging down on either side of their temples.

The traveller's attention is also attracted by the grayish-black buffaloes, with their peculiarly formed, backward-curving horns. These animals are highly valued here on account of the rich milk they yield.

The salt mines have been worked for centuries; they still contain an enormous quantity of pure salt, estimated at more than two hundred million tons—a supply sufficient for many centuries. A steam lift conveys us in three minutes to the floor of the pit, about 460 feet below the surface of the earth. We find ourselves in an immense hall, the size of which may be imagined when we say that the cathedral of St. Stephen at Vienna, spire and all, would have room in it. In the midst of the hall stands a huge obelisk of salt, which is left intact as the salt around it is excavated, so that it is constantly increasing in height. It already contains over 63,000 cubic feet of salt, representing quite a large sum of money. At the foot of this lofty pillar is an altar, where mass is celebrated every year on the festival of St. Kunigunde; the miners' band then plays the solemn church music, which echoes through the spacious hall and produces a sublime effect. The fine old hymn, "Hier liegt vor Deiner Majestät," never made so much impression upon me as when I heard it sung in this immense cathedral of salt, with its glittering walls of crystal. The entire space in which mining operations are going on is illuminated with the electric light. In one of the rooms are preserved the ropes of hemp and bast, the ladders and other utensils formerly employed by the miners, before modern science and invention had come to their aid.

WINTER SUNSET.

BY SUSIE E. KENNÉDY.

THE door of heaven opens,
 And floods of golden light
 Stream out across the pathway
 With winter fruitage white,
 O'er which the day, aweary
 With life's unceasing quest,
 Hastes onward to the haven
 Of everlasting rest.
 MOOSUP VALLEY, R.I.

But ere the portal closes
 Behind her lagging feet,
 I fain would ask what raptures
 The weary stranger greet.
 O, tell me, swift-winged angels
 Who at the entrance wait,
 What are the bright revealings
 Beyond the sunset gate?

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

STRASSBURG TO HEIDELBERG.



COURT-YARD, HEIDELBERG.

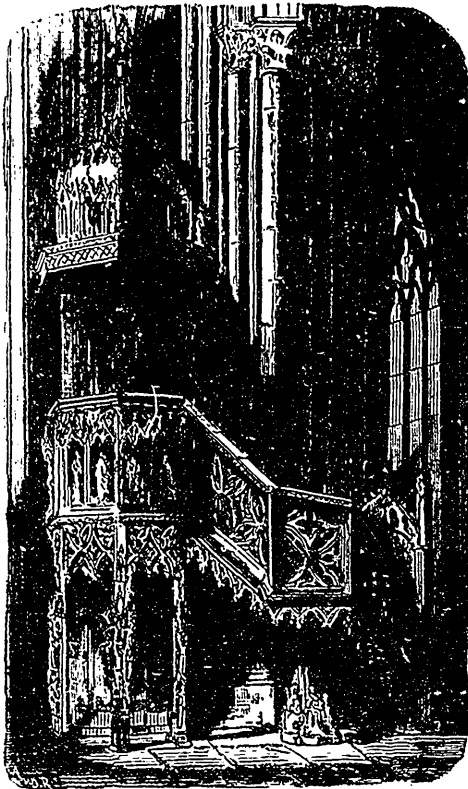
THE first thing we did, after arriving at the city of Strassburg, was to saunter through the narrow streets to the Cathedral Square, to have a look at the grand old minster by moonlight. The deep shadows of the many arches and niches, and the silvery high-lights on the buttresses and pinnacles, made a very impressive picture. As the clouds swept across the sky, and the bells tolled forth from the tower, we thought of the stirring scene in Longfellow's "Golden Legend," where he represents the powers of the air as striving in the midnight tempest to tear down "the ponderous cross of iron," to

"seize the loud, vociferous bells and hurl them from their windy tower." But all in vain; for "the saints and guardian angels throng in legions to protect it," and "the bells have been anointed and baptized with holy water; all the apostles and the martyrs, wrapt in mantles, stand as warders at the entrance, stand as sentinels o'erhead." These same carven figures, which we visited next day by daylight, are wonderfully impressive.

There are also figures of the seven cardinal virtues, beautiful angelic figures, trampling under foot the seven deadly sins, groveling demoniac beasts. The great church has a somewhat lopsided aspect, from the fact of only one of its twin towers being crowned with a spire. To the other we may apply that quaint figure of Longfellow's:

" Unfinished there in high mid-air,
The tower halts like a broken prayer."

From the time of Clovis, in the sixth century, a church has stood upon this spot, though the present structure was begun in 1179. The great rose window, forty-two feet across, filled with "stone lace-work," in whose painted panes St. Michael and the angels war against Lucifer and the fiends, and the storied windows, richly light, cast a dim religious light on the vast interior. Service was in progress as we entered. The deep roll of the organ, and the



PULPIT IN STRASSBURG CATHEDRAL.

pure, sweet, innocent voices of the white-robed choir boys, and the deep and solemn chanting of the priests, echoed through the vaulted aisles in cadences sublime. The clouds of incense rose, and its fragrance filled the air. Then the procession of priests in white surplices, and boys "with tapers tall," passed into another chapel behind a screen, where more singing and chanting followed. However the judgment may condemn this dramatic sort of worship, it is certainly profoundly impressive.

The pillars that support the vast tower and spire are enormous. I walked around one and found it thirty-two

paces in circuit. At the south door is a statue of Erwin Von Steinbach and his daughter Sabina. They are thus commemorated by Longfellow:

"The architect

Built his great heart into these sculptured stones;
And with him toiled his children, and their lives
Were builded with his own into the walls,
As offerings unto God. You see that statue

bonus, which I am afraid was to be used as a "trinkgeld," he somewhat mended his pace, which the other carriages duly followed.

More attractive than the fine parks, however, were the quaint, narrow streets and the drive along the sluggish canal, lined with ancient houses with high, steep roofs, which have three, four and even five rows of dormer windows. These are wonderfully picturesque, but they must be decidedly inconvenient to live in. The shadow of the great cathedral sweeps daily, and has swept



LIBRARY TOWER, HEIDELBERG.

for over six hundred years, over a vast area of human misery. It was pitiful to see the old women kneeling bare-headed at the water-side washing clothes beneath the burning sun. One old woman I saw dragging an empty handcart, and pushing before her four others. The boys and girls going to school were very coarsely clad.

Some of us went to the grand new palace of the young Kaiser, a very *chef d'œuvre* of modern art, with exquisite frescoes, carving, gilding and upholstering. So smoothly polished was the floor, that we had to shuffle about in great overshoes of felt, which served the twofold purpose of preventing the scratching of the marble and the slipping of the tourist, unaccustomed to such grandeur. It was

amusing to see the quaint country people from the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest, with their homely aspect and gaping countenances, the scarlet waistcoats and quaint coats of the men, and the indescribable costumes of the women, following about the voluble guide as he conducted them into the finely frescoed state apartments and beautifully decorated private rooms of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. The decoration of the latter was exceedingly beautiful, in very delicate and harmonious colours.

This quaint, old Alsatian city, Germany holds with iron hand. Everywhere the spiked helmets and the black and white chevrons

of the sentinel boxes, the imperial eagle and moving masses of troops are to be seen. It is to be hoped that the young Emperor's new-born socialism will lead to some amelioration of the condition of his subjects.

Strassburg has been pretty fully described and illustrated in a recent number of this MAGAZINE, so we abridge our present notes.



“ CHARITY. ”

From the Otto Heinrichsbau.

On a bright afternoon we rode through the Grand Duchy of Baden, with its rounded, fir-clad hills, to Heidelberg. Baden, which used to be the rendezvous of most of the titled professional blacklegs of Europe, has lost much of its “bad eminence” through the abolition of its gaming tables. It is still a favourite resort of the fashion, on account of its mineral waters, its gaiety, and its beautiful natural surroundings.

Carlsruhe, the capital of the grand duchy, is a strangely laid out town, most of the streets radiating from the central schloss or palace, like the spokes of a wheel. The schloss garden is one of great extent and beauty. But these grand dukes will have to enjoy their pleasures on a more economical scale, now that their local revenues are considerably reduced through the unification of the Empire.

Heidelberg is delightfully situated on terraced slopes beside the Neckar. Our hotel stood near the public garden, in which a fine band discoursed sweet music beneath the illumined trees. In the words of Goethe, “the town has in its situation and entire surroundings, one may say, something ideal.” A variety of very beautiful features here unite to compose one

harmonious picture: the narrow valley, the broad plain, the vine-crowned hills, the woody heights, the green waters of the Neckar, the silver-flowing Rhine, the venerable castle ruins, the modern town, the neighbouring villages, the majestic castle in the distance, rising against the light-blue mountains of the Hardt.

Herr Karl Pfaff writes thus of the grand old structure: "Its monuments bear reliable witness to the history of more than six centuries, from the splendour of the Hohenstaufen emperors, through the sorrowful times of the humiliation of the Fatherland, down to the glorious restoration of the ancient empire by the Hohenzollerns. The Palatinate bled for its faith from a thousand wounds, the superb castle of its princes fell into decay, the town sank in dust and ashes, unshielded by the Fatherland.

The compassionate ivy would fain hide the gaping wounds of the castle ruins. And those ruins of the castle—who would exchange them for the most superb of palaces? Poets and artists have spread the fame of Old Heidelberg through every town and hamlet of Christendom."

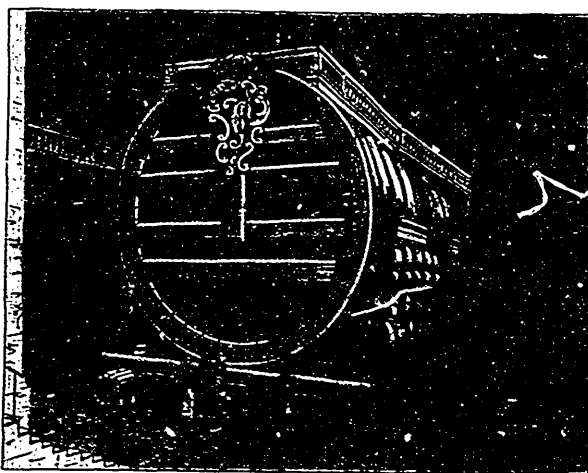
We set out in carriages through the quaint streets and up the steep hill to the famous Heidelberg castle. As we ascended, ever-widening views of the winding Neckar and its vine-covered hills met our view. I was reminded of an incident in my former visit, illustrative of the unsophisticated simplicity of peasant life. I wanted to ride up on a donkey, but the donkey-ward was nowhere to be seen. I therefore inquired of an honest shoemaker, working in his stall, as to where the donkeys were to be found, and on obtaining the desired information, was about to drop a penny in his hand by way of thanks, when he cordially grasped mine in a hearty hand-shake. These homely, kind-hearted people greatly appreciate



RUPERT I.
From the Friedrichsbau.

the exhibition of human sympathy and goodwill. Another honest fellow who took much trouble to give me information and show me the way, positively refused to accept anything for his services; he evidently felt that he was playing the rôle of a host. The German frauleins are not very good-looking, but they make amends for that by being very good-natured. One kind-hearted girl, from whom I bought some photographs, on taking her leave, dropped a pretty courtesy with "Goot-bye, dank you."

Next to the Alhambra, says Longfellow, Heidelberg castle is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages. Its older portions date from 1294, but it was frequently enlarged, till it became of vast extent and extraordinary magnificence. The deep, wide moat, the massy walls and ivy-mantled towers—at once a fortress and a palace—have an air of stern feudal grandeur that I have seen nowhere else. After being the abode of kings and electors for four hundred years, it was captured by the French, consumed by fire, blown up by powder, and left the magnificent ruin we now behold. Beneath a grim portecullis, with its gate drawn up, we enter the great court-yard (shown in our initial cut), once gay with tilt and tourney, with martial array or bridal train.



THE GREAT TUN.

All around are stately façades of various ages and of splendid architecture, adorned with exquisite arabesques, garlands of fruit and flowers, mouldings and fluting and lace-work admirably carved in stone. In niches on the wall stand rows of knights in armour, and on the front of the Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable; but all, alas! marred and dismembered by the iron mace of war.

We are led through vaulted corridors; through roofless banquet halls, where kings once feasted; through a ruined chapel and up stone winding-stairs to the bower-chambers of fair queens and princesses—now open to the owls and bats. In the great kitchen is a huge fire-place, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprengte Thurm*, or “shattered tower,” was, as its name signifies, blown up by the

French. One-half of its cliff-like wall, twenty-one feet in thickness, fell into the moat, and, after two hundred years, still lies an unbroken mass. On the ruined "Elizabeth Tower," built for the daughter of James I. of England, grows a tall linden, and in her bridal chamber the swallows make their nests. An air of desolation mantles over all.

The historian Ranke writes thus of this vandalism of his most Christian Majesty Louis XIV.: "Like Spires, so too, Worms, Mannheim and Heidelberg were given over to destruction—the castles and villages, the battlements of the walls and the burghers' dwellings, the council-houses and cathedrals, the bridges arching



THE CASTLE,
FROM THE HEIGHTS TO
THE SOUTH.
THE MOLKENKUR.

the rivers, the tombs of the ancient emperors, the possessions of the living generation and the monuments of the past—priceless in this ancient land of culture.

"Upon the news of the destruction of Heidelberg Louis XIV. caused a solemn *Te Deum* to be sung, and a medal to be struck bearing his own effigy and the inscription '*Rex christianissimus*'; the reverse showed Heidelberg in flames, with the legend '*Heidelberg deleta, 1693.*' It would seem almost like a divine retribution that, exactly one hundred years later, similar outrages were perpetrated upon the royal tombs at St. Denis."

In an old gallery is preserved a collection of historic portraits, relics and antique furniture, china, embroidery, ornaments and weapons of former inmates of the castle. I was specially in-

terested in the portraits of the fair English princess, Elizabeth, the hapless mistress of these stately halls; of Maria Theresa, of Luther and his wife, and the wedding-ring with which he espoused the gentle nun.

From the castle terrace overhanging the valley, we enjoyed a glorious view of the lovely Neckar, winding among the vine-clad slopes of the forest-bil-
lowed Odinwald—the ancient haunt of the “Wild Huntsman of Rodenstein”—and the more remote “blue Alsatian Mountains.” Of course nobody leaves without seeing in the castle vaults the “great tun,” which will hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine. It lies on its side, is as high as a two-story house, and one goes up a ladder to a platform, twelve by eighteen feet on the top, on which many a dancing party has been held. The hogshead shown in front of the tun, gives some idea of their relative sizes. To the left is shown the guardian of this treasure, a gnome carved in wood, modelled after the old-time court fool of the castle. The tourist is invited to pull a cord by his side, when a hide-
ous figure springs out of a box.



VIEW-TOWER, ON
THE KONIGSSTUHL.



THE ELISABETHEN-PFORTE.

On the occasion of a former visit it was a students' fête day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime looks like the eyeless socket of a skull, and every loop-hole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old-time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed. A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of

heaven's loud artillery."

The famous Heidelberg university, with seven hundred students,

dating from 1386, occupies a large plain building. The students wear a jaunty scarlet cap with a broad gold band. I saw on the cheek of one a great scar of a sabre slash, received in a student's duel, to which these golden youth are much addicted. The Church of the Holy Ghost is unique, I think, in this respect, that it is occupied in common by Catholics and Protestants. In 1705 a wall was built between the choir and nave, and the two Churches have ever since conducted their service under the same roof.

JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.*

“When He beheld the city He wept over it.”

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 Thou sittest as a queen, with diadem
 And royal mantle on :
 O city of my heart—I see thy glory gone !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I mourn for thee, and worship's richest gem
 Of snowy stone :
 I see the foe rush in and thou art overthrown !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I mourn for thee, but more I mourn for them—
 Thy stubborn sons, self-willed :
 I see their hate return—their awful doom fulfilled !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I came to save—I came not to condemn ;
 To guard and gather thee,
 As bird her brood, I came—but ye would none of Me !

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 Hadst thou but known the things revealed to them
 Whose hearts are timely wise ;
 But *now* they must be hid forever from thine eyes.

O city of my love—Jerusalem !
 I see thee sit without thy diadem,
 Sunk from thy queenly state !—
 Behold thy house is left unto thee desolate !

CHERRYFIELD, Me.

* This is one of Mr. Lockhart's poems referred to by the Rev. M. R. Knight in his monograph on this young Canadian poet.

ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND.

IV.



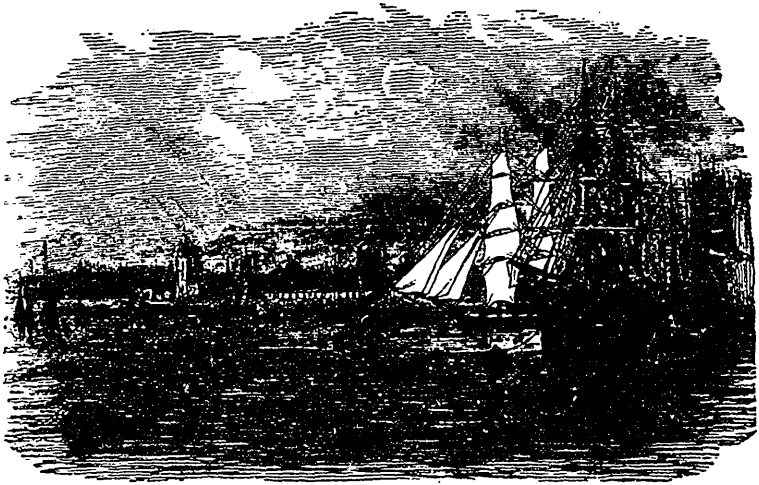
BIRTHPLACE OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.

A LITTLE group of coal-owners sitting round the parlour table of Eastwood Inn in Nottinghamshire were the first pioneers of the great Midland Railway. Five miles to the north, a tramway, worked by horses, had for twelve years or more wound its devious way among the hills, carrying coal and cotton up to Mansfield, and bringing back stone, lime and corn to the canal.

Though the Midland Company had so small a beginning, it has had a great ending. It now extends more than 1700 miles in length through half the counties of England and Wales, from the Bristol Channel to the Humber, from the German Ocean to the Mersey, and from the English Channel to the Solway Firth. It has cost more than £80,000,000 of money; it has an income of more than £7,000,000 a year; it employs more than 45,000 servants; and its engines run a distance equal to five times round the world every day.

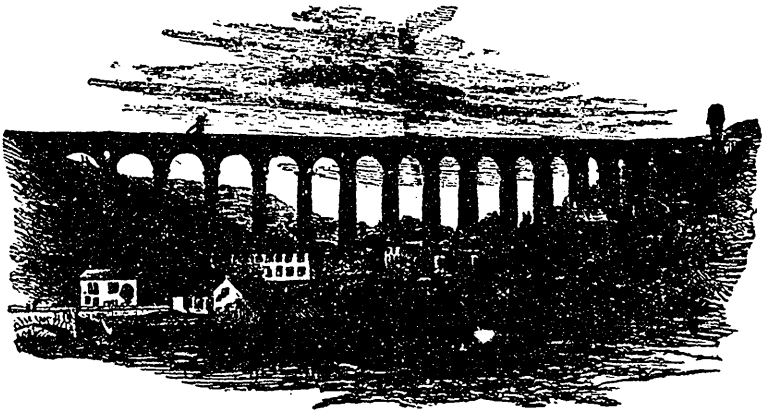
The tourist who travels by it from Liverpool will find that the Midland Railway offers him remarkable attractions. In an hour's ride he will reach the High Peak of Derbyshire, with its engineering works, its spots full of historic interest, and its picturesque and beautiful scenery. He can visit the Caves of Castleton, and the Castle of William Peveril, which Sir Walter Scott has im-

mortalized; Buxton, 1100 feet above the sea, where Roman roads converged and Roman invalids resorted; Chatsworth, the magnificent "Palace of the Peak;" the mullioned windows and pro-



LIVERPOOL, FROM THE MERSEY.

jecting bays, the towers and turrets, the park, river and woods, of the old baronial hall of Haddon; Darley Dale, with its gigantic quarries and rockeries, its larches, firs and ferns, and its yew, said



CHAPEL MILTON VIADUCT, CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.

to be two thousand years old; Matlock, with its mighty limestone hills tangled over with hazels, honeysuckles and roses, with its healing waters and petrifying springs; Derby, where the silk manufacture was first introduced into England; Nottingham,

with its hosiery and lace, and teeming historic associations; Newstead Abbey, the home of Byron; the Minster town of Southwell, and the ancient cathedral city of Lincoln. A few miles farther, and the battle-field of Naseby may be visited from Market Harborough; Bedford, where John Bunyan was imprisoned; Elstow, where he was born; Luton, the centre of the straw manufacture; St. Albans, with its noble abbey and martyr and warlike memories; and, twenty miles more, the Metropolis itself.



BEAUMONT LEYS, LEICESTER.

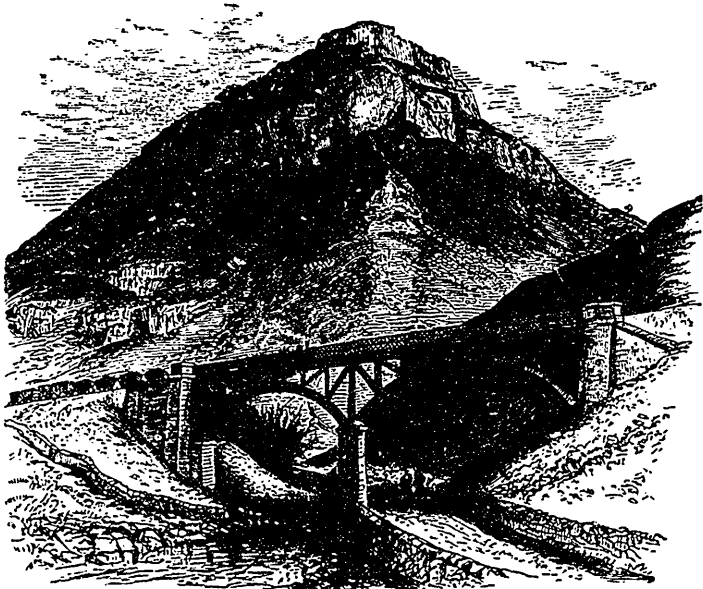
The busy aspect of the Mersey forcibly recalls the description of a local bard:

“Behold the crowded port,
Whose rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burns, and echoes to the shout
Of hurried sailors, as they hearty wave
Their last adieu, and loosening every sail,
Resign the speeding vessel to the wind.”

Liverpool bears little of the impress of antiquity. The splendid public buildings that we see, the palace-like hotels, the crowded and busy streets are all of comparatively recent construction. It has more the air of New York or Chicago, than that of an Old World town. The famous St. George's Hall, the Exchange, the City Hall, and especially the massive warehouses and miles and miles of docks, give a striking impression of its commercial greatness.

The town of Liverpool, once a fishing hamlet on a "little creek" frequented by the birds called *livers*, is now the queen of British ports.

The line from Liverpool to Manchester crosses what was once the impassable bog of Chat Moss. At one time it covered an area of twelve square miles, was thirty feet in depth, and consisted of spongy vegetable pulp of so soft a nature that a piece of iron would sink into it by its own weight. George Stephenson, with much difficulty, carried the first Liverpool and Manchester line over Chat Moss; and it is now crossed and recrossed by



TOPLEY PIKE, NEAR BUXTON.

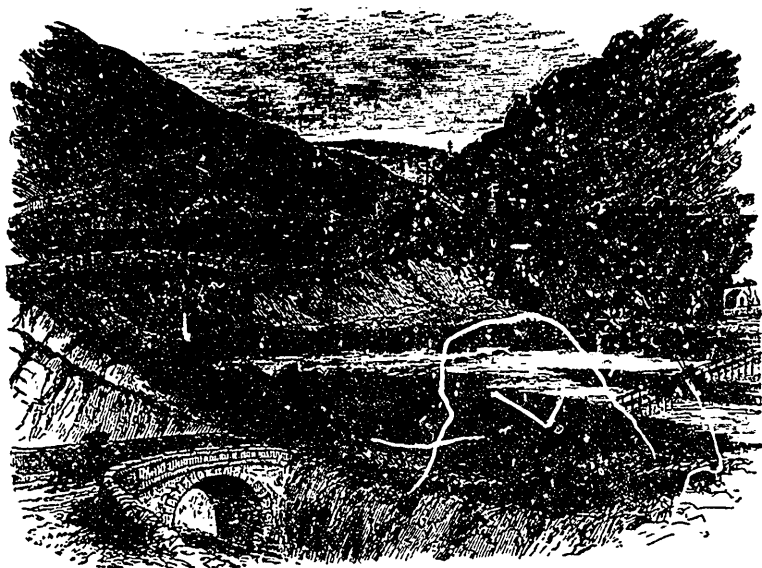
massive railway works and ponderous trains, and is everywhere being encroached upon by rich pastures and waving cornfields.

