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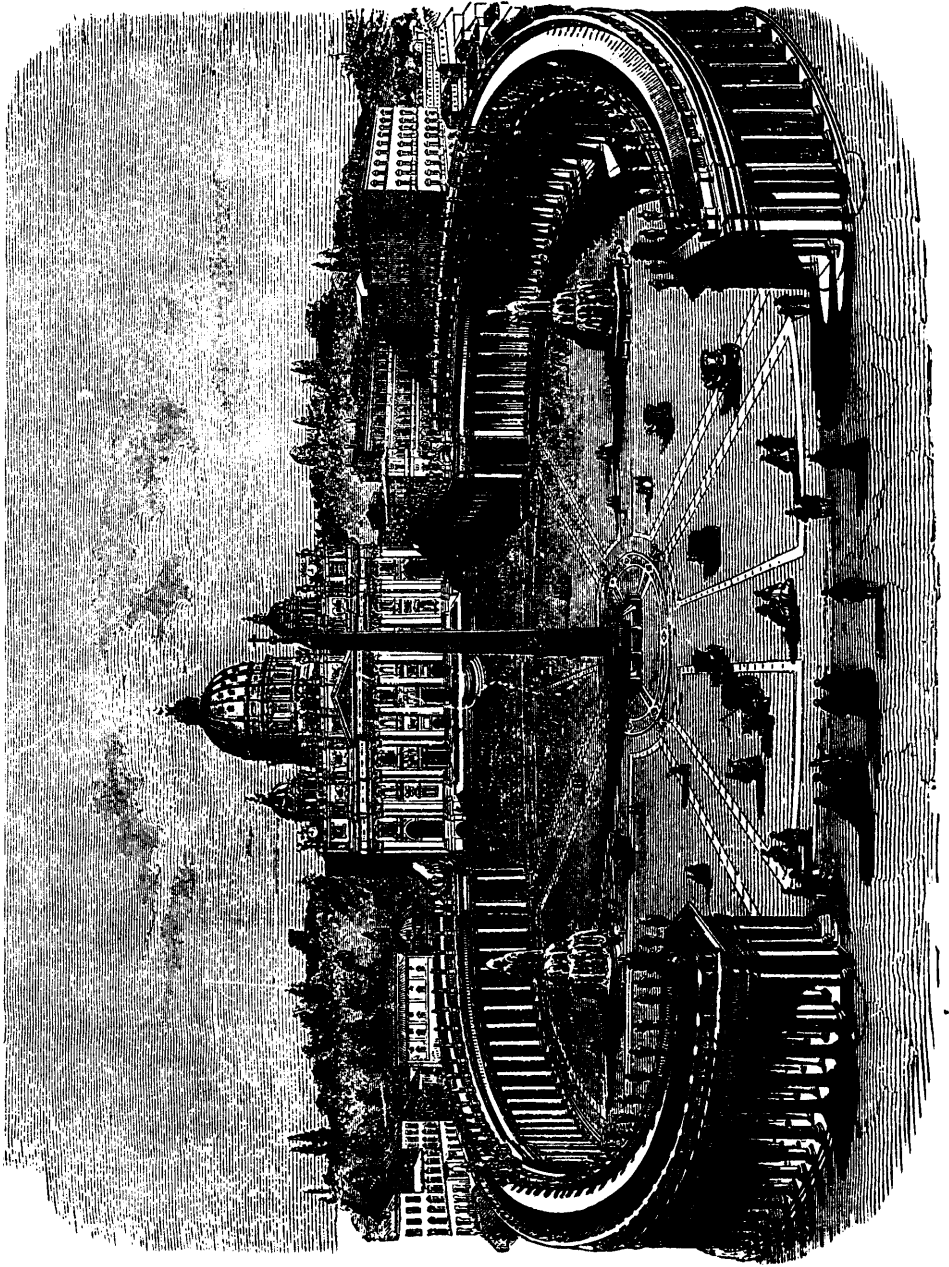
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THE GREAT HALL, WESTMINSTER PALACE, LONDON.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1879.

ROME AND THE ROMAN CONFLICT.*

I.



THE TIBER, ST. PETER'S, AND ST. ANGELO.

THE REV. JAMES SHAW has brought a terrible indictment against the Papacy in the volume on which these articles are founded. By a wide historical induction, he proves its great apostasy from the primitive faith and practice, and shows its fulfilment of the prophetic signs and symbols of the Antichrist

* *The Roman Conflict: or, the Rise, Power, and Impending Conflict of Roman Catholicism, as seen in Ancient Prophecy, Ceremonial Worship, Mediæval and Modern History, with a Sketch of Protestant Claims and Destiny.* Copiously illustrated. By the Rev. JAMES SHAW. 8vo, pp. 603. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. From this book the engravings illustrating this article are taken.

VOL. IX.—No. 5.

—the Man of Sin. With much learning he shows that Romanism is but a paganized perversion of Christian truth—the



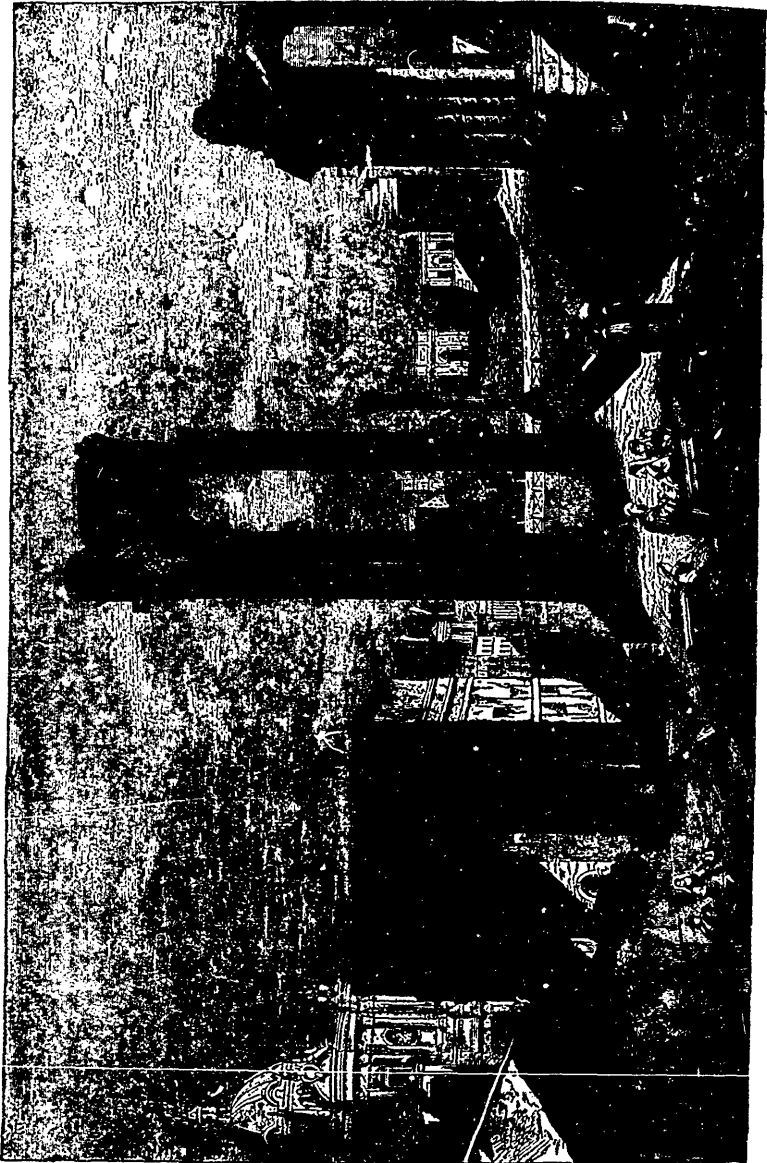
use of incense, holy water, lighted candles, votive gifts, worship of images, Mariolatry and saint-worship, being all derived from

pagan analogies. In Italy itself, the seat of the great apostasy, this is especially the case. After fifteen centuries of the supreme influence of the teaching of Romanism, the Italian peasantry are found to-day sharing many of the superstitions and customs of their pagan ancestors of the classic period. Indeed, in the recesses of the Appenines, and in the remote regions of Calabria, many of the descriptions of peasant worship found in Horace and Juvenal may be applied, with scarce any modification, to the practice of to-day. This is true also, to a very remarkable extent, even of the worship of St. Peter's and the Sistine Chapel itself.

Yet, through the ages, Rome has had a wondrous moulding power on the political and social life of Christendom. She has made the kings of 'he earth drunk with the wine of her sorceries. The nations have poured their wealth into her lap; but her increase of riches has but increased her moral corruptions. She has been filling up the measure of her iniquity, and calling down the righteous retributions of Heaven. So great became her moral pollution that when sincere-minded votaries, like Savonarola and Luther, visited her sacred shrines in the spirit of most devout worship, they were horrified at the crimes perpetrated in the name of God, and were driven into revolt against the anti-Christian system. The records of pagan persecution pale before the lurid fires of the Inquisition and the *autos da fe*. Rome has been drunk with the blood of the saints, and in every land where thought has endeavoured to free itself from the trammels of superstition, the axe and the stake, the thumb-screw and the rack, fire and the sword have been ruthlessly employed to suppress and extirpate the so-called heresy of Protestantism. Civil liberty, crushed in Italy, in Spain, in France, was driven for refuge to the fens of Holland, and to the inviolable sanctuary of freedom—the wave-guarded island of Britain.

Our author goes on with his terrible indictment to show that Rome is still the foe of civil and religious freedom. The conflict with science, with free thought, and untrammelled literature has been a long and uninterrupted struggle. A free press, free schools, and an open Bible are the greatest enemies that the Papacy has to contend with. Hence the implacable war that is

waged against them—the *Index Expurgatorius* and the crusade against the Bible in the public schools.



THE ROMAN FORUM.

In the cruel wars waged for the support of the Papacy—the wars of Philip II. against Holland and England, the wars of

Louis XIV. against the Huguenots, the Thirty Years' War in Germany, and the late Franco-Prussian war, precipitated by Ultramontane antipathy to Protestant institutions, our author discerns the Apocalyptic thunders which utter their voices in the vision of the seer of Patmos. In the promulgation of the decree of the personal infallibility of the Pope, he discerns the filling up of the measure of the iniquity of the Papacy, and in the loss of the temporal power by which it was followed, the expression of the condemnation of Heaven.

In the concluding section of his work the author shows how Rome missed her glorious opportunity of evangelizing the world, and has been superseded in that glorious mission by the Church of the Reformation—the Church of the true, the spiritual apostolical succession. This transfer of moral influence he beholds in the literature, science, commerce, and political power of the age, which are becoming more and more predominantly Protestant. The result of the process of this age-long conflict, he devoutly anticipates in the millennial Golden Age, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

Such is, in brief, the theme of this bulky volume. The argument is sustained by copious evidence and illustration from many writers, Papal and Protestant, and by historical and archæological evidence. In his chapter on the testimony of the Catacombs, the learned author does us the honour to cite our work on that subject, for the evidences of the practice and doctrine of the primitive Church of Rome, as contrasted with that of its apostate successor, for which the plan of his work does not afford scope.

Although our author deals thus severely with the Papacy as a system, yet he has no words of reprobation of Romanists as individuals. Over and over again does he point out the excellencies of such, and, even in treating of the monastic system in its most corrupt age, he writes, "Yet we believe there are still some true Christians within them. The Reformation was born in a convent, and God may yet bring out of them some burning and shining lights."

Having given the general outline of this important work, we proceed to cite examples of the mode of treatment of some of its sections. That treating of the historical aspects of Rome as

the birth-place and centre of Romish ceremonial, is one of the most interesting, and is also best suited for pictorial illustration in these pages. And here we beg to tender our acknowledgments to the courtesy of the author and publishers for the use of the selection of illustrations from the numerous list in their handsome volume, with which these articles are embellished.

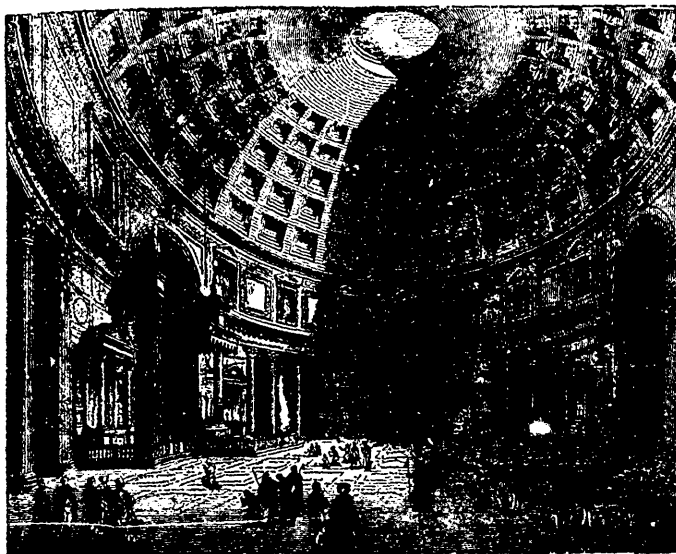
It is a somewhat striking circumstance that, at the great central See of Catholic Christendom, it is the crumbling remains of old pagan Rome, rather than the stately temples of modern



THE PANTHEON, ROME—EXTERIOR.

papal Rome, that exert over the tourist from foreign lands the profoundest and most abiding spell. From the summit of the Capitoline Hill and the ancient Forum, writes our author, you may look out upon a mass of ruins and relics, temples and palaces, stretching away in the distance. Before you is the Palatine, where Romulus stood; beneath you are the Cyclopean walls and the rock-hewn dungeon of one of the villages out of which the empire sprang. On yonder hills Hannibal encamped. Through those gates marched the legions which conquered the world. There runs the *via sacra*, along which the victorious generals passed in triumph; the Forum, in which thousands

hung upon the eloquence of Cicero, and the spot where Cæsar fell, pierced with wounds, are before us. There stretches the Appian Way, trodden by the feet of a prisoner from Jerusalem, who was to win for his Master a nobler victory and for himself a more imperishable crown than Romans ever knew. That vast pile is the Coliseum, where Christians were flung to the lions and gave their blood to be the seed of the Church. The Cam-

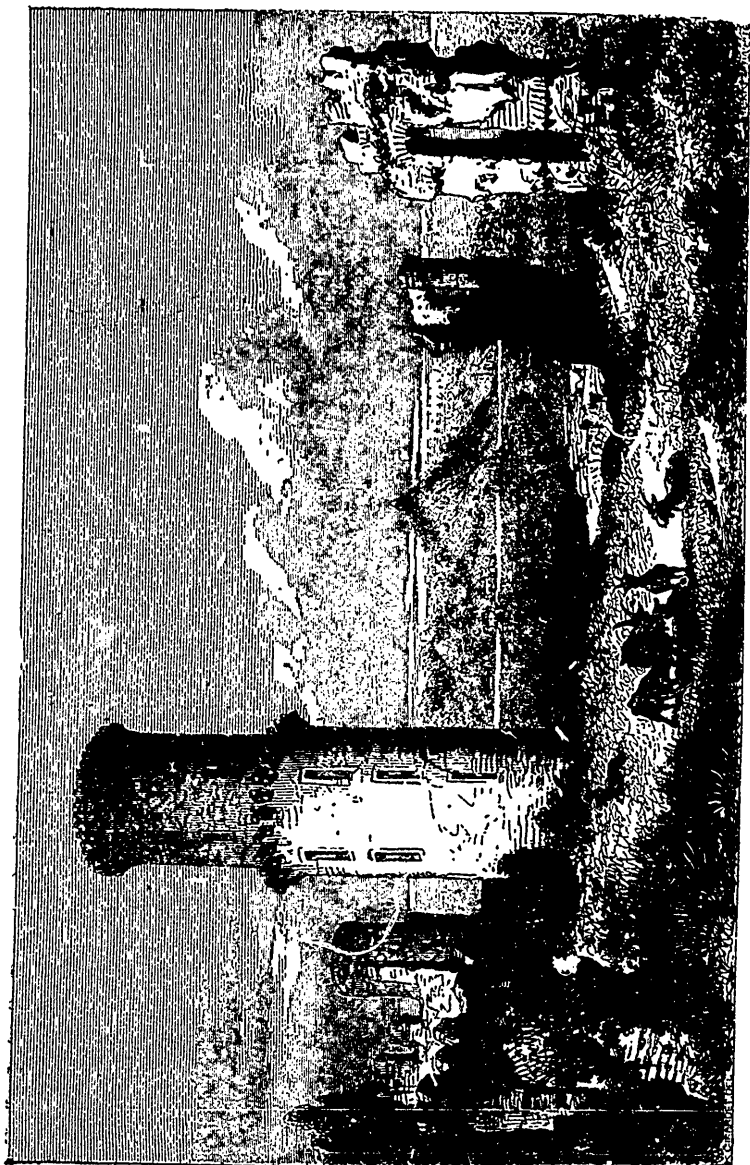


THE PANTHEON, ROME—INTERIOR.

pagna around us is hollowed into catacombs, in which they laid down their dead to sleep. There stands the arch where Titus passed, bearing the spoils of the temple. Baths, temples, palaces, basilicas attest the splendour of the empire, and mark its decline and ruin.

No part, however, within the city walls was more remarkable than the Forum and its surroundings, which occupied a space between the Palatine, Capitoline, and Quirinal hills, six hundred feet long by two hundred and ten feet wide, devoted from the earliest times to the public and political gatherings of the citizens. The ground was once reclaimed from the river, drained and elevated; it became the heart of Rome when Rome was the centre of the world. Here centre some of the most historic

names in the annals of the world, and here stand around in broken arches, temples, palaces, pillars, and monuments, which



RUINS ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

rival in the splendour of their ruins the temples and the tombs of Thebes." Here met the judges, the lawyers, and the warriors

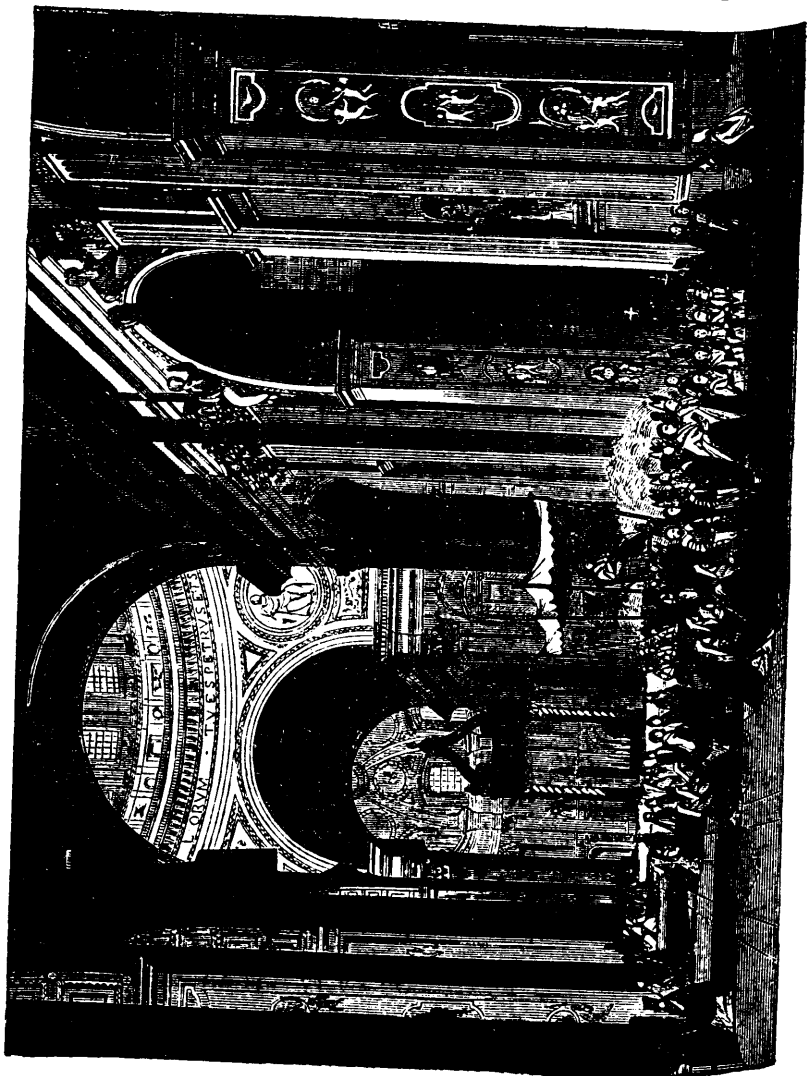
and philosophers, the augurs and the priests. Here Virginius, in earlier days, slew his beautiful daughter Virginia, to save her from dishonour. Here the executions following the wars of Sylla and Marius made the Forum run red with blood, and here fell Cæsar, the hero of a hundred battles, by the dagger of Brutus, whom he called his son.

The Coliseum, built by Titus and the captive Jews, still stands—a monument of wondrous skill and power. Its towering seats held eighty thousand spectators, who looked down upon the arena below, where beasts and men fought and fell, and gladiator and Christian dead and dying lay in gory blood to gratify the savage taste of the spectators, who cried as the tribune commanded, 'Christians to the lions.' The Pantheon, 'shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,' became not only the great temple of the Roman gods, but the gods of the nations they conquered. The dome of the Pantheon has been the wonder of the world, and has been imitated by those of St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. Sophia. Its circumference was above four hundred feet, while its diameter and height were one hundred and forty-one. The eye circle in the top let in the light of heaven, and represented the all-seeing eye, and the circling dome that over-arched the worshippers, the all-surrounding presence of the eternal. It was the crowning masterpiece of ancient art, and the guiding-star of modern. In its area, where pagan altars stood, Papal altars and confessionals now stand; where statues of the gods were fixed around in niches, images of the saints appear; where the gods of all nations were worshipped, the saints of all ages are now adored. The temple, originally dedicated to the Virgin and all saints by Pope Boniface IV., and the worship of the pagan gave place to the worship of the Papal gods, set up by the bishops of Rome.