Soon we pass through some of the finest scenery in England; through the celebrated Peak of Derbyshire, and down the beautiful valley of the Derwent. The memories of our first ride through this old historic land will never be effaced—the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—just as we see them all in Birket Foster's pictures.

Near Buxton the scenery is full of interest. We are in the

heart of the most beautiful part of Derbyshire. "The visitor who would know this country," says James Croxton, "must follow the sweet meanderings of the mountain streams hither and thither through shady nooks and fairy glens, all fringed and festooned with greenery; where the tributary rills come trickling down from the mossy heights, gladdening the ear with their tiny melodies."

Buxton is delightfully situated at the head of the fine upland valley of the Wye, 1100 feet above the sea. Its warm springs were famous even in Roman times, and have been visited by



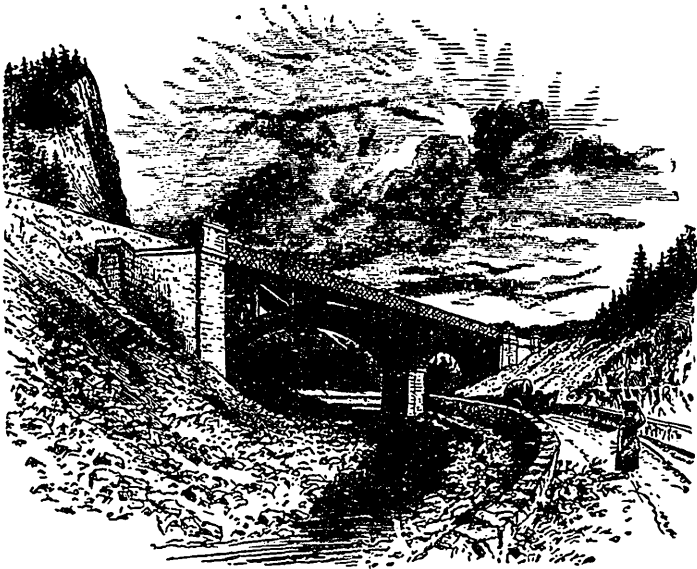
BLACKWELL MILL JUNCTION.

invalids from that day to this. It offers to the tourist many fine walks and drives, part of the enjoyment of which arises from the elevation of the country through which they run, and the extensive views they thus supply.

The village of Castleton lies in a dale at the foot of Mam Tor, "the shivering mountain," which rises 2000 feet above the level of the sea. On the southern side are the ruins of the old castle of "Peveril of the Peak." This was one of the most powerful strongholds in the kingdom, and is one of the most interesting Norman fortresses in England. The Peak Cavern extends 2250 feet into the mountain, and is six hundred feet below its surface.

Returning to Buxton, and taking up our quarters there, we find

many spots worthy of a visit. One of these is past the Lover's Leap, the rocks of which rise abruptly upon our right, and are crested with firs; amid the romantic beauties of Ashwood Dale; round by Pig Tor, "a savage looking headland, nearly broken by the parent cliff, which thrust its misshapened form far out into the dale;" under the base of Topley Pike, which "lifts its huge form to an immense elevation, its steep front clothed almost to the summit with dark firs and a matted undergrowth of brushwood and brambles." This walk will well repay the visitor. "The precipitous limestone cliffs are split into romantic masses;



ASHWOOD DALE BRIDGE, NEAR BUXTON.

the loftier crags, weather-worn, are covered with a rich embroidery of lichens, moss and ivy; the lower acclivities are closed with tangled underwood;" while at the foot of all, the Wye babbles on its devious way.

A short distance north of Miller's Dale Station the train passes through a tunnel, then over a beautiful wooded ravine into another tunnel.

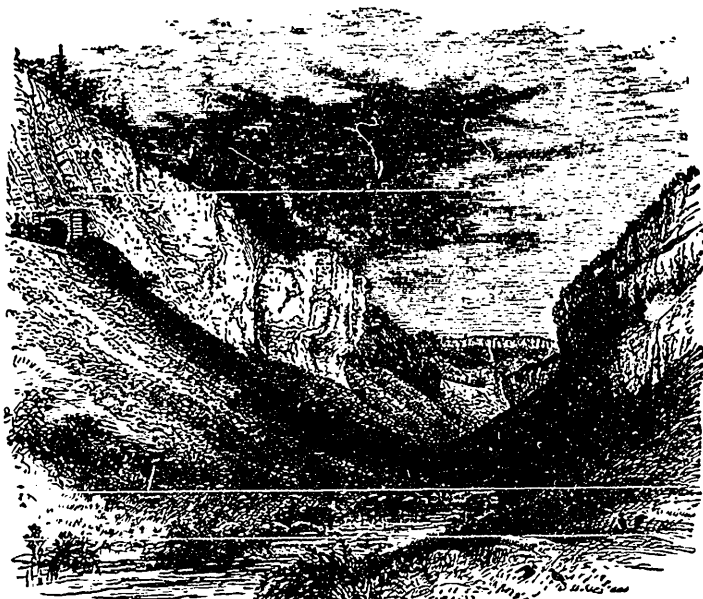
We are now near the middle of Chee Vale, one of the most beautiful spots in England. "The dale suddenly contracts. Vast limestone cliffs, rugged and uneven, tower up to considerable height, and the river, pent up within its narrow bounds, rushes onward with noisy tumult. Creeping round a jutting promontory, the first grand view of the sequestered dell in which Chee Tor is

situated is obtained." After a while the vale narrows into a ravine. Here the overhanging rocks refuse to yield; and

"Along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard space,"

we continue our way by the brink of the river.

Immediately adjoining the Miller's Dale Station the line is carried over the River Wye by a viaduct, the three centre arches of which are ninety feet span and nearly a hundred feet high. The contrast presented between the light and graceful outline of



CHEE VALE.

the iron bridge, the green vales, and the white limestone rocks, is very striking.

The train, high up on the hill-side, now passes through a tunnel, and looks down from the railway, which is held back by a retaining wall of masonry ninety feet high, upon the bend of the river, shut in by precipitous cliffs—a scene of very unusual beauty. Again the line burrows into the limestone hills, and, on emerging into the light, we have entered Monsal Dale. From the station we look down upon the bright stream and pleasant cottages and "leaping" stones that lie below us at the bottom of the lovely dale.

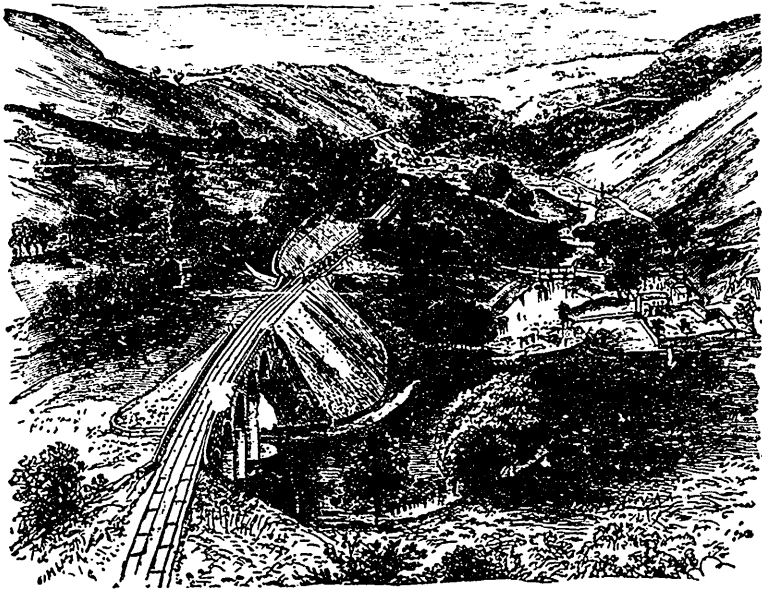
Monsal Dale has been called "the Arcadia of the Peak." The

deep valley, the little farm, its clustering cottages, the winding river, the green hills, and the brown moors that stretch away in



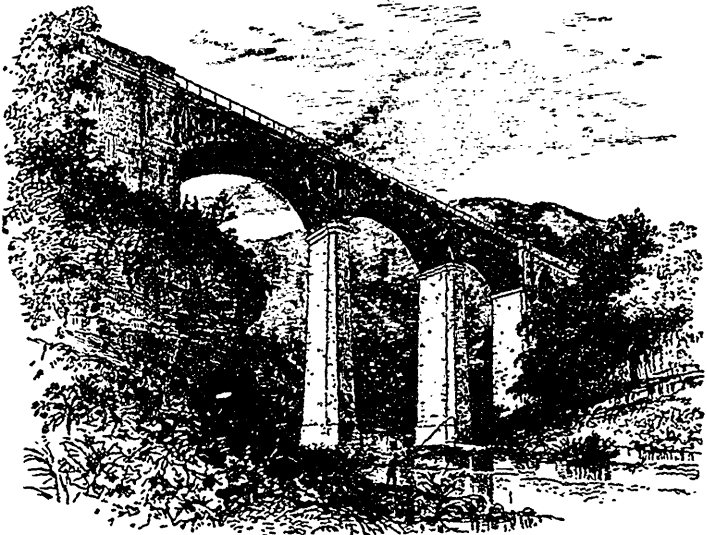
THE "PEACOCK," AT ROWSLEY.

the hazy distance, have secured for Monsal Dale the praises of almost every writer who has attempted to describe the beauties of Derbyshire.



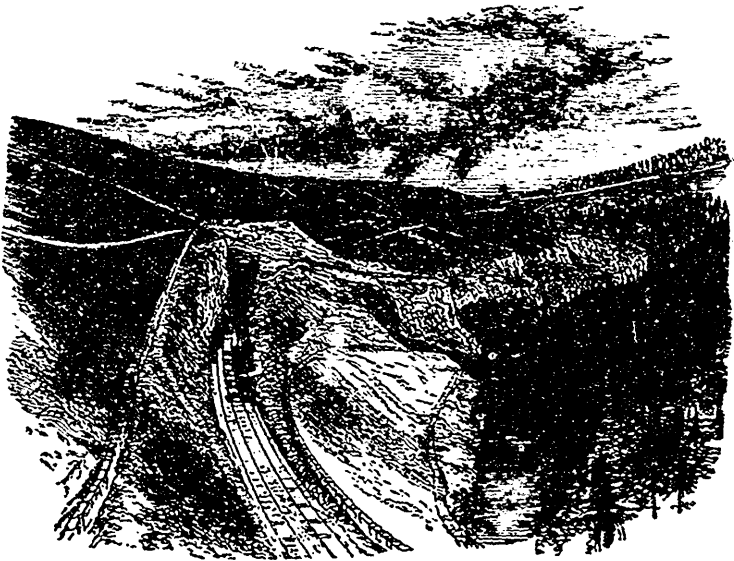
MONSALE DALE.

"The Peacock," at Rowsley, is an ancient and well-known and comfortable hostelry, with many gabled roofs, clustering chimneys, mullioned windows, and a projecting porch—nearly over-



MILLER'S DALE VIADUCT.

grown with ivy—in the upper part of which is a porch-chamber surmounted by an embattled parapet and with the figure of a peacock with tail outspread—the crest of the Manners Family.

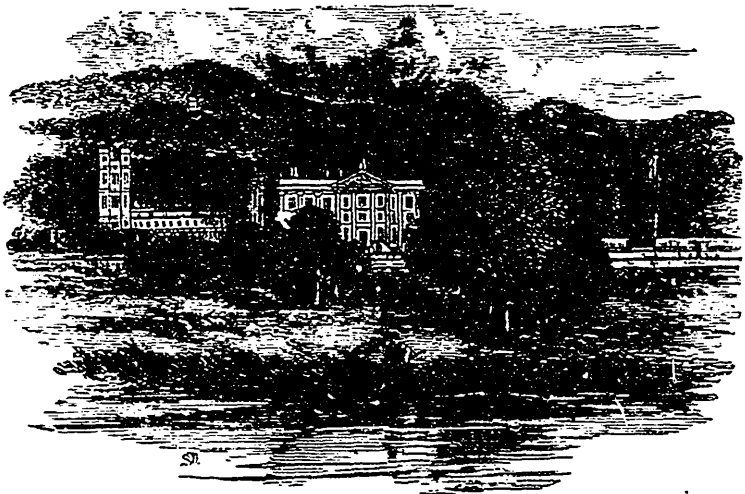


MONSALE DALE.

From thence we proceed to Chatsworth, one of the residences of the late Duke of Devonshire. For pedestrians there is a delightful walk for part of the way over the meadows and beside the

River Derwent. At Chatsworth may be found whatever taste and wealth, art and nature could do to create a palace meet for a king. It stands on gently rising ground overlooking the Derwent, with bright parterres, carpet-like lawns and pleasure-grounds, surrounded by a park more than eleven miles in circumference, backed by the wooded hills of Beeley.

The Manor of Chatsworth came into the hands of the family to which it now belongs in the sixteenth century, when it was purchased by Sir William Cavendish, the third husband of the famous "Bess of Hardwick." Upon his death, this lady married the Earl of Shrewsbury, the custodian of Mary, Queen of Scots, and thus it was that Chatsworth became one of the prisons of this princess. The present mansion, aptly styled the "Palace of the Peak"—the finest of the residences of the Duke of Devonshire—was founded in the reign of James II. Of its noble proportions, its rich embellishments, its store of literary and artistic treasures, we cannot stop to speak, nor can aught be said of the extensive gardens, or of the splendid conservatory, covering nearly an acre of ground, and designed by Sir Joseph Paxton. To attempt description, or even enumeration, of the glories of Chatsworth, indeed, would, as old Charles Cotton intimated, be an act of madness: "'twould be as long in writing as in building."



CHATSWORTH.

—To grow old is quite natural; being natural it is beautiful; and if we grumble at it, we miss the lesson, and lose all the beauty.—*Friswell.*

A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF BARBARA HECK.*

BY THE EDITOR.

ON the bank of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, on the Canada side, but in full view from the American shore, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of the continent. Here, on a gently rising ground over-looking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre," in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in both hemispheres as the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada. On a bright day in October, I made, in company with my friend the Rev. Dr. T. G. Williams, then of Prescott, a pilgrimage to this place invested with so many tender memories. An old wooden church, very small and very quaint, fronts the passing highway. It has seats but for forty-eight persons, and is still used on funeral occasions. Its tiny tinned spire gleams brightly in the sunlight, and its walls have been weathered by many a winter storm to a dusky gray. Around it on every side "heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound," for during well-nigh one hundred years it has been the burying-place of the surrounding community. A group of venerable pines keep guard over the silent sleepers in their narrow beds. But one grave beyond all others arrests our attention. At its head is a plain white marble slab on a gray stone base. On a shield-shaped panel is the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF
PAUL HECK,
BORN 1730, DIED 1792.

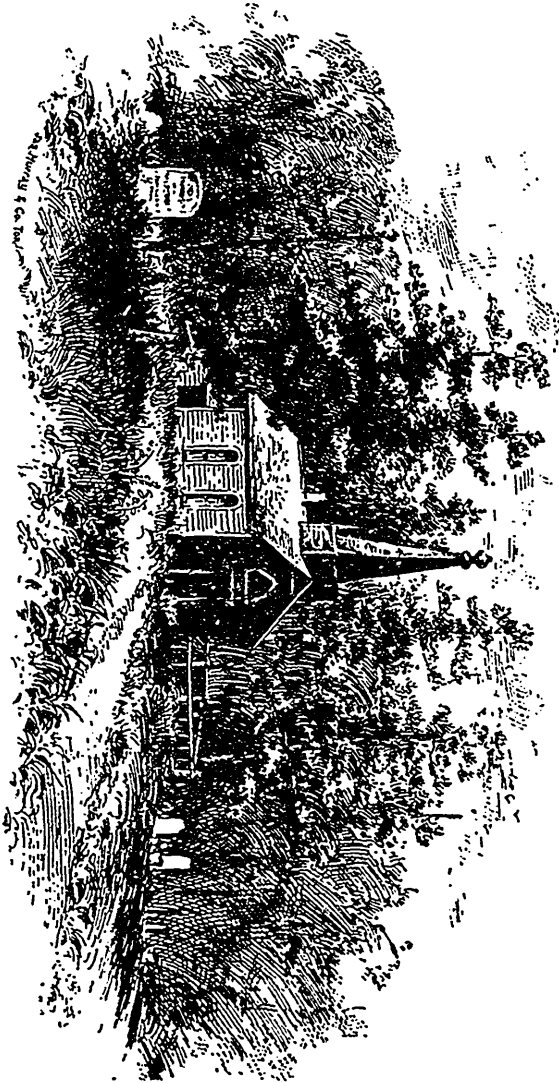
BARBARA,
WIFE OF PAUL HECK,
BORN 1734, DIED AUG. 17, 1804.

And this is all. Sublime in its simplicity; no laboured epitaph; no fulsome eulogy; her real monument is the Methodism of the New World.

* We reprint from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, Chicago, the accompanying article on a subject which is attracting much attention in connection with the Centennial of Canadian Methodism.

Near by are the graves of seventeen other members of the Heck family. Among them is that of a son of Paul and Barbara Heck, an ordained local preacher, "who laboured in his Master's vineyard for upwards of thirty-eight years. Departed this life

OLD "BLUE CHURCH," AND BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE, NEAR MATTLAND.



in the triumphs of faith on the 18th of August, 1844, aged seventy-one years and twenty-one days." Another Samuel Heck, son of the above-named, a Wesleyan minister, died in 1846, aged, as is recorded with loving minuteness, "thirty years, seven months,

fifteen days." To the members of this godly family the promised blessing of the righteous, even length of days, was strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves lying side by side I noted the following ages: 73, 78, 78, 53, 75, 59. On others I noted the following ages: 63, 62, 70, 70. I observed, also, the grave of a little Barbara Heck, aged three years and six months. The latest dated grave is that of Catharine Heck, a granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck, who died 1880, aged seventy-eight years. She was described by my friend Dr. Williams, who, while I made these notes, sketched the old church, as a saintly soul, handsome in person, lovely in character, well educated, and refined. She bequeathed at her death a generous legacy to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Near the grave of Barbara Heck is that of her life-long companion and friend, the beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who married at the age of sixteen Philip Embury. Here, also, is the grave of John Lawrence, a pious Methodist who left Ireland with Embury, and afterwards married his widow.

After visiting these honoured graves, I had the pleasure of dining with three grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest of these, Jacob Heck, a vigorous old man of over eighty, was baptized by Losee, the first Methodist missionary in Canada. A kind-souled and intelligent granddaughter of Barbara Heck evidently appreciated the honours paid her sainted ancestry. She brought out a large tin box containing many interesting *souvenirs* of her grandparents. Among these were a silver spoon with the monogram

P. B.

H.,

stout leather-bound volumes of Wesley's sermons, dated 1770; Wesley's Journal, dated 1743; Gen. Haldimand's "discharge" of Paul Heck from the volunteer troops, etc. But of special interest was the old German black-letter Bible, bearing the following clear-written inscription: "Paul Heck, sein buch, ihm gegeben darin zu lernen die Neiderreiche sprache. Amen." The printed music of the psalter at the end of the book was like that described by Longfellow in Priscilla's psalm-book:

"Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

This, it is almost certain, is the very Bible which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died. Dr. Abel Stevens thus describes the scene: "Her death was befitting her life; her old German

Bible, the guide of her life in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the greatest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in the Methodist Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, jun., Esq., has long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee-steward of three of the largest Methodist churches of Montreal.

Just opposite the elegant home of Mr. George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large, old-fashioned structure, dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombard poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the windows are like its embrasures. The huge, stone-flagged kitchen fire-place is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlour the panelling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must with little change have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago. Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulchre is with us to this day, but almost on the border line, as if in death as in life she belonged to each country.

The Methodists of the United States have worthily honoured the name of Barbara Heck by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., to be known forever as Heck Hall—"a home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies." "Barbara Heck," writes Bishop Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against

the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbed into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened a continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and in the order of Providence it has received a monument which the years cannot crumble, as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her earnest piety in my hands, I felt myself brought very near the springs of Methodism on this continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections shaped themselves into verse:

BARBARA HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

I held within my hand the time-worn book,
 Wherein the brave-souled woman oft had read
 The oracles divine, and inly fed
 Her soul with thoughts of God, and took
 Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and forsook
 All lesser learning for what God hath said;
 And by His guiding hand was gently led
 Into the land of rest for which we look.
 Within her hand she held this book when came
 The sudden call to join the white-robed throng.
 Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,
 Her high-souled faith be theme of endless song.
 O book divine, that fed that lofty faith,
 Enbrave, like hers, our souls in hour of death.

WITH all sails set, swift gliding down time's river
 Toward the broad ocean of eternity,
 Take Thou the helm, Thou mighty to deliver,
 And steer my frail barque safely through the rapids,
 And on to that calm sea.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

MORAL MOMENTUM OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN.

MOMENTUM carries two elements of power, weight and velocity. When the velocity is great, though the weight be small, there is effect; for instance, the rifle or cannon ball. When the mass or weight is great, though the velocity be small, there is effect; for example, the glacier or iceberg. So a rifle ball is good in its place, and may do what the glacier or million-ton landslide could not accomplish. And the grinding glacier or ploughing iceberg will reduce the rocky barriers, and pulverize the granite ledge or battlemented mountains into the fertile plain, when sharpest minie or most ponderous Krupp would be of little use. But what will you do without either weight or velocity?

There are some very nice things in the world, and in their way harmless, even if not particularly necessary or useful, to which you can give neither of these elements of power. They will never be guilty of either weight or velocity. Such a beautiful thing is a feather. One of them can choke a man, but a hundred of them would not make a cannon ball. One of them may make an ornament, a thousand of them a pillow, and a million of them a bed; a nice thing to look at or sleep on, but not the thing for rugged work, aggressive toil, heroic warfare; not the thing for labourers and conquerors. Old King William in his oaken chair and bed would have no cushions, plush and finery. "They were not the stuff," he said, "for valiant, robust Hohenzollerns." Going softly, and mincing as they go, living deliciously and clad in purple, are not in the Bible written of the Church of God, or of the saints of the Most High.

And jelly; unguents, pulp and pomatum are nice things in their way and have their uses. They are not bad for the delicate, and even for dandies. They make simpering and superficialism gliding and enduring. They are sometimes refreshing in the chambers of the sick, or soothing to the couch of the dying. They can make the soft softer; the gentle, gentler; and the weak, weaker. But they will do the work of neither weight nor velocity. They are good for the hospital and infirmary, though scarcely the thing for the active campaign and the battle-field. It is somewhat too bad when the whole army is in the hospital, on perfume and gruel; the whole labouring gang in the infirmary, on broth and disinfectants. It is hard when the troops and toilers are all down to jelly and olive oil. They must have had a sore fight, a

terrible defeat, a crushing fatigue, or been smitten with fell disease. Perhaps they were caught sleeping upon their arms; or perhaps miasm or foul water swept the camp with cholera or typhus. It is a strange church that has "carded" all its fibre into floss, or danced all its joy into gelatine. It is scarcely ready for the hard knocks and sharp thrusts implied in the cleansing of the heart and life from sin, and the subjugation of the world to Christ by the way of the cross. It may be ready to fight the "dogma" battle, or the "ritual" battle, or the "hierarchy and apostolic succession" battle, or the "form and ceremony" battle; but some of the wickedest and bloodiest men the world has seen have relentlessly and savagely fought these battles. There is a better way, when the soul is humbled before God by the terror of its own crime and the enormity of its own guilt, and proves this salvation is great and omnipotent because it saves such a soul. "It must be omnipotent, for it saves me," is the argument. There is a better way, when the machinations of sin are frustrated and the structures of selfishness and pride are demolished by the sharp two-edged sword of the Eternal Word.

There is a better way, when the Ajax of the Gospel, not skilled in the dainty touch of the finger or the artful shuffle of the hand, but with an arm like a Hercules, well poised, hurls the metal of divine truth, swift-winged and straight-aimed by the Holy Ghost, upon the glittering and tasselled helmets of iniquity and wrong. Oil and balm, to be sure, after the wounding; but first let the flying shaft go crashing through the tinsel and false defences. If we would build up character, have a robust and prolific religion, and achieve the ends for which Christ died, the best way is a Gospel of spiritual force, of divine energy, to produce men of fibre and fire. What a church-life, that is for ever asking, "Is this indulgence any harm? Is this selfish gratification any sin? How far can I go toward evil and maintain among men my consistency? How far can I argue and descend toward hell and yet not slip into it? How much worldly pleasure can I enjoy, what slackness can I allow myself, the natural mind, and keep my religion and get to heaven? And if it weren't that I believe there is a hell to which the evil tends, it is not much I would trouble myself about the truth on earth or the heaven of glory." In view of such a Gospel and such a church-life, what a barren thing the Atonement must be! How little satisfaction spiritual-mindedness must bring to the believer in Christ! What an ado about nothing for Christ to die for sin, when sin on its prettier side and upper crust is, after all, so harmless, indeed, so beautiful! You are all right, forsooth, if you do not break through the "upper

crust" and tumble into the steaming, stenchful pits beneath. How vain the self-denial and agony of the Lord Jesus, and the zeal, labours, privations and afflictions of the holy apostles! What poor occupation for the mind are the doctrines of God's Word and the developments of His providence! What poverty-stricken amusements for an eternity-bound soul are the social means of grace and the behests and employments of a Christian beneficence. How much better are the ways, maxims and delights of the world, so long as enough religion can be thrown over them to keep them fairly respectable!