Around the city, far and wide, stretches the desolate Campagna, whose mouldering monuments rise like stranded wrecks above the tomb-abounding plains. On every side are tombs—tombs above and tombs below—the graves of contending races—the sepulchres of vanished generations.

Of course the great modern attraction of Rome is St. Peter's, the most famous church of Christendom. It stands upon the traditional site of the tomb of St. Peter, over which, it is said, an oratory existed from the end of the first century. Of this, how-

ever, there is no historical evidence, and the presence of St. Peter in Rome at all is gravely doubted. On the 18th of April, 1506, Pope Julius II. laid the foundation of the new church. Three centuries were required to bring the edifice to its present



PROCESSION OF THE POPE IN ST. PETER'S.

form, its progress extending over the reigns of no fewer than forty-three popes. Seen from a distance from the Pincian or Campagna, in the light of the morning or the evening sun, the

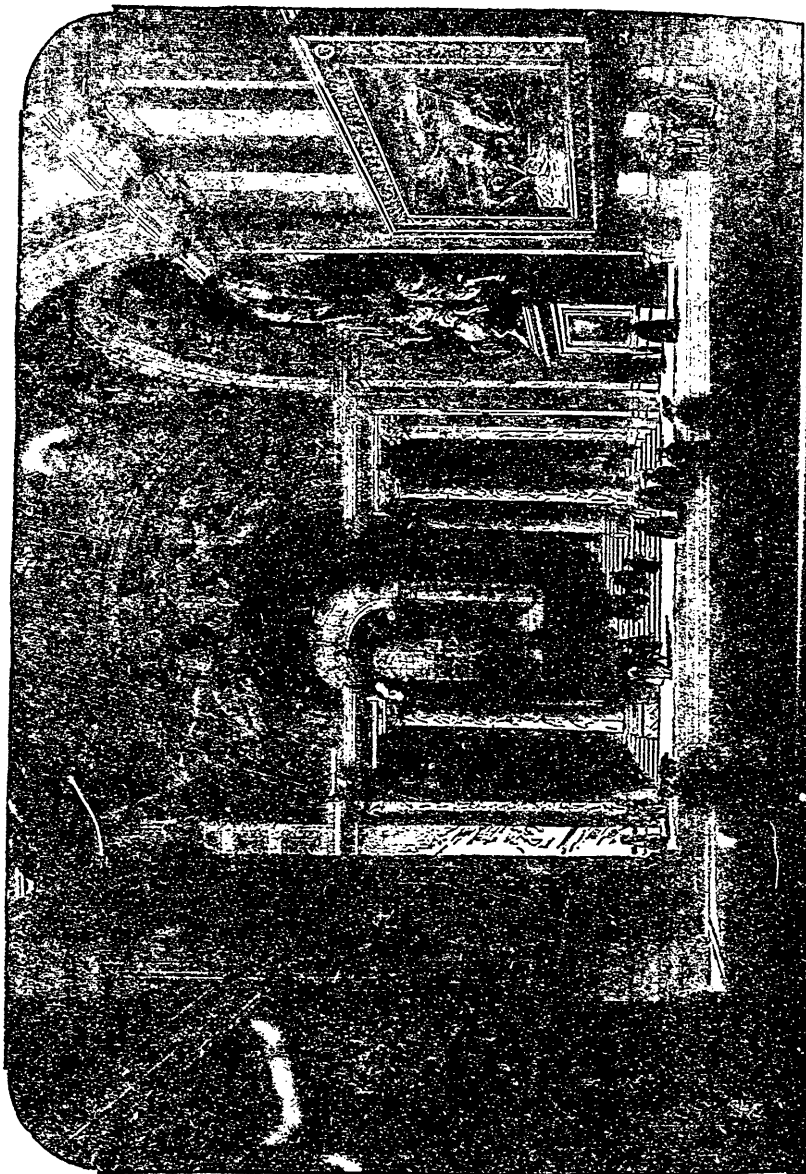
dome rises in matchless beauty. Its height above surrounding buildings, and the exquisite harmony of its proportions, are then clearly perceived. The first view of the interior of St. Peter's makes the eye fill with tears, and oppresses the heart with a sense of suffocation. It is not simply admiration or awe or wonder; it is full satisfaction, of what nature you neither understand nor inquire.

“But thou of temples old or altars new
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee,
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structures in His honour piled
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.”—*Byron.*

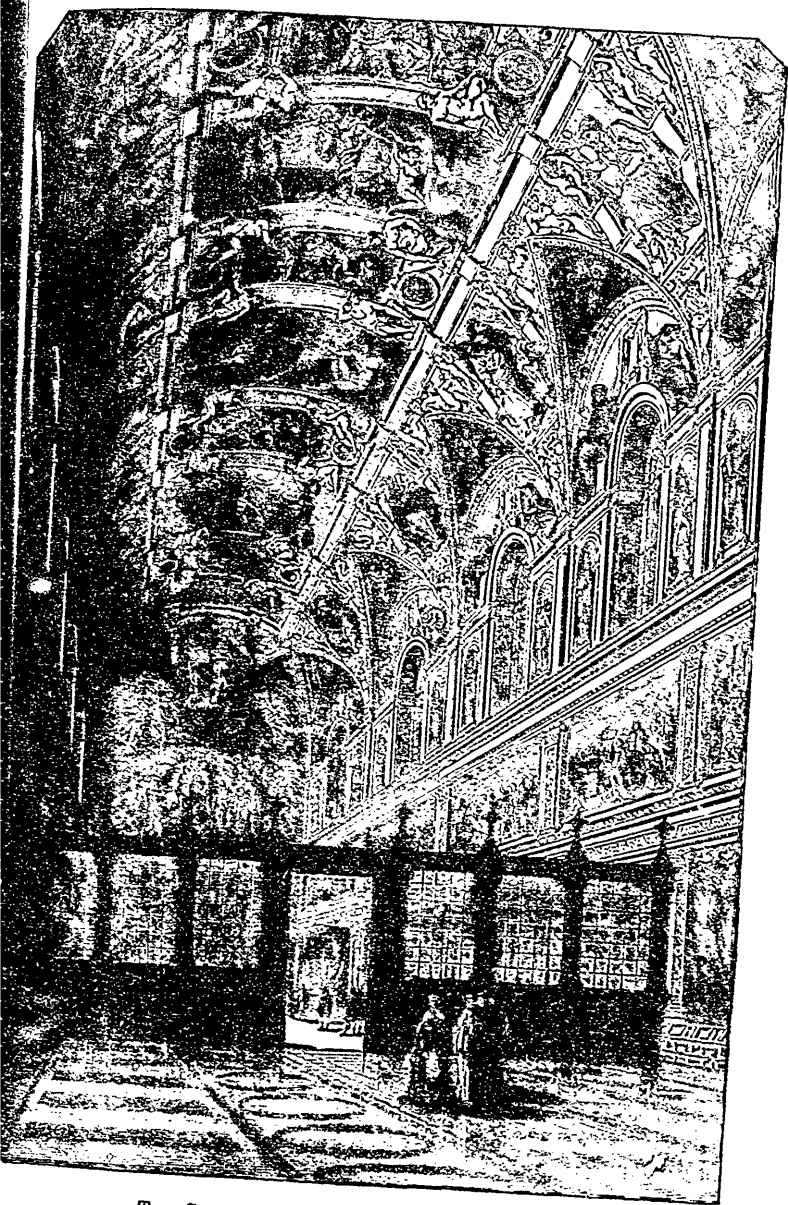
The interior has been described by different writers. Mendelssohn says:—“The building of St. Peter's surpasses all powers of description. It appears to me like some great work of nature, a forest, a mass of rocks, or something similar, for I can never realize the idea that it is the work of man. You lose your way in St. Peter's. You take a walk in it, and ramble till you are quite tired. When divine service is performed and chanted there, you are not aware of it till you come quite close. The angels in the baptistery are enormous giants, the doves colossal birds of prey. The interior burst upon our astonished gaze, resplendent in light, magnificence, and beauty, beyond all that imagination can conceive. . . . As I walked up its long nave, empanelled with the richest marbles and adorned with every art of sculpture and taste, and caught through the lofty arches opening views of chapels and tombs and altars of surpassing splendour, I felt that it was indeed unparalleled in beauty.”

St. Peter's covers an area of five acres. The ecclesiastical ceremonies are remarkable. At Christmas and Easter the Pope is carried in procession on men's shoulders through the church, his attendants carrying immense fans of peacocks' feathers waving around him, while he pronounces benedictions on the people. The Scala Regia, leading to the Sistine Chapel, is

the grandest stairway in the world. The engraving will exhibit its magnificence better than any description.



The world-famous Capella Sistina is a chapel 135 by 43 feet, and is divided by a screen. The fame of the chapel is due to



THE SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN, ROME.

the magnificent series of frescoes which cover its walls and ceilings. Here are found the finest works of Michael Angelo, which represent the "Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge," etc. Upon the end wall is the representation of the "Last Judgment." Upon this work, it is said, he spent seven years in almost incessant labour and study. To animate him in the task, Pope Paul III., attended by ten cardinals, waited upon the artist at his own house.

JERUSALEM WHICH IS ABOVE.

FROM THE LATIN HYMN OF PETER DAMIANI.

"*Nam quis promat summæ pacis quanta sit lætitia.*"

Who can utter what the pleasures and the peace unbroken are,
Where arise the pearly mansions, shedding silvery light afar,
Sacred seats and golden roofs, which glitter like the evening star ?

There the saints like suns are radiant, like the sun at dawn they glow ;
Crownèd victors after conflict, all their joys together flow ;
And secure they count the battles where they fought the prostrate foe.

Putting off their mortal vesture, in their Source their souls they steep ;
Truth by actual vision beaming, on its form their gaze they keep,
Drinking from the living Fountain draughts of living waters deep.

There all being is eternal ; things that cease have ceased to be ;
All corruption there has perished—there they flourish strong and free ;
Thus mortality is swallowed up of life eternally.

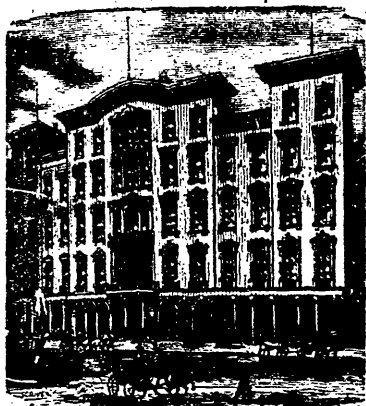
Diverse as their varied labours the rewards to each that fall ;
But Love what she loves in others evermore her own doth call ;
Thus the several joys of each become the common joy of all.

Blessèd who the King of Heaven in His beauty thus behold ;
And beneath His throne rejoicing see the universe unfold—
Sun and moon, and stars and planets radiant in His light unrolled !

Christ, the Palm of faithful victors ! of that city make me free ;
When my warfare shall be ended, to its mansions lead Thou me !
Grant me, with its happy inmates, sharer of Thy gifts to be !

METHODIST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

LADIES' COLLEGES.



WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, HAMILTON.

CANADIAN METHODISM, as we have shown in a previous article,* early made liberal provision for the higher education of its sons. Nor did it overlook the necessity for similar provision for its daughters. As we have seen, the Upper Canada Academy, now Victoria University, founded in 1832, was originally intended as an institution for both sexes, and continued to render valuable educational

service as such till the year 1841, when it obtained a new charter as a university for young men. In 1847 the Rev. Daniel McMullen, a Wesleyan minister, established at Picton a Ladies' Academy, which, for several years, rendered important literary service to the country. About the same time, the Rev. D. C. Van Norman, M.A., also a Wesleyan minister, and Professor of Mathematics at Victoria College, established the Burlington Ladies' Academy at Hamilton, at which a large number of the daughters of Canada received a valuable literary training. In 1852 Mr. Van Norman removed to New York, where he has since devoted his ripe abilities, with eminent success, to higher female education.

In 1857 the Rev. Samuel Rose, D.D., with the co-operation of influential ministers and laymen in Hamilton, established the Dundas Ladies' College, which, under his wise oversight, and that of his successor, the Rev. R. Jones, demonstrated the success that might be expected to attend an institution of this sort on a still larger scale; and with greater scope for expansion.

*"Educational Institutions of Canada," in December number, 1878.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE, HAMILTON.

The first permanent female college in Upper Canada, on a scale at all commensurate with the importance of its functions, is the present flourishing Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton. To the wise foresight, indefatigable energy, and able administration, during nearly a score of years, of the Rev. Dr. Rice, the remarkable success of this College is very largely due. The beginnings of important institutions are always an interesting study. We may, therefore, record with some slight detail the inception of the Wesleyan Ladies' College. Learning in the year 1859 that the magnificent premises in Hamilton, now the property of the College, could be purchased for a sum little more than the cost of the ground, Dr. Rice, after examining the building, was struck with its adaptability, without change, for the purpose of a ladies' college. He then invited a number of leading laymen of the city* to a meeting in the vestry of the Old McNab Street Church, and explained the principles on which he thought the institution could be successfully established. The proposed plan, which was that of a proprietary institution, under the oversight of the Wesleyan Conference, "for the education of female youth in the various branches of literature and science, on Christian principles," † was adopted, and at that meeting \$20,000 was subscribed for carrying it into effect. The scheme was then submitted to the Conference meeting at Kingston and received its hearty endorsement. Through the active agency of Dr. Rice, stock to the aggregate amount of \$50,000 was secured, an act of incorporation was obtained, ‡ and the building was bought and prepared for the reception of pupils. It was opened in September, 1861, with the Rev. Richard Jones as first Governor. He was succeeded in 1862 by the Rev. Geo.

* They were E. Jackson, D. Moore, J. Lister, Dr. Rosebrugh, W. Boice, Geo. Roach, E. Gurney, A. Macallem, and T. Bickle. They were all present but the last.

† Act of Incorporation, 24 Victoria, cap. 112, § 3, Statutes of Canada.

‡ The following are the names of the original corporation and first directors of the College: Edward Jackson, Calvin McQuesten, Wm. Boice, J. W. Rosebrugh, M.D., Geo. Roach, F. W. Watkins, Jos. Lister, Dennis Moore, Ed. Gurney, Jr. Breden, Wm. Anglin, Thos. Baxter, S. Morrell, and John Lewess; and Revs. Dr. Wood, Stinson, Rice, Nelles, Douglas, Rose, and R. Jones. Most of these have continued members of the Board to the present time.

H. Davis, and in 1863 by the Rev. Dr. Rice. Miss M. F. Adams, the first principal of the College, discharged the important duties of her position with distinguished efficiency. In this position she was ably succeeded by Miss M. O. Allen and Miss Rice. To the eminent educational ability of Miss Adams and her accomplished sister, Miss Augusta Adams, and their coadjutors and successors, the College is greatly indebted for the high literary character which it soon won, and for its ultimate success.

It is not, however, too much to say, that the institution owes its prosperity, more than to any thing else, to the unwearied fidelity of the Rev. Dr. Rice, who has devoted to it the ripe energies of fifteen years of his life. The early years of the College were years of hard struggling. The times were bad, and an interest in higher education had to be created in the country. But costly as the effort was, both in toil and money, it has been abundantly repaid, for, more than any other agency, it has contributed to give female education its present proud position in Canada. In his educational work, Dr. Rice has had the valuable co-operation of faithful coadjutors. Mr. Jackson gave his wise business talent to the College till his death, and his heart sympathized with all its movements; and Professors Wright and Ambrose have, we think, almost from the opening of the institution, efficiently conducted the departments under their charge.

Nothing could be better adapted for the use of the "sweet girl graduates" who throng its halls, than the wide corridors, spacious dining-room, parlours, class-rooms, and dormitories of the handsome building shown in the initial cut. Since the year 1863, the College has sent forth one hundred and thirty-three graduates, who have completed the full course of study, and several hundreds who, for a shorter period, have enjoyed its literary advantages. Its alumne and ex-students are found in all parts of this land, adorning with the graces of a Christian culture the social circle, lending the charm of their influence to the cause of religion, teaching in higher institutions of learning, and, at least one of them, sharing the trials and triumphs of missionary life.

On the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Rice, in 1878, and his return to the circuit work in which his early years were spent, he was succeeded by the Rev. Alexander Burns, D.D., LL.D., an accomplished *alumnus* of Victoria University. As the Presi-

dent of Simpson Centenary College, in the United States, he has won a distinguished reputation as a successful educationist. Under his administration we anticipate for the Wesleyan Female College a continued career of prosperity.



THE REV. SAMUEL DWIGHT RICE, D.D.

We have pleasure in presenting with this article a portrait of the Rev. Dr. Rice, whom we may designate as, if not the father, at least the chief promoter of higher female education in Canada. We are unable to supply details of his early history further than that he is a native of New Brunswick, the son of an accomplished physician in that province. After some mercantile experience in early life, which has proved of much value to him ever since, he became a probationer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church in 1837, and for three years laboured on the Miramachi Circuit. He then spent six years in the city of St. John, with the interval of a year at the Sackville Wesleyan College. In 1847 he came to Upper Canada, and laboured successfully at

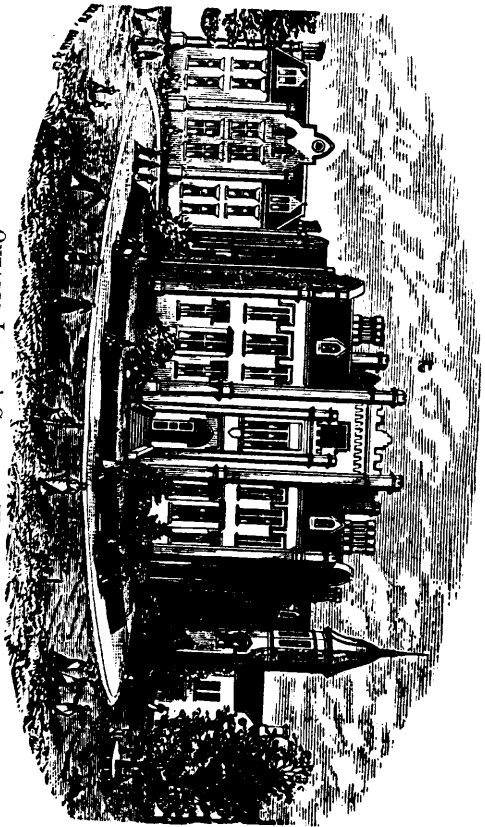
Toronto and Kingston. Most of his after life has been spent in connection with educational institutions,—four years as Treasurer and Moral Governor of Victoria College, and, after a three years term in Hamilton and two years of enforced rest from pulpit work on account of throat affection, he spent fifteen years of arduous service in connection with the Ladies' College. He has had numerous proofs of the confidence of his brethren, has been Chairman of District, Secretary of Conference, for two years President of the old Canada Conference, and is now Vice-president of the General Conference. He has been in ardent sympathy with all our educational movements, and has taken an active part in the different schemes of the Church in promoting this object. Its publishing and other interests have no more vigilant guardian and faithful friend.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.

In the year 1872 the Ontario Government were negotiating with Sheriff Reynolds for the purchase of Trafalgar Castle, and lands adjacent, for the purposes of an Agricultural College.

This project fell through. In the autumn of the same year the Rev. J. E. Sanderson, then in charge of the Whitby Circuit, suggested the idea of purchasing the property for a Ladies' College. The mayor of the town, J. H. Greenwood, Esq., the late Chester Draper, Esq.,

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE, WHITBY.



and others favoured the project. The matter was talked over, and, at the next Conference, as there was a prospect of dividing into three annual Conferences, Mr. Sanderson presented the subject, and asked whether another ladies' institution might not be necessary. The opinion of the Conference was favourable. Little more was said or done until near the end of that year, when a proposal to sell the "Castle" was made by the Sheriff. A public meeting was called by the Mayor, December 29th, 1873. The project commended itself to the citizens, resolutions were passed in its favour, and the Rev. J. E. Sanderson, Judge Burnham, C. Draper, and Dr. Gunn were appointed a committee to prepare stock books, etc. A few thousand dollars having been subscribed in Whitby, a convention was held in the "Castle," Feb. 10th, 1874, and attended by representative men from different parts. Strangers were delighted with the beauty and adaptability of the buildings, a joint stock company was organized, and a provisional board of twenty-one members was appointed. By April some \$10,000 of stock were subscribed; a definite offer of sale was made by the Sheriff at \$35,000 for building and eight acres of land. The offer was accepted, and \$20,000 advanced by Messrs. Holden, Richardson, Blair, Ross, Coulthard, R. Hatch, J. L. Smith, G. Y. Smith, J. S. M. Wilcox, and J. Rice.

The Board of Directors having arranged for the purchase of the above-mentioned premises, memorialized the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, requesting their co-operation and patronage. This was cordially granted, and the College was placed under the special supervision and patronage of the Toronto Conference. During the summer, the Revs. Messrs. Sanderson and McDowell succeeded in running up the stock list to some \$40,000, and arrangements were made for opening. On the occasion of Lord Dufferin's visit to Whitby, September 4th, 1874, the College was formally opened, with one of His Excellency's characteristic speeches.

The following were the first staff of officers and teachers appointed:—Rev. J. E. Sanderson, M.A., Principal; Rev. J. J. Hare, B.A., Professor of Natural Science; Mr. F. H. Torrington, in charge of music; Mr. Hoch, Mrs. Hare, and Misses Dunlop, McCallum, Law, and Crowle. Subsequently the Rev. Mr. Sanderson was appointed Governor, and the Rev. Mr. Hare, Prin

cipal. On the 15th of September, about twenty-five pupils were admitted, which number increased to about fifty by Christmas; and each year since has witnessed an encouraging increase. In 1877 it was found necessary to undertake the erection of a new hall, with additional rooms for pupils; also a residence for the Governor. These additions have involved an expenditure of about \$13,000. But already the expenditure is justified by an attendance of eighty boarders, and an income which, during the present year, promises to pay all expenses and an interest of about six per cent. on a capital of \$60,000.

The building, enlarged to the fair dimensions shown in the engraving, with its beautiful site, ample lawn, and commodious and elegant interior, offers all the comforts of a Christian home. Under the joint administration of the Rev. J. E. Sanderson, M.A., and the Rev. J. Hare, M.A., the accomplished Governor and Principal, it has, notwithstanding the hard times, met with very encouraging success, and is now prepared to carry out its educative mission with increased facilities.

STANSTEAD WESLEYAN COLLEGE.

Conversations and suggestions as to the necessity of providing the means of obtaining a substantial and useful education under direct Protestant or Wesleyan supervision, in the Province of Quebec, had frequently occurred among the ministers and people of that Province for many years previous to the year 1870. But in the winter of that year a circular was addressed to the Protestants of the Province, from which the following is an extract:—"The want of such an institution has long been felt, and the formal suggestion of the present scheme is the best proof of how deeply and how widely the feeling extends. While existing institutions are doing a noble work, they do not cover all the ground; hence, a number of ministers and laymen, chiefly in connection with the Methodist Church, have resolved to establish an institution which is designed to be a *real* people's college, suited to the actual wants of the present day, and to the section of country in which we live."

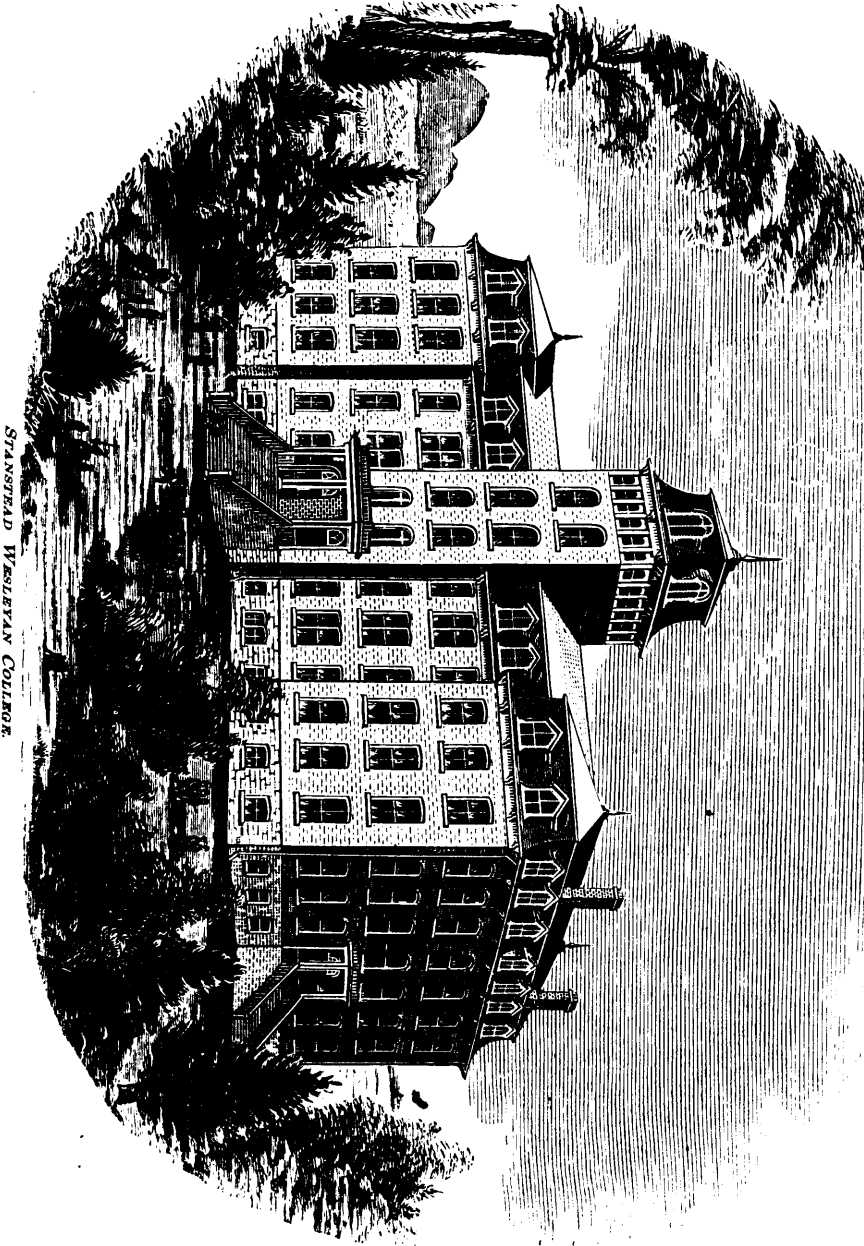
The exertions made to secure sufficient means to commence the enterprise were highly successful. The sum of \$40,000 was subscribed, a large portion of which was paid when called for. The enthusiasm of the friends of Protestant education, and their

unanticipated success, seemed to authorize the erection of a large structure, and, therefore, also a large expenditure for heating, ventilation, and water supply. It is to be regretted that some of these arrangements, when tested, were not adapted to the building and its situation. Unforeseen difficulties arose, rendering necessary other arrangements and expenditure. The extraordinary depression of trade and commerce set in, and the Directors deemed it prudent, in order to save the institution to its original designs, to transfer its charter, rights, and properties to the Methodist Church of Canada. The proposal was made to the Montreal Conference of 1876. After deliberate consideration, the proposal was provisionally accepted, and the negotiations were conducted and completed by the Rev. Wm. Scott, the President of the Conference, on the one part, and the Directors of the College on the other. At the Conference of 1877 the whole proceedings were reviewed and accepted.

The educational year 1877-8 was eminently successful, the current income meeting the current expenses. The current year, we understand, has also been very encouraging. It was, therefore, only necessary to take some effectual steps toward the liquidation of the debt, to make the College a permanent benefit to Protestantism and to the Province which had so long felt the deficiencies and proclivities of another system of professedly religious education. At the present time, over \$35,000 has been promised to be paid in four annual instalments, when the whole debt has been pledged.

The College this year is again in a prosperous condition, and there is no doubt about the regular expenses being met by the regular income. Of course the interest of the standing debt has to be paid regularly, hence the necessity for a little additional effort to diminish the immediate and pressing claims.

The College is fully equipped for doing a grand educational work. Its situation, for healthfulness and beauty of prospect, is unrivalled. It is in the very heart of the Switzerland of Canada. From its lofty observatory the eye sweeps over a very sea of mountains, above which tower the majestic peaks of Owl's Head and Mount Orford, the highest points in Canada east of the Rocky Mountains. There is here admirable accommodation for two hundred students. The course of study is comprehensive, the faculty of instruction complete, and the mode of teaching

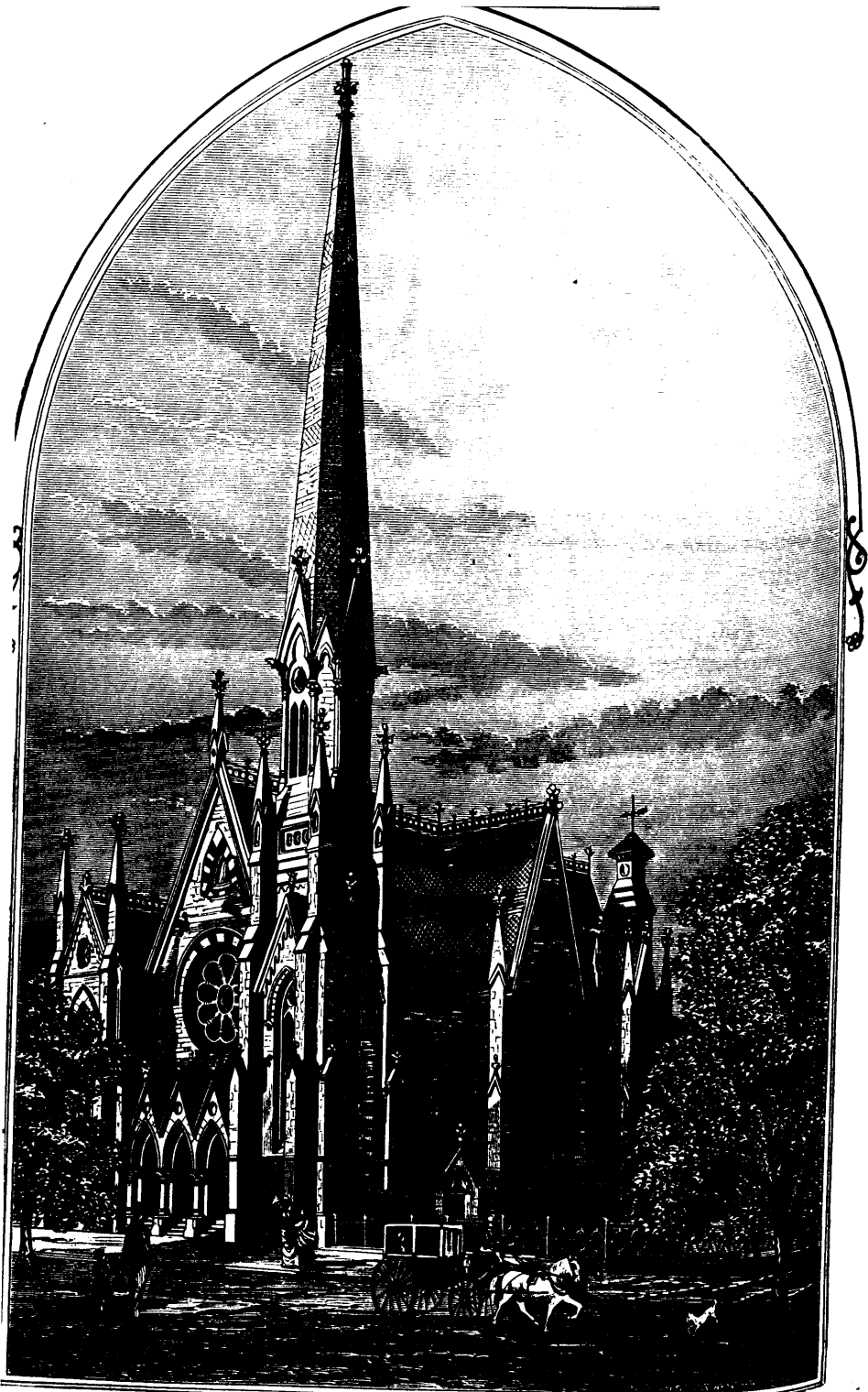


STANSTEAD WESLEYAN COLLEGE.

thorough. The system of the co-education of the sexes under Christian auspices, and with the best guarantees for safe guardianship, is here successfully illustrated. After several years' experience, the Directors express their convictions of its superior advantages. Our friends in Eastern Canada should rally around it, and, by their increased patronage and material support, make it a grand and permanent educational success. No finer site for a college can be imagined than that occupied by the noble building shown in the engraving. Under the scholarly administration of such men as Revs. Messrs. Hansford, Hagar, Holmes, Scott, and Hardie, it has accomplished a large amount of valuable educational work. As we have, in the February number of this magazine, devoted a special article to the present position and prospects of the College, we need not here repeat the statements there made.

ALBERT UNIVERSITY AND ALEXANDRA COLLEGE.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, in 1857, established in the then town of Belleville a higher class educational institution. Seven years later it became an affiliated college, and in 1871 it became a body corporate, with full university powers, under the title of Albert College. Under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Carman, it had a highly successful career, his scholastic ability and indefatigable energy contributing very greatly to its prosperity. On the election of Dr. Carman to the office of bishop, the present accomplished president, the Rev. Dr. Jaques, was chosen as his successor. He has had a distinguished career as pastor and educationist. He is a native of Warwickshire, England, but received his education chiefly in New York State, graduating from Genesee College, now Syracuse University, in 1854, an institution of high grade. In 1856 he organized the Mansfield Classical Seminary, Pa., which is now the State Normal School. He was successively pastor of Methodist Episcopal Churches in Elmira, Hornellsville, and Rochester, N. Y. From Rochester he came to Bloomington to fill the Greek chair in the Illinois Wesleyan University. Dr. Jaques is a linguist of extraordinary attainments, being master of the Greek, Latin, Hebrew, German, French, Spanish, and Italian languages. In connection with the University is Alexandra College, an institution for the higher education of young ladies, which has met with deserved success.



TRINITY M. E. CHURCH, CHICAGO, U. S.

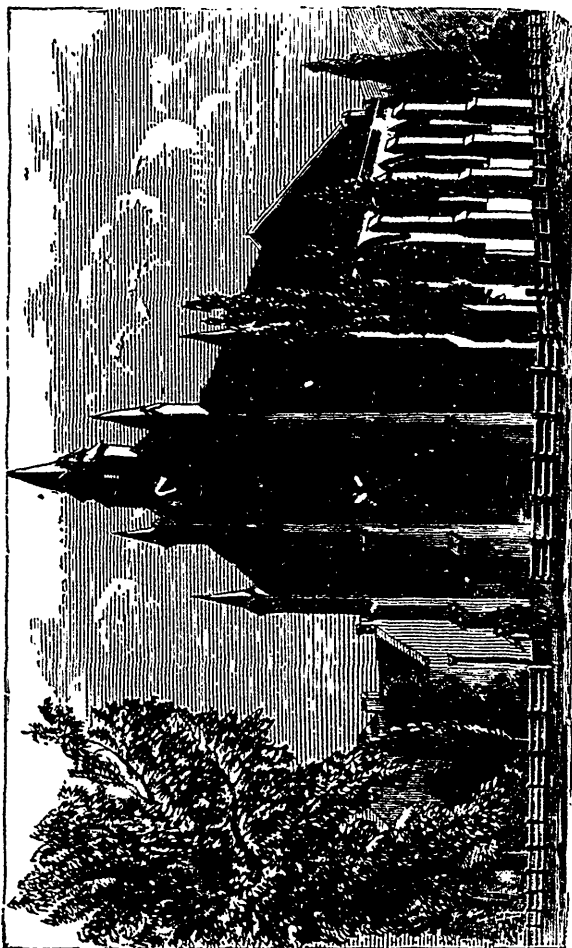
METHODIST CHURCHES.

II.

ONE of the special characteristics of Methodism is its missionary zeal. Not only has it dotted with its churches the wide realms of which the English-speaking race has taken possession—America, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand—but it has also established these centres of civilization and nurseries of piety in many a pagan land where the English language is an unknown tongue. It has made the sacred lyrics of Charles Wesley, and the holy teachings of the Word of God, familiar sounds in the Kaffir's kraal, the Indian's wigwam, and the Hindoo bazaar. Instead of the idol temple, with its hideous images, the neat chapel raises its modest walls, and its devout and well-ordered services displace the foul orgies of heathenism. Like flaming beacons in benighted lands are these golden candlesticks, lighted by the Master, and banishing the gross darkness that enshrouded the moral landscape. Though not of stately architecture, but, on the contrary, of humble and unadorned appearance, these mission chapels possess a moral grandeur beyond the architecture of the stateliest fane of pagan worship.

The accompanying engraving gives a faithful representation of the Wesleyan chapel at the village of Robertson, in South Africa, about one hundred and twenty miles eastward of Cape Town. It was built at an expense of £1,060, by the untiring exertions of the Rev. Henry Tindall, the esteemed resident missionary, in the centre of a populous district; and the inhabitants of all classes contributed liberally towards the building fund. The chapel was completed and opened for Divine worship on the 28th of February, 1867, when crowded congregations listened to the excellent sermons that were preached on the occasion by the Revs. Messrs. Esselin, McGregor, Hardey, and Barber. Since this time the old chapel has been used as a school-house, there being an excellent day-school as well as a Sunday-school and a night-school attached to the station. The services are conducted in the Dutch language, which is now generally spoken by the coloured people, for whose benefit chiefly the mission was established. According to the last report there

are on the Robertson Circuit one hundred and eighteen Church members, three hundred and twelve scholars, and nine hundred persons attending the various services held for their religious instruction. If our readers could visit the Robertson Chapel and school on the Sunday morning, although they might not



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, ROBERTSON, SOUTH AFRICA.

understand the language of the people, they would be delighted with the appearance of both parents and children, as they evidently show what the Gospel has done for them. "Having preached in the village in the open air, from the steps of the waggon, before any place of worship had been erected," writes

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the Rev. W. Moister, "we rejoice exceedingly to hear of the success of the enterprise, and sincerely pray that the future of the station may be still more prosperous."

But not merely in heathen lands, but in the scattered islands of the sea, whither the English race has transplanted its religion,



TRINITY (WESLEYAN) CHAPEL NASSAU N.P.



its institutions, and its laws, do these Christian fanes abound. We give herewith two views of a beautiful chapel in one of the Wesleyan mission stations in the West Indies. The first represents it as it was before the hurricane of 1866, and the second gives a view of it as it was after that terrible disaster had befallen it.

From the first picture it will be seen that it was a fine, stately building. From the foundation to the top of the roof it was more than seventy feet in height. It was between eighty and ninety feet long, and nearly sixty feet wide, built in the Gothic style of architecture. On the basement there was a large school-room, in which about two hundred and fifty children, some white and some black, were taught every Sabbath to read God's blessed word and the way of salvation.

To enter the chapel one had to ascend a double flight of marble steps; and when he entered it he could not but admire the neatness, the chasteness, and the exquisite beauty of the structure. There was a spacious platform with a desk in front, and a powerful organ which cost £600, generously contributed by the congregation. Indeed, this building cost altogether the large sum of £8,000. It was very delightful to the missionaries who were living there to see the liberality, the zeal, and earnestness which were manifested by the good people in Nassau in raising the means to provide for themselves so commodious a sanctuary. When the building was completed, the amount paid for the rental of the pews for one year was £795.

The chapel was opened for Divine worship on the first Sunday in April, 1865. The first sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Cheesbrough, now living in Toronto. The collections, after the sermons on that day, amounted to £65.

We now ask our readers just to look again at the second picture, and see this chapel as it was after the hurricane. Eighteen months after this building was dedicated to the worship of God, the colony was visited by a fearful hurricane, one almost unprecedented for the terrible fury with which it raged for nearly twenty-four hours. It would be very difficult for the people of Canada to form a correct idea of what a tropical hurricane really is. During the time this hurricane lasted there were six hundred dwelling-houses in the city of Nassau completely destroyed: and five hundred more so badly damaged as to be untenable. When the gale had subsided, it was found that there were three thousand people left without a shelter. There were about eight hundred vessels of all sizes and descriptions either sunk or driven ashore, or dashed to pieces upon the rocks. "After the gale," writes the resident missionary, "we walked through many a cocoa-nut grove, and saw hundreds of those tall

stately trees lying all prostrate, having been torn up by the roots; and we walked through many an orange orchard, and saw tens of thousands of beautiful oranges lying scattered over the ground, and the trees themselves blown down; and not only dwelling-houses and vessels and fruit trees, but churches and chapels all over the colony were swept away before the fury of the blast.

It was about ten o'clock on Monday morning; some people living very near the large new chapel thought they heard an unusually loud peal of thunder; but it was not thunder. The chapel had fallen. Its lofty roof, its massive walls, had come down with a fearful crash. The fine organ broken all to pieces, the splendid edifice a mass of ruin. Nor was this all; there were some fifteen other Wesleyan chapels in that district, and mostly new ones, which shared the same fate during that fearful day.

Whilst this distant member of the Church was suffering, the heart of British Methodism was moved to sympathy. A generous contribution was forwarded from England to help us in the restoration of our chapels. In two years after the hurricane this chapel was restored at a cost of £6,000, and so were all the others of which we have spoken."

Nowhere in the world has the progress of Methodism been so remarkable as in the United States of America, and probably in no city of the United States so remarkable as in the city of Chicago. In 1832, one year before the town was organized, Chicago was a Methodist mission with only ten members. The infant cause grew with the rapid growth of the city, and, notwithstanding the disastrous conflagration of 1871, when twenty-four thousand buildings, covering three thousand acres, were destroyed, Methodism is now one of the most potent moral forces of the energetic community. The ten members of 1832 have increased to nearly 7,000, with thirty-four churches, of these, seven are German and four Swedish and Norwegian. One of the most elegant of these churches is that shown in our large cut—Trinity M. E. Church—whose property is valued at \$150,000. The Clark Street Church, through the rise of real estate, controls property to the value of a quarter of a million, the revenue of which, after paying expenses, is to be devoted forever to church extension in that city. Chicago is

also the seat of a vigorous publishing interest, having a flourishing branch Book Concern, and publishing two Methodist papers—one in English and one in German—which exert a powerful influence throughout the North-west. In the immediate vicinity are the Garrett Biblical Institute and the North-western University,—both high-class Methodist institutions.

“ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU.”

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

THAT mystic word of Thine, O Sovereign Lord,
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me !
Weary with striving and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee !
From this good hour, O leave me never more !
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin ;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand Divine ;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

Abide in me : there have been moments pure,
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power ;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion hushed,
Owned the Divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be :
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

BAYARD TAYLOR.*

THE life-story of Bayard Taylor is one of remarkable interest. His name is so intimately associated with his extensive foreign travel that his great merit as an author, journalist, and poet has, in popular apprehension, been lost sight of. The present volume by Colonel Conwell, brings before us the man in the varied aspects of his many-sided life. The biographer had the advantage of an intimate personal acquaintance with his subject, and, as a traveller in many lands, has followed Taylor through the fairest scenes of nature in his track around the globe. The book is written in charming sympathy with the subject, and in literary grace of style is worthy of the biography of a distinguished *littérateur*. The book is embellished with a fine steel portrait and thirteen full-page woodcuts, of which, through the courtesy of the publisher, we are permitted to give specimens.

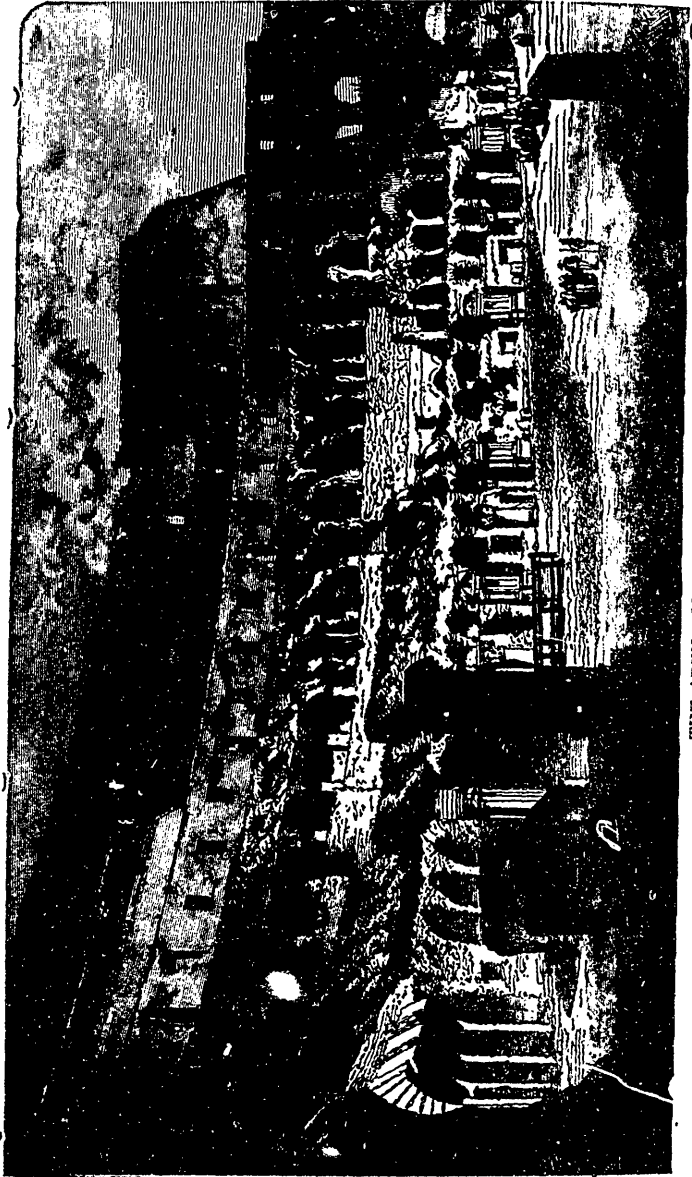
The story of the poet-traveller's early struggles with narrow circumstances, and the dauntless energy with which he overcame every obstacle, are an incentive to every manly lad, who, with staff and knapsack would conquer the world.

Bayard Taylor was born of mixed German and English Quaker parentage, in Pennsylvania, in 1825. His strong and sinewy frame was knit and strengthened by labour on his father's farm. He had a passion for books, especially books of history and travel. By a natural attraction he gravitated toward the village printing office, and acquired the art and mystery of type-setting, which more than once in his travels procured him food and lodging.

As a boy he determined to see Europe—the classic ground of so much history and poetry, although the idea seemed in the highest degree chimerical. He invoked the aid of the muse, and by the sale of his first volume of poems, obtained a little money towards his travelling expenses. With a hundred and forty dollars in his purse, he set out on foot a hundred and twenty miles to Washington to obtain a passport. Taking

* *The Life, Travels, and Literary Career of Bayard Taylor.* By RUSSELL H. CONWELL. 12 mo., pp. 360. Boston: B. B. Russell & Co. Price, \$1.50.

steerage passage in a sailing vessel—fare \$24—he reached Liverpool in one month. The story of his two years' foreign



THE ARENA OF THE COLISEUM.

travel for the sum of \$500, most of which he earned on the way, is told in his charming book—"Views A-foot." He had, it

may well be supposed, to practice rigid economy. A crust of bread, a bunch of grapes, and a draught of water were often his sole refreshment as he toiled along the dusty highways of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; and his lodging was of the very humblest. But he nourished his soul with art and literature, and with the glorious scenery and memory-haunted historic fanes of the Old World. Such a tour is in itself a liberal education. In Rome, once the proud mistress of the world, where now the

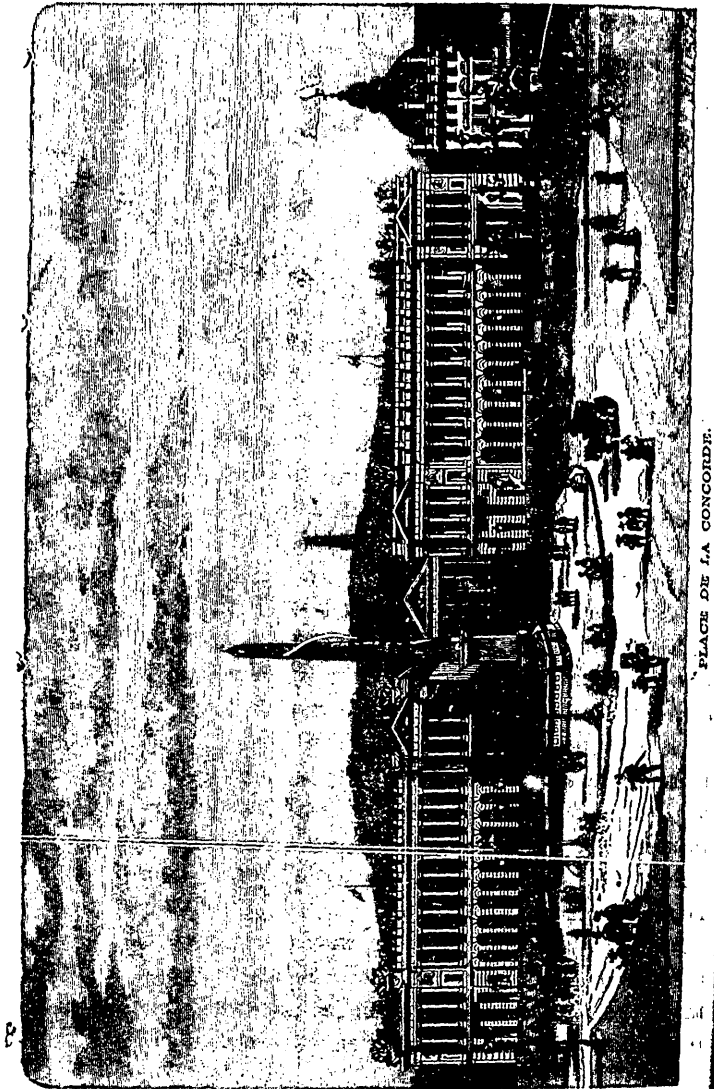
“Lone mother of dead empires weeping stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe—
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago,”

his spirit drank inspiration from the memories of the past, and the art trophies of the present. In the vast Coliseum, the crumbling monument of Rome's Christless creed, he recalled the days of the early persecutions when twice eighty thousand cruel eyes of eager spectators thronging the circling seats, gloated with horrid greed on the tortures of the Christian martyrs, “butchered to make a Roman holiday.”

In Paris our traveller lived on twenty cents a day, studied French as he had already studied German and Italian, and feasted his soul on the art treasures of the Louvre. In the Place de la Concorde he revived the crimson story of the lurid days of '94—the great social earthquake which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust. No spot in Europe, perhaps, is haunted with more ghastly memories than this noble square, with its surroundings of stately architecture, and the fairy loveliness of the Champs Elysees,—so well described in another page of this Magazine. In the cut are shown the stately Tuileries, the Luxor Obelisk, and the distant Madeleine.

Young Taylor reached London with thirty cents in his pocket, and on account of the trade union could obtain no work as a printer. But he struggled through, and returned a man, rich in garnered wisdom, to the Pennsylvania home, which two years before he had left an inexperienced boy. His “Views of the Foot” was quite a literary success. His mark was made. Henceforth he had no lack of literary employment, for which he was well paid. Most of his subsequent travels were made

as correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, of which in course of time he became an editor.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

On his subsequent far-wanderings in many lands we will not dwell in detail. They are fully recorded in Colonel Conwell's admirable book. It will suffice to briefly note the more impor-

tant. In 1849, during the gold rush to California, he was despatched by the *Tribune* to record the birth of the new State. The story reads like an incredible romance. Labourers' wages were \$20 a day, and newspapers a dollar each, and everybody seemed insane with the gold madness.

On his return to the East, a more tender episode in his history occurs, recorded fully in his exquisite volume "The Poet's Journal." The fair maiden to whom his boyish love had been pledged was fading away in swift decline. On her death-couch they were wed, and in two months she was reft away by the jealous bridegroom Death. The pathos of the story is embalmed in deathless verse in the Poet's Journal. Failing health and overwork drove the grief-stricken man again into wandering. He ascended the Nile twelve hundred miles, studying its art history, architecture, and the Arabic language. The tour of Palestine, Asia Minor, European Turkey, Italy, Germany, and Spain, followed, and left many a trace in his literary history recorded in vigorous prose and exquisite verse.

As the indefatigable *Tribune* correspondent he now proceeded to India,—which he traversed from Bombay to the Himalayas—to China and Japan. In order to obtain passage with Commodore Perry's exploring expedition, from which civilians were excluded, he enlisted as master's mate in the naval service of the United States, and conveniently obtained a discharge when the objects of the expedition had been secured.

The remainder of his busy life was principally engrossed in literary work, bringing out his volumes of travels and poems, editing and lecturing, earning an income of at times \$18,000 a year. By way of holiday trips, he made such voyages as one to Lapland, where he experienced in midwinter a day without sunrise, and in midsummer a day without sunset. In 1857 Mr. Taylor married again, a German lady of distinguished literary family, and spent his honey-moon in exploration in Greece. In 1862 he was appointed Secretary of the American Legation at St. Petersburg, and in February of last year, Minister at the Court of Berlin. But his well-earned honours soon withered on his brow. On December 19th, just after the first printed copy of his last poem, "Deukalion," was left at his door, the stern Death-messenger summoned him into the silent land. He was engaged at the time on a Life of Goethe and Schiller,

which he hoped would have been the crowning work of his life, and for which he had been collecting the materials for years. His place in literature, however, is best secured by his translation of Faust, a noble rendering, with the insight of a true poet, into the English tongue, of the great master-piece of German literature. From his numerous poems many citations are given in this book. Little is said, however, indeed there appears to have been little to say, of the religious life of its subject. The poet's creed seems to be embodied in the following quotation from one of his works :

"These are the rules which I have always accepted: First, labour; nothing can be had for nothing; whatever a man achieves, he must pay for; and no favour of fortune can absolve him from his duty. Secondly, patience and forbearance, which is simply dependent on the slow justice of time. Thirdly, and most important, faith. Unless a man believe in something far higher than himself; something infinitely purer and grander than he can ever become—unless he has an instinct of an order beyond his dreams; of laws beyond his comprehension; of beauty and goodness and justice, beside which his own ideals are dark, he will fail in every loftier form of ambition, and ought to fail."

The unfaltering faith, however, of the humble and unlettered Christian, is a more precious possession in the solemn presence of death and eternity, than all the fame of the distinguished *littérateur*. A fitting ending of this sketch will be the exquisite memorial tribute of the brother-poet Longfellow—

Dead he lay among his books !
 The peace of God was in his looks.
 As the statues* in the gloom,
 Watch o'er Maximilian's tomb,
 So those volumes from their shelves
 Watched him, silent as themselves.
 Ah ! his hand will never more
 Turn their storied pages o'er ;
 Never more his lips repeat
 Songs of theirs, however sweet.
 Let the lifeless body rest !
 He is gone who was its guest.

* In the Hofkirche at Innsbruck.

Gone as travellers haste to leave
An inn, nor tarry until eve.

Traveller ! in what realms afar,
In what planet, in what star,

In what vast aerial space,
Shines the light upon thy face ?

In what gardens of delight
Rest thy weary feet to-night ?

Poet ! thou whose latest verse
Was a garland on thy hearse,

Thou hast sung with organ tone
In Deukalion's life thine own.

On the ruins of the Past
Bloom's the perfect flower, at last.

Friend ! but yesterday the bells
Rang for thee their loud farewells ;

And to-day they toll for thee,
Lying dead beyond the sea ;

Lying dead among thy books ;
The peace of God in all thy looks.

THE CLOSE OF THE APOCALYPSE.

BY REV. W. ALEXANDER, M.A.

AFTER the wild winds roaring all the night,
A little bird's sweet singing at the dawn ;
After the great white horse's tramp along
Froth-palsied shores, the ripple's pleasant chime ;
After sea-winds that like a hammer suite
The shrouds, a murmuring in them as of leaves,
Of leaves about a sunny cottage home—
Of rustling leaves, or silver sliding rain :

O sweet, sweet, sweet, is quiet after such,
Songs after storm, and ripples after surge,
And humming in the sails when breezes lull.
After the seals a silence up in heaven,
After the trumpet blasts a truce of God,
After the vial's *consummatum est*,
After the wails and fires of Babylon,
The Requiescat of these restless hearts,
New heaven, new earth, and no more curse at all.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

JOHN OF THE GOLDEN MOUTH.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

III.

IN a corrupt and venal age, as was that of the decadence of the Roman Empire, moral uprightness, like that of Chrysostom, was sure to raise up enemies. "All orders and interests," says Milman, "conspired against him. The court would not endure the grave and severe censor; the clergy rebelled against the rigour of the prelate's discipline; the populace, though, when under the spell of his eloquence, fondly attached to his person no doubt, in general resented his implacable condemnation of their amusements. The Arians, to whom, in his uncompromising zeal, he had persuaded the emperor to refuse a single church, though demanded by the most powerful subject of the empire, Gainas the Goth, were still, no doubt, secretly powerful. A pagan præfect, Optatus, seized the opportunity of wreaking his animosity towards Christianity itself upon its powerful advocate. Some wealthy court dames are named as resenting the severe condemnation of their dress and manners. But of all his adversaries, the most dangerous, the most persevering, and the most implacable were those of his own order and his own rank."

The episcopal jurisdiction of Chrysostom extended not only over south-eastern Europe but over the whole of Asia Minor, and embraced a numerous and powerful body of bishops, and many hundreds of presbyters. In his zeal to maintain orthodoxy of faith and purity of practice in an age of general laxity and declension, the indefatigable prelate travelled far and near, exhorting, reproving, warning, and inflicting on the evil-living or heretical, ecclesiastical penalties. A powerful opposition of malcontent clergy was soon organized, by whose machinations the unworldly and impolitic Patriarch was destined to fall.

A self-appointed council of his enemies, chiefly Egyptian and Asiatic bishops, many of them suffering from ecclesiastical disabilities and penalties, assembled at Chalcedon and formulated twenty-nine several charges against the Primate of Constantinople.

noble. Most of these were trivial or irrelevant, others notoriously false, and some a ground of praise rather than censure. To these were added, on account of his bold reproofs of the vices of the empress, the more perilous accusation of high treason.

But calm and unmoved in his conscious innocence, the intrepid prelate refused to plead before this illegal tribunal. Yet he ceased not in his zealous ministrations in the great basilica of St. Sophia. "The billows are mighty and the storm furious," he exclaims, "but we fear not to be wrecked, for we are founded on a rock. What can I fear? Death? *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.* Exile? *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof.* Confiscation? *We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out of it.* I scorn the terrors, and smile at the advantages, of life. I fear not death, I desire to live for your profit. But you know, my brethren, the true cause of my ruin. Because I have not strewn rich carpets on my floors, nor clothed myself in silken robes; because I have discountenanced the sensuality of certain persons." Then follows in obscure and embarrassed language, as though, says Milnan, the preacher was startled at his own boldness, an allusion to the fate of John the Baptist and to the hostility of Herodias: "It is a time of wailing: lo, all things tend to *disgrace*; but time judgeth all things." The fatal word "*disgrace*" (*adoxia*) was supposed to be an allusion to *Endoxia*, the empress.

Between the empress and the court party, who found in the austere and pious Patriarch a continual reproach of their own excesses, and the corrupt and venal council of Chalcedon, was a tacit conspiracy to destroy the venerable metropolitan. Caiques were continually skimming the waters of the Golden Horn bearing hostile monks and bishops from the council to the palace. "A great man and a mighty was Theophilus, the rural Archbishop of Alexandria, in those days," says a graphic historian of the cabal.* "He was a frequent guest at the imperial table, where he was treated with great distinction by the royal puppet who reigned but did not rule, as well as by the bold and mischievous dame who both reigned and ruled."

The thunderbolt at length was launched, and Chrysostom was

*Macgilvray, *Life of Chrysostom*, p. 290.

publicly deposed and condemned of the crime of high treason. But the expulsion of this frail old man was a task that daunted the lord of a hundred legions. For three days the populace surrounded the house of the bishop, resolved to defend with their lives their beloved chief pastor. A word, a gesture of Chrysostom, would have roused them into fury and produced a revolution. But, like his Master, he warred not with earthly weapons.

The Egyptian sailors in the port, under the lead of the crafty Theophilus, tried to force their way into the church to take him. A tumult ensued in which blood was shed. The imperial archers were marched upon the scene, and a massacre of the people seemed imminent: to prevent loss of life the Patriarch privately surrendered himself to his enemies. "Do not weep and break my heart, my brethren," he said to his friends who sought to restrain him. "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Placing his right forefinger in his left palm—the characteristic gesture is recorded—he calmly went on: "The ministry did not begin and will not end with me. Moses died, but did not Joshua succeed him? Elijah was caught up into heaven, but did not Elisha prophesy? Paul was beheaded, but did he not leave Timothy and Titus behind him?" Thus sublimely he proceeded to his menaced doom. He was banished to the town of Prænetus in Bithynia to await the pleasure of his enemies. Their triumph seemed complete. They began to wreak their vengeance upon his adherents, and the populace were awed in sullen silence.

But even nature herself seemed to raise her protest against this judicial crime. "The night," says Milman,* "of the following day, strange and awful sounds were heard throughout the city. The palace, the whole of Constantinople, shook with an earthquake. The empress, as superstitious as she was violent, when she felt her chamber rock beneath her, shuddering at the manifest wrath of Heaven, fell on her knees and entreated the emperor to revoke the fatal sentence. She wrote a hasty letter disclaiming all hostility to the banished prelate, and protesting that she was 'innocent of his blood.' The next day the palace was surrounded by clamorous multitudes, impatiently demanding his recall. The voice of the people and the voice of God seemed to join in the vindication of Chrysostom. The edict of recall was

* *History of Christianity*, chap. ix.

issued; the Bosphorus swarmed with barks, eager to communicate the first intelligence, and to obtain the honour of bringing back the guardian and the pride of the city."

"A great shout," says another authority,* "rose up to the sky and ran echoing along the shores of the two continents of Europe and Asia—a shout of welcome, choked by the sobs and tears of thousands, to the thin worn grey-headed man who stood with streaming eyes and uplifted hands on the deck of the galley as it glided up the Golden Horn." On his arrival, continues Milman, "he was met by the whole population, men, women and children, all who could bore torches in their hands, and hymns of thanksgiving, composed for the occasion, were chanted before him as he proceeded to the great church."

By the constraint of the multitude, eager to hear once more his golden words, he ascended at length the pulpit whence he ruled the souls of men with a more imperial sway than Arcadius on the throne of the world. "What shall I say?" he exclaimed, as he looked round upon the mighty concourse, "Blessed be God! These were my last words on my departure, these the first on my return. Blessed be God who turneth the tempest into a calm. Let my enemies behold how their conspiracy has advanced my peace and redounded to my glory. Before, the church alone was crowded, now the whole forum is become a church. The games are celebrating in the circus, but the whole people pour like a torrent to the church. Your prayers in my behalf are more glorious than a diadem."

But this brief triumph was to have a tragic close. This bright sunset glow of his life was soon to darken into the shadows of exile and death. Again the rage of an angry woman—like another Jezebel or Herodias—procured the doom of a faithful servant of the most high God.