It all may be so; but does that bring up a church to the conceptions of genuine Methodism, to the ideal and aim of the Holy Scriptures? Wesley, not that we would like to say Christ and the apostles, may have been mistaken. The fathers of our Methodism may have been mistaken. But in the providence of God Methodism, as Dr. Paley says of Christianity, is a fact. Methodism, by their labours, self-denials, and sacrifices; by their denunciations of sin and their proclamations of holiness; by their condemnation of things that some would be pleased to allow, and their encouragement of things that many now neglect, has acquired momentum. In God's wonderful goodness, it has both weight and velocity. It is not a pulp, that bespatters everything if moved quickly; it is not a feather, that falls harmless when hurled with energy into the air. By the grace of God it ploughs in the movements of the century like a resplendent glacier. By the power of the Holy Spirit it crashes through obstacles to revival like a cannon ball. So may it continue.

The mind of the writer was set upon this train of reflection by a recent Sabbath's ministrations to a grand congregation of Methodist people in one of our country circuits, and his involuntary contrast of it with what he knew of some other places. And how, when there were only about four hundred people, were they a "grand congregation," considering we have congregations of sixteen hundred and two thousand and over? To come direct to a focal answer, this congregation had produced many Gospel ministers; and it was but one band in a section of the country that had sent them forth in the Master's name by scores. The region round about had produced enough Boanerges and Barnabases for a Conference, and had enriched every Conference in our Canadian Methodism.

But is this the only end of the Church's existence, to raise up and send forth ministers? Is it not a grand work to lead forth earnest, intelligent laymen, devoted Sabbath-school workers, and consecrated toilers in other fields? Is it not potent, prolific Christianity when a central church colonizes into mission churches,

and plants and sustains outposts for the kingdom of Christ? Be it observed, in reply, that the churches that are so truly living and energetic are also training ministers of the Gospel. They have bands of devoted toilers from which ministers arise. Further, let us answer this question with another. What kind of a church is it, though large, learned, wealthy and refined, that does not raise up and send forth ministers of God? How much divine energy, if there be no "Here am I, send me?" If all churches were like some opulent, beautiful and luxurious churches, bringing forth and training up no consecrated warriors of the cross, what would become of our Methodism except what has happened to the proud, the gay and the dissolute since the beginning of the world? If all were like the more zealous and meeker sort, birthplaces and training schools of soldiers in the fight and labourers in the vineyard, how long would it be till Jesus Christ had His own, and the uttermost parts of the earth were His possession? Why must the Church of God as soon as it becomes a little wealthy, become also luxurious and sluggish? Why must the Church of God as it becomes learned, become also proud, indifferent to spiritual life, and indolent? There is no good reason it e. . . should have been thus; and there is no necessity that it should be so to-day. But there is only one remedy. Consecration! Consecration! If wealth comes upon us, as always it must come by the Christian life under the Christian covenant, we must avoid and avert its damning power, its softening, enfeebling and corrupting energy, only by offering it up to God and using it as He would have us use it. The living God, not selfish indulgence, must be in our wealth as well as our knowledge. By self-denial and liberality riches may become a ministrant to spiritual power and enhance the glory of eternal life.

If learning comes upon us, and it must always come to awakened and truth-loving and truth-seeking souls, its harmful and fatal derelictions may be avoided by laying all acquisitions on the altar of the cross, and in meekness of humility making all attainments subservient to the work of God. Knowledge alone puffeth up, but knowledge controlled by love buildeth up; that is, it becometh part of the material, and only a part, wherewith love buildeth up a noble character. There is no need that either wealth or learning should bring us into softness and sin and alienate us from God. By as much as they do this they destroy our moral momentum. By as much as they do this thing, by so much we admit and prove our apostasy and tendency to worldliness and irreligion. The opportunity has been given again and again, and the experiment tried over and over, of putting

the means of the conversion of the world into the hands of the Church, and likely shall have to be repeated till selfishness and selfish religion shall have been overcome, and faith's triumph shall have been consummated.

Christians must become true enough, Christ-like enough, and the Church get religion and spiritual power enough, to turn wealth, learning and social energy outward upon the world in benevolence, instead of having them turn inward upon the moral life in corruption, eating the very energy out of the soul. Whoever heard of mighty faith and godly heroism wrapped in purple and fine linen and there in this rough world abiding? They that wear soft clothing are in the splendour and too often the folly and sin of kings' courts. The deliverers of the people, the saviours of men, never arose from those quarters; certainly not, unless by stern discipline they kept the possible luxuries beneath their feet, and, rising superior, first conquered themselves and then the world. "The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire." Can a church in which this is in any considerable degree true, preserve its moral power? Could you expect such a church to be the birthplace of heroes after the mind and pattern of Christ? There are moral impossibilities in the world; we know it, and this is one of them. Yet we give ourselves willingly into their bonds, and then faintly, feebly struggle to break away. Must the pious, then, be all and alway poor? Nay, verily, but they must conquer wealth by the power of God. The day must come when we in consecration and holiness can be trusted with riches and learning for God. Until that day we may struggle onward; God may keep a church in the world; but the conversion of mankind will never till such an era be achieved. The time to favour Zion, even the set time cometh, when the servants of God take delight in her stones and favour her dust. Why may it not be to-day?

It is ill enough with a church when the very test, sign and demonstration of its power is corrupted, when the stream is polluted at the fountain. It is sad enough when men enter the holy ministry or continue therein for other motives than the spirit of Christ and the salvation of men. What if the ministry be sought as a place of ease by idle men! "Impossible," you say, "for the ministry is a place of hard, and often of rough, work." Yes, but this very thing has been done, and idle men have neglected grand opportunities and perverted the right way of the Lord. What if the ministry be sought as a place of emolument by covetous men!

“Impossible again, for the Gospel ministry is a place of privations and hardships.” Still men have entered the ministry for pelf, or for a piece of bread; and too often have coloured or slackened the truth for money or bartered the law and righteousness for gold. What if the ministry be sought as a place of honour, of the flattery of the crowd, of the favour of princes! “Impossible again, for the Gospel minister is everywhere spoken against and always scorned by the mighty, the dissolute and the proud.” Yes, but justice has fallen in the street and truth has not been allowed to enter, because cringing ambassadors of the cross for fear of the great have put the jewelled crown of their Lord beneath the feet of His enemies; or for the applause of the multitudes have degraded their embassy, falsified their commission, and deluded those to whom they professed to be sent. The raising up and perpetuation of a true and faithful ministry, while not everything in a church, is so central, focal and pivotal, that in its sweep it includes about everything. The church that does that will likely come to do everything. Hence, when we look upon a congregation, a church, that has proved itself by supplying the Church at large with tried ministers of the Gospel, mighty and successful, we say, here is the moral momentum of Methodism. Compared with it what are larger and richer congregations, if they live but for themselves in refinement, luxury and ease? What would become of them if the poorer, plainer, solider congregations did not find out and build up their ministry?

But, of course, there are other things a church is for and can do besides sending out preachers. A church can play the lyceum, the lecture-room; give a general diffusion of religious knowledge; cultivate religious sentiment; secure the outer decencies and some of the inner desires and affections of piety; instruct in the emotions and obligations of humanity; provide society, agreeable acquaintance, and friendly intercourse; rear a generation somewhat respectful to virtue and good manners, and educate children and youth in the same mould and groove; attempt to form public opinion for righteousness—howbeit, the history of nations that have depended on natural religion demonstrates that the attempt is futile without spiritual force, moral momentum; foster liberality, generosity, magnanimity, fraternity—all of which things heathen peoples have done without revealed religion, and Christian peoples have done with a pretence and show of religion, and left themselves an easy prey to multifarious error, to blinding and despotic systems, to a cruel and artful Satan and seductive sin. Dissipated has been the moral force, sapped the moral foundations, honeycombed like spring-rotted ice

the moral fabrics, faded the moral beauty, and lost the moral joy, when such views of human duty and destiny are cherished, or such an indifference to them allowed; such conceptions of God, truth and religion are formed and entertained as are harmonized with soft living, self-indulgence, self-seeking; to say nothing of the deeper sins and grosser vices to which the gentler worldly maxims and quieter natural desires offer no obstruction or so readily open up the way. "Fit via vi," said the martial old Roman; and often Napoleon proved it in military campaign, and again the victorious Wolseley, bursting upon the affrighted Arabs in the gray of the dawn after his all-night's march over the sands, when the men of the desert were fancying themselves secure behind the ramparts of Tel el Kebir. And so it has been, and so it will be; the way opens to conviction, earnestness and power. Awake even the Gospel ministry to a keen sense of that old heathen postulate in the spiritual realm, and the conversion of the world is nigh at hand, yea, even at the door. And a greater than a heathen hath said: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Love is good, meekness is good, gentleness is good and the quiet of assurance forever. But softness, luxurious ease, questionable amusement, mere sensual delight and worldly pleasure have again and again proved, and must to the end prove, the bane of spiritual life; the danger, and, if persisted in, the doom of the Church of God.

Also there may be a higher level for a church than the one of heathen philosophy and morality we have spoken of; to which some have attained, and yet have not reached the throne of spiritual power, or vindicated their affinity to Christ by preparing men of His spirit, and sending them forth on His mission. There are Christian churches—dare we say Methodist churches?—in which Christ, despite the anguish of faithful souls, is repressed, suppressed, moulded to maxims, and allowed only in certain associations and places. They talk of more than probity, morality and virtue, as did Socrates and Cicero; and yet, perhaps, fail to possess and spread even these. Christ may come into the lyceum of debate; His office and character into the intellectual symposium of rational and satisfactory knowledge, and His spirit and example objectively into stated instruction and cheerful admiration. But Christ as the revealed of God, Christ as the sent of Heaven, Christ as guide of the intellect, instructor of the conscience, lord of the will and ruler of the life, Christ as the renewer of our nature, the purifier of our hearts, the framer of our convictions and habits, the power repressing and uprooting all wrong and the incitement of all good; Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sancti-

fication and redemption; Christ the supreme authority and the supreme satisfaction, in all things accepted with implicit obedience and perfect rest; such a Christ, so admitted, alone can make a Christian church, and raise up and send forth faithful messengers of God and His truth.

We return then to the church where the moral and spiritual forces are in full sweep, and where at least, one of the products is mighty men for the ministry of the Word and urging outward the Gospel evangelism. Such a church in Methodism will likely have its class and prayer-meetings in intense glow, its Sabbath-school at white heat, and turn a strong blast upon the mission cause and possibly upon our educational institutions and publishing interests. Though, true as you live, this is by no means always the case. We have seen it, indeed, quite otherwise. It must be admitted that churches that are the more impressed with their belief in the human agencies, more freely support the human instrumentalities. So here, as elsewhere, we often to our damage rend asunder what God, in the counsels of infinite wisdom for extended personal improvement and successful co-operative enterprise, has joined together. On the other hand, life is so short and the human heart so sinful, there can be no doubt the chief part of religion in this world, whatever may be true in the next, is abiding in Christ, cleaving to God, filled with the Spirit; so that the man and the church that have the most of this actual divine indwelling, this personal spiritual experience, will, scripturally estimated, be the grandest and most successful man, the mightiest and most fruitful church. This may explain some things that many people have their queryings and wonderings about, and their questionings with themselves, why God does not do this and that by them when they are so much nicer, better informed and more refined than some other people whose spiritual power they turn a sidewise glance at.

More spiritual momentum is what God prizes in a church. Spiritual force, in humble reliance, is the force that manifests God, secures His favour, and brings Him most glory. The blasts of the Spirit must kindle and heighten our fires; the glow of divine life must warm and brighten our churches; the white heat of God's truth under pressure of keenest activity and severest, most self-sacrificing toil, the Holy Ghost's intensest flames, must burn up the dross of our sins, destroy every weight, dispel every cloud, and purify our souls to leap free and glad in the fellowship of Christ, in the enjoyments of religion, in the self-denials of the cross, and in the service and work of God. No wonder some sing with zest; let all the churches sing:

“O that He now from heaven might fall,
And all our sins consume !
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee we call ;
Spirit of burning, come.

“Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.”

If the Word of God made no promise, no demand ; offered no privilege, no holy joy ; enjoined no duty, no self-discipline ; assured no triumph, no reward, let us consider nature, how she operates, and go to the volumes of the centuries and the treasure-houses of the mountains for the lessons they teach. It happeneth that the firm oak and resinous pine fall to the earth, and by quiet air and gentle dew, by zephyr and rain, and silent heat and cold, by the soft influences of the sky and the tender embrace of the moistened earth, are gradually loosed of their strong bands, weakened and destroyed in their fibre, and scattered upon the fitful winds and trickling waters, and carried no man knows where. A great treasure is lost, a great strength is gone ; what man shall gather the good thereof ? Only God in His opulent kingdom and infinite resources knoweth whether it is loss or gain. For humanity of this generation, for this particular man, it seemeth well-nigh all loss. Again, it hath happened that the oak and pine have fallen, they have been swept by the torrent in violence over the brow of the mountain and buried in its gorge. All seemed desolation and quick decay. Men would call this ruin, and the other salvation and peace. But the pressure hath come on from above, and the fierce heats have heaved and seethed from beneath. Fibre, integument, fissile wood and twisted knot, and fat and gum have been fused and compacted into the coal bed, and sublimated, purified and hardened into the diamond. And now we have ornament and glory for kingly coronet, and resources of mechanical power and physical energy that are awaking the nations, revolutionizing travel and trade, and transforming the face of the globe. Why all this difference ? It is the same majestic pine, the same massive oak. Why coal and diamond in one case and weakness, decay, and fetid, death-dealing rot in the other ? The one was seized with violence, and bore heat and pressure ; the other was left to sweet air and softness, to roseate dawn and perfumed flowers, was let alone in most delicate touch and gentleness and perpetual quiet. The storm and the pressure made the coal ; the perfume and the softness wrought decay, and spread miasm and death.

This also cometh to pass in the Church of God. Some churches are like those subterranean furnaces; you can put on the pressure and the heat. There are produced the diamond and the coal. Other churches, mayhap, are like the mossy, leafy bed of the wood, or the tangled, grassy hillside, all softness, chilliness, dampness, decay. Instead of coal and diamond, the products are baser wood and degenerate grass. The pressure must be slight, the heat moderate; they will endure neither heat nor pressure. Ferns and fungi grow there; fox fire abounds and lichens and mosses; and thistles and briars find good nurture and lodgment. When on a church you can lay the pressure of the truth of God, and duty to God and men, and the obligations of labour and sacrifice for Christ's sake; when you can kindle the fires of genuine conviction, regeneration and entire sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and the people will receive the truth in the love of it, young men will crystallize into faithful ministers of the Word; light gases and volatile elements will become wood; wood, coal; and coal, diamond. Such a force must develop into consecrated labours and colonizing Sabbath-schools and churches. But when on a church you lay the pressure of such sacrifice and attempt to kindle the fires of conversion and perfect love, and it begins to sputter and fly in your face, or insist upon lightness, ease and softness, that it may float as it has been wont upon the gentle streams or in thin air, possibly there may be a nice people and a pleasant time, but there will be no outpost missions planted and no preachers for God; and if there is anything in religion, there will be at the end a strange eternity.

In such circumstances there will be quite likely a demand for a new preacher, who must be unctuous without unction, eloquent without argument, powerful without plea, seraphic without the Spirit, and captivating without Christ, without alarming the conscience or distressing the gentle soul; dispensing a gentle doctrine, floating like the down on the zephyr, or the lily on the quiet pond. Possibly it sometimes happens that people that like the limber things become very stiffnecked; that like soft things, become very hard of heart; that like light things, become very dull and gross of hearing; that like gentle things from the pulpit, become raging in their own passions; and that prefer quiet things from the men of God, become very violent in their own excesses. There is such a thing as being heady, high-minded, and having itching ears, heaping to ourselves teachers to suit the itching. There is such another thing as being humble, teachable, receiving the truth of God in the love of it, and believing that men are called of God to preach, and accepting them and their faithful instruction because they are so called.

LOYAL ORIGIN OF CANADIAN METHODISM.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.*

THE birthplace of Methodism in Canada was in the bosom of loyalty and in the heart of benevolence; it was first preached by men who had borne arms in defence of their King and country. As early as 1780, a Mr. Tuffey, a commissary of the 44th Regiment, came to Quebec with the regiment. At that time there was one clergyman of the Church of England in Montreal and another in Quebec—none elsewhere, except a chaplain of some regiment. There were, of course, priests in the Roman Catholic churches. Mr. Tuffey, who had been a Methodist local preacher in England, seeing and lamenting the state of the soldiery and Protestant emigrants in Quebec, commenced preaching to them, and continued to do so with success as long as he remained in the country. On the restoration of peace between Great Britain and the thirteen American colonies, some regiments, including the 44th, were disbanded at Quebec, leaving it to the option of officers and men to return to England or settle in the country. Many remained, taking up land and settling as farmers, or becoming traders. Though Mr. Tuffey returned home, the good influences of his life and labours remained among the soldiers and other Protestant emigrants forming the first scattered settlements; which were much increased, at the close of the war, by emigrant Loyalists from the valleys of the Hudson, Susquehanna and Mohawk rivers. Some of them were Episcopalians, some Presbyterians, some Lutherans, some Baptists, some Methodists.

As Mr. Tuffey, of the 44th Regiment, was the first Methodist preacher in Lower Canada, so Mr. George Neal, of a British cavalry regiment, was the first Methodist preacher in Upper Canada. Mr. Neal was of Irish descent, born in Pennsylvania, but he had resided mostly in the Southern States. On the breaking out of the American revolution he joined the British army, in which he was first appointed captain, and then promoted to be a major. He had become religious while serving in the army. Major Neal crossed the Niagara river into Canada, at Queenston, the 7th of October, 1786. He taught school, and soon began to preach on the Niagara frontier, not without opposition from some quarters, but with encouraging success.

* We reproduce here, as an appropriate centennial article, by one of the fathers of Canadian Methodism, a paper abridged from Dr. Ryerson's book, written eleven years ago and long since out of print.—Ed.

It was thus from the British army came the first Methodist preachers in both Lower and Upper Canada—true soldiers of both an earthly and heavenly King.

Nor was it in the first preachers alone that Methodism in Canada had a loyal origin; it was also in the first emigrants, and in the first missionary preachers that followed them into the wilderness, and ministered to their spiritual wants.

The exodus of Methodists from New York State, and their migration to Canada, on the ground of loyalty to the King of Great Britain, commenced with the first year of the American Revolution in 1774. Nearly ten years before—three years after Canada became a British Province, and thirteen years before the American Declaration of Independence—a small number of Methodist emigrants arrived in the city of New York from Ireland. They were called Palatines, having fled from the persecutions raging against them in the German Palatinate, and having found protection and hospitality under the British Government, for which they and their descendants have ever cherished a grateful and loyal attachment. Among those pious Irish Palatines who came to the city of New York in 1765 (some accounts say in 1760) was a family named *Embury*, of which there were four brothers—John, Peter, Philip and David—all pious. John and Peter preached in the German language, and died at an early age. David left his property in the United States, after the Revolution, came to Upper Canada, and settled in the township of Fredericksburg, where he died in 1810. Philip Embury was a carpenter and local preacher before he left Ireland; in 1766 he was joined by his cousin and her husband, best known as Paul and Barbara Heck. That pious and energetic woman prevailed upon her cousin Philip to commence preaching in his own house and in his own company, which consisted on the first Sabbath of five persons. These with others were soon formed into a class. This was the beginning of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America—now the largest Protestant denomination on the American continent.*

* Dr. Stevens says as follows: "The little company soon grew too large for Embury's house; they hired a more commodious room in the neighbourhood [a rigging-loft, 30 by 40], where he continued to conduct their worship; its expenses being met by voluntary contributions. In a few months there were two 'classes'—one of men, the other of women—including six or seven members each. No little excitement began soon to prevail in the city on account of these meetings, and they were thronged with spectators. Three musicians of a regiment in the neighbouring barracks, attracted probably by the peculiar charm of Methodist singing, were converted, and became active co-workers with Embury as exhorters. The

Philip Embury and his little society soon proceeded to erect a place of worship in John Street, 60 feet by 42 feet, called Wesley Chapel, in which Mr. Embury exercised the pastoral office for three years. In October, 1769, Mr. Wesley, in answer to the repeated and urgent applications of Mr. Embury and his friends, sent to their assistance two preachers, Messrs. Boardman and Pilmoor, the former of whom relieved Mr. Embury of his onerous charge.

The spiritual wants of the little society in New York being then provided for, Mr. Embury and some of his relatives removed in autumn of 1769 from the city to the country, and settled at Camden, a village in the township of Salem, Washington County, where he continued to labour as a local preacher, and formed a society, chiefly of his own countrymen, at Ashgrove—the first Methodist class within the bounds of the Troy Conference.

The removal of Barbara Heck and family, and the surviving members of the family of Philip Embury, to Canada, is thus stated by Dr. Stevens:

“Barbara Heck, with her husband and all her sons (John, Jacob and Samuel), removed to Camden, N.Y. (the new home of Embury), in 1770 or 1771, and thence to Canada as early as 1774; in 1778 they were in Upper Canada, and resided in Augusta (where they formed a part of the first Methodist class, under the leadership of Samuel Embury, son of Philip) till their deaths—Mr. Paul Heck dying in 1792, Mrs. Barbara Heck in 1804—and they lie side by side in the burying-ground of the ‘Old Blue Church in the front of Augusta.’”

It is thus seen that Methodism in New York and Canada was founded by the same parties; that it was first preached in both Lower and Upper Canada by officers of the British army, and that its first societies were formed of those who had, on the outbreak of the American Revolution, fled to Canada for peace and safety, on account of their grateful and loyal attachment to British institutions.

Such also were the loyal feelings and devotion of the first regular Methodist ministers who volunteered and were sent to

lower classes of the people received the word gladly; the interest reached the Alms-house; Embury was invited to preach there, and the Superintendent of the Institution and several of its inmates were soon recorded among his converts. Thus American Methodism, like British Methodism and primitive Christianity, of which it was a reproduction, began among the poor, and thus was foreshadowed its honourable mission throughout the continent and throughout the world. With Christ it could say, as the supreme proof of its genuineness as a dispensation of the truth, that ‘the poor have the Gospel preached unto them.’”—*Wakeley's Lost Chapters*, pp. 55, 56.

minister to the spiritual wants of the new settlements in Canada, in compliance with their earnest petitions. The Rev. William Losee was the first regular preacher who came to Canada; he was sent by Bishop Asbury, at the New York Conference in 1790, in compliance with an earnest request of the Canadian people. *Losee was a Loyalist*, and knew some of the settlers in Adolphustown before they left the United States. He desired to see them, and preach to them the glad tidings of salvation. Had he been on the revolutionary side, the warm Loyalists would not have received him—rather would have driven him from the country. Having preached a few times, he spoke of leaving (his visit being voluntary). The people were now anxious for a missionary to reside and labour among them, and circulated an extensively signed petition in the Midland District, to the New York Conference, for a missionary to labour in these new townships. He carried the petition to Conference, which assembled in New York, and offered to be the first preacher in these northern climes. Bishop Asbury and the preachers were willing that an entrance should be made at this new door. William Losee was therefore allowed to return, with instructions to form a Circuit. As the Conference sat so late in the year (October, 1790), he had not time to prepare, and return to Canada before the winter.

In 1791, however, as soon as the winter was well set in, and the ice in the St. Lawrence strong enough to allow crossing with a horse, Mr. Losee was on his journey. He went through the wilderness of the western part of New York State, in the track of the emigrants coming into Canada, suffering hardships and many privations in journeying for some weeks through a country almost without roads and nearly without inhabitants, crossed the frontier at Kingston, and appears to have been safely in Adolphustown again in the month of February.

The good impression made by Losee on his first coming, was strengthened by his second. The people received the Word with a ready mind, and a number were soon enjoying the salvation of the Gospel.

Losee was accompanied the following year by Darius Dunham, and afterwards by other preachers who volunteered to come to Canada and labour among the sparse inhabitants, and who were of like British feelings and self-sacrificing zeal with Losee himself. Though privations and poverty and hardships awaited them, the "love of God constrained them,"—a true British patriotism impelled them, and they counted not even their lives dear unto them, that they might impart to the dispersed emigrant Loyalists of Canada the instructions and consolations of our holy religion.

We know of no country the early religious history of which presents such a stamp of loyal patriotism as that of the Methodist Church of Canada in its first preachers, its first Church members, and regular missionary ministers, wholly dependent, as they were for support, or rather slender sustenance, upon their own exertions and upon the voluntary contributions, mostly in articles of food and clothing, of the widely scattered people among whom they lived and laboured.

Yet, singular to say, and incredible as it may appear, the chief charge against Methodism in Canada, and the most common ground of opposition to it, during more than thirty years was that its ministers were disaffected to the Government and institutions of the country. Such were the pretexts for the persecutions against Christianity during the first three hundred years of its history, and against Wesleyan ministers in the United States during the Revolutionary War; and so it was in Canada. Some of the preachers were interrupted and insulted, and seized by constables while preaching—in one or two instances headed by the sheriff—under the pretext that they were vagabonds—the vagabond offence being the preaching the Gospel from place to place, to a spiritually destitute people; their assailants declaring that none but clergy of the established Church of England should preach in the colonies, though there were at that time but two such in all Upper Canada.*

* In one instance, in the Midland District, near Kingston, while Mr. McCarty, a Whitefield Methodist, but recognized by the Wesleyans, "was preaching," says Mr. Playter, "one Sunday at Robert Perry's, four armed men came up; and leaving their guns outside, rushed into the house to seize the preacher, intending to carry him off to Kingston gaol. But the congregation opposing, and Mr. Perry agreeing to give bail for the man's appearance in Kingston on the morrow, the men went away. The next day Mr. Perry took the preacher to Kingston, and brought him to the sheriff, who refused to have aught to do with the man. Under some false pretext he was arrested and cast into prison; but was liberated again on his friend again becoming bail, and returned home [where he had a wife and four children, among whom is Mr. John McCarty, of Cobourg]. On the expiration of the bail, Mr. McCarty repaired to Kingston. And now his enemies resolved that he should never go back to preach. [Having obtained the condemnation by Judge Cartwright of Mr. McCarty, as a vagabond, for preaching the glad tidings of the Gospel from neighbourhood to neighbourhood, where his family resided], he was seized, thrown into a boat under the care of four Frenchmen, who were directed to leave him on one of the then desolate islands of the St. Lawrence; here they landed him, left him, and he was never heard of afterwards." "Undoubtedly McCarty was a martyr for the Gospel; and so he was regarded by the early inhabitants."—*Playter*, pp. 17, 18.

Amidst privations, and labours, and sufferings—to be noted hereafter—the pioneer Methodist preachers toiled on their vast circuits, and adding new ones, until the war of the United States against Great Britain from 1812 to 1815, during the whole of which not a single Methodist was found in the ranks of the invaders of their country, but very many of them were amongst its defenders.

The only shadow of pretext for the imputation against the loyalty of the first Methodist preachers was their ordination and appointment by an American bishop. As well might disaffection to the American Government have been imputed to the Episcopalian clergy because, on the ground of ecclesiastical order, they received ordination from English bishops. Besides, for twenty years, the voluntary preachers for the then wilds of Canada were accepted, ordained and appointed by the venerable Asbury, who had retired into concealment during the American Revolutionary War rather than abjure his oath of allegiance to his King, or take an oath of allegiance to any American State authority until after the acknowledgment of American independence by Great Britain.

Canadian Methodism is no less remarkable for its *benevolent* than for its *loyal* origin. Benevolence itself is among the first of the God-like virtues—pitying the destitute, helping the distressed, “upholding those that fall, and raising up those that are bowed down.” And that benevolence never shines with a purer lustre than when it voluntarily suffers wholly for the sake of others—accompanies the lonely emigrant into the wilderness, and cheers the first months of his isolation, privations and labours, by warming and illuminating his bark-covered log cottage with the beams of the Sun of Righteousness and the angel songs of devotion and praise. If the indigenous industry of the new settlers felled the first tree of the forest, erected the first shanty, turned the first sod, made the first enclosure, planted and gathered the first crop; so did the first Methodist preachers follow in the footsteps of the first emigrants, traversing the same wildernesses, braving the same privations and hardships, and, like emigrants themselves, without extraneous support. Losee himself, the first itinerant minister from the United States, during his first journey through an almost interminable forest from Lake Champlain to the Bay of Quinte, came “on a warfare at his own temporal charges,” and therefore endured the severe hardships of ordinary emigrants. And thus travelled and endured Losee’s colleagues and successors—the Dunhams, the Colemans, the Woolseys, the Keelers, the Coates, the Jewels, the Sawyers, the Bangs, and others of that epoch of Methodism in Canada—especially Upper Canada.

Through long roads, or rather roadless deserts, they came to the Canadian wilderness settlements in the faith and spirit of the first Gospel mission established by the Saviour (Matt. x. 9, 10), provided with "neither gold, nor silver, nor scrip, nor two coats," resting with assurance and dignified confidence that now, as in ancient days, "the workman is worthy of his meat."

If the character and labours of the first preachers of Christianity demonstrated the divinity of the religion they preached, the first Methodist preachers in Canada, by their self-denials, purity of life and doctrine, and extraordinary labours, demonstrated the divinity of their mission, and produced in the public mind the conviction that they were actuated by higher than human motives and were sustained by higher than human power, while their ministrations were instrumental in creating hundreds of happy homes, and the fruits of righteousness in the lives of thousands of individuals.

We will give a few examples of the self-sacrifice and hardships of these volunteer apostles of Methodism to the first loyalist emigrants in Canada.

Losee's first visit to Canada in 1790 was spontaneous—by permission, not by appointment. In 1791 he was appointed the primary missionary to the Bay of Quinte. "*Losee having taken part with the Loyalists during the American Revolution, and having acquaintances in Canada, was not the less acceptable on that account; and a pretty extensive circuit was soon formed, where he preached during the year. The people were soon aroused to the subject of religion, and conversions occurred in various places, so that 165 members were reported at the close of the year.*"

"James Coleman volunteered and was sent to Canada in 1794. On his route to and in his travels in the Provinces, he endured the severest privations. While passing up the Mohawk river he was obliged to go on shore *fifteen nights in succession*, and kindle a fire to keep off the wild beasts; and his food failing, he was reduced to a cracker per day."

Under date of 1801, Dr. Bangs, in his "History of the Methodist Episcopal Church," thus states the manner in which the earliest Methodist preachers prosecuted their work in Upper Canada:

"Upper Canada was at that time but sparsely populated; so that in riding from one appointment to another, the preachers sometimes had to pass through wildernesses from ten to sixty miles' distance, and not unfrequently had either to encamp in the woods or sleep in an Indian tent; and sometimes, in visiting the newly settled places, they have carried provender for their horses overnight, when they would tie them to a tree to prevent their straying in the woods; while the preachers themselves had to preach, eat, and sleep in the same room, looking at the curling smoke ascending:

through an opening in the roof of the log cabin, which had not yet the convenience of even a chimney.

“But in the midst of these labours and privations they seemed to be abundantly compensated in beholding the blessed effects of their evangelical efforts, and the cordiality and high gratification with which they were received and treated, more especially by those whose hearts God had touched by His Spirit. For though the people were in the wilderness, and many of them poor, they seemed to be ripe for the Gospel; and it was no less gratifying to its messengers than it was pleasurable to its recipients to behold its blessed effects upon the hearts and lives of such as ‘believed with the heart unto righteousness.’ While those who resisted the truth often manifested their enmity by persecuting those who proclaimed it; such as did ‘receive it in the love of it,’ evinced their affection and gratitude to those who published it by making them welcome to their habitations and entertaining them in the best manner they could. For these self-denying labours and sacrifices of these early Methodist preachers, thousands of immortal beings in Canada will doubtless praise God in that day when He shall come to make up His jewels.”

In a summary review of his fifty years’ perils, sufferings and labours in Canada, Mr. Case employs the following expressive and touching words:

“Five times have I been laid low by fevers, bilious and typhus; and although with no home of my own, I was provided for among strangers, who watched at my bedside for weeks together, faithfully administering to my recovery. The Lord reward them in ‘that day!’ Sometimes in those afflictions, but more afterwards, I found they ‘yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness;’ and then how sweetly could I sing:

“ ‘Oft from the margin of the grave,
Thou, Lord, hast lifted up my head;
Sudden, I found Thee near to save:
The fever owned Thy touch, and fled.’ ”

“In my labours it has been my lot to be much on the waters. Once I was shipwrecked on Lake Ontario; five times have I been through the ice with my horse on bays, rivers, and lakes of Canada. Through all these dangers the Lord in His providence delivered me, and then I have sung with delight:

“ ‘Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And given me back at Thy command:
It could not, Lord, my life devour,—
Safe in the hollow of Thy hand.’ ”

From Bishop Asbury’s Journal we learn his feelings and views of Canada. He says:

“Our ride has brought us through one of the finest countries I have ever seen: the timber of noble growth; the cattle well-looking; crops abundant, on a most fruitful soil. To the people my soul is much united. We

crossed the St. Lawrence in romantic style. We had four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together, and put our horses into them, their fore feet in one canoe, their hind feet in another. It was a singular load ; three canoes, three passengers (the Bishop, Bela Smith [the Canadian preacher], and myself), three horses, and four Indians. They were to take us over for three dollars. It was nearly three miles across to where we landed. It was late in the afternoon when we started, and we were a long time crossing, for some part was rough, especially the rapids ; so we did not reach the other side till late in the evening. Then the Indians claimed an additional dollar. They said, 'Four men, four dollar,' intimating that three dollars could not be so easily divided among four. We cheerfully paid the additional dollar, and were full of gratitude for our crossing in safety."

Dr. Bangs writes thus of the hardships and privations which were the common lot of the Methodist itinerant of the early days of Canada :

"With but fifteen dollars in my pocket I set off on a journey of 600 miles. My money was at length all expended, and I had eighty miles still to travel before I could reach my destined field. I went into the woods, kneeled down, and wept and prayed. Finally the words came forcibly to my mind, 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.' I arose with renewed courage. Before I left these parts, one friend and another put into my hands money amounting to eleven dollars—enough for my journey. August 10th we rose at break of day, took a little food, and started for a ride through the wilderness [Long Woods], forty miles long, with no roads, and only 'blazed' or marked trees to guide us. There being not even a beaten path, we were often at a loss to know whether we were right or wrong ; but we got safely through at last. We had a little Indian bread and dried beef in our pockets, of which we partook ; but the water we occasionally met looked so black that we dare not drink it.

"We arrived about sunset, weary, hungry and thirsty, at a small log hut inhabited by a Frenchman. My tired horse lay down as soon as the saddle and bridle were taken off. I asked the woman of the cabin if she could give me a drink of tea, but she had none. Being almost famished, I requested the woman to procure us some water, which we sipped a little at a time, as if it were nectar ; we then ate some Indian pudding and milk. After praying with the family, we lay down on a bundle of straw, slept sweetly, and rose in the morning much refreshed and invigorated in body and mind. The poor woman was so kind as to send early to a distant neighbour, to beg some tea for us ; but she had neither tea-kettle, tea-pot, nor tea-cup ; she therefore boiled it in a 'fish-kettle,' and then poured it into a tin-cup, from which we drank it with more relish than ever king drank wine from a golden goblet. I thought it was the most refreshing beverage I had ever drunk."

I'm ready now to work,
To work for God and suffer for His Christ,
Adopt His measures and abide His means.

—J. G. Holland.

REV. SAMUEL ROSE, D.D.

BY REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., D.D.

THE memory of the fathers of Methodism, who have laid the foundations and reared the superstructure of the Church, should be treasured with peculiar sacredness. From the dim and distant past we discern their shadowy outlines, and though we have but uncertain records and fugitive documents which record their consecrated lives and heroic deeds, yet we cannot permit their memorials to perish. The story of their struggles and successes, their trials and triumphs, cannot but strengthen our faith, stimulate our energy, and inspire us to emulate their spirit and follow their example. Among the heroic band who have made the past of our Church history illustrious is the name of Samuel Rose; and it would be a dishonour to Methodism to allow that name to go down into silence with no more extended biographical notice than has yet appeared. I desire in these pages to pay a loving and respectful tribute to his memory, and though few materials for such a biography are at hand, yet do I bring to the task a tender and true personal affection, an acquaintance of over twenty-five years, and special opportunities of studying his character in the golden autumn of his declining days. I am chiefly indebted to his sons (the Honourable Mr. Justice Rose, of this city, and the Rev. Samuel P. Rose, of Montreal) for the facts and incidents which enable me to portray some of the characteristic features of this departed father in Israel, who during his long and eventful life achieved so much for the cause of his Master.

Samuel Rose was born at Marysburg, near Picton, Prince Edward county, September 1st, 1806. He was of English extraction on his father's side, but his paternal grandmother came from Germany. His mother died in July, 1812, when he was a lad of six years; but, cradled in the very birthplace of Canadian Methodism, he must have been early inspired with a love for the Wesleyan doctrines and economy, for at twelve years of age he was converted to God, and united with the Church in which he continued in useful membership for seventy-two years. When he joined the Church, the membership in Upper and Lower Canada was 2,736. The Wesleyans in the Eastern Provinces numbered 2,728, making a total membership of 5,464. He lived to see the Church grow to the thronging multitude of more than a quarter of a million members. He received a fair education in his early life, and being fond of reading and study, and possessing ready gifts

of speech and fervent piety, the attention of the Church was soon called to his talents and usefulness. Having been an exhorter, he was licensed by William Ryerson to preach in 1830, and in April, 1831, he was put in charge of the Lake Simcoe Indian Mission as preacher, school instructor and church-builder.

By a striking coincidence his son, Rev. Samuel P. Rose, was appointed to this very spot, Orillia, just fifty years later. The son reached his station in a few hours by a railway train. The pioneer father left his home, near Picton, on the 13th of April, and reached his mission after seventeen days' travel, accomplishing the last twenty miles of his journey in a bark canoe, paddling his way with an Indian who could neither speak nor understand English. The young missionary neither knew the way nor the premises, but implored Divine direction, and as they paddled along in the dark, when they came near to the Mission House the Indian, as if influenced by some higher power, cried out, "Methodist!" They landed, and it proved to be the very house to which he had been directed. On Sunday, May 1st, 1831, he writes: "I have met the people of my charge, a school of about seventy or eighty Indian children, and while addressing them for the first time God greatly blessed me."

In the vigour of youthful manhood, his voice clear and powerful, a master of sacred song, his manner persuasive and often deeply pathetic, and his soul on fire with holy zeal, he was ready for every emergency of his arduous position, and performed prodigies of Christian valour. The following year he spent partly in study and partly in pastoral work in what was then called the Toronto Circuit, of which Streetsville was the principal appointment. In 1833 he was labouring on the newly-formed Albion Circuit. At the session held in York, October, 1833, the Union between the British and Canadian Conferences was ratified, and the remaining years of his probation were spent on Westminster and Hamilton Circuits. In 1836 he was ordained to the ministry, and from the hour of his consecration to this work every moment of his time, every endowment of his nature, and every energy of his being was placed at the service of the Church and of God, for the achievement of the highest moral and spiritual results. The Conference which received him into full connexion numbered scarcely more than fifty members; he lived to see the itinerant band increase three-hundred-fold. How much his denominational loyalty, Christian spirit, sound judgment and untiring labours had to do with this progress and development, eternity alone will fully disclose.

Stamford, St. Catharines, London, Brantford, Yonge Street, and

Dundas were his fields of labour until the year 1850, during which time he rose steadily in influence and power. We speak of self-made men. All men that are really made are self-made; none become great by accident. Pre-eminently is this true of the fathers in Canadian Methodism, who have made all succeeding generations their debtors. There were good sense and learning in our fathers' days, as well as in our own; but though they were not the days of theological seminaries and university training, yet, under the supervision of experienced ministers, by industry, singleness of purpose, and devotion to their work, young men overcame their disadvantages, and learned practically and thoroughly the work of successful Methodist preachers. Dr. Rose was such a man. He was a Bible student. He kept himself abreast of the literature of the day. He made constant accessions to the stores of his knowledge; but his mental storehouse had no dead stock in it. All that he had was usable, and he used it. He was, perhaps, more a student of men than of books. He was a man of affairs, as well as of pious offices. His administrative ability, business habits, and knowledge of the Indian character, joined with other qualifications, led to his appointment to the governorship of the Mount Elgin Industrial Institution for the Muncey Indians. This position he filled successfully for six years. He was an early and unwavering friend of the Red Man, was always interested in Indian evangelization, and to the end delighted in giving his friends a salutation in the Ojibway tongue. He was early impressed with the Church's need of higher educational facilities, and his name stands among the original founders of the Upper Canada Academy, which in 1841 was endowed with university powers, and became Victoria College, the "Old Vic" of revered memory.

He was ever watchful over all the interests of the Church, and his mind was fruitful in measures for her prosperity and enlargement. As he overlooked her wide domain, he had eyes to see her resources and opportunities; and was ever ready to waken her energies and stimulate her hope.

On his return to the pastorate he laboured wisely and effectively for another three years in Dundas, then in Thorold, St. Catharines and Belleville, until called, in 1865, to take charge of the interests of the Book and Publishing Establishment in Toronto. While Governor of the Industrial School at Muncey, he was Chairman, first of the London, then of the Chatham District, and while superintending large and important circuits, he had also the oversight of the District in which his field of labour lay. He was an excellent administrator, and his knowledge of ecclesi-

astical law led him to take a prominent part in the discussions and deliberations of Conference.

Elected to the office of Book Steward, he entered with unwavering fidelity upon his task, and concentrated all his powers to the enlargement of this most important department of church work. For fourteen years he managed, with energy and efficiency, this ever-expanding interest. Amid the diversified duties of a vast and perplexing business, under circumstances most trying to one's patience and temper, often distressed by the financial cares of the Concern, suffering from overwork and nervous wear, he was yet enabled to keep his mind stayed on God and to enjoy perfect peace. Our Connexional Editors, Drs. Dewart and Withrow, both bear testimony to his conscientious integrity and untiring industry; and those most intimately associated with him during those years of official labour, had abundant evidence in his daily life of the sincerity and purity of his Christian character. This was due to his uniform piety, his life-long habits of prayer and constant study of the Word of God as the infallible guide in daily life. He was abundant in labours. Toiling all the week in the office, he did not relax his pulpit labours on the Sabbath. He kept no regular diary, but this note, found among many pencilled records, is suggestive of his love of work and of a power of endurance much above that of most men: "After a busy week, accompanied Dr. Wood to the Northern Station." When the Sabbath's delightful and successful pulpit toil was over, he thus speaks: "Blessed be God whom we serve, He only shall be praised." The next morning, though in his sixty-fourth year, he rose at five o'clock and enjoyed (?) a sleigh-drive to Georgetown, they making their way through snow as high as the fences. Back at the Book Room office at 11.30, where, working on until evening, he concludes the day with this testimony: "I find it an advantage to soul and body to get away from office work."

In 1879, he was superannuated, and relinquished all active ministerial duties. But with his enthusiasm of labour, to remain unemployed would have been the hardest task that could have been imposed upon him. Accordingly, his fine business capacity was still given to the service of the Church, and he was Treasurer of several Connexional Funds, notably the General Conference Fund, and the Endowment Fund of Victoria University. Always a public-spirited man, he now gave increased attention to the more general religious enterprises of the city. As one of the Vice-Presidents of the Upper Canada Bible Society, he took an active part in the management of its affairs. He maintained a deep

and lively interest in many of our charitable institutions. His growing personal piety was manifested by his kind attentions to the bereaved and distressed, and he was a regular attendant upon the services of his Church until, at the age of eighty-four, crowned with years and honours, he was translated to the Church triumphant in heaven.

What were the elements of character that gave to him such great power and influence in his day and generation? In all the qualities that give efficiency to Christian manhood he abounded.

First, his stalwart and symmetrical physique. Size in a man counts everywhere, especially in public life. Dr. Rose possessed an impressive personal appearance. What a magnificent specimen of a man was he! I have often looked with pride upon him; his Herculean frame compact and strong; his forehead high, his soft gray hair falling over a massive brain; his clear complexion, his faultless dress, his manners indicating the born gentleman; and thought how ruddy and beautiful must have been his countenance, and how Apollo-like his form, in the prime of his young manhood! "There were giants," indeed, in those days. The pioneer fathers were many of them of the mould of Hercules, and fitted for those prodigies of physical strength which had to be undergone when lonely forests were to be traversed, unbridged rivers to be swam, and untold privations endured. Such kingly men as Case, Ryerson, Green, Evans, Rice, Williams, and others, are indissolubly connected with our early history. Shall we ever see their like again? Shall we ever again have such a goodly fellowship of sturdy, physical, noble manhood?

His intellectual endowments were more than ordinary. Making no pretensions to broad or profound scholarship, as scholarship is measured by present-day standards, Dr. Rose, nevertheless, possessed the instincts and cultivated many of the habits of a student. His early advantages were few, but his mind was well improved, and there had been a general educing of latent powers. His small but well-chosen library was filled with books that had become his very own by the diligent use he made of them. What he knew he knew thoroughly. Neither was he without a taste for metaphysical discussions. His reasoning powers were of a high order; he possessed a logical mind which only needed the leisure and opportunity for development secured to young men to-day, to have enabled him to rise to eminence in this direction. It may be mentioned as an indication of his taste for psychological reading that, under the old system of examination of candidates for the ministry, he was for some years examiner of students in Reid's "Active and Intellectual Powers of the Human Mind."

He possessed what may be called a legal mind. He was interested in legislation, and was quick to see the bearing of law upon conduct. But like his contemporaries he was, by way of pre-eminence, a Bible student, and a profound lover of Wesleyan theology. It was in recognition of his acquaintance with the standards of our Church, as well as an acknowledgment of his services to Methodism, that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him, in 1878, by the University of Tennessee. His sermons were simple, direct, instructive and impressive. His aim, as a preacher, was to present doctrinal, practical and experimental truth. He did not write his sermons in full. This is to be regretted, as from the notes preserved, several of his discourses were well worth handing down to posterity. His sermon on "the Lamb in the midst of the throne" produced a profound impression for good wherever it was delivered. Another discourse, founded upon John vi. 53, 54, was a model of sound reasoning and close consecutive thought, united with earnest evangelical appeal.

His ablest sermon was, perhaps, that on John xvii. 4, 5. The discourse had grown with his growth. It originated away back, in his early ministry, out of an attempt to answer the heresies of the Unitarians on his circuit, and had been frequently revised. It was preached for his son at the opening of the Newmarket church, when, during the last half-hour, there came upon him the old-time power, and he swayed the congregation at will. He must have been in his earlier ministry "a son of thunder."

Dr. Rose was in great demand for camp-meetings. His stentorian voice, rich, mellow, harmonious, full of pathos and power, could be heard for a mile in the open air; and when in the full height of inspired eloquence he brought home the truth to the hearts and consciences of his hearers, the effect was overwhelming and the waves of feeling that rushed over the assembled multitude were often as manifest as the effects of the storm that swept over the forest and shook the leafy temple. Shall we ever again witness the oratorical effects of those days? The country was new, the age uncritical, the people were eager to hear, they gathered for miles around, and gave themselves up to the preacher of the occasion; the speaker possessed the hearer; as he began to kindle with his theme, the assembly took fire; sentences of marvellous splendour, unction and power dropped from the orator's lips; intense earnestness and enthusiasm prevailed; deep emotions were manifest; the hearers sat enraptured, filled, thrilled, or weeping and sobbing, overawed; until some mighty climax reached, there is an electric shock of discharged power, and men leap to their

feet shouting and praising God, or fall prostrate upon the ground, crying for mercy! Shall we ever again see such demonstrations attending the preaching of the Gospel? Dr. Rose loved these old-time meetings, because of their converting power. He selected the site of the Grimsby camp-ground, and took charge of the services during five successive years. More than once he has pointed out to me the precise spot where, after having chosen the place for the auditorium, the preachers' stand, the encampment around, the committee kneeled down and earnestly prayed that the spot might become the birthplace of hundreds of souls.

He was a successful revivalist. He laboured to bring men to Christ. On this he fixed his thoughts and to this he directed his energies; and thousands throughout the Province were numbered as his spiritual children. In short, he was a Methodist preacher in all his sympathies, experiences and purposes. Yet he was no bigot, but of broad and catholic views and feelings, cherishing no exclusive or intolerant sentiments regarding his own Church.