The empress Eudoxia, a vain and ambitious woman, had ordered a silver statue of herself to be erected on the great square in front of the church of St. Sophia. Its inauguration was attended with games, dances and semi-pagan observances, abhorrent to Christian faith and practice. The heathen mummeries and tumultuous festivities even disturbed the solemn services of the church. Chrysostom felt bound to protest against the demoralizing spec-

* Macgilvray, p. 302.

tacle, no matter how august the patronage under which it was celebrated. The empress again felt herself insulted and threatened the Patriarch with another council. The state of the social atmosphere was electric, when Chrysostom furnished the spark which precipitated the threatened explosion. On the festival of St. John the Baptist—the anniversary of his martyrdom—he occupied the pulpit of St. Sophia. Adapting his discourse to the day, he thundered out the exordium, ‘Again Herodias rages; again she dances; again she demands the head of John.’ The anger of Eudoxia was kindled to the intensest fury. She wrung from her weak-minded husband an edict for the immediate expulsion of the archbishop. “God has appointed me to this charge,” replied the undaunted Chrysostom, “and He must set me free before I yield it up.”

On Easter eve a sacred service was held in the great basilica. Among others there were present three thousand catechumens, receiving solemn preparation for the rite of baptism on Easter day. While the “*Kyrie eleison*” rang with thrilling cadence through the vaulted aisles, near midnight, a body of troops burst into the church and forced their way, not merely into the nave but up to the very altar on which were placed the consecrated elements. “Many,” says Milman, “were trodden under foot; many wounded by the swords of the soldiers; the clergy were dragged to prison; some females, who were about to be baptized, were obliged to fly with their disordered apparel; the waters of the font were coloured with blood; the soldiers pressed up to the altar and seized the sacred vessels as their plunder; the sacred elements were scattered around; their garments were bedewed with the blood of the Redeemer. Thracian cavalry, chiefly Goths and pagans, rode down the catechumens in the street. Constantinople for several days had the appearance of a city which had been stormed.”

To allay the tumult, its innocent cause surrendered himself to the imperial soldiery. He was promptly placed on shipboard and exiled to Bithynia to await the pleasure of the emperor. On the ninth day of June, A.D. 404, the Preacher of the Golden Mouth, the Patriarch of Constantinople, looked his last forever on the scene of his trials and his triumphs, and turned away from the pomp and pride, the palaces and the churches of the great im-

perial city to the bitter exile and lonely death of the savage mountains of Armenia.

At the same hour another fearful portent agitated the city. While the Thracian soldiers and the Johannites, as the adherents of Chrysostom were called, were struggling for the possession of the basilica, a tremendous storm broke over the capital. While the cathedral, says the historian previously quoted, was yet rocking to its foundation with the force of the tempest, and its pavement was still warm with the blood of the worshippers, the vast structure became filled with smoke. Soon red tongues of fire appeared, and an uncontrollable conflagration burst forth. The terrified throng rushed out, trampling the fallen under their feet. The fierce flames consumed the choir, the stalls, and the lofty ambo, the theatre of the matchless eloquence of the banished bishop. The porphyry pillars burst; the gold and silver ornaments melted; the fire spread to the adjacent palace. The lead rolled from the roof like molten lava. The marble statues were calcined. The two noblest structures of New Rome, the palace and basilica, became a blackened mound of ruins.

The retributions of Providence fell heavily upon the principal persecutors of the saint,—so was interpreted the tragic fate which befel them. Within a year the Empress Eudoxia died suddenly in excruciating agony. Soon after, the Emperor Arcadius was called from his royal palace, his golden chariot, his white mules, to join his dead partner, Eudoxia. The bishop of Chalcedon, while sitting at the Council which condemned his superior, received an injury which caused the loss of both his legs, and a lingering and painful death. Another member of that body lost his reason and imagined himself haunted, like Orestes, by avenging furies. Another lost the use of his tongue with which he had condemned the apostolic bishop, and a fourth the use of the hand with which he wrote his sentence. So history records the vengeance of Heaven against the enemies of the righteous.

The victim of their malice, meanwhile, was hurried over the rugged mountain roads of Bithynia, Phrygia, Galatia, "more dead than alive" he says, from the heat and toil of travel. The brutal emperor commanded that the old man should walk this terrible distance without shoes, and that his head should be exposed to the burning rays of the sun. The wayfarers knelt down

to receive his blessing as he passed, and wept as they followed him with their prayers into exile. But even here his enemies wreaked their malice on his defenceless head. The wild monks of Cappadocian Cæsarea threatened to burn the house in which he lodged. At midnight, through wild mountain passes he was compelled to proceed by the rude soldiery who guarded his progress. His mule stumbling in the dark, he nearly lost his life.

At length he reached Cucusus, a miserable village in the highlands of Armenia. The icy winds from the snowy mountains of Ararat chilled his aged and enfeebled frame. "I write from the brink of the grave," he says, "having only life enough to be sensible of many sufferings. Though confined to bed, in a close chamber, half-stifled with smoke, and heaped with blankets, I suffer much from sickness, constant vomiting, and long sleepless nights."

Yet the indomitable spirit triumphed over the frail body. "The Eastern Church," says Milman, "was almost governed from the solitary cell of Chrysostom. He corresponded with all quarters; women of rank and opulence sought his solitude in disguise. The bishops of many distant sees sent him assistance, and coveted his advice. The bishop of Rome received his letters with respect, and wrote back ardent commendations of his patience. The exile of Cucusus exercised, perhaps, more extensive authority than the Patriarch of Constantinople."

Over two hundred epistles yet extant exhibit, even Gibbon admits, a firmness of mind much superior to that of Cicero in his exile. He writes in words of tender consolation to his revered mother who had consecrated his youth to God, now verging on her eightieth year. "I thank you for my birth," he says, "but much more for the training you have given me, in which you proved yourself a mother indeed." "Remember," he adds, "there is but one evil—sin. The way to heaven is through a sea of suffering. I am encompassed by such a fulness of blessing, and my soul is so enriched and exalted, that I thank God without ceasing." But not even this remote resting-place was permitted to the frail old man. His enemies procured a decree for his banishment to Pityus, on the north-east coast of the Euxine Sea—the Siberia of the ancient world.

But his life-journey was well-nigh ended. Instead of the black rocks of Pityus he was soon to reach the fadeless bowers of

Paradise. While his guards urged their frail prisoner forward, his powers completely failed at the village of Comana in Pontus. He slept in an ancient church, and in the night had a vision of its martyred bishop Basilicus, who said, "Be of good cheer, Brother John; to-morrow we shall be together." He besought the soldiers to tarry where he was till noon. But they brutally refused, and urged him three miles further on the rugged road. As he was evidently sinking, they returned to the church. Putting on his white priestly robe, the dying man asked for bread and wine. Pronouncing the words of consecration he partook for the last time of the Supper of the Lord. Kneeling at the altar, he exclaimed, "God be praised for all things." With this thanksgiving on his lips he passed to the presence of the Master whom he loved and served so well. He died on the 14th of September, A.D. 407, in his sixtieth year.

Within thirty years the bones of the saint and martyr were borne in state to the City of Constantine, and buried in the "Church of the Apostles." There the son of Eudoxia knelt at his tomb and implored the forgiveness of Heaven for the wrong done by his parents against "that pillar of the Church, that light of the Truth, that herald of Christ—the Bishop John Chrysostom." Again was fulfilled the saying, the fathers stoned the prophets; the sons built them sepulchres. Twelve centuries later the martyr's relics were translated to the great basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, and deposited in the chapel which still bears his name.

"Death, instead of closing his lips," says Pope Celestine, "made Chrysostom the preacher of the world." Bossuet describes him as the greatest preacher the Church ever possessed. "Drinking his inspiration from the fountain of the Scriptures and kindling his zeal in the bosom of his Redeemer, he is the orator of the law of love."

The writer previously quoted, who has profoundly studied his works, thus discourses on his genius :*

"Our imagination can hardly picture to us this Christian orator in his grandest efforts, when every eye was fixed on him and every heart beat faster, and every word seemed the fittest, and every passage so complete, that when he rose to the supreme moment and climax of his discourse, and men were carried away

* *Life of Chrysostom, Macgilvray, pp. 351-354, 358.*

as by a flood, and the force of truth alone was felt, and the triumph of the orator was quite lost sight of. Men left their business to hear him; they left their amusements and pleasures; and pagans often left the temples of their gods to throng the Christian church. There was something so human in this man which touched their sympathies; there was something so divine that awed their spirits. The sublimity of an eloquence so natural and so impressive surprised and ravished the hearers, and awoke in them emotions they never felt before. Now they were ready to break out in plaudits, and now they were in tears.

“Chrysostom wrote much which has been preserved to us; the diligence of short-hand writers has preserved more, and we are thankful. But there was much that could not be preserved. The flashing eyes, the striking attitudes, the varying voice that now spoke in whispers and now thundered, are a-wanting. The charm of the living man is gone, his tender accents, his terrible denunciations. And the audience is gone, that great throng which watched his every movement, which now wept, and now clapped their hands. Yet the *litera scripta* remains, and it is precious. Who can tell how many have lighted their torches at this flame—have caught the holy fire at this shrine?

“The ceaseless play of fancy on the pages of Chrysostom is something wonderful. Even the commonest topics are illustrated and enforced, not only by a diction of matchless energy and beauty, but by similes which must have caught every ear that heard them, and lingered in the memory ever after. The rich profusion of nature furnished this great teacher with images and metaphors as boundless and varied as herself. To him no flower that bloomed, no bird that gave out its morning or evening song, no insect of a day, no cloud that crossed the sky, was meaningless. His eye detected secret sympathies, and saw symbolic truths in all it rested on. He was as truly a child of nature as he was a child of grace, and his mind was stored with spoils from every field he trod, from every scene he witnessed. The music of the spheres seemed to fall on his enchanted ear, and the mysteries of the universe opened to his enraptured eye; and so he was constantly telling men what they were quite familiar with, and yet had never seen till it was shown them.

“And this explains the freshness of his discourses and writings to this day; for it is true that, after fifteen hundred years, there

is nothing fresher yet, as there is nothing finer, for devout men to read. He described things as he saw and felt them; he worked from no copy, he drew from the grand original. Hence the vivid sense of reality we have whilst we read him and imagine ourselves among the crowds—now asleep for ages—that hung upon his lips. We can almost imagine their eager, gleaming eyes, when, as they heard some sentence, a light from heaven broke in upon their minds; and anon we are ready to answer with tears when a stroke of pathos follows and dissolves their hearts. He could touch all chords, and command all the passions at his will. Multitudes bent before him, as reeds and willows bend before the wind. Their minds yielded to a new power, their hearts were stirred, and their imaginations carried captive. They surrendered themselves to a guide who, with a hand so strong and a heart so true, could lead them as he chose. No scornful critic dared to speak lightly of that finished style, that quickening oratory, those enchanting pictures, those momentous truths, those outbursts of emotion, which all went to form a discourse of Chrysostom, and which recalled to scholars the names of only two other men, whose glory as orators was to fill the world, and last till the judgment-day. He had learned all the avenues to the heart, and all its dens and darkest windings, for he had studied his own,—had explored its secrets, and sounded its depths. He was a master of the art of persuasion; and warring with celestial weapons, he carried the citadel by storm, and made men in love with the conquests he had made, and the new chains that bound them.

“It is only in the Christian Church that such beautiful characters are formed, and such noble lives exhibited. The heathen world has never produced a Chrysostom, just as Spitzbergen has never produced the cedars of Lebanon. In both cases the atmosphere forbade it. The lustre of a Socrates or a Seneca becomes dim in the presence of this man. The power of philosophy is weak in comparison with the inspiring virtue of the cross. The former can teach contempt of the world, it can chill and steel the heart; but the latter can give life, can give back to man the powers which he had lost. In philosophy we have the wisdom of the world; in the Gospel we have the power of God.”

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS ALICE.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, M.A.

We deem not princes shaped in stone,
 Like gods in pagan temple ;
 And sceptred sorrow on its throne
 Is naught but sorrow simple.
 One fate inweaves the misery
 Of prince and peer and peasantry.

They know no other dusk or light,
 Naught else that mars or mellows ;
 In the same woe we all unite,
 And trouble makes us fellows.
 They who are sad are brothers all,
 In humble home or palace hall.

Husband bereft ! in thy drear hall
 Weep not, endure thy sorrow.
 The sun that dies at even-fall
 Wakes glorious on the morrow.
 Weep not for her—in purer skies
 She shines with seven-fold sympathies.

Queen widow, in thy loneliness,
 Of spouse and child beriven,
 No words can comfort thy distress
 But His who rules in heaven.
 On northern shore, by southern sea,
 An empire's heart is full for thee.

Our own Louise, this loyal land
 Thy coming filled with gladness ;
 We greeted thee with heart and hand,
 And now we share thy sadness.
 All Canada bewails the doom
 That rifles Darmstadt's ducal home.

We bring but words, we bring but tears—
 'Tis all we have to render ;
 And if the song no merit bears,
 The singer's heart is tender.
 We know how far the worth we sing
 Transcends the simple offering.

In Hessian homes, in German hearts,
 Are now great emptinesses ;
 When she, the spring of hope, departs,
 Who comforts ? who caresses ?
 In hut and hall, and everywhere,
 Her name is breathed in praise and prayer.

Up thro' the faith of honest doubt
Her mind in earnest mounted ;
Not to the creed that men wrote out,
And the rude mass miscounted ;
Not to the creed of new device,
But simple trust and sacrifice.

From Him who spake as never man,
She learned the lore of living,—
In Christ is neither chief nor clan,
And gain is less than giving.
In His wise, wond'rous words she saw
The union rare of love and law.

Her ministries were like the sheen
Of summer in the forest ;
Her kindest, brightest life was seen
Where human hearts were sorest ;
And all that sorrowed for the dead
Were by her sweet words comforted.

In homely range she lived apart,
As child and wife and mother ;
Her offices were of the heart,
She coveted no other :
And yet in science, old and new,
She saw the false and held the true.

The lark pursues its heavenward quest
Where eye nor ear can follow :
Low on the ground it builds its nest,
Hid in some leafy hollow.
Fit emblem of their lowliness,
Who thro' small duties upward press.

The common duty near at hand
Is noble if completed ;
'Tis vain to search thro' all the land
For tasks more grandly meted.
The lowly leads to the sublime,—
Eternity is shaped in time.

And was it vain, the gentle strife,
To spend on deeds so lowly,
The beauty and the strength of life,
And make them high and holy ?
Is there no fruitage from the flower
Of each well-filled and faithful hour ?

Ah ! yes, the vast result of time
Flows on and on forever ;
And every good will be sublime
Beside the crystal river !

And all the life we cannot see
Will bloom throughout eternity.

The wondrous sorcery of song,
Its magic influences ;
The mastery, profound and strong,
Of true poetic senses,
Made starest things seem new and bright,
And little things seem infinite.

In that far realm whose anthems fill
The vaulted vast of heaven ;
Where miracles of music thrill
Thro' human hearts forgiven,
Her lips shall voice the deep life-song,
Kept silent in the heart so long.

Oh ! martyr-mother, knewest thou not
How sun and cloud are blended ?
And how the deeds in mercy wrought,
In agony are ended ?
And how love's ardent overflow
Its bounds and bitterness must know.

Thy child's low wail went through thy heart ;
He sprang to thy embracing ;
Love counted not the cost and smart,—
The doom that it was facing.
Thy fate was in the unconscious breath ;
Love was the instrument of death.

All thro' the warp of human bliss
The weft of woe flies ever ;
No power in this weak world, I wis,
Can this from that dis sever ;
But he who waits the final light
Heeds not the surging clouds of night.

How little highest thought divines
Of what life's mystery meaneth ;
We try to read between the lines,
But God the secret screeneth.
Grasping the little that is true,
We hold it fast, and trust and do.

Thy life's reward is hidden now
From earth eyes upward gazing ;
We cannot see thy painless brow
Gleam in the noon sun's blazing ;
We puzzle still what life may mean,—
Thou seest as thyself art seen.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

ON the evening of the evacuation of Fort George, several of the actors in the busy drama of the time were assembled in the great kitchen of Squire Drayton's hospitable house. It was no time for ceremony, so everybody met in the common living room. Captain Villiers called to bid a hasty farewell to the kind family under whose roof he had for several months abode as an invalid soldier, and especially to take leave of the fair young mistress through whose care he had become convalescent. Neville Trueman had resolved to follow the retreating army, both to avoid the appearance of any complicity or sympathy with the invaders; and that, in the severe conflict which was impending, his spiritual services might be available to the militia, of whom a considerable number were Methodists, and to such others as would accept them. Zenas had obtained his father's consent to volunteer for the militia cavalry service in this time of his country's need, although it left the farm without a single man, except the squire himself.

"The maids and I will plant the corn and cut the wheat, too," said Kate, with the pluck of a true Canadian girl. "We'll soon learn to wield the sickle, though you seem to doubt it, Captain Villiers," she went on, looking archly at the gallant captain, who smiled rather incredulously.

"Nay, I am sure you will deserve to be honoured as the goddess Ceres of your Canadian harvest-fields, by the future generations of your country," politely answered the captain.

"I would rather serve my country in the present, than receive mythical honours in the future," replied Kate.

"We'll be back before harvest to drive the Yanks across the river, and get Sandy and Loker out of Fort Niagara," said Zenas.

"Tom would gnaw his very fetters off to get free, if he wore any. But Sandy takes everything as it comes, as cool as you please."

"It was all appointed," he says, and "all for the best."

"They will not keep the prisoners there," said the squire; "it is too near the border. Chauncey will likely take them off to Sackett's Harbour and make them work in the dockyards."

"They won't make McKay do that," said the captain; "it would be against his conscience, and he would die first. He is the staunchest specimen of an old stoic philosopher I ever came across. Under the hottest fire to-day he was as cool as I ever saw him on parade. As he stooped to raise a wounded comrade a round shot struck and carried away his cartridge box. Had he been standing up it would have cut him in two. He never blanched, but just helped the poor fellow off the field, when he was captured himself."

"It is something more than stoicism," said Neville. "It is his staunch Scotch Calvinism. It is not my religious philosophy; but I can honour its effects in others. It made heroic men of the Ironsides, the Puritans, and the Covenanters; but so will a trust in the loving fatherhood of God, without the doctrine of the eternal decrees."

"We must not delay," said the captain. "The enemy's scouts will be looking up stragglers," and after a hasty meal he, with Neville and Zenas, rode away in the darkness, to join the rear-guard of Vincent's retreating army.

They had scarcely been gone five minutes when a loud knocking was heard at the front door of the house, and, immediately after, the trampling of feet in the hall. A peremptory summons was followed by the bursting open of the kitchen door, when two flushed and heated American dragoons, one a cornet and the other a private, stood on the threshold.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the officer, somewhat abashed at the attitude of indignant surprise assumed by Katharine. "But is Captain Villiers here? We were told he was."

"You see he is not," said the young girl, with a queenly sweep of her arm around the room; "but you may search the house, if you please."

"Oh, no occasion, as you say he is not here. I'll take the liberty, if you please, to help myself to a slight refreshment," continued the spokesman, taking a seat at the table and beckoning to his companion to do the same. "You'll excuse the usage of war. We've had a hard day's work on light rations."

"You might at least ask leave," spoke up the squire, with a sort of

"An Englishman's house is his castle,
An Englishman's crown is his hat,"

air, "We would not refuse a bit and sup, even to an enemy."

Glad of an excuse to detain the scouts as long as possible, Kate placed upon the table a cold meat-pie, of noble proportions, and a flagon of new milk.

The troopers were valiant trencher-men, whatever else they were, and promptly assaulted the meat-pie fort, as from its size and shape it deserved to be called.

"You know this Captain Villiers, I suppose?" said the dragoon subaltern at length; "I had particular instructions to secure his capture."

"Oh yes! I know him very well," answered Kate. "He was here sick for three months last winter."

"And very good quarters and good fare he had, I'll be bound," said the fellow, with an air of insolent familiarity. "And when was he here last, pray?"

"About half-an-hour ago," said Kate, knowing that by this time he must be beyond pursuit.

"Zounds!" cried the trooper, springing to his feet, "why did you not tell me that before?"

"Because you did not ask me, sir," said the maiden demurely, while her black eyes flashed triumph at her father, who sat in his arm chair stolidly smoking his pipe.

With an angry oath, the fellows hurried out of the house as unceremoniously as they had entered, when Kate and her father had a merry laugh over their discomfiture.

Next morning the troopers appeared again, in angry humour. "That was a scurvy trick you played us last night, old gentleman," said the elder.

"No trick at all," said the squire. "I hope you were pleased with your entertainment? Did you catch your prisoner?" he asked, with a somewhat malicious twinkle of his eye towards Kate, who was in the room.

"No, we did'nt; but we came upon the enemy's rear-guard, and nearly got captured ourselves. But you'll have to pay for your little game, by liberal supplies for Dearboru's army."

The staunch old loyalist, who would willingly impoverish himself to aid the King's troops, stoutly refused to give "a single groat or oat," as he expressed it, to the King's enemies. It was "against his conscience," he said.

"We'll relieve you of your scruples," said the officer. "I want some of those horses in your pasture to mount my troop of dragoons," and going out of the house he ordered the half-score of troopers without to dismount and capture the horses in the meadow. The men, after a particularly active chase, captured three out of six horses. The others defied every effort to catch them. The troopers threatened to shoot them, but the cornet forbade it, and ordered the squire to send them to head-quarters during the day—a command which he declined to obey. Such were some of the ways in which the loyal Canadian were pillaged of their property by their ruthless invaders.

The squire indeed demanded a receipt from the officer for the property thus "requisitioned."

"Oh yes! I'll give you a receipt," said that individual, "and much good may it do you," and that was all the good it did do him, for he never received a cent of compensation.