As a pastor he was faithful and diligent. When Superintendent of Belleville, I was associated with him for some months, and had the privilege of making with him the first round of the Circuit. I thought him a model pastor. He performed his work in no perfunctory manner; but with tenderness conversed with the sick, comforted the sorrowing, and made inquiries concerning the soul-health of old and young, imparting instruction, warning and counsel. The people honoured him for his pastoral fidelity. And when death entered the household, how wonderful the sympathy which he evinced, and what strong consolation, what tender supplications did he offer in the house of mourning or beside the open coffin!

He excelled as an organizer. In all the varied labours and enterprises of the Church his clear, strong, practical judgment was invaluable. He possessed great discernment, strong common sense, and keen insight into character. His elevation of character, practical wisdom, and utter freedom from all sinister or selfish motives preserved him from public censure, and few men in the ministry have ever occupied so many important positions with greater satisfaction to the entire Church.

In the domestic circle he showed the love of the husband, the devotion of the father, and the kindness of the friend. His children not only loved but venerated him. In his own home he carefully observed those little attentions which go so far towards imparting happiness and dignity to domestic bliss. He was never austere, but he never relaxed into unbecoming levity. In personal intercourse he had a sense of the humorous and greatly

enjoyed a good joke; but he always preserved the quiet dignity of the Christian gentleman. His social nature was opulent.

“The gentleness he seemed to be
Best seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of its social hour
To noble manners as the flower
And native growth of noble mind.”

He enjoyed life and never grew old in spirit. What a friend he was, so true and unwavering and full of sympathy! He was a Christian Great-Heart. During the last eight years of his life I was much with him, and the intimacy of former years ripened into strong affection. I loved him as a father, he treated me as a son. When I came to the Metropolitan Church, though he lived at a distance, he regularly attended the Sabbath services and seldom missed the prayer-meetings. He was a good hearer of sermons, a kindly critic, and helpful in every good work. He loved that church. He was one of the original trustees. He had overlooked the plans; had seen the foundation laid; had watched tier after tier arise, until the top stone was brought forth with rejoicing and the noble edifice completed. It was endeared to him by the memories of fellow-trustees who had fallen—Punshon, Wood, Ryerson, Green, Taylor, Wm. T. Mason and A. W. Lauder. No wonder he loved the Metropolitan Church! And the great congregation loved him; loved him for his transparent character and his consistent piety. For who that ever witnessed his demeanour in the house of worship, or heard him pray, leading the devotions of the congregation, pleading and holding communion with his heavenly Father, could ever doubt the firmness of his trust or the reality of his devotion? He was a holy man; he lived, preached and exemplified that holiness “without which no man shall see the Lord.” When distance, with declining years, compelled him to find a nearer church-home, he worshipped in Parliament Street Church during the pastorate of his son, and his presence on Sabbath and at the week-night services was always helpful and inspiring. Later he attended the Sherbourne Street Church, and as long as he could walk to the house of God, his venerable form was seen there.

He took great interest in the public schools of the city, and his presence was welcomed by the boys and girls as he came year after year to distribute among them the Jesse Ketchum prizes. He took delight in conducting religious services in the hospitals and public institutions of the city; and often the Reformatory became a very Bochim, as with a father's tenderness, he reminded

the wandering girls of home, and mother, and a Saviour's love. He was a Director of the House of Industry, and his sympathy with the suffering poor was strongly marked. He was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and as the years passed on they learned to revere and honour him more and more. It is worthy of record as an evidence of the respect and esteem in which he was held by one of another faith, that when, a few months before his death, he was required to appear as a witness in the city court-house, the Honourable Mr. Justice McMahon from his place on the Bench, with graceful and kindly courtesy, offered him a seat at his side, that he might not have to stand while giving his evidence.

I shall never forget his last visit to the Toronto Ministerial Association. He had been bereaved of a loving and faithful wife, the companion of his years; had himself been in broken health for many months, and when he entered the room, with one impulse the body of ministers rose to their feet and remained standing until he reached his seat. Being invited to address the meeting, he expressed his gratitude to the brethren for their sympathy with him in his sorrow and his affliction. He said, "I feel very lonely. My company has gone before. Of all the merchants that were doing business in this city when I first knew it there is not one left. They are all gone. Not a physician. Not a lawyer. Not a minister. Not a public man. Not a friend of those early days. They are all gone. I stand alone." Then he told us of his hopes and consolations in the Gospel, and with the premonition that this would be his last visit to the Association, he gave us his farewell and his blessing. He charged us to preach the Gospel, the old Gospel, and be faithful to the grace of God. It was a touching spectacle; every heart was subdued and melted into tenderness.

The closing scene was a brief one. He had been unable to leave his house for weeks except for short drives. His daughter, Miss Rose, was with him, affectionately ministering to his every necessity; and when the end drew near, the other members of his household, Mrs. Frank Byrne, who was with her family at Grimsby Park, the Honourable Mr. Justice Rose, who was at Murray Bay, and Rev. Samuel P. Rose, of Montreal, were summoned to his bedside. He was conscious to the last, but there were no death-bed raptures, no triumphant utterances. There was no need. His life was his testimony. At half-past one on the morning of July 16th, 1890, the weary wheels of a life of eighty-four years stood still, and the aged patriarch saw the last of earth and the first of heaven. The following extract of a letter to one of the sons (from the Rev. Dr. Douglas) expresses the senti-

ment of the whole Church: "Full of years, full of honours, living in the affection of thousands, having accomplished his extended ministry, assured of a welcome by thousands of his spiritual children, he has been translated from sufferings and sorrow to everlasting rest and joy. I shall be forever thankful that I saw him so near the end of the journey. Never did I hear more triumphant words, words more full of sweet resignation and desire to depart and to be with Christ. All my household loved him as a father."

His memory is embalmed in the universal love of the Church. He has bequeathed to his family the priceless legacy of a spotless name; and though he has passed out of sight, the Methodist Church of Canada will cherish as an inspiration the memory of his early and abundant labours, his eminent business gifts, his integrity, devotedness, great usefulness and Connexional influence, his broad, sympathetic and catholic spirit, his serene and happy old age, his pure and noble life, his peaceful and triumphant end.

Heroic pioneer, among the last of a chivalrous band, his work is done, and

"He has heard the Master's blessing,
Good and faithful, enter in."

THE GREAT PROCESSION.

Look up the street, look down the street—you cannot see it pass,
And it glides along as noiselessly as breath upon a glass;
No fife, no drum, no bugle-call is heard upon the air,
To tell the listening mortal that a billion souls are there.

At every breath a mortal draws a new recruit falls in—
No bloody war they're marching to, to perish or to win;
There are no captains in the line—they're equal, one and all,
When they join the Great Procession, at the Great Commander's call.

The king and peasant march along, the princess and the lass—
The old graybeard and beardless boy—as all who live must pass.
Caste and birth forgotten are in that vast noiseless tide—
And a Cæsus marches humbly with a beggar by his side.

Oh! I have listened for it, but I've never heard it pass—
For it glides along as noiselessly as sunbeams over grass;
But though I never yet have heard nor seen it passing—why,
There's a something in my heart that says, softly: "By-and-by."

—*Songs from an Attic.*

SYMPOSIUM ON METHODISM.

*THE PLACE AND INFLUENCE OF METHODISM IN
CHRISTENDOM.*

BY THE REV. J. P. SHERATON, D.D.,

Principal of Wycliffe College, Toronto.

IN response to the Editor's request, I am permitted to contribute a few words to the Centenary number of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE*. I can say nothing new, but I can at least help to give utterance to the heartfelt sympathy of the Evangelicals of the Church of England in Canada with our brethren of the Methodist Church, and our thankful appreciation of their great work in the Gospel.

There cannot be a catholic-minded Christian, by whatever name he is called, who does not feel a deep interest in the history and well-being of that great religious community, whose origin and progress are among the most remarkable phenomena of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the history of the Methodist Church has special claims upon those who are commonly designated "Evangelical Churchmen." Although they did not spring from the same source, and are marked by their own distinctive characteristics, yet the two great revivals, the Methodist and the Evangelical, are the simultaneous outcome of a remarkable quickening of spiritual life in the Mother-land, and are closely intertwined throughout their early history.

The Evangelicals are the heirs and successors of the historic Puritans, as even Abbey and Overton, in their history of the English Church in the eighteenth century, admit. That school had never ceased to exist within the National Church, however much it had been borne down through the Laudian reaction. The Evangelical revival was the reassertion of this Puritan element, which again became a power in the Church.

The Methodist revival had its cradle in the ancient University of Oxford. It received its first impulse from a High Churchman, non-juror and mystic—William Law, whose "Serious Call to a Holy Life" awoke the first earnest religious purpose within the heart of John Wesley, the great leader to whose fervent piety, practical wisdom, and administrative power the Methodist Church owes its greatest debt.

But Methodism very soon threw off the swaddling-clothes of its infancy. The contrast between its early surroundings and its

subsequent developments is very suggestive. The ascetic ritualism of "the Sacramentarian Club" was speedily displaced by the living piety of men brought into the freedom and spirituality of the Gospel. The husks of externalism fell away as the strong, vigorous life of faith was developed. A seasonable lesson is taught us here. The true antidote to ritualism is the believing apprehension of the Gospel; the only safeguard against formalism and legalism is to be found in living contact with the personal Redeemer.

The vast influence of Methodism throughout Protestant Christendom is due to the co-operation of a number of causes in a very distinctive combination. Among them three seem to be conspicuously pre-eminent—the preaching of personal relationship with Christ as the essential of religion, and in a way that brought forward the emotional, as distinguished from the intellectual, side of Christian life; the insistence upon the practical activities of Christian life and work; and the provision for the cultivation and maintenance of Christian fellowship.

It was an age of spiritual torpor and deadness. Lax morality and religious indifference prevailed among all classes of society. The worship of the Church was cold and formal. The preaching was artificial and constrained, devoid of unction and power. The distinctive doctrines of Christianity were either ignored, or, what was worse, dealt with in so vague and heartless a fashion that they were bereft of all reality. In their place the clergy of the day advocated what they called practical Christianity. And in doing so, in the trenchant words of Bishop Horsley, a man very far from identifying himself with Evangelicals, "they reduced it to heathen virtue;" while "the sermons, divested of the genuine spirit and savor of Christianity, were mere moral essays," and the preachers themselves had become "the apes of Epictetus." A morbid dread of enthusiasm was a marked characteristic of the eighteenth century, and indifferentism, miscalled "moderation," the chief virtue in which it gloried.

Such was the deplorable condition of the Church prior to the great revival of the last century. The instruments by which that marvellous revolution was effected were among the things despised by men, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. They were not, for the most part, men of great intellectual gifts. Their literary and theological work cannot be compared with that of the preceding century. Their printed sermons cannot be ranked among the masterpieces of the pulpit. Their power was not intellectual so much as it was moral and spiritual. They were men dominated by one master-purpose, filled with fervent love for

Christ and for the souls of men, possessed by a passionate enthusiasm which pervaded their utterances and gave them that persuasive and penetrating power which reached to the hearts of their hearers and brought conviction. They saw and felt, and made those who listened to them feel and see, that sin and judgment and hell were great and tremendous realities, that the Gospel of Redemption, the message of Christ's love and grace, was a veritable message to themselves, the rejection of which brought ruin and despair, and by the acceptance of which the most hardened and degraded sinner would find peace and purity.

In a word, the strength of this movement, as of the great Reformation and of every mighty impulse onwards, was the preaching by men who themselves believed it and loved it, of that Gospel which is the "power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth." Such St. Paul declared it to be, and the mighty movements of the eighteenth century confirm the inspired Word. Herein, there is no difference between what is vital and forceful in Methodism and in Evangelicalism.

The preaching which moved England was a call to repentance and to faith. Its great topics were the simple fundamental truths of the Gospel. Its great power lay in the presentation of the personal Saviour, in His mighty sufficiency and marvellous love, to the multitude. Mere morality had failed. It had ceased even to be moral. Ecclesiasticism and externalism were the most unsatisfying of husks for the hungry. The leaders of Methodism had known all this by experience. They had outgrown these beggarly elements of the religion of worldliness. They had been brought into those relations to Christ whence flow into human life all true power, sweetness and purity; and their life-work was to bring others into the same relations. This made it purposeful and powerful; this imparted to it its fruitfulness and its endurance; this constituted it an heritage in whose blessings Christendom has shared for an hundred years.

The preaching of the revivalists was emotional rather than logical; not that it was lacking in robust common sense, a marked quality in Wesley, nor in power of reasoning; but its main strength lay in the fire and fervour of its appeals to the heart and conscience. Just as the theology of Schleiermacher, with its emphatic presentation of the Christian feeling and Christian experience, fertilized the arid wastes of the cold intellectual rationalism of Germany, and gave that great fervent impulse to its thinking which is producing such magnificent results; so the fervour of the love of the evangelists to God and man transformed the dreary wastes of the legalism and deism of the England of the eighteenth century into a garden of Jehovah.

But that which, in this regard, constitutes the strength of Methodism is the source of its weakness and its danger. Mere emotionalism must degenerate, whenever it ceases to be based upon the presentation of the truth to the intellect and the conscience. Herein the special work Methodism has been privileged to do, needs to be supplemented by what God has wrought through other channels and instrumentalities in the Christian world.

Another source of the influence wielded by Methodism was its intense devotion to practical work. This glory it shares with Evangelicalism, although in some respects it retains its own pre-eminence. All the great enterprises, missionary and beneficent, of this century sprang from the religious revolution of the last. Fruitfulness in good works was a characteristic of the Evangelicals, as the High Churchman, Overton, attests. Methodism was emphatically a working and a giving religion. No communion has done more to promote systematic giving, and to arouse the conscience of the Christian Church to its duty in this matter. It made the poorest a giver and the humblest a worker. It utilized the gifts and directed the energies of every member of the Church.

Another source of the Methodist influence and, perhaps, the most conspicuous feature in its distinctive character, is to be found in its presentation of the communion of the saints as essential to the well-being of the Church. The thoughtful reader of the Book of Acts cannot fail to be impressed by the social and family character of the primitive church fellowship there described. It was that of a genuine brotherhood, marked by freedom, simplicity and unselfish devotion. There was intercommunion, not merely in the giving and receiving of the material benefits ministered by Christian beneficence (that was the lowest manifestation of this principle); but much more in the mutual interchange of sentiment and experience, admonishing and encouraging one another, comforting and edifying one another, as St. Paul expresses it.

In his well-known work on the "Evidences of Christianity" (Part I., chap. I.), Archdeacon Paley compares the mode of life of those primitive Christians, with their "exhortations" and "affectionate intercourse," with that of "the *Unitas Fratrum*, or the modern Methodists." An ideal church fellowship must take account of the strong social instincts of our nature. Every earnest religious movement tends towards closer and fuller intercommunion. The old Evangelicals adopted a system of communicants' meetings, to bring into closer relation the more earnest and spiritually minded of their flocks. Methodism organized a system

of class-meetings and love-feasts. And while the methods pursued are not without serious perils and have been liable to grave abuses, I do not hesitate to affirm that it is a primitive church principle upon which they were originally based; and the recognition of this principle, whatever may have been the defects in its application, has been a peculiar source of strength to Methodism.

Now the principles exemplified in Methodism and the influence which through those principles it has exercised upon Christendom, are not merely for its own sake, but for the sake of the Church Catholic. As Bishop Westcott suggestively observes, God reveals His purposes and furthers His work, not only in spite of, but by means of, the separate societies which have severally appropriated this or that part of the truth. Only thus could the whole truth be mastered—by being distributed amongst different individuals and different communities, to each of which is given a special work to do and a special contribution to make towards that mastery of the whole compass of revealed truth which is the necessary condition of advance. What we see successively wrought out in the successions of history and the distinctive methods and operations of each age and generation, we see contemporaneously wrought out in the different bodies into which Christendom is divided. Each distinct Christian society “sub-serves in virtue of this distinctness to distinct types of thought and feeling.” Thus by separation, and even by antagonism, the vindication and appropriation of truth are achieved. Analysis precedes synthesis. Division is preliminary to genuine catholicity, which will at last be attained when each part yields up its separate contribution to the completeness of the whole, and when the various components of the truth thus eliminated are combined in one glorious harmony.

Closer union between the different Christian communities can only be attained by closer sympathy and better knowledge of each other. To promote sympathy let us pray more one for another, like good Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who relates that he never passed the house of worship of any denomination without praying that God would bless and prosper its work in so far as it set forth the truth of Christ. To increase mutual knowledge, let us work more together in all things in which common effort is possible. Co-operation must precede organic union, if the latter is ever to be attained.

The Methodists and the Evangelicals of the eighteenth century, who had so much in common, were chiefly separated by two barriers, the one doctrinal, the other ecclesiastical.

Their chief doctrinal difference found its expression in the Cal-

vinistic controversy, which formed an unhappy episode in the history of the great revival. On the one side, it was marked, I think it must be admitted, by very much that was crude and superficial; and on the other side, it was certainly stained by un-Christian bitterness and hardness. Is there any reconciliation of the differences, any solution of the difficulties?

The two great truths in dispute stand unmoved—on the one side, man's free-will and responsibility; and on the other side, the majesty of the divine sovereignty. They spring like two massive shafts from the unseen depths of the divine mysteries, and rise to the dizzy heights of speculation, where the reason reels as it attempts to mount. No theological skill has constructed the arch of synthesis which may combine these tremendous premises; no philosophic speculation has been able to unravel the mystery of their seeming contradictions. Yet the Christian consciousness not only asserts both truths, but finds no difficulty in adjusting them to the facts of experience. The two combine, like the centrifugal and centripetal forces, to project that orbit of daily progress in grace and righteousness in which the Christian believer humbly but confidently advances. And what the universal Christian consciousness accepts, the hymns of the Church express. Side by side in our manuals of devotion stand Wesley's "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and Toplady's "Rock of Ages," the former asserting as absolutely as the latter the sufficiency as well as the necessity of the divine grace, and the helpless evil of the heart of man, the latter exulting as confidently as the former in the appropriating power of faith. It was a Presbyterian divine, the late Dr. H. B. Smith, of the New York Theological Seminary, who affirmed the possibility of a harmony between an Evangelical Arminianism and an Evangelical Calvinism, based on the sovereign freeness of the divine grace.

The ecclesiastical differences may to many present a more formidable obstacle. The Evangelicals, adhering to the doctrinal position of the Puritans, unlike the Puritans, loved and clung to the ancient order of the historic Church. The fervid and emotional religious life of Methodism wrought out an organism for itself.

Both still have much to learn. For, strange to say, the Methodist order, while marked by an excess of freedom in worship and in working, yet retains an absolutism in government which to us without seems neither to be consistent with its own free spirit nor compatible with the rights of the laity and a true constitutional liberty. Moreover, it exhibits a perplexing conservatism in its somewhat inflexible adherence to the original transitional constitution drafted by its early leaders.

On the other hand, we of the Church of England must make sorrowful confession of our own shortcomings. The Laudian reaction effected little change in the law of the Church beyond the hateful Act of Uniformity, but it influenced her practice and placed her in a lamentable isolation from the Evangelical Churches, an isolation as foreign to the practices as it was opposed to the principles of the Reformation. The sacerdotal exclusiveness, which is the source of division within our borders, is the great hindrance to intercommunion and co-operation with those without.

It may also be true that Evangelicals, while they are uncompromisingly opposed to sacerdotal absolutism, have not always fully grasped the distinction between what is essential and permanent, and what is temporary and changeable in external polity. It may be, too, that they have sometimes failed to realize the importance of organized and united effort.

But a grand educational work is going on, which cannot fail to advance the cause of Christian unity. The progress of historical research is dissipating many an ancient prejudice, and confounding many a false assumption, whose place has been maintained through men's ignorance of the past. The study of the principles of constituted order in civil polity must react upon the ecclesiastical polities. The study of God's Word must more and more assimilate all conceptions of Christian doctrine and of Church government to the great Biblical truths and principles. And the exigencies of Christian work and warfare, and the increasing opportunities for Christian intercommunion, must bring Christian Churches into closer relations and into a better understanding of each other's worth and character. Above all, the more Christocentric our theology and our work become, the nearer will we be drawn to one another. Holding the truth in love, we will grow up unto Him in all things, until at last we all come unto the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God and attain to the measure of the stature of His fulness.

METHODISM AS AN ORGANIZATION.

BY JAMES CROIL,

Editor of the Presbyterian Record, Montreal.

RECOGNIZING the principle clearly and emphatically propounded by St. Paul, that the Church of the living God is essentially one, and that whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it,

we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which now presents itself of giving expression to sentiments of brotherly recognition and sympathy with the members of the Methodist Church. "The commemoration of the two-fold centennial, of the death of John Wesley and the introduction of Methodism into this country," is a theme of more than provincial or even national interest, for, so wide spread is the influence exerted by Methodists, it may be truly said of them, "Their line has gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world."

The rise and progress of Methodism mark a distinct era in the history of modern Christianity. As a successful popular movement, it is unique. As the principal factor in a great moral revolution, it is without a parallel. From small beginnings, in spite of opposition, contempt and ridicule, it has become a mighty power, influencing the religious life of twenty-five millions of people, and all the more influential, that it is not the mere outcome of controversy. Tenacious though Wesley was of Arminianism himself, he did not insist upon it as a condition of membership. The system which he introduced sprang from the bosom of the Church of England. It was a protest against no doctrine of that Church, but solely against religious apathy and indifference at a time when vital Christianity in Britain was in a state of eclipse. Perhaps Wesley's ways were somewhat odd and "irregular," but the fair way to estimate the value of his work is not by criticising his methods, but by estimating the effects produced on the community among whom he lived.

It is not too much to say that the immediate effect of Wesley's preaching was little short of miraculous. During the sixty-five years of his ministry, he probably preached more sermons and had personal dealings with more people on the great question of the salvation of their souls than any man who ever lived, and the results appeared in the godly lives of thousands and tens of thousands who came under the influence of his preaching. Whatever imperfections attach to Methodism, this must be admitted, that the system has been strong enough to withstand the strain to which it has frequently been subjected *ab extra*, as well as by internal disturbances; for it need scarcely be said that Methodism, so far from being exempted from the reactionary movements that have overtaken other Protestant Churches, has been fruitful in the multiplication of its branches, while, all the same, the main stream has moved on with yearly increasing momentum.

Wesley's influence seems the more remarkable when contrasted with that of some of his illustrious contemporaries. Take, for example, Jonathan Edwards, "the greatest metaphysician that

America has produced"—a profound thinker, whose gigantic intellect attracted the attention of all classes—who so well qualified to head "a cause" or secure a following? In that respect he was a conspicuous failure. Or, look at Philip Doddridge, the eminent English theologian and brilliant preacher; his name is seldom mentioned now save as the writer of a few admirable hymns, and the author of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." The same may be said of Isaac Watts. The saintly James Hervey is chiefly remembered by his "Meditations among the Tombs"—a gem of sacred literature that nobody reads nowadays. Or, place alongside of John Wesley his friend and fellow-labourer, George Whitefield. As a meteor shoots athwart the sky, dazzling the beholder with its brightness, and vanishes in a blaze of light, so Whitefield electrified the people of England and America, but his personal influence was buried with his bones beneath the pulpit of Newburyport church. His name, it is true, is associated with the so-called Calvinistic Methodist Church, yet he can scarcely be called its founder, for while he drew many towards him by his unparalleled eloquence, he left the work of organization to others. The influence of Rowland Hill and the Haldanes in their life-times was unquestionably great, but as an abiding force it failed precisely in that which gave coherence and strength to Methodism—the organization necessary to secure permanent results.

Wesley appealed strongly to the emotional side of human nature; but he did so that he might gain entrance to the heart. He attached great importance to itinerancy, lay-preaching and simple forms of worship, because he found that by these means he could influence the masses and classes who were beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace; and if he introduced into the service of praise psalms and hymns of "human composure," it was to strike a chord in aching hearts responsive to his touch, by putting notes of joy and gladness into mouths that had been polluted with rude jests and ribald songs.

The aggressive power of Methodism is, perhaps, the most important element that has contributed to its success. From the first, it went out into the highways and hedges, inviting the poor and forsaken to come to the Gospel feast. As it gathered strength, its energies were directed to the regions beyond. Before it was half a century old it had established missions in America that were destined to far outstrip the Parent Church in point of numbers. The efficiency of the British and American Methodist Missionary Societies at the present time, is amply attested by the success that has rewarded their enterprise in many lands.

Methodism further commands our respect and confidence, because it is conservative in its attitude towards the Bible and the Sabbath; because it inculcates loyalty to constituted authorities, and is abreast of the age in regard to the great educational, social, and moral questions which are attracting public attention in these days.