Colonel Vincent, in the meantime, had withdrawn the garrisons from the frontier forts on the Niagara river. He retreated with sixteen hundred men toward the head of the lake, and took up a strong position on Burlington Heights, near Hamilton. In the now peaceful Protestant cemetery to the west of the city may still be traced among the graves the mouldering ramparts and trenches of this once warlike camp. Dearborn despatched a force of three thousand men, with two hundred and fifty cavalry and nine field-pieces, under Generals Chandler and Winder, to dislodge the Canadian force. On the 6th of June they encamped at Stony Creek, seven miles from Vincent's lines. The position of the latter was critical. Niagara and York had both been captured. Before him was a victorious foe. His ammunition was reduced to ninety rounds. He was extricated from his peril by a bold blow. Colonel John Harvey, having reconnoitered the enemy's position, proposed a night attack. Vincent heartily co-operated. At midnight, with seven hundred British bayonets, they burst upon the American camp. A fierce fight ensued, in which the enemy were utterly routed. The British, unwilling to expose their small number to a still superior

force, retired before daybreak, with four guns and a hundred prisoners, including both of the American generals. The victory, however, was purchased with the loss of two hundred men killed or missing. A venerable old lady, recently deceased, has described to the writer the dreary procession of waggons laden with wounded men that filed past her father's door on their return to the British head-quarters. The battle was fought, early on Sunday morning, near the house of "Brother Gage," a good Methodist, as his appellation indicates.* On that sacred day, so desecrated by the havoc of war, he gathered the neighbours together and buried the slain, friend and foe, in one wide, common grave. Among the traditions of the war is one which records that the boys of the Gage family gathered up a peck of bullets which had been intercepted by the stone fence bounding the lane that led to the house.

The Americans, after destroying their camp stores and leaving the dead unburied, retreated to Forty Mile Creek, where they effected a junction with General Lewis, advancing to their aid with two thousand men. At daybreak on the 8th of June, the American camp was shelled by Commodore Yeo's fleet. The enemy retreated to Fort George, abandoning their tents and stores, which were captured by Vincent. Their baggage, shipped by batteaux to the fort, was either taken by the fleet or abandoned on the shore.†

CHAPTER IX.—A BRAVE WOMAN'S EXPLOIT.

Neville Trueman found ample occupation in ministering to the sick and wounded, and in visiting his scattered flock throughout the invaded territory. He was enabled, incidentally, to render important service to his adopted country. It was toward the end of June that one afternoon he was riding through the forest in the neighbourhood of the Beaver Dams, near the town of Thorold,—a place which received its name from the remarkable constructions of the industrious animal which has been adopted as the national emblem of Upper Canada,—where there was a small force of British troops posted. In the twilight he observed a travel-worn woman approaching upon the forest pathway, with

* Carroll's "Case and His Cotemporaries," Vol. I., p. 307.

† Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. ed., chap. xxiii. p. 316.

an air of bodily weariness, yet of mental alertness and anxiety. As she drew near he recognized a worthy, Canadian matron, whom he had, more than once, seen in his congregation in the school-house at the village of Chippewa.

"Why, Mrs. Secord," he exclaimed, reining up his horse as she attempted to pass him, furtively trying to conceal her face, "are not you afraid to be so far from home on foot, when the country is so disturbed?"

"Thank God it is you, Mr. Trueman!" she eagerly replied, "I was afraid it might be one of the American scouts. 'Home,' did you say? I have no home," she added in a tone of bitterness.

"Can't I be of some service to you? Where is your husband?" Neville asked, wondering at her distraught air.

"Haven't you heard?" she replied. "He was sore wounded at Queenston Heights, and will never be a well man again; and our house was pillaged and burned. But we're wasting time; what reck my private wrongs when the country is overrun by the King's enemies? How far is it to the camp?"

"Farther than you can walk without resting," he answered, "You seem almost worn out."

"Nineteen miles I've walked this day, through woods and thicket, without bit or sup, to warn the King's troops of their danger."

"What danger?" asked Neville, wondering if her grief had not somewhat affected her mind.

"The enemy are on the move—hundreds of them—with cannon and horses. I saw them marching past my cottage this very morning, and I vowed to warn the King's soldiers or die in the attempt. I slipped unseen into the woods and ran like a deer, through bypaths and 'cross lots, and I must press on or I may be too late."

Not for a moment did this American-born youth hesitate as to his duty to his adopted country. Wheeling his horse he exclaimed, "You brave woman, you've nobly done your part, let me take you to the nearest house and then ride on and give the alarm."

"I hoped to have done it myself," she said. "But it is best as it is. Never mind me. Every minute is precious."

Without waiting for more words, Neville waved his hand in

encouragement, and putting spurs to his horse was out of sight in a moment. In a few minutes he galloped up to the post held by the British picket, and flung himself off his reeking steed—incurring imminent risk of being bayoneted by the sentry, because he took no notice of his peremptory challenge. Bursting into the guard-room, he called for the officer of the day, Lieutenant Fitzgibbon. A few words conveyed the startling intelligence—the alarm was promptly given—the bugle sounded the “turn out”—the guard promptly responded—the men rushed to arms. Messengers were despatched to an outpost where Captain Ker was posted with two hundred Indians, and to Major de Heren, commanding a body of troops in the rear.

Neville, followed by two files of soldiers, returned to meet the brave Canadian matron to whose patriotic heroism was due the rescue of the little post from an unexpected attack by an overwhelming force. They found her almost fainting from fatigue and the reaction from the overstrung tension of her nerves. Leaping from his horse, Neville adjusted his cloak so as to make a temporary side-saddle, and placed the travel-worn woman thereon. Walking by her side, he held the bridle-rein and carefully guarded the horse over the rugged forest path, the two soldiers falling behind as a rear-guard. As they approached the post at Beaver Dams, the red-coats gave a hearty British cheer. The guard turned out, and presented arms as though she were the Queen; and the gallant Lieutenant Fitzgibbon assisted the lady to alight with as dignified a courtesy as he could use to royalty itself. She was committed to the care of the good wife of the farm-house which formed the head-quarters of the post, and every means taken to ensure her comfort. By such heroism as this did the stout-hearted Canadian women of those stern war times serve their country at the risk of their lives.

Vigorous efforts were now made for defence. Trees were hastily felled to blockade the road. A breastwork of logs was thrown up at a commanding position, in front of which was an abatis of young trees and brush piled up to obstruct approach. Lieutenant Fitzgibbon had only some forty-three regulars and two hundred Indians, to oppose a force of nearly six hundred men, including fifty cavalry and two field pieces. He must effect by stratagem what he could not effect by force. Every

man who could sound a bugle, and for whom a bugle could be found, was sent into the woods, and these were posted at considerable distances apart. The Indians and thirty-four red-coats, concealed behind trees, lined the road. Before long was heard the tramp of cavalry and rumble of the field guns. As they came within range the buglers, with all the vigour in their power, sounded a charge, the shrill notes ringing through the leafy forest aisles. The Indians yelled their fearful war-whoop, and the soldiers gave a gallant cheer and opened a sharp fire.

The ruse was as successful as that of Gideon and his three hundred men with their trumpets and pitchers, in the wars of the Philistines. After a spirited attack the advanced guard fell back upon the main body of the enemy, which was thrown into confusion. Some of the cavalry horses were wounded, and dashed wildly through the ranks, increasing the disorder. The artillery horses caught the infection, and, plunging wildly, overturned one of the gun-carriages in the ditch. At this moment a body of twenty Canadian militia arrived, and Fitzgibbon, to carry out his ruse of affected superiority of numbers, boldly demanded the surrender of the enemy. Colonel Boerstler, the American commander, thinking the British must be strongly supported, to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon's astonishment consented. The latter did not know what to do with his prisoners, who were twice as many as his own force, including the Indians. The opportune arrival of Major de Heren and Captain Villiers, with two hundred men, furnished a sufficient force to guard the prisoners. The chagrin of the latter on hearing of their deception and capture by a handful of red-coats and red-skins was intense. The name of the heroic Canadian wife, Mrs. Laura Secord, to whose timely information this brilliant and bloodless victory was due, was honourably mentioned in the military despatches of the day; and her memory should be a perpetual inspiration to patriotic daring to every son and daughter of Canada.*

This event was one of the turning points of the campaign. Dear-

* A portrait of Mrs. Secord, as a venerable old lady of ninety-two, in a widow's cap and weeds, is given in *Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812*, page 621; also her autograph and a letter describing her exploit. The Prince of Wales, after his return from Canada in 1860, caused the sum of £100 sterling to be presented her for her patriotic service. Lieutenant Fitzgibbon was made a Knight of Windsor Castle.

born, whose forces were wasted away by disease, famine, and the fortunes of war, to about four thousand men, was beleaguered in Fort George by Vincent with less than half the number of troops. The British now assumed the offensive, and on the morning of the American national anniversary, the fourth of July, a small force of Canadian militia under Colonel Clark crossed at day-break from Chippewa to Fort Schlosser, captured the guard, and carried off a large quantity of provisions and ammunition, of which they were in much need.

A week later, Colonel Bishopp, with two hundred and forty regulars and militia, crossed before day from Fort Erie to the important American post of Black Rock. The enemy were completely taken by surprise, and the block-houses, barracks, dock-yard, and one vessel, were destroyed; and seven guns, two hundred stand of arms, and a large quantity of provisions captured.

One day, about the middle of July, a dust-begrimed, sun-burnt, yet soldierly-looking young fellow, notwithstanding the weather-stained and faded appearance of his dragoon uniform, rode up to The Holms. He cantered familiarly up the lane and, throwing the reins on the neck of his horse, which proceeded of its own accord to the stable, entered, without knocking, the house.

Kate was in the dairy, moulding the golden nuggets of butter with a wooden spatula. Stealing up on tip-toe, our dragoon threw his arms around the girl and gave her a hearty kiss, whose report was as loud as the smack which he instantly received on his cheek from the open palm of the astonished Katharine.

"A pretty reception you give your brother," exclaimed the young man.

"Why Zenas," cried Katharine, throwing her arms around him and giving him a kiss that more than made amends for the slap, "how you frightened me; you naughty boy. I thought it was one of those Yankee soldiers. They often come begging for cream or cherries, and get more impudent every day."

"They won't come again, very soon," said Zenas with all his old assurance. "We will lock them up safe enough in Fort George, and soon drive them back to their own side of the river. But give us something to eat. I'm hungry as a wolf. Where's Father?"

"In the ten-acre wheat field. He has to work too hard for his

years, and can get no help for love or money," answered Kate, as she set before her brother on the great kitchen table a loaf of home-made bread, a pat of golden butter, a pitcher of rich cream, and a heaped platter of fragrant strawberries just brought in from the garden.

"Didn't I say I'd be back to get in the wheat?" said the lad; "and you see I've kept my word. This *is* better than camp fare," he went on, as the strawberries and cream rapidly disappeared with the bread and butter. "I have a message for you, Kate. Who do you suppose it is from?" said the rather raw youth, with a look that was intended to be very knowing.

"If it's from the camp," replied Kate, calmly, "I know no one there except Captain Villiers and Mr. Trueman. "Is it from either of them?"

"Trueman is a first-rate fellow—a regular brick, you know, even if he *is* a preacher. You ought to have seen how he stood up for them Yankee prisoners, and got our fellows to share their rations with them, although he had helped to bag the game himself. But the message is not from him, but from the Captain. He says you saved his life twice,—once nursing him when he was sick, and once by keeping those Yankee scouts here, while we got away. We heard all about your adventure. Well, he's gone to help Proctor in Michigan, and might never come back, he said, and he asked me would I give you this, in case he fell, to show that he was not ungrateful; but I had better give it to you now, or I will be sure to lose it. I can't carry such trumpery in my saddle-bags;" and he handed his sister a small jewel-case. Katharine opened it, and saw an elegant cross, set with gems, lying on a purple velvet cushion.

"He said his mother gave it to him when he was leaving home," continued Zenas. "She was kind of High Church, I guess, and they're most the same as Catholics. He said he had a sort of presentiment that he'd get killed in the war, and he didn't want some wild Indian to snatch it from his body with his scalp, and give to his dusky squaw."

Kate stood looking at the jewel and knitting her brow in thought. At length she said, "I'll keep it for him till he comes back, as I am sure he will; and if he should not," and her voice quivered a little, for her tender woman's heart could not but shudder at the thought of a violent death,—“I will send it to

his mother. I wrote to her for him when he was wounded,—Melton Lodge, Berkshire, is the address. But I will not anticipate his death in battle. I feel certain that he will come back."

As the British lines were drawn firmly around Fort George, in which, having repaired the damage caused by the explosion, the Americans were closely beleaguered, Zenas had no difficulty in obtaining leave of absence to help to harvest the wheat. Other militiamen were also available for that service, which was as important as fighting, Colonel Vincent averred, as he gave permission to considerable numbers of his yeoman soldiery to return to their farms, while the others maintained the leaguer of the fort. Soon after the ingathering of the harvest, however, Vincent was compelled, by the re-enforcement of the enemy, to raise the blockade of Fort George, and to return to his old position at Burlington Heights.

"COME UNTO ME."

COME unto Me, when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
Come unto Me and I will give you rest !

Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground ;
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned :

Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed :
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT TRIP THROUGH EUROPE.

BY H. E. CLARKE, ESQ.

II.

TAKING the train at Charing Cross, London, in ten hours the traveller is in Paris. This is certainly the most beautiful city on the continent. It must always look cleaner than London, for it has not the smoke of a thousand factories to blacken its marble walls. Then its magnificent boulevards, none of which are less than one hundred feet in width, lined on either side with marble palaces, or palace-like stores, built with an eye to architectural effect throughout, these must always make Paris the Queen of Beauty among cities. There are very few buildings in Paris erected by private individuals. Great building associations are formed, and in this way whole streets are built up upon some well-defined plan and with reference to general effect. It would be a good thing if in some of our Canadian cities we had something to take the place of these building associations.

In walking through the streets of Paris one is disposed to look narrowly at the men and women, who, all unconscious of such scrutiny, are only bent upon present enjoyment. You can't forget that these people every now and then get up a revolution on a grand scale, and at very short notice. You know that these very streets and boulevards have frequently run crimson with blood, and you wonder how it is that these gay, laughing crowds can suddenly be turned into very fiends. The Place de la Concorde is the chief square in Paris, and I suppose is the finest square in the world. It is bounded on one side by the Champs-Elysees, on the other by the garden of the Tuileries. In the centre is an Egyptian monolith, the brother, and very image of the one now standing on the Thames embankment, known as Cleopatra's Needle. But in the very spot where that monolith now stands, there stood during the revolution of 1793, that far-famed guillotine whose bloody work has sent a shudder of horror through the civilized world. There the ill-fated Louis XVI. and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette met their fate, and there

the best blood of France ran so deeply, that one of their own writers has said, "All the waters of the Seine, which runs hard by, could never cleanse the spot." It is some consolation to know that the arch-fiends of the revolution were here overtaken by their Nemesis, and that one after the other, as one party succeeded another, Danton, Desmoulins, and Robespierre, had to ascend the fatal scaffold, and feel the keen edge that had sent three thousand of their victims into eternity.

From the Place de la Concorde, a short street called the Rue Royale runs up to the Church of the Madeleine. It was in this street that the Communists, seven years ago, erected their most formidable barricade, and when it was stormed by the troops some three hundred of them took refuge in the church, where they were slain to a man.

If you are looking at the Madeleine from the spot on which the guillotine stood, you will say, "Served them right," for you have only to turn to your right and look down the avenue upon the noble ruins of the Tuileries, fired by these same Communists in their wanton rage, to be satisfied that they were wild beasts and not men. The palace of the Tuileries thus wantonly destroyed, extended from the Rue de Rivoli down to the embankment of the Seine—a costly pile of marble to be delivered over to the mob, who filled it with petroleum, and then fired it in several places. No one can pass the ruins without a feeling of regret, and there are few that pass without moralizing over the vanity of human greatness. During the present century Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., all lived there in regal state, the undisputed sovereigns of France, and yet, with the single exception of Louis XVIII., they all died in exile. Vanity of vanities.

As you stand at the palace of the Tuileries the scene presented before you is, in the day-time, one of unequalled beauty, and at night, one of unequalled gayety.

You have, first, the garden of the Tuileries, half-a-mile in length, and nearly a quarter of a mile in width, brilliant with flower, and shrub, and foliage of every colour, and richly adorned with marble statues of exquisite workmanship. This garden opens out into the Place de la Concorde, and where the square runs into the Champs-Elysees the Seine takes a bend which gives additional width to the fields.

These "fields of paradise," extend about half-way to the triumphal arch erected to commemorate the victories of the first Napoleon, but from the arch itself down to the palace, a distance of two miles, you have a noble avenue, which from four o'clock until seven is crowded with carriages, containing the rank, fashion, and beauty of Paris. Off the avenue, on each side, are promenades for pedestrians about the width of an ordinary street, and back of these again, away among the trees and flowers, are *cafés*, and theatres, and concert-rooms, that at night fairly blaze with the innumerable gas-jets that cover them in fanciful designs. These are the pleasure-grounds of Paris, and if you want to get a fair idea of the way in which all classes enjoy themselves I know no place better worth visiting than the Champs-Elysees.

A stranger landing in Paris at night and going straight to the Champs-Elysees, would be apt to think that the whole city had united to hold a monster pic-nic in these beautiful grounds, for he would find thousands of people there enjoying their evening meal out of doors, comfortably seated at tables, so conveniently arranged that they can watch the carriages rolling along the avenue until their lights dance like fire-flies in the distance, while their senses are being lulled into harmony with the fairy-scene by the soft strains of music that float seemingly from every part of the enchanted ground.

It is a wonderful place, and they are a wonderful people these Parisians. Light-hearted, gay, bent on present enjoyment, and caring little for what the morrow may bring forth, or rushing madly from the evils of to-morrow into that dark eternity which they mistake for the land of forgetfulness. It is a sorrowful sight, but a visit to the low white building behind the church of Notre Dame, too frequently shows, that figuratively, as well as in reality, there is but a step from the Champs-Elysees to the Seine, the Morgue, and all the realities of another life.

As this has taken me to the neighbourhood of Notre Dame, perhaps it would be as well to say that in this church, for a very moderate fee, they show you the costly vestments and ornaments of gold that have been presented by the reigning sovereigns of Europe during the present century. They are kept in huge drawers that swing out their full length on rollers, so that the garments lie before you without crease or wrinkle to mar the

beautiful embroidery of gold. Here, too, they keep the vestments, all stained with blood, of the good Archbishop who was murdered by the mob when he appeared before them as a peacemaker, clad in his archepiscopal robes. His mission was a holy one, but infuriated fiends have little respect for the sacred offices of religion, and another martyr's blood was poured upon the soil of France.

But the very atmosphere, at this point of the city, reeks with blood. You have only to cross the bridge towards the Louvre, for the church of Notre Dame stands on an island in the centre of the Seine, and there, directly opposite the palace of the Louvre, stands a plain church that is regarded with a strange interest by all Protestant visitors. There is nothing attractive about it, whether viewed from without or within. It has that strange fascination that the horrible exercises over the mind when you stand on a spot made infamous by a monster crime. This is the church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, whose tolling bell at midnight gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The blood of thirty thousand Huguenots seems to rise before the vision yet, whenever that bell tolls the passing hour of day.

Passing from this church round the corner of the Louvre, and following the right bank of the Seine, ten minutes ride by bus or by boat will take the visitor to the Paris Exhibition. The correspondents of the daily papers have made you so familiar with this building, its contents, and its surroundings, that I shall not weary your patience with an attempt at a description, which, after all, would only be a repetition of what has been so much better said by them. I shall therefore ask you to leave Paris at this point, and take a rapid run through the mountains of Switzerland.

There is not much in the journey from Paris to Geneva calling for remark until we pass Macon, a town south-east of Paris; but from that point to Geneva it is a constant succession of surprises. You have no sooner started than you find yourself skirting the Jura—part of the Alpine range, and as your train makes its way through gorge and valley, your eyes are drinking in all that is beautiful in scenery. First, a lofty peak frowns threateningly over your head, then you turn a sharp curve, and you have a mountain, green with pasture. Soon you shoot into a narrow defile, and as it widens before you, the mountains

seem to recede and leave long slopes with acres upon acres of grape vines growing down their sides. These vines do not grow any higher than field peas, and look very like them as you pass along.

Then the scene changes again. On either side peak rises after peak, until your eyes ache, trying to look for the summit, and you rest them by watching the play of sun and shade, as one peak after another throws the rays here and there to intermingle with the varying foliage of the trees.

As the range rises you can see the white clouds play about the lofty peaks like puffs of smoke coming from the artillery of some mighty fortress, and then before you know it you are on a piece of table-land rich with orchard and with vine. This is a great wine-growing country, and you pass miles upon miles of grape-fields stretching up the slopes of lofty mountains. The table-land in these ranges varies very much. Sometimes you have a narrow belt running perhaps a mile, then again, a wide basin extending for several miles all round, and as you are feasting your eyes on the grassy slopes, you suddenly find yourself in total darkness; your train, with a shriek, has entered a tunnel, and on emerging from the other side you are again threatened with frowning rocks, so high up that you have to get your head down near the floor of the cars to see them.

After you have reached Culoz, the Rhone runs parallel with your train, and another feature of interest is added to the scene. Here it runs calmly and smoothly, there it dashes wildly along. Now it narrows and then it widens, as the features of the country give it a bed, or it makes one for itself.