I have not left myself room to say anything about the influence of Methodism in Canada. But it is not necessary to enlarge upon that. Here, as well as elsewhere, it has outlived opposition and prejudice, and has attained an honoured position among the Churches. A hundred years ago William Losee and Darius Dunham were the sole representatives of Methodism in Western Canada; to-day it has a larger constituency than any other Protestant Church in the Dominion. It has shown itself to be adapted to the circumstances of a new country. Not only so. Canada is the first and, so far as we know, the only part of the world where the Methodist system has, practically, become a unit. That it has reached this stage so early in its history is certainly matter for congratulation, in which none join more heartily than the members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Having experienced the benefits of union among ourselves, we are now looking forward to the "larger hope," when the thin lines of partition which separate us shall be taken out of the way altogether. May the Lord hasten it in His time!

METHODISM IN CANADA.

BY THE HON. RICHARD HARCOURT, M.A., Q.C.

Treasurer of the Province of Ontario.

JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism, passed away at a ripe old age in 1791. Though aged and feeble, he continued working with vigour and earnestness almost to the end, and in February of that year we are told he preached his last sermon from the text, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

From that date onward, through all these hundred years, the great work he began has gone on, overcoming every obstacle, growing more and more rapidly as the years glided by, enlisting in its army of toilers tens of thousands of brave pioneers, who with unflagging zeal, have pursued their high calling in every land beneath the sun. Europe and America—the Old World and the New—have alike felt the silent yet powerful influence of its magic spell.

In this same year, 1791, the Constitutional Act, which marks an

important era in Canadian history, was granted to Upper and Lower Canada. The intervening century has been one of healthy growth and development. With ever-widening liberties, in full enjoyment of the precious precedents of the Mother-land, we have been steadily and resistlessly working out our manifestly high destiny.

With mighty strides Canada has reached out, once and again claiming as her own richer and still richer areas, until now the greater half of a mighty continent acknowledges her sway. Nature has dealt out to her with lavish hands her richest stores. Her grand lakes, mighty rivers, vast forest wealth, wide areas of fertile soil, and mines of inexhaustible richness are the envy of the world. A goodly land, indeed, with every promise of being the home of a great people! In no country do the people enjoy to a greater extent, in the widest sense of the word, all the benefits of self-government. Will it realize its high promise? Aside from the unique natural advantages to which I have alluded, to what does Canada owe the steady growth and development of the past one hundred years?

It is said that the ideal of that great Reformer, John Knox, was "A church and school in every parish, a grammar school in every borough, and a university in every principal city."

Can we not connect the healthy growth of our fair land with this ideal? Remembering that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and that the genius for self-government, which is our chief characteristic, demands as a prerequisite an enlightened system of education, conferring its inestimable benefits upon all classes of the people, we will cheerfully acknowledge the great debt we owe to our churches and our schools.

Who can estimate, for example, what we owe to Methodism? Long years ago, before the era of steam engines, telegraphy and electric light, when crude log houses were the fashion, and the school-master boarded round, the Methodist minister, true pioneer as he was, even in settlements the most remote, was always found earnestly endeavouring to gather here and there a few together, and preach to them "all the words of this life."

Accustomed to all the hardships of pioneering days, a complete stranger to the ordinary comforts which perchance surrounded the home of his boyhood, he lived a life of toil and self denial, and ministered faithfully and as best he could to the spiritual wants of his scattered flock.

The informal ministrations of these early days were but as leaven, the mighty fruits of which were not experienced in one generation. As our country grew, as travelling facilities were

from time to time increased, and towns and villages emerged from the forest, so Methodism grew apace, bringing along with it higher spirituality, increased earnestness, and all those good results which follow a deep religious awakening. The acorn of one hundred years ago is now a mighty oak, and the Methodism of to-day in Canada is vigorous, powerful and progressive. Her ministers, appreciating the advantages of a high standard of scholarship, keep abreast with the times, and many of our ablest men are members of its fold.

In closing this brief article, I may appropriately say that, as heretofore, so now, Methodism wins honourable mention in every good work. In philanthropic movements, in social reforms, in all agitations calling for the removal of abuses, we find her adherents, lay and clerical, bravely championing the cause of right.

THE METHODIST REVIVAL.

BY THE REV. ALBERT H. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D.,

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IN response to the request that I should state briefly for publication in the METHODIST MAGAZINE my impressions as to John Wesley and his influence, I would say, that I regard John Wesley as one of the foremost religious leaders of history. He appeared at a time when vital godliness was at a very low ebb in Great Britain and America, and to him far more than to any other man is due the great evangelical revival of the last century that has changed the entire aspect of modern Christian life and thought. When he began zealously to preach the necessity of the new birth, the Established Church, so far as it had not lapsed into Socinian indifferentism, was dominated by a rationalistic High-churchism that looked with the utmost horror upon anything like excitement in religion. High Church mystics, like William Law, were few in number, and their influence cannot have been great. English Presbyterianism had suffered an almost complete lapse into Socinian Unitarianism. The same is true of the General (Arminian) Baptists. The Particular (Calvinistic) Baptists had become so ultra-Calvinistic in their theology as almost to lose evangelical power. Many laid so much stress on the divine sovereignty and on divine predestination and reprobation, as to regard the use of human means for the conversion of sinners as an impertinence. Stagnation was, of course, the result.

Under the influence of the great evangelical movement, of which John Wesley was the inaugurator and in which he was

the central figure, an evangelical party was developed in the Church of England, that has been among the foremost in philanthropic and missionary work during the past hundred years. Under the same influence the New Connexion of General Baptists, rejecting Socinianism and Antinomianism and full of evangelical spirit, was formed. To this movement is also due the supplanting, among the Particular Baptists, of the hyper-Calvinism of Gill and Brine by the Evangelical Calvinism of Andrew Fuller, John Ryland, William Carey and Robert Hall.

So also in America, it was not until after the great awakening under Edwards and Whitefield (which was closely related to the Wesleyan movement in Britain) that the Baptists became a great aggressive religious force. Baptists are greatly indebted to John Wesley. While they regret that he did not return more completely to apostolic doctrine and practice as regards the ordinances and as regards some aspects of doctrine, they are grateful to him for what he was permitted to accomplish for the world's evangelization.

WESLEY.

BY REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

THE Holy Club, devout, a feeble few,
 Like mountain springs, hid from the walks of men ;
 A pulseless night, soft falls the silent dew,
 Springs widen out and flow towards the glen ;
 Where other waters join the trickling tide,
 Which soon, like Wesley's work, expands to rivers wide.

Heart "strangely warmed," brow bathed with living light,
 Soul consecrated to divine employ ;
 Pathways which led through gloom of darkest night,
 He filled with songs full of exultant joy ;
 His trumpet peals, borne by the Spirit's breath,
 Stirred the disjointed bones which paved the vale of death.

Men say, "He died a hundred years ago,"
 Yet like the sun his spirit floods the earth ;
 The mountains flame, the seas are in a glow,
 And everywhere faith finds the second birth ;
 Free grace, free grace ! the banner he unfurled,
 And men who wave it now are stationed round the world.

God-honoured men still wave that banner high,
 God-given banner, white as virgin snow ;
 Free grace, free grace, is blazoned on the sky,
 For each, for all, God's boundless mercies flow ;
 This truth, heaven-born, all peoples hence shall see,
 And Wesley's mission cry ring out eternally !

MESSIANIC PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. DR. CAVEN,

Principal of Knox College, Toronto.

THE prophet of the Bible is one who *speaks for* God, or who *speaks forth* the word of God. (Exodus iv. 14-16; vii 1, 2.) He is inspired to declare the divine will, whether his utterances relate to the past, the present, or the future. Being the spokesman of God, all his words have the authority which his character and commission necessarily imply. Not much light can be thrown on the prophet of Scripture by comparing him with the prophets of the nations. For whilst in some few instances genuine prophecy appears outside covenant limits, the prophets of the heathen are "diviners, soothsayers, charmers, consultants with familiar spirits, wizards, necromancers," etc., to whom it was sinful to give ear. (Deut. xviii. 10-12.) In thus speaking of the heathen prophets the Scriptures do not deny that some true conceptions of God are found in places where the light of revealed truth does not shine.

The term prophecy is properly applied to the communications of the prophet, whether oral or written. By the Jews the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings are classed among the prophecies. Prediction is an important element in prophecy, but is by no means identical with it. In analyzing the prophecies of Scripture we find the following elements at least: (a) Narrative, history, biography; (b) Exposition of divine truth, manifestation of the character and ways of God, preaching; (c) Comfort for the Church and people of God in the midst of their manifold sufferings and trials; (d) Reproof, rebuke, denunciation of wrath upon impenitent transgressors; (e) Hymns or odes in praise of God and in celebration of His mighty deeds; (f) Declaration of things to come. The proportion in which these several elements are present differs in the several prophets, and in many of the prophets the element first named is wanting, or nearly so.

No one is to be blamed for recognizing in prophecy much more than prediction, and for employing the term in a sense wide enough to embrace all that is contained in the prophetic writings. Not in our own day, or in recent times, has the word prophecy been first used in this broader signification. Scripture itself, in places too numerous to need citation, warrants us to speak of prophecy in this comprehensive meaning. Whenever the messenger of God declares the word of the Lord to his fellow-men he "prophesies."

The proper conception of the New Testament prophet seems identical, or nearly so, with that of the Old Testament prophet. In the Epistles prophets appear as giving utterance, in fervid words of inspiration, to those things which the Spirit taught them. "They instruct, comfort, encourage, rebuke, convict, stimulate their hearers." (1 Cor. xiv. 3, 24.) They also foretell future events. (Acts xi. 27; xxi. 10.)

If there are persons to whom it sounds strange to use the term prophecy in this wider meaning, they are only those who have given little attention to the matter, and who are not familiar with the language habitually employed by all schools of interpreters. But in ordinary speech prophecy is more frequently used in the sense of prediction—the announcement of what God will do, whether in mercy or in judgment, in the time to come. He to whom the future is as the present has often made known through His servants what He purposes to do. Not only does He reveal what is coming—what lies entirely beyond the reach of human forecast—but He calls special attention to the fact that He is so doing, and challenges heathen gods to make good their claim to divinity by doing the like. "Let them bring forth, and show us what shall happen: let them show the former things, what they be, that we may consider them, and know the latter end of them; or declare us things for to come. Show the things that are to come hereafter, that we may know that ye are gods. . . . Who hath declared from the beginning, that we may know? and beforetime, that we may say, He is righteous? yea, there is none that showeth, yea, there is none that declareth, yea, there is none that heareth your words." (Isa. xli. 22-26.)

Nothing is clearer than that Scripture contains many predictions concerning individuals, cities, nations, which have literally and in detail received fulfilment. David was hailed king when there was no prospect of his sitting on the throne. It was foretold that David's son should have a peaceful reign and should build the temple. The captivity in Babylon and its duration were announced beforehand. Cyrus was "called by his name," doubtless before he was born. The fate of Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, of Moab, Ethiopia, Egypt, Syria, and of the four great empires of Daniel is most visibly presented; and the correspondence between prediction and event is abundantly attested. Jerusalem and the Jewish people are the subject of so many predictions that it is necessary only to refer to them in proof that God has disclosed the future. The lips of "that prophet" proclaimed the destruction of the holy city, the captivity and long expatriation of its sorrowful children. In fact, no believer in the Bible doubts that it

contains many and clear predictions. To deny prediction is to discredit great part of the canon of Scripture. But we are not here arguing with those who reject prophetic prescience because they reject inspiration, and who regard all predictions which have had apparent fulfilment as either *ex post facto*, or as the sage forecast of men whose keen perception of moral connections and sequences enabled them to anticipate the future.

The Bible is the book of Redemption. Every part of it, from Genesis to Revelation, deals with this great theme. To deliver the history or disclose the fate of nations for purposes of general information is not the design with which the sacred books were written. Accordingly, the Lord Jesus Christ, the Messiah, by whose incarnations and sufferings redemption was achieved, is the central object in Scripture. The person, the work, the kingdom of Christ are ever before us.

In accordance with this fact we might, surely, expect that Christ would be the subject of prophecy, *i.e.*, of prediction. If the entire development of the Old Testament times is a preparation for the advent of the Son of God, it is, *prima facie*, exceedingly improbable that the destinies of cities and kingdoms should be clearly foretold but that prophecy should contain nothing which has direct reference to the coming One—nothing which was intended to present Him to the mind of the reader as an historical person. Nor is it so: “for the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.” It is His testimony not only as setting forth the principles and spirit of His kingdom, but as revealing Himself. Prophecy, both in the more general and the more special meaning, relates to Christ. To the two disciples, on the way to Emmaus, the Lord, “beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.” (Luke xxiv. 27.) Peter, addressing his countrymen at the temple, says: “But those things which God before had showed by the mouth of all His prophets, that Christ should suffer, He hath so fulfilled;” and in his first epistle the same apostle writes: “Of which salvation the prophets have enquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you, searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow;” and again, speaking to Cornelius and his household, the apostle uses these words, “To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.” The meaning of such utterances need not be mistaken. The prophecies relate to Christ, they were intended to point to Him, and they should be understood in this sense.

But the New Testament not only represents Christ in a general, though perfectly definite and intelligible, way as the subject of prophecy, but many events and incidents in the life and in the sufferings of the Lord are represented as the fulfilment of Old Testament prediction. His birth of a virgin and in the town of Bethlehem; the preparation for His ministry by John the Baptist; His residence in the borders of Zebulon and Nephtholim; His healing of the sick; His careful avoidance of all ostentation; His teaching by parables; His triumphant entry into Jerusalem; His betrayal by a professed friend; His desertion by His disciples when He was apprehended; His death, in minute particulars of His sufferings upon the cross; His resurrection and ascension—all are directly contained in the prophetic word. No principle of accommodation will suffice to explain the use to which the New Testament puts the Old Testament in connection with the life and death of the Saviour.

It is not denied that in the formula, "that it might be fulfilled," the New Testament sometimes quotes the Old when fulfilment in the sense of accomplishing what is strictly declared in the passage cited may not be intended. Let the quotations as to the slaughter of the little children at Bethlehem and the infant Saviour's return from Egypt be thus taken, if necessary. But it scarcely needs proof that in most instances, at least, when the Old Testament is represented as "fulfilled" in the sayings, doings and sufferings of Jesus, it is actually meant that prophecy was *intended* to point to Him.

That the Old Testament descriptions of a righteous King and of a holy Sufferer are purely ideal, and do not directly or properly refer to the historic Christ, is a view of prophecy which can by no means be accepted. In the sense that He perfectly embodies the qualities attributed to Him you may call Him an ideal person, but not in the sense that His personality is not real or historical. It is wide of the truth to maintain that when the Old Testament is adduced as "fulfilled" in Christ, the meaning simply is that the Old Testament words find illustration in Him, or that an ideal is realized in Him, but that the passages quoted were not delivered with Him in view, and that the New Testament writer or speaker does not mean so to apply them. The term *fulfil* may certainly be used in this sense, but nothing can be less controvertible than the intention of the New Testament to represent the Jewish Scriptures as setting before us the historical Christ—the Saviour who was born in Bethlehem and died upon the cross on Calvary.

The fundamental error in the view here referred to is that it measures the contents of prophecy by the intelligence of the

prophet. Prophecy, it is alleged, means precisely what the prophet intended; and the prophet, it is assumed, had no knowledge of the real Person—the historical Person—whose advent was the hope of the world. But who, in truth, speaks to us in the prophetic word? Who is properly the author of prophetic writings? Does not the New Testament, as well as the Old, represent prophecy—all Scripture—as the words of the Holy Ghost? “The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost;” and thus “no prophecy is of private interpretation;” *i.e.*, prophecy came not by the prophet's own comprehension or interpretation of the things of which he spake, but of the Spirit's interpretation of them. But if so, the prophecy may greatly transcend the meaning which the prophet, in common with his cotemporaries, saw in his words. To lose sight of this truth is to involve the whole subject in midnight darkness. We all, I am sure, reject a *mechanical* view of inspiration, which makes the sacred writer only a pen in the Spirit's hand and refuses to find in his words any impress of his own mind or personality; but certainly the error which recognizes in prophecy nothing beyond the thought and purpose of the human writer or speaker is by much the more serious one.

There are predictions of a Messianic character which are not to be limited in application to Christ alone. The announcement as to the woman's seed which shall bruise the serpent's head, may well foreshadow the final victory of the Church as well as that of the Church's Head. The prediction in Deuteronomy respecting the Prophet who shall be raised up by the Lord may well promise a succession of true prophets, while its perfect accomplishment is in Him who spake by all the prophets. The great promise to David that his seed should be “established upon his throne for ever” may embrace Solomon and his successors, though according to Luke i. 32, 33, it is Jesus to whom “the Lord God shall give the throne of his father David, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end.” Many Messianic passages are, doubtless, to be understood in the same way. In Isaiah the “servant of Jehovah” is sometimes Israel alone—the Old Testament Church—sometimes the whole Church, sometimes the Messiah in His proper Person, sometimes Messiah and the Church, which is His body. Nor is it strange that it should be so; for the unity of Christ and His Church is so prominent in the New Testament, that it were surprising, indeed, if in the Old Testament, they never appeared in conjunction. But the view now presented is a very different thing from that which would treat such predictions as not

intended to point to an historical Christ in any special sense ; nor can we wonder, indeed (though we express dissent), that in oracles which find their true and complete accomplishment in Him who is "the Son of the Highest," many pious interpreters should be unwilling to see others associated with Him, where they may seem to share His glory.

The view which finds an ideal Messiah only in the Old Testament may, to some extent, be a reaction from an excessive literalism which prevails in certain schools of prophetic interpretation. Prophecy, we well know, is not history written in advance. Its symbolical and mystical characteristics must be recognized. The typical element which runs through the entire Old Testament dispensation and Scriptures may surely be expected to appear in Messianic prophecy. All this should be readily acknowledged. But the remedy for a superficial and mechanical literalism is not found in the hazy and nebulous theory which has no place for a real, an historical, Christ in all the Scriptures which prepared the Church for His coming into the world. Neither the piety nor the scholarship of the Church of God will acquiesce in such a view.

SOULS AND TEMPLES.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that His Spirit dwelleth in you?"—1 COR. iii. 16.

Souls, like pillared temples, rise,
Rise from earth and reach the skies ;
Deep the wide foundations lie,
Hidden far from human eye :
Purpose—infinite and broad,
Hopes eternal laid in God ;
Happy he who hath alone
Christ the sure Foundation Stone.

Souls, like pillared temples, rise
By the toil of enterprise ;
Crude materials, deftly wrought
Into shapely form and thought,
Gathered from the lands afar,
Fashioned with divinest care,
Finished and completed well,
So that God within may dwell.

THE ELMS, Toronto.

Souls, like pillared temples, rise
On the wings of sacrifice :
They, in desert days of old,
Brought their willing gifts of gold ;
We, in later eras, bring
Glad bestowments to our King ;
Love's oblations thus upraise
Souls and temples to His praise.

Souls, like pillared temples, rise,
Whoso buildeth well is wise.
Mortal bodies fade away,
Cities crumble and decay,
Souls and temples skyward climb,
Towering o'er the bonds of time,
Rising upward, glad and free,
Part of God's eternity.

THE REIGN OF ICE.*

WHEN the continent of North America, which had been growing through unnumbered ages by continual annexations of land wrested from the dominion of the sea, had finally attained the dimensions and outline destined to endure through the human era—when the great mountain axes had been uplifted, and the broad river streams were rolling the drainage of the valleys and hill-slopes to the sea—when the horse and the camel, the elephant, the bear, and other quadrupeds, which were to characterize the epoch of man, had assumed their stations on the land—when the atmosphere was populated by birds and insects, which were destined in a coming age to be startled by the presence of a dominant intelligence—when the beech, the tulip-tree, the linden, and the buttonwood had taken their places on the jungle's margin and the highland slope, and the sorrowing willow had begun to weep above the flowing waters of the sedge-bordered stream—when the whole face of Nature seemed fitted and expectant of the crowning work of creation, what should prevent the Divine Artificer from summoning man upon the scene to begin the labour of his earthly life? To a finite intelligence the preparation was complete. To the eye of Omniscience one more revolution was needed. The coming man must tarry without the doors of the temple of life through yet another geological æon.

To this time the evolution of the continent had proceeded by elevations and subsidences of the regions lying in the middle latitudes, the resultant of which movements was the establishment of a vast area of dry land extending over all that portion of North America covered by the temperate zone. The northern regions were still the bed of a vast circumpolar ocean. Now, in turn, the high northern latitudes experience an unwonted uplift. Arctic lands raise high their dripping heads above the temperate waters of the polar zone. The climate of the whole northern hemisphere feels the change. No moving currents can now bear torrid warmth to the frozen sea, and return the colder waters to the equatorial zone. The stable land bears sternly the vicissitudes of the clime, smiling coldly in the slanting rays of a summer's sun, and gloaming darkly beneath the auroral shimmering of arctic midnight. The accumulated cold of years binds all the

*Abridged from "Sketches of Creation," by Prof. Alexander Winchell, LL.D.

While this article was passing through the press Dr. Winchell died at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

northern latitudes in indissoluble bonds of ice. The northern blast bears frost along the vales which had never felt its power. The limpid streams grow torpid, and then rest in a long hibernal sleep. The verdure of forest and plain, touched by the first breath of winter, shrinks away, and the sere and blackened leaf hangs where there had been perennial green. The ponderous tread of the mastodon turns from the withered meadow to the frozen jungle, and the shivering tapir yields himself a victim to the strange rigours of the climate. The snows of many winters are gathered on the slopes of northern America, and the summer's sun suffices but to change them to a bed of porous ice. Glaciers brood over all the land, and Alpine desolation reigns without a rival over half the continent. Such was the fate of the fair vales which had seemed just ready for the occupancy of the human race.

The marks of this stupendous glacier are still visible. As in the glaciers of the Alps, the expansion produced by a summer's warmth would tend to create a motion in the margins of the ice-field. The northern limit was chained by eternal frost to its rocky bed. The southern only was free to move, and the whole expansion would be developed along the southern border. The sliding movement of incalculable tons of ice would plough the soil beneath. Rock-fragments, pebbles, and gravel, frozen in the under surface, were carried forward by the moving mass, while the underlying rocky surfaces were ground away, or polished, or scored in parallel furrows, by the irresistible agency of the glacier.

These phenomena are noticeable all over the Northern States wherever the "bed rock" is exposed to view. The bold shore of the north side of Lake Superior has been extensively carved and modified by this resistless action. The whole surface in many places is smoothed as with a carpenter's plane and sand-paper. The undulations in the surface are scoured as neatly as the level and more prominent portions. There are two principal sets of striæ. One of them extends nearly north and south, the other north-east and south-west. This ice action did not affect the tops of the White Mountains, which rose above the ice surface. Hence the rocks are not water or ice-worn, but have sharp angular edges. The attacks have evidently proceeded from the north. Similar features are things of every-day observation, but people never suspect what mighty and what extraordinary agencies have been employed in producing them. All our low rocky hills and bluffs are similarly pared off upon their summits and northern exposures, while their southern aspects are more rugged. The great glacier has passed over them, striking them from the north,

and grinding down their northerly projections and angularities. These phenomena have been especially studied and illustrated in New England by the lamented Dr. Hitchcock.*

A result of this wide-spread scouring and grinding of the rocks was the accumulation of vast quantities of detritus. From this source comes a large proportion of the pebbles, sand and clay which everywhere underlie the surface-soil, and separate it from the bed-rock—an essential and beneficent provision, as every one knows who has observed the destructive effects of ordinary droughts upon thin soils resting on a rocky basis. Another effect of the great glacier was the destruction of all vegetation over the areas which it invaded. From season to season, and from year to year, the mighty mass marched irresistibly forward, mowing down the forests, crushing tree-trunks, or burying them, with the rubbish of the rocks, from ten to sixty feet beneath the surface. Such buried tree-trunks have thus lain to the present day, and we frequently encounter them in deep excavations for wells. With other relics of the vegetation of the ancient world were necessarily buried the seeds and fruits of the species then in existence.

The great glacier moved onward, unheeding equally rocky knob, and swelling hill, and river gorge. I have stated that from the close of the Carboniferous Age the Northern States were dry land. Rains fell, as now, upon the surface, and nourished the vegetation which had found a foothold. The surplus waters gathered themselves, as now, into streamlets large and small, and these, on their way to the sea, wore river-channels in the surface rocks. Across these rivers, across these gorges, the great glacier strode, ignorant of the obstacles to its movement. It bridged Niagara River, it bridged Long Island Sound, and bathed itself in the mild waters of the ocean beyond. It obliterated river-channels, and dug out new ones. It ploughed anew the country marked off by the feebler agencies of the preceeding epoch. It made a *tabula rasa*, and outlined after a different pattern the topographical and hydrographical features of the Northern States. Many an ancient river-channel has been brought to light by railroad excavations, and more especially by the borings for petroleum that have taken place.

In many instances the general rocky structure of a region has determined the location of the streams through the same valleys as before the work of the glacier; but even here we find the position slightly varied, and in nearly all cases the present channel

* Near the residence of W. H. Beatty, Esq., at Parry Sound, is a fine example. We have seen another, referred to by Lyell, near Halifax, N.S.

is a narrow and shallow one, excavated through the surface of the loose materials which fill the more extensive ancient channel. The ancient gorge of the Niagara River was filled by the obliterating agency of this continental glacier. For ages and ages the river had patiently labored upon this excavation, as it has since done upon the existing one; but the glacier came with its cubic miles of rubbish, and wiped out the trifling furrow, leaving the surface comparatively level, and making it necessary for the river to begin anew its work when the invading glacier had disappeared.

The excavation of lake basins is sometimes attributed to this agency, but these may be partly the result of subsequent aqueous action. It was probably the force which dug the shores of northern seas into their numerous deep and narrow fiords, as can be seen upon the coast of Maine, and the European and Asiatic shores of the Arctic Ocean. It bore southward, over distances of twenty, fifty, and even five hundred miles, fragments of northern rocks, some of which are of enormous magnitude. One in Bradford, Massachusetts, is thirty feet each way, and weighs not less than four and a half millions of pounds. A boulder of jaspery conglomerate, weighing about seven tons, was transported three quarters of a mile by the class of 1862, and mounted upon the campus of the University of Michigan, an imperishable monument to their memory and their enterprise. The native home of this huge mass is the northern shore of Lake Huron, where the formation is found in place, and where I have seen detached and rounded masses weighing probably a hundred tons. These fragments have thus been transported over lakes, sounds and seas. Masses of native copper from Lake Superior are strewn over Wisconsin and Lower Michigan, and have wandered even into Ohio and Indiana; while pebbles of quartz, gneiss, granite, dolerite, and other rocks from the same regions constitute a large proportion of the soil of these States. The streets of Cincinnati are paved with stones which were quarried by the hand of Nature in the region of the Upper Lakes.

Professor Agassiz, to whom we are indebted for the full exposition and application of the glacial theory, thinks he discovers abundant evidences of the former action of glaciers in Brazil; but the presence of rocky *débris*, and even of rounded pebbles that cannot be attributed to shore action, is not enough to establish glacial agency, especially while in the United States we do not recognize it south of the Ohio River. On the contrary, Professor Whitney has recently asserted that the proofs of glacial action are entirely wanting in California, and for some distance north-

ward. The copious accumulations of unsolidified surface materials are attributed to the slow disintegration of the rocks under atmospheric agencies.

Glaciers of almost continental extent still exist on the shores of Greenland, and cover the Antarctic land discovered by the United States Exploring Expedition; also Wrangell Land, very recently discovered by Captain Long in the Arctic Ocean. Perennial ice binds the soil of Northern Siberia, and, as is well known, preserved for many centuries the carcasses of hairy elephants incased in it. There is little difficulty in believing that these high-latitude ice-fields are merely the remnants of glaciers which once extended many degrees farther toward the south.*

The manacles of ice were loosened by the genius of a geological springtime. Next in the order of vicissitude was a grand continental subsidence. Vast areas of Northern America, that had been raised to the altitude of perpetual snow, were gradually lowered to the ocean's level. Again the interchange of equatorial and polar temperatures was effected by the moving sea-currents, and the climate of summer smiled over the desolate empire of frost. The rocky glacier yielded to the touch of warmth, and a myriad streams leaped from the bosom of the snow. Each ice-cold rill united with its fellow, and a deluge of waters set out on their journey to the sea. They wound their way across the future States of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, to the Gulf. They bore forward a freight of sediments selected from the rubbish bequeathed by the dying glacier, and strewed it over the States that had not been visited by the beneficent action of the ice. Thus the Gulf States and the middle-latitude States shared with the northern regions the materials prepared to serve as the basis of soils in the coming age of thought and industry.

These myriad streamlets were, however, unable to bear forward the boulders which had been carried by the ice to the borders of the Southern States. And hence it is that, south of the Ohio, "cobble-stones" are sought in vain. The soil and subsoil possess a degree of fineness and homogeneousness not characteristic of the surface deposits of the Northern States. In the earlier portion of the epoch of thaw and floods, the power of the waters was sufficient to move pebbles of the size of a pigeon's egg. These pebbles may be traced all the way to the Gulf of Mexico; but their normal position is always in the deeper portions of the superficial

*In Alaska also the action of these glaciers is still in progress, and the breaking icebergs can be seen when the bergs break off the front of the glacier.

accumulations. When the power of the transporting currents grew feebler, they bore forward only the finer sands and aluminous sediments which repose generally upon the surface of the Southern States.

The rushing torrents born of the dissolving glacier busied themselves also with the work of excavation. Many an existing valley and river course was determined by the active erosions of this epoch. Many a cut through the rocky ribs of mountains had now to be executed to make way for the escape of imprisoned waters. Many a broad and rock-floored valley became filled, and converted into an alluvial plain, by the rubbish which the torrent deposited in its quieter mood. Many a basin was now scooped out which, in the next epoch, became a lake of standing water. The basins of all the larger lakes that have been excavated by erosive action conform in their longitudinal extent to the strike of the underlying formations.

The influence of these vast inland accumulations of fresh water upon the comfort and happiness of man is strikingly beneficent and providential. They serve as equalizers of summer and winter temperatures. In winter they may be regarded as vast reservoirs of warmth—great natural stoves or heaters, which continue to impart their warmth to the frigid winds that move over them, and thus transfer their influence to the contiguous lands. This is a provision which, till very recently, has been overlooked. It has been well understood that the Atlantic ameliorates the climate of Western Europe, and the Pacific that of Western America. I have had occasion to ascertain that a similar influence is exerted by the great lakes, and to an extent which is far more than proportional to their volume, as compared with one of the oceans.

Lake Michigan is a body of water three hundred miles long, sixty miles wide, and eight hundred feet deep. The bottom is warmed by the internal fires of the earth. The water stands at least fifteen degrees above the mean temperature of the year in the same latitude. But, even without this warming influence, the mean of the climate is considerably above the freezing point, and the cold of winter does not suffice to depress so large a body of water to thirty-two degrees. The lake, therefore, never sinks below thirty-eight or forty degrees. The bitter westerly winds, consequently, in sweeping across the lake, experience a material softening before they strike the Michigan side. It is worthy of note that, throughout the North-west, the severest winter winds come from the west and south-west. It is for this reason that the eastern shores of the great lakes are more benefited than the western.

The Canadian region, along the eastern shore of Lake Huron, enjoys a winter climate similarly exempt from destructive extremes. The influence of these lakes is sensibly felt even along their southern shores. The region south of Lake Ontario has long been celebrated for its fruits, while the southern shore of Lake Erie has been proven one of the best grape-producing districts of the world.

Such, then, are some of the beneficent results of an incident of the epoch of the dissolution of the glacier. The ice was rapidly melted; torrents sprang into existence, and scooped out lake basins; these became filled with waters which, besides subserving the interests of navigation, exert, perhaps, a more beneficial influence in ameliorating the condition of man in the centre of the continent.

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

BY ANNIE E. LYDDON.

BUILD now the house wherein thy soul would dwell
When sunny days are past ;
Do now the gracious work, the message tell,
Whose memory sweet shall last.

Heed well the moments as they speed away
In time's mysterious flight,
Fill up with golden deeds the golden clay
Ere fall the shades of night.

And when the sorrows of a world in pain
Fall heavy on thy heart,
When fades life's brightness, then of joy again
Thou yet shalt hold a part.

And when thy darkened eyes no more behold
The glory of the light,
Then shall a purer radiance thee enfold
To bless thy failing sight.

And when to thy dulled ear earth's voices wane,
And singing birds grow dumb,
Then angel harmonies with sweet refrain
Shall to thy spirit come.

For the veiled past shall show a smiling face,
And blessing shall not cease ;
To all who work the works of truth and grace,
Life's memories shall bring peace !

ALL HE KNEW.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

CHAPTER VI.

TOM was not the only juvenile member of the family who was in need of reformation. Mary, little Mary, not far beyond twelve years of age, demanded money to replenish her own wardrobe.

"Mary," said her father, "we're poor; we can't afford fancy fixin's. This ain't very cold weather; you've good enough clothes on you to keep you warm; what d'you want o' somethin' else?"

"What do I want o' somethin' else?" echoed the child, going to the door and tossing an imitation doll into the ash-heap. "Why, I want better clothes, so's the fellers about town 'll pay some 'tention to me, like they do to sister Jane."

"Does the fellers around town pay attention to your sister Jane?"

"Why, of course they do," said little Mary, entirely unable to translate the gaze which her father bent upon her. "Jane never gets through her work at the hotel before there's a lot o' fellers hangin' round the door, and wantin' to see her, an' takin' her out to get ice-cream, or sody-water, or to go to the circus, if there's one in town, or to go to the dramatic representation—that's what they call it on the bills—if there happens to be one in the village that night."

"Wife," said Sam, turning to his helpmeet, "what wages does Jane get?"

"Six dollars a month," said the wife.

"Does she bring any of it home? Does the family get the good of any of it?"

"Not one cent," said Mrs. Kimper, with a pitiful whine; "she says she has to wear decent clothes at the hotel, or they won't keep her there any more."

Sam Kimper stayed awake all that night, although his manners to his family were those of a staid and respectable citizen who had nothing upon his mind but the ordinary duties of the day.

Nevertheless he was out and about soon after breakfast, and he wandered through every street of the village in which any business was being done. Again and again he asked for work, and exactly as often the offer was refused, or declined, or relegated into the uncertain future as to a decision. The surplus in his pocket had grown lamentably small. As he made his way homeward in a physical and mental condition which made it impossible for him to either argue to himself or to express a sense of hope to any extent, he passed the shop of Larry Highgetty. Larry was a shoemaker. Sam had worked at shoemaking while he was at State prison. He felt, although Larry might have felt offended at

the imputation, that there ought to be a fellow-feeling between them; so he ventured into the shop. Larry was sitting at his bench with a lady's shoe in one hand and with his head leaning against the wall of the room.

From the stertorous noise which escaped his nostrils it was quite evident that he was asleep, and an odour which filled the room left the visitor in no doubt as to the nature of the opiate which had induced Larry's midday nap.

"You seem to be takin' business very easy, Mr. Highgetty," said Sam, with an apologetic air, as he closed the door behind him, and Larry awoke. "Pay must be gettin' better."

"Better," said Larry, rubbing his eyes, "I don't want it to be any better than it is now. Besides people comin' in all the time faster than I can 'tend to 'em. Ev'rybody wants his work done first, and is willin' to pay extra price to get it. Better, is it? Well, yes; I should say that no such luck has struck shoemakers in this town in a long while."

"You haven't half finished what you're on now, Larry," said Sam, taking the shoe from the cobbler's hand and looking at it.

"That isn't all of it," said the cobbler, with a maudlin wink at his visitor, "I don't know when I'll have it finished if I keep on feelin' as I do now. It's pretty tough, too, bekase that shoe belongs to Mrs. Judge Prency, an' she's comin' for it this afternoon, but I'm that sleepy that ——" Larry's head gently sought the wall again.

"An' a very good woman she is, Larry. Brace up, my boy, and finish your work."

"Eh? Say brace up to somebody that's not got anythin' in him to brace down. She kin wait for her shoe while I'm havin' my aise and forgettin' all about work."

"When did you promise the shoe to her?" asked Sam.

"Oh, some time this afternoon," said Larry, "and she hasn't come in here yet. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, you know the good book says, Sam. Maybe she won't come in till to-morrow; she's a busy woman, nobody knows where she's goin' or what she's doin' throughout the day, and to tell you the truth, I thought to myself I'd shut up the shop and go home, so if she came there'd not be anybody left here to tell a loie about it."

"Well, Larry, wouldn't it do just as well if there was somebody here to tell the truth about it?"

"Oh! there now, Sam," said the shoemaker, rallying himself for an instant, "they tould me that you was converted in gaol, an' that sounds a good deal like it. Now, Sam, I want to tell ye if ye want to argy on the subject of the truth, or any other of the moral sentiments, with any man whatsoever, you don't want to come to a shoemaker's shop and find a fellow who's just had three drinks at somebody else's expense. Now, go 'way—come round here to-morrow, when I'm sober, an' I'll own up to everything you say, no matter what it is."

"That won't get Mrs. Prency her shoes," said Sam. "Go home

and go to bed and let me finish that shoe in your hand, and if she comes here, it'll be ready for her; and if she don't, you won't have anything on your conscience—not so far as she's concerned."

The cobbler took possession of himself with a tremendous effort, and looked sharply from his bleared eyes for an instant, as he said: "An' what do you know about shoemaking?"

"As much as two years in a State prison could learn me, Larry, though I don't think you need have asked me that question."

"It's all right, my boy, I take it back, and if ever I'm sent to State prison meself you may ask it of me ten times over; that's the Bible rule, I believe. Now I'll go home to my wife and fam'ly, and if you choose to finish that shoe and stay here until Mrs. Judge Prency comes in to get it, why you're quite welcome to do the work an' keep the pay; I tould her fifty cents."

Sam began work upon the bit of repairing which he had taken from the shoemaker's hands, and although it was not of the routine nature which all of his gaol work had placed in his hands, he knew enough of the requirements of an ordinary shoe to do what was necessary. While he was working the room suddenly darkened, and as he looked up he saw Mrs. Judge Prency.

"Why, it's Mr. Kimper! Are you working here?"

"Only to finish a job that was promised for this afternoon, Mrs. Prency."

"Where's Larry?"

"He felt very badly," said Sam, "and he wanted to go home, and I promised to finish his work for him. I believe this is your job, ma'am," said he, holding the shoe up in the air for an instant.

"Yes," said the judge's wife, "I will sit down for a moment, if you will allow me, while you finish it."

"Certainly, ma'am," said Sam, plying the needle and awl vigorously. He looked up only for a second at a time during the next few moments, but what he saw impressed him very favourably. Like any other woman of good health, good character, and good principles, she was a pleasing object to look upon, and the ex-convict looked upon her as often as he dared, with undisguised and respectful admiration. But suddenly the uplifting of his eyes was stopped by a remark from the lady herself, as she said:

"Sam—Mr. Kimper, I've heard some remarks about your speech at the experience meeting the other night. You know I was there myself; you remember I spoke to you as you came out?"

"Mrs. Prency, I know it; and that isn't all; I'll remember it just as long as I live. I'd rather have been the dyin' thief on the cross than said what I said in that church that night, but I was asked to do it, and the more I thought about it the more I thought I couldn't say 'no.' But I didn't know what else to say."

"You did quite right, Mr. Kimper; you spoke like a real, true, honest man. If it's any comfort to know it, I can tell you that my husband, the judge, thinks as I do. I told him what you said, I remember it all, word for word, and he said to me—these are

exactly his words: 'I believe that he is an honest man, and that he's going to remain an honest man.'

Sam bent over the shoe a little closer, and said, in a faint voice, as if he were talking to himself: "What Judge Prency says about human nature ort to be true. If there's any other man in this country that's had more opportunities of knowin' all about it, I don't know who he can be."

There was silence for a moment or two. Sam quickened his labours upon the shoe, and the lady bent her gaze closely upon the shoemaker. At last she said: "Mr. Kimper, don't mistake the meaning of what I'm going to ask you. I am a member of the church myself, and I have as hearty an interest in you and sympathy for you as the best friend you have. But I want to ask you one thing, merely out of curiosity. Has any one questioned you since about what you said that evening?"

"Nobody but Deacon Quickset, ma'am."

"Eh? Deacon Quickset? Did he say anything that annoyed you in any way?"

"I can't say that he did, ma'am, though he kind o' filled my mind with doubts and gave me a sort o' sleepless evenin'."

"I'm very sorry for that. There's some one else who may trouble you somewhat, and I'm sorry to say that if he does I shall be to blame for it. He is a young lawyer. His name is Reynolds Bartram."

"I know him, ma'am; at least, I know him by sight. He's of very good stock, ma'am. His folks have been in this country a long time, from what I have heered, off an' on."

"Very true," said Mrs. Prency, "but he has peculiar views, and when he hears of any one who believes—believes in religion as you do—he is quite likely to come and ask a great many questions."

"Well, ma'am, if he comes in on me anywhere, an' asks any questions, an' they're on the subject I talked about that night at the church meetin', why, I'll say anythin' I know and everythin' I believe; an' if he says anythin' on the other side, why, all I've got to say is, he can't change my mind the least bit."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," said Mrs. Prency. "Ah, is the shoe done, entirely done? Good. Very much obliged. It's quite as good as Mr. Highgetty himself could have done. Fifty cents, I believe? Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite satisfactory, ma'am," said the substitute, as he rose from his bench and removed his hat, which had been on his head during the interview. Mrs. Prency started toward the door, but stopped suddenly and turned back.

"Mr. Kimper, the young man, Mr. Bartram, of whom I spoke to you; I really believe he is inclined to come and talk to you, and perhaps talk a great deal about what you seem to believe very sincerely and what he doesn't believe at all. I hope that you won't change your mind in any respect by anything that can be said to you by a person of that kind or by any person whatever!"

"Mrs. Prency," said the cobbler's substitute, taking his hat from the bench on which he had placed it, and circling it in his hand, as if he were endeavouring to stimulate his mental faculties, "whatever I believe on that subject, I'm goin' to stick to, an' nobody, not even if he is the best lawyer in the county, or your husband himself, or the judge o' the biggest Court in the United States, is goin' to change my mind about it."

"Thank you, Mr. Kimper, I might have known that much from what I heard during your remarks the other night. I only wanted to say to you that Mr. Bartram is a very smart talker. Good day, Mr. Kimper."

"Good day, ma'am," said the ex-convict.

He stood in the dingy shop looking out of the window at the retreating form of the lady, and then at the gathering clouds over the evening sunset, and at the houses on the opposite side of the street, apparently that he might divert his mind from something. Then he looked at the coin which he had received for the work, as if it were an amulet or charm.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by the appearance on the other side of the street of a very pretty young woman, accompanied by a young man in faultless attire, and of very fine bearing.

"Well, well," said the ex-convict, "I wonder if that's what it means. That's Bartram himself, as sure as I'm born, and with him is Mrs. Prency's only daughter and only child. Well, well!"

CHAPTER VII.

As the summer lengthened into early autumn Sam Kimper became more and more troubled by the necessities of his family. He had been working day after day in the shop of his acquaintance, the shoemaker, where there was work enough for two, and earned enough to pay for the plainest food. But casual pay was not sufficient for all the necessities of a family as large as that for which Sam was responsible, particularly as the return of the head of the family had reminded every one, from the mother down to the youngest child, except the baby, of a number of needs, of which no one even seemed to have thought before.

Mrs. Kimper herself, who was a feeble creature at best, shivered at every wind that penetrated the broken windows, and insisted that unless she had some warm clothing very soon she would fall into a decline. Tom, who had not yet got his growth, was protruding physically from the ends of his shirts and trousers, and assured his father that he never again could get into his last winter's jacket without subjecting himself to a series of remarks by the boys in the town, which would make him feel very uncomfortable. Billy, who had gone barefooted all summer, as was the custom with the boys in town, came home late one even-

ing and announced triumphantly: "Dad, you needn't bother yourself about me any more about shoes, I've got a pair. See here!"

The head of the family took the new shoes into his hand and examined them. Then he dropped them with a sort of shiver, for they were of a well-remembered pattern—that upon which he had worked for two years in the penitentiary.

"How did you get them, Billy?" the father asked at length.

"Oh, I found 'em," said the boy with a wink at his elder brother, a wink which was returned to him in the shape of an evil leer.

"Found 'em! Where? Tell me all about it," said the father very sharply and sternly, for he remembered a time when he "found" things himself.

Billy looked appealingly at his brother Tom, but the elder brother put on a hang-dog look and sauntered out of the room, and was afterwards seen disappearing rapidly through the back-yard.

"Well," said Billy at last, with the air of a man who was entirely unbosoming himself, "I'll tell you how it was, dad. Down at Price's store there's a long string of shoes out at the door. They use them as a sign, don't you know?"

"Yes," said the father, carelessly, "I've seen such signs. Go on!"

"Well, I need shoes awfully, you know, and I've been tellin' the mother about it for a week or ten days, and she said she was tellin' you. But my feet gets awful cold late at nights and early in the mornings. And I didn't want to bother you, knowin' that you hadn't any money to spare, 'cause the mother told me 'bout that too, an' cried about it. Well, it blowed like ev'rythin' this afternoon, as I was goin' towards Price's, an' that string o' shoes just wheeled around like a kite tail, an' at last the bottom pair flew off into the street. An' I picked 'em up."

"Findin's is keepin's," said Mrs. Fimper.

"Give me them shoes, my boy," said the ex-convict.

"You're goin' to take 'em away from me? Have I got to have cold feet some more?" said Billy, appealingly.

Sam thrust his hand into his trousers pocket, took out a very thin wad of green paper, looked at it, and finally said: "I s'pose not." Nevertheless, he and the shoes disappeared from the house. In a short time Mr. Price, the owner of one of the village stores, received a call from the ex-convict, who said:

"Mr. Price, one o' my boys found a pair o' shoes in the street in front of your store this afternoon durin' the hard blow, an' as they just fitted him I came round to pay you for them. How much are they?"

Several men were standing about the stove in Price's store, the fire having been just begun for the autumn and winter season, and, as they heard Sam's remark, one of them uttered a long combination of word and whistle that sounded very much like whew-w! Sam turned, quickly recognized the man as one whom he knew was not over-honest, and said: "When you pay

for everythin' you get it'll be time to make fun of somebody else. But, Mr. Price, what I asked you was, what's the price of them shoes?"

The storekeeper was so astonished at such a question from a member of the Kimper family that, looking at shoes of the same quality, which were lying in a box behind the counter, he actually mistook the cost mark for the selling price, and replied, "Only a dollar and a quarter, Mr. Kimper." Sam laid down the money, received some change and departed, while the men who were lounging about the stove began an active conversation as to whether that man was the fool he looked, or whether he was not perhaps a regular sharper, whose natural abilities and inclinations had been cultivated during the two years he was in the State prison. They understood, these evening loafers, that prisons were nominally for the purpose of reforming criminals, but they had known a great many criminals themselves, and their astonishment at seeing one who apparently desired to do better than in his past life, and to make amends for the misdeeds of his family, was so great that the conversation which ensued after the exit of the ex-convict was very fragmentary and not at all to the point.

The next morning Sam appeared bright and early at the shoe shop of Larry Highgetty. He had made an arrangement with the cobbler to do whatever work might be assigned him, and to accept as full payment one-half of the money which would be charged, most of it being for repairs. As near as he could discover by a close questioning of the proprietor of the establishment, the entire receipts did not exceed two dollars per day, and the owner had so few responsibilities and so much surplus, that he would be quite glad if he might lounge at one or other of the local places of entertainment while some one else should do the work and keep the establishment open. Consequently, Sam went to the work with great energy, and little by little nearly all the work came to be done by him.

He had hammered away for a few minutes on a sole to be placed on the bottom of a well-worn shoe belonging to a working-man, when a new customer entered the shop. Sam looked up at him, and saw Reynolds Bartram. He offered a short, spasmodic, disjointed prayer to heaven, for he remembered what the judge's wife had said, and he had known Reynolds Bartram as a young man of keen wit and high standing as a debater in the local literary society, before Sam's enforced retirement; now he knew Bartram had become a lawyer.

"Well, Sam," said Bartram, as he seated himself in the only chair and proceeded to eye the new cobbler, while the blows of the hammer struck the sole more rapidly and vigorously than before—"well, Sam, I understand that you have been turning things upside down, and instead of coming out of the penitentiary a great deal worse man than when you went in, as most other men do, you have been converted."

"That's my understandin' of it, Mr. Bartram," said the convict, continuing his inflictions upon the bit of leather.

"Sam," said Bartram, "I am a man of business, and I suppose you are from what I see you doing. I wish to make you a proposition; I will pay you cash for two or three hours' time if you will tell me, so that I can understand it, what being converted really amounts to."

The new cobbler did not cease an instant his attention to the work in his hand. He merely said: "Mr. Bartram, you're a very smart man, and I'm a very stupid one. If there's a stupider man in the town the democratic local committee has never yet been able to find him. You want to know what bein' converted means? You'd better go to Deacon Quickset, or the minister of some one of the churches hereabouts. I can't explain anythin', I don't know anythin' but what I feel myself, an' the more I feel it the more I don't know how to talk about it. Deacon Quickset says it don't 'mount to much. I suppose it don't to him, he bein' so much smarter than me. But so far as it goes, I can't be paid for talkin' about it. It didn't cost *me* nothin'."

This was not what the visitor had expected; nevertheless it is a lawyer's business to know more than one way of putting a thing.

"See here, Sam; I need a new pair of shoes, soft leather, thin soles, good cut. Do you suppose you know how to measure me for them?"

"Well, I guess I've found out that much, Mr. Bartram."