By-and-bye *you* begin to mount, and it begins to sink, until at last it looks like a grey-blue ribbon stretched from rock to tree far in the gorge below.

Without knowing why, you find yourself, as you pass through this scenery, taking long breaths and almost gasping because of the magnitude of your surroundings. But all this has a wonderful power in belittling the works of man. When gazing at St. Paul's in London, you have a feeling of reverence for the man who could rear such a stately pile, and with such perfect symmetry. But here, the architecture of the Creator dwarfs into nothingness the most lofty conceptions of created man. In some long-forgotten era, perhaps before such a thing as man

existed, at a nod from the Creator, Nature by some sudden upheaval piled these gigantic monuments in perfect order, mountain upon mountain, until they touched the skies; and the eye is never weary gazing at the harmony of the whole.

Men make a great mistake when they spend all their holiday-time in cities, admiring the master-pieces of their fellow-men, when they might better be employed on the Alps, gazing in wonder at what Nature herself can do under the hand of the great Master Builder.

Geneva shows well; it slopes up from both sides of the lake, the houses rising terrace after terrace from the water, until they seem to lean against the surrounding mountains. In the newer parts of the city, the streets are wide, well-built, and clean; but in the older parts they are narrow, overhung with tenement houses, and perfumed with stale cabbage. If you have arrived at Geneva with a vague notion that the influence of Calvin's teaching is yet felt, and that the people are grave, awfully straight-laced, and especially noted for their observance of the Sabbath, you will soon have all these notions rudely dispelled. The people are gay as Parisians, fully as easy in deportment, and the Sabbath, if kept at all, is kept simply as a day of recreation. The people are French in their language, French in their manners, and French in their customs. How John Calvin's bones can lie quietly in his grave in the city he once ruled with a rod of iron, while *cafes*, and workshops, and concert saloons are doing their largest trade on Sunday, is something surprising.

Yet, if we may judge from street names, some dim idea of religion, as he preached it, clings to the neighbourhood where the old Reformer lived, for there you have such streets as Purgatory Street and Rue D'Enfer. The very best that can be said in favour of spending a Sabbath in Geneva is, that you may there have the privilege of listening to the Macaulay of Methodism, Dr. Abel Stephens, who officiates at the Hall of the Reformation, and the privilege will more than compensate for the disappointment you experienced when you woke up to the fact that Geneva was no longer the stronghold of that Reformation.

The journey from Geneva to Chamouny is by stage. It is only fifty miles, but it takes ten hours, and ten hours staging under ordinary circumstances is a pretty severe penance; but

staging, or any other mode of conveyance, through the Alps is a constant source of pleasure. To the right, towering so high that it strains the neck to look up, are the eternal hills covered with vegetation, and this in such steep places that you would think only a mountain goat could scale them; to the left, and sometimes much too near the edge to be pleasant, far down below, the river Arve, dashing itself into seething foam against the rocks in the channel. Every now and then you see a mountain torrent leaping madly from crag to crag, sometimes with a fall of a hundred feet. Then for a while you run upon a smooth table-land, where the peasantry are busy gathering their harvest.

But if you have been accustomed to go into rhapsodies as you read about Swiss chalets and the Swiss peasantry, quietly prepare to consign all such notions to the regions of romance, for the chalets are miserable, dirty-looking cabins, and the peasantry are a miserable, dirty-looking race. If you want to get a tolerable idea of a real Swiss chalet, take a good-sized stable, lift the roof off, whitewash the body that is left,—your stable windows and doors are just right. Now, where the eave of the roof came, build a gallery all around the house, then add a storey, and let your new roof project five or six feet over the gallery. That's a Swiss chalet. In many cases the horse, the cow, and the pig, occupy the ground floor. The Swiss family have the next storey, while the upper is devoted to the comfort of turkeys, geese, and other fowl.

At Soulanges, where we first come fairly in sight of Mont Blanc, there is considerable disappointment. You see the snow on its peaks, but there are other peaks all around that seem to be very much higher, and you wonder that they are not snow-clad. Your surprise however will be somewhat lessened when you are told that you are yet twelve miles away from Mont Blanc. It is such an enormous mass of rock and snow, and the air is so greatly rarified that it seems to be towering right over you, when as yet it is miles and miles away. It is only by degrees that you can grasp the idea of size in this monarch of mountains. First, you let your eye travel up slopes that are under cultivation, and by the time you get the space thus covered fixed in your mind by calculating how long it would take you to walk over it, you are ready to lift your eyes a little

higher and take in the acres of tall pines that rise terrace after terrace, until you think they will never cease. Then gaze higher, and see ridge after ridge covered with moss or mountain fern. Then after this again, you have the bald rock standing out towards the heavens, and then you see the snow, rising, rising, rising, until you can scarcely tell which is snow and which is cloud. That's Mont Blanc the monarch of mountains,

“ They crowned him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.”

Then you are to remember that Mont Blanc is but one of a range of mountains stretching for scores and scores of miles around; and far as the eye can reach the horizon is broken by peak and cone and crag, that you can liken to nothing but the shape taken by the banks of white cloud you see on a fine summer's evening towards the going down of the sun.

It is quite impossible in these brief papers to do any justice to the many places of interest that lie on the route after leaving Chamouny. Berne, the capital of Switzerland, where you seem to be perpetually wandering through back lanes, looking for front streets, and never finding them, simply because you are on the front streets all the time. Lucerne, with its beautiful lake, and the romantic scenes that are associated with the name of William Tell. The Righi, with its marvellous railway, running up a steep mountain to the height of five thousand feet, where you can see the whole range of the Alps stretching for scores of leagues away. From Lucerne we pass on through Zurich to Romanshorn, where we take steamer and cross the Swabian Sea, now called Lake Constance, to Lindau, then by Munich to Vienna; where a rest of a few days is somewhat broken by a hopeless attempt to understand the German tongue. In Switzerland or in Italy, a knowledge of French will carry the traveller fairly through, but in Germany it is somewhat embarrassing to change cars at a junction if you have only five minutes to ask a man who does not understand you, to give you information you can't understand.

Passing by rail from Vienna to Trieste, we have to cross the Semmering range of mountains, where we reach an altitude of four thousand feet, not by direct ascent, as on the Righi, but by

running round and round the mountains, mounting one terrace after another, until the range is crossed. Trieste is reached late at night, and a boisterous passage across the gulf lands the traveller in Venice at seven o'clock in the morning.

How often do we read of the Grand Canal at Venice, and what vague ideas these simple words convey of that wonderful city. I suppose to most people the words bring up before the imagination confused ideas of gay gondolas, carrying musical swains to serenade their ladies' fair at the steps of some dark passage where the waters beat a kind of rhythmic rhyme to the wooing and the cooing of the pair. But it is not at all necessary to suppose that trysting-places must be on the water, for you can travel all over Venice by land as well as by water. It is true the streets are very narrow and very crooked. You have frequently to cross bridges, for there are two hundred canals intersecting the city; but you can go from end to end of the city, and to any part of it without once taking a gondola. I don't say that you will do it when once you have tasted the luxury of ease you can find in these river cabs. A street as wide as one of our sidewalks is a street of more than ordinary width, and most of the streets are mere passages that you can span with extended arms. But you never suffer any inconvenience from this, for in the first place, you never see a horse in Venice, and in the next place, all the heavy traffic is done by water, so that the streets are used simply for the convenience of those who choose to walk rather than take a boat. I am sure the ladies will be delighted to learn that there is one city in the world where moving from one residence to another is a perfect luxury. I had an opportunity of witnessing three or four flittings, and I could scarcely help envying those who were permitted to take part in them. A small schooner is brought up to the door, and every article of furniture is at once put on board, the door is locked, the family quietly take their places on deck, and sit down to lunch while the schooner safely glides to the new home.

My time will not permit me to attempt any further description of this wonderful city, and it is well worthy of a most extended description, for we hear so little about Venice now, that we forget the Venice of history,—the Republic that carried its arms to the farthest corners of the earth, that twice took Con-

stantinople, and that at one time was to the world what England is to-day.

Florence, the *Bella Firenze* of the Italians, is another city with many pretty spots about it, but to speak of it as the "Flower of cities," and the "City of flowers," is just a piece of wild exaggeration. The streets are narrow, and not over clean, while the shops are fairly good and nothing more. The beautiful Arno, that poets have dreamt over, until they have made it a golden stream, is a sluggish, muddy river that creeps lazily through the centre of the city for the special benefit of Florentine boys, who can wade through its waters from side to side with the greatest of ease.

But I think Florence can boast of the finest collection of pictures in the world. The Uffizi and the Pitti palaces are on opposite sides of the Arno, but they are connected by a long, covered bridge which here crosses the river, and the passage from one to the other is lined with rich pictures in tapestry. No gallery of pictures pleased me as well as the collection formed in the Pitti palace. The pictures are well arranged, and the rooms are well adapted to bring out the richness of each picture. The ceilings are vaulted and richly frescoed; then in each room there are tables and cabinets richly inlaid with precious stones, and these in some way seem to set the pictures off.

Titian's portraits are master-pieces of art. I know nothing of the men he painted, but when you stand before one of them, you know it is the picture of a living man. There is nothing stiff, nothing forced about the picture, its naturalness is what at once attracts attention. Raphael's portraits are also good, but somehow I cannot take to his Madonnas. I had read somewhere, that these pictures do not at first strike the beholder as anything very extraordinary, that you had to stand gazing at them by the hour, studying every line and each shade of colour, and that as you thus gazed you found yourself rising into a new world of thought, until you felt the charm of their marvellous power.

Well, I thought I would give that a fair trial, so I got me before a Madonna and Child that is considered one of Raphael's best. It did not at first strike me as anything extraordinary, indeed, I thought Murillo's Madonna a very much finer work; but I was anxious to get into that higher sphere of thought, and

be charmed into an ecstasy over the picture, so I took a chair and sat down, gazing and gazing, waiting for the inspiration to come. I am sure I gazed as conscientiously as ever man did, but that picture wouldn't grow a bit. On the contrary, I discovered that the child's cheek was swollen as if he had the mumps, and its arms were altogether too fat for its hands. There was no use; I could not make an artist of myself by sitting before an artist's work, so I came to the very wise conclusion that the picture grows only upon those who are resolved it shall grow. In other words, it is the fashion to praise Raphael's Madonnas, therefore they are wonderful master-pieces. Now, nobody knows what the Virgin looked like, and the only description of the Child we have does not warrant us in painting a beautiful child. But if beauty is desired, then Murillo's Madonnas and Child are what artists should go into ecstasies over, and not Raphael's.

NIAGARA.

A SONNET, BY R. EVANS.

THE breathless rush and trampling of its flood,
 Its foaming madness frights the solid rock ;
 The granite trembles 'neath the mighty shock.
 The frantic courser, as if half subdued,
 Reined by the sunbeams, on the cataract stood,
 Then plunged in headlong through the curdling smoke,
 In the abyss below to rend his yoke,
 And vent the fury of his restive mood.
 Heard ye his neighings from the thund'ring deep ?
 His hissing breath all breaking into foam ?
 The bursting whirlwind, in its awful sweep,
 Hath never whispered where his footsteps roam ;
 The sunbeams fling their iris on his neck,
 But ne'er have followed in his viewless track.

HAMILTON, *Ontario.*

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND MUTATIONS OF METHODISM IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

I.

THE characteristic peculiarities of Methodism, relating to its nature and development, will have to be borne in mind in order to a right understanding and estimate of its essential history in the British North American colonies.

Every person who rightly comprehends this revived and intensified development of Primitive, or Protestant Christianity, will admit at once that as to, *first*, its fundamental doctrines, they embrace man's responsibility to God—his fall from the Divine favour and image—his total inability to save himself—God's redemptive work and provision for the conditional salvation of all men by the sufferings and prevalent mediation of His Incarnate Son; which provision includes a freely offered pardon and deliverance from the guilt, the power, the pollution, and the punishment of all sins of all men, on condition of hearty repentance and true faith; and this provision further includes the assurance of pardon and the completion of the regenerating work, begun in conversion, and ending in entire sanctification. *Secondly*, we must remember that Methodism vitally consists in "loving God with all the heart, soul, mind, and strength," and the loving of all of humankind as ourselves. And, *thirdly*, we have to remember that this doctrinal and experimental (or experienced) Methodism, as to its organic form, may exist either merely as a "Society" within a Church, or in various relations to complete Church organization, or it may appear in a fully developed Church condition in itself—with sacramental ordinances, and a clergy set apart, by imposition of hands or otherwise, to dispense those ordinances, and that Methodism attaining such a Church *status* may assume a Presbyterian or Episcopal form—or more properly, according to fact, become a Presbyterio-Episcopacy.

With these principles premised, I have to say, in the outset, that Methodism has existed in what is now called the Dominion

of Canada, under all its possible organic aspects—not only beginning with the simpler embodiment, and ending in the most elaborate; but, after assuming the Church status, existing in one part of the country in the Presbyterian form, and in another part under the Episcopal form, and sometimes even changing back and forth from one form to the other, and coming at last in its largest and most central embodiment, to crystallize into a composite ecclesiastical state of cohesion partaking of the characteristic excellencies of both forms of Church government combined—comprehending a singleness of ministerial order, with a diversity of offices embracing a superintendency, which constitutes a practical Episcopacy liable to a change of personality from Conference to Conference. These changes in colonial Methodism, and their final issue, may be justified on the ground of Mr. Wesley's belief that there is no exact form of Church order taught in the New Testament, and that, as Methodism's history demonstrates, its only real essentials are (1) Its Doctrine; (2) Its peculiar prudential means of grace, and (3) Its Itinerating Ministry, stationed by central connexional authority, whether Bishop, President, or Committee. If these are preserved, it is essential Methodism.

The British North-American Provinces still adhering to the mother country, embracing Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, and British Columbia, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance of 3,500 miles, and from the Great Lakes to the Frozen Ocean, a distance from north to south of about 1,400 miles, comprising an area of 3,330 square miles, embracing nearly a third of the American continent, and possessing a population of 4,000,000, have been favoured, more or less, with the presence and evangelizing labours of this tireless, energetic, and expansive form of Christianity, in some one of its manifestations, from a period quite as early as in any other part of the continent.

It began in the oldest and most eastern of these colonies, and progressed westward into the newer ones as they came into existence, down to the present time—extending almost, if not quite, to the extremes of each province; and the Methodism of this large country at length has projected itself, by means of its missions, far into “the regions beyond.” The particulars of the

above general statement, it will now devolve on me to detail, but in the briefest manner possible.

Newfoundland, which had received the hardest measure of all these colonies, if at that time it could have been called a colony, while it was the systematic policy of the Home Government to prevent its being settled, with a view to its being kept as a sort of royal preserve for the sake of its game and fisheries, a course of procedure which kept the few adventurers thereon in the character of "squatters," perpetuating poverty, ignorance, and irreligion among them—was the first to receive the benefits of Methodism, which was introduced in a somewhat peculiar form and way. Like its apostles in Maryland and New York, the herald of Methodism here was an Irishman.

This was Lawrence Caughland, for ten years an approved travelling preacher under Mr. Wesley's immediate direction, but who retired because of Charles Wesley's objecting to the orders he had received, along with some others, from Erasmus, a Syrian Bishop, in 1764, although a personal friendship and correspondence between him and the Rev. John Wesley still continued. He left England in 1765, and went over to preach to the neglected dwellers in Newfoundland, without any special authentication from the Church of England, the Dissenters, or the Methodist authorities. He was so acceptable and useful on the Island that his hearers petitioned the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, to have him appointed as a missionary among them. On the joint recommendation of Mr. Wesley and Lady Huntingdon, he obtained the promise of ordination from an English bishop, and went back to receive it and return to Newfoundland. His doctrines, preaching, and methods were essentially Methodistic, and were attended with true Methodist success in saving souls. But his fidelity awakened persecution, by which he was forced to return to Europe in 1773, where, after supplying one of Lady Huntingdon's chapels for a time, he applied to Mr. Wesley for a circuit, which he was prevented from entering by being suddenly called to his "long sought rest," not long before 1785. Two or three local preachers, either coincidentally or successively, supplied his lack of service till Mr. Wesley provided for those desiring Methodist ministrations by sending out John McGeary, about the time of Caughland's death, who is called "a good man and a good preacher." He

was visited and cheered at one time by that mighty evangelist, William Black of Nova Scotia, and after that the Methodists of the two Provinces felt a reciprocal interest in each other.

The first Methodists in the Province of Nova Scotia emigrated from Yorkshire, England, in 1771, and were followed by others at several times from the same place. These pious emigrants settled, some in Cumberland, and some in Halifax, and held meetings, at least in the former place, for their mutual edification.

In 1779 William Black was converted, and began to be useful at once. In 1781 he became the first provincial itinerant. He was born in 1760, in Huddersfield, England, and emigrated with his parents in 1775, when he was fifteen years of age. Through the social meetings already referred to, and the reading of Methodist books, he was converted when nineteen years of age. By his efforts a great revival commenced in the surrounding settlements, and several large classes of from eighty to a hundred persons were gathered; soon alas, however, to be injured by Antinomian teachers. Black was too busy to avail himself of an offer of training at Kingswood, but by the blessing of God on his diligent private study, he obtained considerable classical learning, and became a sound and accurate theologian. But his highest endowments were the pathos, eloquence, and power as a preacher, bestowed on him from on high. The result was he became one of the most successful heralds of Gospel truth who ever declared the Word of the Lord. The time would fail to tell his early labours and exposures, and the success which followed them through this Province and into the adjacent Province of New Brunswick.

In 1784 he felt the necessity of assistance to aid him in a work so vast and spreading, and took a journey to meet Dr. Coke at the famous "Christmas Conference." On the way, his preaching in the city of Boston produced a profound impression and an unusual revival, the fruits of which Methodism had no agents then on the ground to reap, but which were gathered by the several organized churches.

The Revs. Freeborn Garrettson and James O. Cromwell, *elders*, were appointed to return with him, and laboured with great success in the Provinces for at least a couple of years. In 1786, about which time the work extended to the St. John River, the

names of the Revs. Messrs. Black and John Mann appear in the American Minutes as appointed to Nova Scotia, and for some considerable time after, the work in the Provinces was practically under the charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States.

From that period till 1793, at least, they were supplied, partly by preachers of colonial growth, now and then by a labourer from England, and largely from the United States, but all under the management of Dr. Coke, who seemed to sustain an official relation to both the British and American Connexions. Both he and Mr. Wesley contemplated the same form of Church organization and government for the colonies, which had been inaugurated in the Republic; and first, Mr. Garretson and then Mr. Black was spoken of to fill the office of General Superintendent; but from causes which space will not permit me to detail, even if they were perfectly clear, the project never went into effect—a failure which prevented the Methodism of the Provinces from presenting that uniformity and homogeneity it has presented in the United States, and from securing the energy and progress it would otherwise have exemplified.

However, the distinctions and terminology of the Methodist Episcopal Church obtained for some years; such as "*Deacon*," and "*Elder*," and "*Presiding Elder*," while during that period all the ordinations were performed by the American bishops. The first Provincial Conference was held in 1786, over which Bishop Coke would have presided, had he not been driven to the West Indies, where he left the four missionaries he was bringing to Nova Scotia. So long as Mr. Black remained effective, he had the superintendency of the whole work, with the designation in the Minutes, first, of "*Presiding Elder*," and then of "*General Assistant*." After his superannuation, the work assumed the order of Districts with their Chairmen, which obtained in the British Connexion and in the foreign missions directly prosecuted by that division of Methodism.

After 1800 those Eastern Provinces were principally supplied with preachers from England; especially was this the case after 1817, when the Wesleyan Missionary Society was organized. In 1855 this department of Wesleyan operations was organized in an affiliated relation to the British Conference, under the name of the "*Conference of Eastern British America*," in which

relation it continued till 1874, when it became incorporated in the Methodist Church of Canada, comprising three out of its six Annual Conferences: namely, the Nova Scotia, the New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island Conference, and Newfoundland (Mission) Conference.

The rise, progress, and vicissitudes of Methodism in the remaining part of the present Dominion of Canada were somewhat different from those we have detailed as having occurred in the Eastern Provinces. Like the beginning of Methodism in most other places, the way opened and nuclei were formed by private members of the Church, and the preaching of local, or at least lay preachers, whom governmental or military appointments, commercial enterprise, colonization, and other causes, threw into those localities where Methodism first obtained a footing. Thus the eastern part of the then undivided "Province of Canada" was favoured with Methodist efforts and influences in the following instances, order, and ways:—

There were, it is said, Methodist soldiers in General Wolfe's army at Quebec in 1763, who held meetings for their mutual edification. In 1774, the Hecks and other Palatines crossed over into the eastern part of the Province, or what is now the Province of Quebec, into Montreal and the parts adjacent. An Irish gentleman and lady, brother and sister, by the name of Maginnis, who had been Methodists in their native land, came to Montreal in an early day, and received and cheered the first preachers that arrived. All these had only known Methodism in the first stage of its organic existence. About 1778, the Hecks, Samuel Embury, and John Lawrence, who had married Philip Embury's widow, moved into what is now called Ontario, settled at the "Big Creek," in the township of Augusta, and very soon extemporized a class-meeting. After the War of Independence had ended, Methodists, largely Palatines and Tories, either from the old colonies, or direct from the old country, especially from Ireland, from both which sources there were accessions from year to year settled in the Bay of Quinte country, and held some sort of meetings among themselves. They were ministered to and aided by a Mr. Lyons, an exhorter, and a Mr. McCarty, a Whitefield Methodist, who read written sermons of his own composing. George Neal, a local, or located preacher from the Southern States, arrived in Canada in 1787, preached in the

neighbourhood of the Niagara River with great efficiency and power, and raised a class.