"Go ahead, then; don't let me interfere with the measurement, but I want to ask you some questions; tell me what you can as you go along. You've been converted, they say, and you say so, too."

"Yes, sir," said Sam, dropping the tape-line for a moment, "what other people say I'm not responsible for, but I say it myself that I'm a different man. That's all I can say, Mr. Bartram; and as I said before, if you want to know more, you'd better ask somebody that's been in that sort of life longer than I have."

"Nonsense, Sam; you are too modest. As they say in churches, the newest convert has the strongest opinions. Now, you know what my business is. Stronger opinions amount to everything in the legal business. And so I have come to you, just as squarely as I could go to any man in the world about anything else that he understood, to ask you out and out what you know about this new life that you are said to be leading now. Tell it to me, out and out. Don't be afraid to keep back anything. Take all the time you like to it. If you can't say just what you want to, just put it just as clearly as you can. I didn't come in to worry you. Remember that I really want some distinct information on the subject."

Sam looked up keenly, and said: "Mr. Bartram, are you in earnest?"

"Sam Kimper," said the young lawyer, "if I were not in earnest, do you suppose I'd come into this shop during the busi-

ness hours of the day, and ask questions of this kind, when there are plenty of other people I could go to and get some information I want and perhaps a good deal more? No, sir; I have come here to ask you and because I thought that whatever you could say, you would say in the fewest possible words, and say it right to the point."

"But, Mr. Bartram, I'm not used to talkin' to lawyers. I never talked to any but once, you know, and then I don't think they had very much respect for what I said. I wasn't in a fix where anybody could have any respect for me."

"This hasn't anything to do with those times," said the lawyer. "A friend of yours who is a friend of mine, has told me that you talked very straightforward and honestly on this subject a few nights ago. Now, I don't mind saying to you that, according to what the people who are most prominent in the church say, I'm a pretty hard character. Therefore, whatever you have got to say you needn't be afraid to put very plainly to me. I simply want to know about myself, that's all."

"Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler, "as I've already said, you could a good deal better talk to somebody else. But, seein' you've come to me, I've only this to say to you, and I hope you can make somethin' out of it, because I give you my word I've made more out of it than ever I did out of anything else on the face of the earth. I went to gaol for stealin'. I hadn't ever been an honest man in my life. The only reason I hadn't been in gaol all my life was that I hadn't been caught. At last I was caught, an' I was sent up, an' I don't mind sayin' that I think my sentence was mighty light considerin' all the heavy mischief that I'd done durin' my life. While I was in gaol I was talked to by a man that used to come through there to talk to the prisoners on Sundays. An' about all he said to me was to read me a lot o' things that Jesus Christ said when He was alive in this world, and told me to go ahead an' do all them things just as well as I know'd how to, an' if I did 'em all well as far as I could, I'd find out a good deal more in the course of time."

"Go on," said the lawyer.

"I haven't anything to go on with, Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler, "except that I took his advice and ain't ever been sorry for it, an' wish I'd got it a good deal sooner. When there comes a time when I get a chance to do somethin' wrong an' make somethin' by it, I don't do it, although there was a time when I would have done it. I don't keep from doin' it for anything that I can make, 'cause I always go home a good deal worse off than I might have been. I hope you get something out of what I'm telling you, Mr. Bartram?"

"But, Sam, my dear fellow," said the young man, "all this doesn't mean anything; that is, so far as religion goes. You are simply trying to live right whereas you used to live wrong. Haven't you learned any more than that?"

"Well, Mr. Bartram," said Sam, ceasing to jot down measure-

ments, and looking at his stubby pencil as if he had a question to ask, "that's all I've learned. And I suppose you bein' the kind o' man you are—that is, well born and well brought up, plenty o' money, and never done nothin' wrong that you know of, I s'pose that don't seem much to you—but I tell you, Mr. Bartram, it's a complete upset to my old life, an' it's such a big one that I've not been able to get any further since, and I don't mind talkin' honestly to any fellow-man that talks about it to me. I don't mind sayin' honestly that it's so much more than I'm equal to living up to yet that I haven't had any time to think about goin' any further along. See here, Mr. Bartram, can you tell me something I can do beside that?"

"Why, Sam," said the lawyer, "that's an odd question to ask me. I have seen you in church frequently since you were first a young man, ten years older than I. You have been told frequently what else you ought to do, and what I came in particular to ask you was as to how far you've done it, or been able to do it, or were trying to do it."

"You come to the wrong shop, then, Mr. Bartram," said the cobbler. "When a man's been livin' wrong all his life and has had something put into him to make him feel like turning round and livin' right, the change that's gone on in him is so big that it'll take him about half a lifetime to get where he can think about anything else."

"Pshaw!" said the lawyer. Then he left the room, and closed the door with a crash that caused the new cobbler to look up apprehensively.

THE THROSTLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"SUMMER is coming, summer is coming,"
 I know it, I know it, I know it.
 Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
 Yes, my wild little poet.

Sing the New Year in under the blue,
 Last year you sang it as gladly.

"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
 That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
 Never a prophet so crazy;
 And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
 See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year,"
 O warble, unbidden, unbidden.
 Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
 And all the winters are hidden.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

John Wesley's last sermon was preached at Leatherhead, in Surrey. It is a small town, but it intends to commemorate the event during the centennial year by building a \$5,000 church.

Respecting a station in the Transvaal, Africa, a missionary writes: "Our native work is going on splendidly. This year we have built a neat brick church, at a cost of about \$1,800, the building completely out of debt, and the ordinary circuit income has largely increased."

There is a native church at Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, where every Sabbath four languages are used, viz., English, Dutch, Sesuto and Zulu.

Fiji is said to be swarming with French priests and nuns, who are twice as numerous as the European agents of Methodism, though their adherents are but few. The proposal to reduce the missionary staff is, in the face of this fact, being strongly opposed by the native ministry. The Rev. F. Langham is making good progress with the revised Fijian Bible.

A house has been rented in London, and a superintendent appointed in connection with the deaconess movement.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Rev. H. T. Marshall has been appointed to attend the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in America in October.

Mr. Councillor Baker, of Wolverhampton, has fitted up a large adult school-room for men and women. The school has been in existence for some time and has done much good.

Rev. J. E. Ratcliffe preached the last of the reopening services of Dukinfield chapel, when the total collections amounted to \$1,757.25.

There has been an increase of eleven Bands of Hope, making 288 now associated with the Union and 234 in membership, bringing that up to 34,985.

BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONNEXION.

A special mission has been held at Blackburn, which produced great good. The pastor, the Rev. W. Treffry, said that there were conversions almost every night.

During a three weeks' meeting at Gorey, in Jersey Circuit, twenty-one persons professed conversion.

Revivals are also reported in other places, so that in the island of Jersey there have been several accessions made to the Church.

Cheering intelligence has been received from Queensland. An additional missionary has been appointed. The friends believe that there is a bright future for the denomination in that colony.

There are now eleven lay evangelists at work in the United Methodist Churches under the care of the Rev. A. Jones, Secretary of the Evangelist scheme. A sister has also been added to the list, and the Secretary hopes to open a training home for female evangelists.

PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

Several favourable omens are reported. 1. Smaller districts and more compact circuits are recommended. 2. Ministers' salaries are being increased. 3. Overburdened trusts are greatly reduced. Efforts are being made to raise \$250,000 for the latter object.

The Evangelists' Home has thirty-one young men under its care. They have had great success.

The Zambesi mission party endured much suffering in the last stage of their journey, principally from lack of water.

What think our readers of the following, which we have taken from an English journal: "Mrs. Mary Devlin recently died, in her ninetieth year, at the *Nothallerton* (Yorkshire) *Workhouse*. She was the widow of a well-known Primitive Methodist minister who died in that town more than fifty years ago. For many years she acted as local preacher and class-leader. When eighty years of age she preached a funeral sermon." The present writer (E. B.) knew Mrs. Devlin. She was a class-leader on a circuit which he travelled forty years ago. Little did he know that the dear old woman would die in such a place, and yet there are those who oppose the Superannuation Fund.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Fully thirty Methodist Episcopal churches are dedicated every week. How great a work is this! In imagination just stretch them along your road week by week, month after month, year in and year out, thirty a week, 1,560 a year.

There are sixteen Deaconess Homes already established in this Church.

To the New York *Independent* we are indebted for an annual exhibit of the strength of the several churches in the United States. The estimated aggregate of the membership of the Christian denominations is put at 22,000,000, an increase of nearly a million a year. Of the Protestant denominations the Methodists are credited with the largest gain, 256,359. Baptist branches make 213,702. Presbyterians show an increase of 48,899, and the two Episcopalian Churches 9,466.

The auditorium of the recently dedicated Calvary Church, New York, will hold more people than the audience-room of any other Protestant church in the city.

Bishop Newman was the first Methodist Bishop to set foot in Honolulu. He made a tour of the churches the Sunday morning he arrived, and preached at night.

Bishop Mallalieu says, "The whole land lies along the overhang-

ing edge of a mighty shower of grace."

Bishop Vincent is described as an inventive genius along educational lines, and will be as noted in this direction as Edison in his particular sphere.

The Missionary Training Institute, conducted by the Rev. W. B. Osborn and his wife, in Brooklyn, has among its pupils Chinese, Japanese, Swedes, Swiss, Danes, Germans, Persians, Scotch, English, Irish, Canadians, and Americans. Arrangements are made for teaching some ten languages other than English and Latin.

The Rev. E. R. Young proposes to deliver some lectures on the Indians on behalf of this Training Institute.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Bishop Keener, senior Bishop, has sent \$500 to the Rev. D. J. Waller, D.D., on behalf of the Church, to place a column in City Road Chapel.

A layman of the Western Virginia Conference agrees to give \$100 every year as long as he lives to the worn-out preachers and their widows and orphans. Others are expected to follow his example.

The Church has adopted the Epworth League as its denominational young people's society. The young people of the two Methodist Episcopal Churches and the Methodist Church of Canada are now enlisted under one denominational banner, a mighty host.

There are eighteen sects of Methodism in the United States, with a total membership of 4,747,130.

THE WESLEY CENTENNIAL.

This remarkable event, so dear to all Methodists throughout the world, has been celebrated in a manner highly creditable. The Parent Body has especially honoured the event. A week's services were held in City Road Chapel, the Cathedral of Methodism, in which not only Wesleyan ministers took part, but representatives of other branches of Methodism, as well as Congregational and Church of England clergymen, nobly hon-

oured the father and founder of Methodism.

A noble statue of John Wesley was unveiled, and Canon Farrar made an eloquent address on the occasion.

Throughout the Dominion of Canada a double centennial was held, inasmuch as the hundredth anniversary of Methodism in Canada occurred in the month which dates the centenary of John Wesley's death. Toronto held several centennial services, commencing with a memorable one in the Metropolitan Church, which was crowded with the Methodists of the Queen City. Other cities, as well as towns and villages, honoured themselves by honouring the event. The Maritime Provinces, equally with those in the west, observed the day with suitable services. A sufficient sum of money will be contributed to place a memorial pillar in City Road Chapel, which will bear the name of Canada. It was intended that the pillar should be of Canadian granite. Dr. Potts is treasurer for the fund. At the meeting in Hamilton, Senator Sanford intimated that he had arranged to have a memorial window placed in City Road Chapel. It will contain the portraits of Ryerson, Ferrier, McDougall and Edward Jackson. The Methodists of Canada will feel grateful to the Hon. Senator Sanford for such an act of generosity.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The evangelists, Crossley and Hunter, were very successful in their recent campaign in Manitoba, and have now gone to the Pacific Coast, where there are many open doors waiting to receive them.

It is gratifying to read of the onward movements that are taking place in various portions of the Dominion.

The Rev. C. H. Yatman and Mrs. Kress have held a successful series of meetings in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. Miss Dimsdale and her musical sister have seen many conversions at Aurora.

Mr. Schiverea was engaged at Whitby a few weeks, and witnessed a marvellous work of grace. His after-

noon Bible Readings were very instructive and edifying, and his meetings for "men only" were thrilling.

In Montreal West a good work is progressing among the French. The day and Sabbath-school has an attendance of between sixty and seventy. Some of the converts experience much persecution. One old lady went to the house of her daughter, and tried every way she could to bring her and her husband back to the Church of Rome, but to no purpose. The old lady cursed her daughter and said she should never enter her door again. The daughter threw herself on her mother's neck weeping, and said, "Dear mother, Jesus says, 'Who-soever loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.'" The scene was affecting, but it induced the father to join the little band. He now attends the mission church regularly.

Encouraging reports come from Japan. A missionary writes thus respecting Nagano, which is to be his future field, "It is the most fascinating city I have ever visited. It has one of the most popular temples in Japan, and is probably the most thoroughly Buddhist city in the empire, visited yearly by thousands of pilgrims from every part of the country. They come into town, drag themselves up the hill to the cliff on which the great temple is built, fall down on the mats before the altar, and there remain, eating, drinking, sleeping, praying and joking till they are in some measure rested. As I saw it a few weeks ago for the first time, the magnificence of the temple and grounds, the scores of priests and hundreds of worshippers, the whole city given over to heathenism, I felt the majesty and power of our King more I think than ever before."

THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. James Caughey, the well-known evangelist for so many years both in England and America, finished his course January 30th, aged 81 years. For about twenty years he

lived in retirement, as his health was greatly impaired. How many hundreds of spiritual children were the fruit of his labours in all places where he toiled for the Master.

Rev. Wm. Evans, the oldest minister in the Calvinistic Methodist Church, died in February, at the great age of 96. He was in the ministry seventy-three years. He was known as the Silver Bell of South Wales.

The Irish Methodist Conference mourns the death of the Rev. J. W. McKay, D.D., at the ripe age of seventy-one. For eleven years he was Principal of Belfast Methodist College. He was for many years a leader in the Conference and occupied most of the important circuits. He spent more than thirty years in Belfast. His brethren honoured him by awarding him the most responsible and honourable positions in their power.

Rev. Thomas Wesley Jeffery, of our Church, entered into rest on Sabbath, March 1st, in the sixtieth year of his age. For several months he had been a great sufferer, but his strong faith never abated. Those who visited him always found him rejoicing in God his Saviour. He was

emphatically a good man, a royal man, a man who feared God and wrought righteousness. Some of his benevolent acts were known, but more will never be known until the judgment of the great day. The present writer has attended many funerals of ministers, but he does not remember ever witnessing such tender sympathy at any as was witnessed at the funeral service of his revered friend Jeffery. The addresses by Revs. James Gray, Dr. Potts, Dr. Briggs and Dr. Young, and the prayer by Dr. Stafford, were of melting pathos. We never felt so strongly the brotherhood of Methodism. All classes, from his Worship the Mayor to the little urchin on the street, whose wants had often been relieved by the departed, bowed their heads and wept as they followed the remains to the grave.

The Primitive Methodists in England have lately lost two ministers by death, the Revs. G. Stansfield and W. Jackson. The former was eighty-one years of age, and frequently visited the house of the writer's parents, more than sixty years ago. Mr. Jackson was in the active work forty years.

"Oh, may I triumph so
When all my warfare's past."

Book Notices.

The Light of the World; or, The Great Consummation. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: R. Berkinshaw, 86 Bay Street; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

We venture to say that this is the most remarkable poem which has appeared in the English language for many a year. The only names to be compared with its writer's are those of Browning, Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold; and none of these has given us for a long time anything

which, for grandeur of subject and elevation of thought, and sustained interest and exquisite beauty of diction—the true *curiosa felicitas* of the born poet—can compare with this poem. We had the pleasure of meeting Sir Edwin Arnold when on his way to Japan, and he spoke at length of his purpose to write this book as the complement to his well-known "Light of Asia." It was to express his conception of the teachings of Jesus as compared to those of Gautama. Highly as he praised the writings of the Eastern sage, still infinitely higher appeared to him the

teachings of Him who spake as no man ever yet spake.

The time and the scene of the poem are chiefly in the house of Mary Magdalene and the shores of the Sea of Galilee. The time is three years after the death of Christ. An intense dramatic interest is given to the book by the introduction of the characters of Pilate, Mary Magdalene, and the Eastern Magus, who thirty-six years before had come from India to pay homage to the new-born King. Mary Magdalene is identified with the sister of Lazarus, who in turn is also described as a rich young man who came to Christ seeking to become a disciple. The remorse of Pilate for the deliverance of Jesus to the Jews, the poignant grief and devout love of Mary, and the spiritual revelation and isolation of the characters of the daughter of Jairus and Lazarus, called back from the unseen world, are very strikingly portrayed. The limits of space prevent our saying more at present. In a future number of this MAGAZINE we purpose giving a fuller review, with illustrative quotations, of this remarkable book. An admirable portrait of Sir Edwin accompanies the volume and a number of excellent illustrations by the distinguished German artist, Hoffman. The book is unique in this, that it was written at the foot of Fujiyama, Japan, and describes with photographic fidelity and local colouring the scenery of Palestine, where Sir Edwin for some time lived, and where he owned the ground on which the synagogue of Nazareth stood.

The Centennial of Canadian Methodism. Published by direction of the General Conference. Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal, Toronto and Halifax. Pp. 340. Price \$1.25.

It was felt by the General Conference it would be a great misfortune not to put into some permanent form at this centennial time the records of the first one hundred years of Methodism in this country. This book is the outcome of that purpose. The

different aspects of church life and church work—missionary, educational, literary, statistical, etc.—are treated by persons having special facilities for discussing the same. Representative members of the different churches now combined into one give the record of the history of the respective bodies to which they formerly belonged. We heartily concur in the opinion expressed in the preface: "It is a happy thought that at the close of the first century of Methodism in Canada all these causes of dispute and of difference between brothers are now laid aside, and that we can calmly survey what was once a hotly disputed field. At no previous period in the history of Methodism in this land could this have been possible, and in no other land under the sun is it possible yet." This book should find a place in every Methodist household, not only as a volume of great present interest, but as one of permanent value. A number of fine engravings embellish the volume, some of which have never before appeared.

Golden Links in the Chain that Connects Mother, Home and Heaven. The Literature of Many Ages and Many Climes on the Three Dearest Names to Mortals Given. Edited by Mrs. J. P. NEWMAN, with an introduction by Bishop JOHN P. NEWMAN, D.D., LL.D. 4to, pp. 524. St. Louis and New York: N. D. Thompson.

The accomplished wife of Bishop Newman has long been known as a lady of broad culture and of superior literary taste. This collection of the gems of literature is the result of a score of years' garnering, selecting and arranging, amid the manifold duties of a pastor's wife and a leader in the Woman's Missionary Society and other operations of the Methodist Church. The book covers a very wide range of reading, both in prose and poetry. Among the many authors quoted are George Macdonald, Dickens, A. H. Hallam, J. B. Gough, Miss Mulock, George Eliot, Irving, Charles Kingsley, Carlyle, Austin Dobson, Longfellow, Crabbe,

Bryant, Richter, Tennyson, Beecher, Whittier, Jameson, Mrs. Browning, Ruskin, Emerson, Guthrie, Hood, Rossetti, Mackay, Coleridge, Rogers, Clough, Mrs. Stowe, Wordsworth, Hemans, Saxe, Bonar, Faber, D. L. Moody, Heber, Wesley, T. Hughes, Newcombe, Campbell, Southey, Dr. W. M. Punshon, and many others. It will be seen how wide a range of selection and how catholic a taste go to the making up of this volume. Over 100 engravings, many of them full-page ones, of great beauty, illustrate the book, which is very handsomely bound. In literary merit and permanent value this book is superior to almost any similar volume that we know. It will be an almost inexhaustible treasury of noble thought on the noblest themes. Its inspiring and uplifting sentiments cannot fail to make home happier on earth and to prepare the soul for its home on high. Bishop Newman contributes a beautiful introduction in his own chaste and classic style.

Hegel's Logic. A Book on the Genesis of the Categories of the Mind. Edited by GEO. S. MORRIS, United States Commissioner of Education. Pp. 436. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

An unusual amount of interest and inquiry has been elicited by the announcement of this book, as it has been known for some time that Dr. Harris had such a volume in preparation. His high reputation as a vigorous and independent thinker, and his well-known familiarity with the German school of philosophy, make this exposition of the Hegelian system a work of exceptional value.

It speaks much for the growth of philosophical thought in the United States and Canada that a series of classics of such high character should be projected and carried out by this enterprising Chicago house.

The whole series of Philosophical Classics, in eight volumes, put up in a neat box, will be sent, express paid, on receipt of \$10. "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason;" "Schelling's Transcendental Idealism;" "Fichte's Science of Knowledge;" "Hegel's

Æsthetics;" "Kant's Ethics," and others.

Among other numbers of the series are "Kant's Critique of Pure Reason," by S. Morris, of the University of Michigan; "Hegel's Æsthetics," by J. S. Kedney.

Aztec Land. By Maturin N. Ballou. 12mo, pp. x.-355. Price \$1.50.

Rev. Dr. Ballou, the veteran traveller, places an apt motto on his title-page, "The dust is old upon my sandal-shoon, and still I am a pilgrim." In many volumes is given the record of his pilgrim wanderings east, west, north and south. Yet the public do not weary of his tales of travel, and this volume is already in its second edition. Dr. Ballou sees more in his journeys than many men do in a prolonged sojourn, and he etches with incisive pen the sharp mental impressions received. Mexico—that Spain in America—is being more and more exploited as a winter tourist resort. Persons contemplating a Mexican tour will find many valuable hints and helps in these brilliant pages. Stay-at-home travellers, like most of us, will share the blended feelings of regret that we cannot go ourselves with the pleasure of gaining such vivid pictures from Dr. Ballou's pages.

Knives and Forks. By Mrs. Frank Lee. Pp. 402. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

This is an unusually vivid story, by an experienced writer. The characters are those to be found in a country town in the Middle States. On the one side there are the minister's sons and the young people of the more cultured families forming a set together. Several are college students; all are intelligent and refined. Contrasted with these and antagonistic to them are the young men and women who are from the poor and shiftless families. Some of the young men in this set are loafers, most of them drink and swear, and all unite in thinking of the other set as proud

and selfish. The task the writer has set herself is to bring these two sets together so that the influences for good may prevail. Such a thing cannot be done too quickly in real life, and is by no means a rapid process in the story. The interest centres mainly in Mart Connor, who, though one of the roughest of the poorer set, shows a depth of character which often calls forth the reader's admiration. His ultimate triumph over the evil in himself ought to make the book most helpful to young men.

Ballads and Poems. By GEORGE R. SIMS. London: John P. Fuller, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is what may be called the poetry of the slums, if, indeed, that be poetry which describes with realistic power the wretchedness and wrongs, lit up here and there by touches of heroism and native nobility, of the great "submerged tenth," to use General Booth's phrase. We are no great admirer of the thieves' and costermongers' dialect in which many of the poems are written. We do not think that the Augean stable of London misery will be cleansed by tiny rivulets of verse like this. It needs a mighty river, the streams of a moral Peneus and Alpheus, turned through their alleys by some modern Hercules. In this volume there are, however, poetic touches, as in the famous story of "Ostler Joe," and the touching "Lights of London Town," with its sad refrain:

"Oh, cruel lamps of London, if tears
Your lights could drown,
Your victims' eyes would weep them,
Oh, lights of London town."

The Missionary Controversy: Discussion, Evidence and Report, 1890. 8vo, pp. 388. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Here is the whole story of the unhappy controversy which has for a couple of years agitated the Wesleyan Church in Great Britain. All the evidence is before us, and the candid reader will have, we think, no

difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the charges were not sustained.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Dominion Illustrated, Montreal. Price \$4 a year. This fine illustrated weekly entered upon its sixth year with an enlargement from sixteen to twenty-four pages. It is a cause of patriotic gratitude and thankfulness that this young Dominion is able to maintain such a high-class illustrated paper. Almost every part of the country has been depicted with pen and pencil in previous numbers. It gives special attention to Canadian topics, and the art work is of a very superior character. Mr. John Reade, who has won distinction in other fields of literature, and has had long journalistic experience, and who has a fine literary instinct, will doubtless make the new series even more successful than the previous ones.

The Third General Conference of the Methodist Church Photographic Group. C. W. Coates, Montreal. Price \$2. This is a large and well-executed photograph of the late General Conference, showing the interior of St. James' Methodist Church, the handsomest Methodist church in the world. It contains excellent portraits of nearly all the clerical and lay delegates to the Conference. Prominent in the foreground are the General Superintendent and officers of the Conference. The heads are a little crowded in places, but the effect of the whole is admirable. Each portrait was taken separately, and then artistically grouped. A number of notable visitors occupy the galleries. It makes a beautiful souvenir of the Conference, and will, we hope, find a place in very many Methodist homes.

The name of the publishers of the Rev. Dyson Hague's book, "The Protestantism of the Prayer-Book," inadvertently omitted from the review of the book, is the J. E. Bryant Publishing Company, Bay Street, Toronto.