But there was no connexional tie between these Societies, as there was no authorized travelling preacher till 1790; and he came, at first, from the impulse of personal enterprise, having received permission "to range at large" during the Conference year of 1790-91. This was the notable William Losee, first placed on a Circuit in 1789, a native of New York, probably Tory in his proclivities, who, perhaps for that reason, and because he had friends in Canada, bent his steps towards the new colony, performing his journey on foot. Crossing at St. Regis, he came up the shores of the St. Lawrence, preaching as he went, until he reached the settlements in the Bay country. He was the means of awakening a great religious interest. Whether he went so far west as Col. Neal's society the first year, is not clearly ascertained, but he returned to the next Conference, which sat in New York in October 1791, with a numerous signed petition asking for his regular appointment, which was granted, and he was designated in the Minutes "for Kingston," for the year 1791-92, not coming in, however, till the ice on the St. Lawrence, in the fall of 1791, was sufficiently strong to bear his horse. His hortatory powers were very great, and his zeal and activity knew no bounds, so that, by the return of the next Conference he could report five classes and 165 members of the Church. This caused his re-appointment, accompanied by the Rev. Darius Dunham, elder. They divided the work between them—Dunham taking the Bay settlements, under the name of Cataraqui, for his Circuit, and Losee those on the St. Lawrence, under the name of Oswegotchie, for his.

Our space will not allow of details: suffice it to say, that a supply of travelling preachers was kept up, who mostly stood in connection with the New York Annual Conference; once, for a year, with the Philadelphia, and sometimes those appointed to Lower Canada (for after 1791 Canada was divided into two provinces), were members of the New England Conference, until 1810, when the Genesee Annual Conference embraced the Upper Canada preachers and societies within its jurisdiction. The numbers in Canada at that date were, thirteen preachers and 2,795 members of the Church.

SAVED, OR LOST.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER, D.D.

WHEN the *Ville de Havre* was sinking the question whether scores of her passengers and crew would be saved or drowned was settled within fifteen minutes. And millions have decided the momentous question of their eternal salvation or perdition in even less time than that. It seems to have been short work with Simon Peter when Jesus bade him quit the nets and "follow Me." Peter obeyed at once. Prompt obedience honours God. Prompt obedience puts the soul immediately within the Almighty hold; and when Jesus has His omnipotent grasp of love upon me, none shall be able to pluck me out of His hands. Prompt obedience *saves*.

"But what command shall I obey?" inquires some troubled reader of this paragraph. "What shall I *do* to be saved?" These are the old, old questions, which become new to every person when he begins to ask them earnestly. My reader may be asking them at this moment. Let me answer them as God's Word points the way.

The first command to you is to *repent*. Not of sin in the abstract, but of your own personal transgressions. No man is accepted of God until he admits that he is utterly wrong—until he ceases to make any excuses for his long and wicked disobedience, and honestly confesses: "I am a guilty man. Be merciful to me a sinner." Is this confession enough? No. A genuine repentance implies the abandonment of sin. To "rise for prayer" in a revival meeting and then go away and continue the practice of known sins is a solemn farce. It is a hardening of the heart. It is like a drunkard's requesting to be prayed for, and then going straight off to his bottle. The infatuated passenger who clung fast to the sinking French steamer could not possibly be saved by the lifeboat. So, if you hold fast to your sins, they will inevitably drag you to the bottom. Bible repentance is more than a confession of guilt before God. It is a resolute cutting off of sins, even though they be as dear to you as a right arm; and this is to be done, not in your own strength, but with the help of God. To "cease to do evil"

and learn to do well" is a tremendous task when undertaken in our own weakness; but it becomes a perfectly possible and easy thing when we summon to our aid the strength of the loving Lord Jesus. I met at a prayer-meeting last evening, a friend who used to be a bond slave of the most degrading vice. But when he kneeled by my side and cried out, "By the grace of God helping me, I will *quit* this horrible sin," he rose up an emancipated man. He did quit, and is to-day a growing Christian.

Here comes in the blessed office of *prayer*. You may have "said your prayers" occasionally, ever since your mother taught you to do so in your early childhood; but when you begin to confess sin honestly before God and ask His help to conquer it, then you really begin to *pray*. This, too, observe, is in the direct line of Christ's commandments. He bids you "ask," "seek" and "knock," and then pledges His infinite word of truth that you shall "receive" and "find," and "it shall be opened to you." I will not pretend to tell you how to phrase your petitions. *Tell Jesus what you want.* That is prayer. An earnest penitent can be trusted to frame his own requests. The less they are uttered "by rote" the better. Pre-eminently let your prayers be honest. Let them be importunate. And until you receive the priceless blessings you are after, you must pray without ceasing. Many a one has given up when the blessing was just at the door.

"But am I not to exercise faith? Does not faith save?" To this I would answer that only the Lord Jesus can save; and faith is simply trusting yourself to Him. Several of the passengers of the *Ville de Havre* were preserved from death by floating pieces of timber. But the floating timbers saved only those who *clung to them*. The grasp of those imperilled men and women was a grasp of trust. The soul's hold on Jesus is the only faith that avails. He says: "Only believe." That means "Trust Me; rest on Me!" And this trust must be exercised all through the acts and processes of which I have spoken. In praying, you must exercise faith. In your conflict with sin, you must trust on the Infinite Help to give you the victory. Is your faith weak? Then use what you have and ask fervently for more; for "Lord, increase my faith." Or mayhap you may be in that attitude of humble self-renunciation when your soul

can find no words so exactly fitting as, "Lord I believe. *Help* thou my unbelief."

Jesus will help you, be assured, when you begin to obey Him. He is even nearer to you than you thought. He has been beseeching you to allow Him to come in and help you for many a year. He has stood at your evil heart's door and knocked for admission. *Letting Him in* is conversion. I asked a full grown man of forty last night how he felt. His prompt reply was: "I feel better. I have opened my heart to Jesus." Yet that man had only entered a prayer-meeting a week ago for the first time in many a long year. Convicted by the Holy Spirit of his sins, he had obeyed that Spirit's leadings and opened at once his soul to the Saviour. If God's loving Spirit is striving with you, I entreat you do not resist Him. Obedience is your own act, but without the power of God's Spirit you will never obey.

To you comes now the call of Jesus Christ: "Follow Me." Suppose that, when Jesus first gave this invitation to Peter and John, they had treated Him as you have always treated the Saviour of sinners, where were their heroic history, their precious writings, and their martyr crown? Their destiny was determined in a few moments. It all turned on a simple *Yes* or *No*. We do not read that they sat down to weep, or went off to consult any one. They left their nets, and started off straightway on their uphill march of obedience; to a life of usefulness and an immortality of glory.

Friend, the "net" you are to leave is your favourite sins. The only effectual repentance of those sins is to abandon them. To do this may cost you poignant distress and tears, or you may do it with calm determination, at the bidding of conscience and of Christ. Do not wait for harrowing grief. Fears do not save. There is no Bible thermometer as to the degrees of feeling that accompanies true faith. Sin will damn you. Jesus Christ can save you. Take these two tremendous truths and act. Do this with humble, earnest calls upon God for help. Every hour spent in refusing Jesus increases your guilt. Immediate obedience brings immediate salvation. Then you can cry out triumphantly: "Lord, thou hast holden me by my right hand. Afterward thou shalt receive me to glory." "Follow Me," saith the Lord Jesus to you at this moment. On your answer hinges the vast alternative whether you are saved or lost!

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. ASAHEL HURLBURT.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.

MEMORIALS of the life and death of the pious are an heritage to the church of God. The registered experience of those who have found, amid the vicissitudes of life, true guidance and support in a reposed trust in Jesus, and have thus been enabled to nourish high affections, and meet the practical responsibilities of life, is of increasing interest in these days of looseness in religious beliefs, and bare conventional profession. The teaching and admonition which attend our reminiscences of those we have loved knowingly—and who have passed on to the emancipated brotherhood of the saints in light—are as a new revelation of truth and love. We record their virtues, as we call up their names. They have passed from our life; their work is historical and transient; but the image of themselves, the majesty of their spirit, those lineaments of beauty and goodness, we cannot conceive as being broken by their departure from us. In our thoughtful moments, and where the spell of the past is upon us, and we strive to span the space that severs earth from heaven,

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door:
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit us once more.
And though oft depressed and lonely,
All our fears are cast aside,
If we but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

So, dear Hurlburt, the generous friend, the gentlemanly Christian, seems to be as present to me at this writing, as in days that are past. My eyes are holden; I cannot see him; yet the spell of his presence is felt, and the affection which intimacy with him created is gratified and strengthened.

A little to the west of the town of Prescott, and overlooking the beau-

tiful St. Lawrence, stands the homestead of the Hurlburts. The family came to Canada in company with other U. E. Loyalists, immediately after the close of the revolutionary war. Here the subject of this notice was born, on the 4th of July, 1805. His father was a man of strong common sense, industrious habits, and honourable character; and, with his wife, feared God above many. Like other families in the country at that time it had mainly to depend on itself, yet the influence of religion in the household made it the congenial home of parental tenderness, brotherly affection, and filial duty. Here, and amid such influences, our brother grew up to manhood. Naturally modest and reserved, a characteristic which attended him through life, he became thoughtful and self-reliant. Courteous in manner, unassuming in deportment, high-minded and honourable in feeling, he secured the esteem and attachment of all who knew him.

His Christian life commenced with his conversion, which took place at a camp-meeting, in 1824, near where the town of Iroquois now stands. His conversion was very marked. His mind was too clear-sighted, too sincere, too little imaginative for either self-deception or enthusiasm to have wrought, even for a moment, such a change in thought, feeling, and desire as he now experienced. It was the Holy Ghost inspiring holiness, and diffusing peace. It was a new creation with its light, love, and joy attesting the fact of pardon. From this time conscience, and not passion, dictated the life, and led him ultimately in that career to which duty pointed, and in which he toiled "as a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

In 1827 he commenced his work

as a Christian minister in Matilda, in the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of his conversion, as the assistant of the Rev. David Wright; and although he suffered much from his natural diffidence, yet his success was such as to satisfy himself that the work of the ministry was his proper vocation. He was now in his twenty-third year; having listened to the call of duty, and following its direction, he felt himself walking in a safe way. Strong in the persuasion that this is God's world, redeemed to Himself by His Son, which redemption he had felt as a reality, with a clear mind, a sincere heart, and indomitable will, he committed himself in full allegiance to the work of an ambassador for God. He was received on trial as a probationer at the Earnestown Conference of 1828, ordained Deacon by Bishop Hedding in 1830, and that year married Miss Catherine Lawrence, daughter of Mr. John Lawrence, of Edwardsburg, and so became related to the Embury's and the Hecks, who were among the first Methodist families that came to Canada. In 1833, on the consummation of the union with the British Conference, he and twenty others were ordained according to the usage that has obtained since, by the Rev. George Marsden, President of the Conference. It is not necessary to trace his career on every circuit on which he was stationed during the forty years of his active ministerial life. He commenced his work before the country knew much of the security of streets, when the circuits were large, and the remuneration small; before the church had outgrown the disparagement with which it was treated on its first inception; and he lived to witness its great expansion, both in wealth and influence.

In the exercise of his ministry he was very successful. In most of his fields of labour his efforts were followed by revivals of religion, and the building up of the church of God. Much of the fruit of his early years has ripened, and been gathered home; but much of it still remains

with the church below. From the time he entered the ministry to the close of his life, he enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of those among whom he laboured. The hearts of all who knew him flowed forth to him as a good man. His manly social virtues, and noble Christian character, placed him very high in their esteem.

In the year 1846 I became more intimate with him; as my superintendent I found him kind, genial, considerate; and through more than thirty years I have enjoyed the privilege and benefit of his friendship. He was then in his full vigour both of mind and body, and in great love with his work. I look back through the years, and he stands before me as an holy, humble, self-denying man—earnest, without being enthusiastic; serious, without being austere; catholic, without compromising his views of divine truth. Among the superficial he may not have passed for an highly eloquent preacher; but to all whose mind could penetrate beneath the surface he was a very instructive one. His preaching was decidedly evangelical, and he never faltered in his defence of the Gospel. Contemplating man in his various relations, he endeavoured to pour the light of truth upon his understanding in reference to each. As a Methodist, his character had the peculiar stamp of his own denomination. In the doctrines he presented and in the type of spiritual experience he held up, he was a genuine Methodist minister.

While he defended the doctrines, he was solicitous to guard the polity of the Church. He took a prominent part in the discussions of the Conference; his calm, clear, dispassionate judgment, combined with his thorough knowledge of our economy, made him conspicuous among the princes of our Israel. He filled with acceptance the various offices in the gift of the Conference, as secretary and co-delegate, and chairman of district, which latter office he held for seventeen years. In 1860 he was honoured as one of the representatives of the Conference to the

General Conference of the M. E. Church of the United States; and, after his retirement from the regular work, he was twice chosen to represent his Conference in the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada. Before the last session of the General Conference in Montreal he was called to his reward, but his brethren placed on record their appreciation of his sterling Christian character, and his earnest and useful life.

At the London Conference in St. Thomas, in June of last year, he conducted the love-feast service, and gave utterance to his Christian hope and expectation of the rest and peace he had in Jesus, and the reward which awaited him. He returned to his pleasant home, where, surrounded by his devoted family and loving friends, he continued his usual course, not only without complaining or repining, but with abiding cheerfulness and buoyant hope. Although he had sustained the relation of a superannuate for the last ten years, yet he was in labours more abundant. His heart never grew old nor narrow. The glow and fervour of the blessed expectation of an abundant entrance into the kingdom of light and love, gave an expression of freshness to his spirit and disposition. The peace of God

had driven away every trace of fretfulness—the calm and repose which cometh from fellowship with the pure and true, was constant and abiding. So death found him. He was in his usual health till the afternoon of Friday, the 26th July. He had preached twice in Mitchell on the previous Sabbath, and on that Friday morning had been engaged in making preparation for the following Sabbath. In the afternoon he complained of being unwell; at about three o'clock he retired to his room, and in less than an hour he had entered into the "rest that remaineth." He indeed,

"Ceased at once to work and live."

He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age, and had been in the ministry of the Methodist Church over fifty years. He is deeply mourned by his family and a large circle of friends who knew his doctrine, manner of life, purposes, faith, charity. It is difficult to associate him, with his fervent spirit, his exemplary faith, patience and service, with death; for there is that which the grave cannot enclose, and death itself cannot destroy—his manly Christian life, and nobleness of character, which remain to us as a possession forever.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE LETELLIER AFFAIR.

It is a wise constitutional maxim that "The King can do no wrong." The personal government of the sovereign is incompatible with the modern theory of a limited monarchy. The responsible ministers of the crown should bear the full brunt of praise or blame for acts which they advise or to which they consent while retaining office. This principle applies no less to the sovereign's representatives than to the sovereign himself.

The reason for this is obvious. The sovereign or his representative cannot stoop from his high place to make personal explanations, to remove misapprehensions, to refute slanders. His lips are sealed, and how deeply soever his honour may be touched, he has communication with the people's representatives only through his ministers, or uttering the words which they put in his mouth. It is therefore unchivalric in the highest degree to impute to him personal motives or to make an

attack against which he has no defence. Such a course lowers the authority of the crown and lessens the respect in which the sovereign's representative should be held. It sacrifices, moreover, to selfish or party ends, that noble loyalty to constitutional principles and to the person of the sovereign which should characterize the inheritors of the grandest system of responsible government, and the one surrounded with the best safeguards of popular liberty, under the sun. We are enjoined not only to fear God but to honour the King, and to speak not evil of dignitaries. Unhappily, the judicious principle of our initial maxim is not always observed. It has been violated by each of the great political parties of the country successively. In the recent instance, which will be uppermost in the minds of all our readers, the departure from this rule is the more to be regretted because the harsh and rash words that have been uttered and written seem to have been based on a misapprehension of the real action of the eminent person who has fallen under the ban of party criticism, and of the question how far it was personal and how far it was the action of his responsible advisers.

There are other considerations, too, which in the present case especially appeal to our generous instincts. Our new Governor is a guest very recently arrived among us, and to the inevitable inexperience in grave constitutional questions consequent upon his comparative youth, must be added the novelty of his responsible position and the delicate nature of the matter submitted to his judgment. Moreover, he stands so near the throne that, through his person, a wound may unintentionally be inflicted on the gentle lady who shares his fortunes, and on the august sovereign whom we all revere.

We regret, therefore, the unguarded expressions into which certain impulsive speakers and writers have been betrayed by their zeal for popular liberty and the political autonomy of the country, or perchance by less noble motives. In accordance

with the principle we have announced, the astute politician at the head of the Government must bear the responsibility of all the acts to which his Government consents. A man of war from his youth, the hero of a hundred fights, skilful of fence, and a master of infinite resource, the shafts which would keenly wound the unarmed object of attack would fall harmless from his well-tempered mail. We hope that the country, irrespective of party, will give the Governor-General during his summer progress through the west such a royal ovation that he may feel that deep in our hearts is an unswerving loyalty to the throne and person of the sovereign whom he represents.

THE LESSONS OF THE CENSUS.

It is gratifying that the statistics of our Church, obtained through our own denominational channels, are corroborated by the official returns of the Census Commissioners. No one will return himself as a Methodist unless he is an adherent of that body; whereas many are returned as Roman Catholics or as members of the Church of England, merely on account of having been baptized in those communions, although they seldom or never attend the ministrations of those churches or of any church. Hence we may claim that the Methodist returns in the Census represent *bona fide* adherents of our Church.

In view of this fact, the relative growth of Methodism during the last decade is very gratifying. In 1861, the respective proportions per thousand of the population of the six principal denominations were as follows: Baptists, 64.4; Catholics, 444.2; Episcopalians, 150.6; Congregationalists, 107; Presbyterians, 152.9; Methodists, 142.7. In 1871 it stood: Baptists, 68.6; Catholics, 428.0; Episcopalians, 142.0; Congregationalists, 6.3; Presbyterians, 156.3; Methodists, 162.7. The largest increase is that shown by the Methodists, being 20.0 per thousand. The Baptists and Presbyterians have about the same relative increase, be-

ing respectively 3.2 and 3.4 per thousand of the population. The Church of England and the Roman Catholics, on the contrary, have a relative decrease: that of the former being 8.6, and that of the latter 16.2 in the thousand of the population.

In the province of Ontario the progress of Methodism has been still more marked. If the comparison be extended backward over two decades from the last census year, it will be found that the relative increase of the Methodists is 61.1 in a thousand of the population. Next, but at a considerable interval, come the Presbyterians, with an increase of 5.6 in the thousand. During that period the decrease of the Roman Catholics has been 7.0 in the thousand, and that of the Church of England 29.9. This does not, of course, imply an absolute decrease. On the contrary, there has been a considerable increase in numbers in each of these bodies. It means that other denominations, especially the different branches of Methodists, have increased so much faster that these are a much less proportion in a thousand than they were twenty years previous to the last census.

There are those who imagine that the Protestant population of the Dominion will be swamped by the rapid increase of the Roman Catholic element. The official returns, above quoted, disprove that idea. Notwithstanding the immense Roman Catholic preponderance in the Province of Quebec, throughout the Dominion the proportion is yearly becoming less; and Protestantism, with its preponderance in numbers, in wealth, in intelligence, need have no apprehension, if but faithful to its principles, of the influence of Rome.

REVIVALS.

It is a matter of devout thankfulness to God that from so many of the Circuits of our far-extended Church organization comes the cheering intelligence of the Divine approval on the labours of God's servants in revivals of religion, the conversion of sinners, and the sanctifying of believers. Without this result we should have, as a Church, serious cause for self-examination and inquiry. Without this, the great end and object of all our efforts, our labour would be, to a great extent, in vain.

We need not enter here into the philosophy of revivals; but we may remark that they are at least in harmony with the analogies of growth and progress in Nature. There are in external Nature times of especial development and unfolding. When the genial influences of the sunshine and the shower fall upon the torpid bosom of the earth, life begins to quicken in her pulses. The streams burst the icy fetters of the winter, and run rejoicing to the sea. The sap flows in the veins of the trees, which burgeon out into leaf and blossom. Then, after this sudden burst of growth and vigour, a more restful autumn comes—a time of maturing the fruit and fulfilling the promise of the spring. So, when the Sun of Righteousness arises with healing in His wings, and the soft distillings and gentle bedewings of the Holy Spirit—the early and the latter rain of grace—revive the heart of man; the soul puts forth new graces and unfolds moral beauties, as a flower unfolds petal after petal in the light of the sun. Then comes the time of consolidation, of solid upbuilding, of maturing, not merely the flowers of religious promise, but the ripened fruit of perfect love.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The English Missionary Notices for April has just reached us. It contains the plan of the services to be held in connection with the Anniversary of the Missionary Society for the present year. In addition to the four week-day sermons, for which distinguished ministers are announced, two hundred and sixteen sermons are planned to be preached in the various Metropolitan churches, on the Sabbath, and fifteen services are to be held in the afternoon for the special benefit of the young.

Rev. M. C. Osborn, one of the Missionary Secretaries, arrived from the West Indies in time for the Anniversary, at some of the services of which he took part. His visit to the West Indies has been of great service to the Church. No deputation from the Parent Society has visited these islands for many years, and, as might be expected, Mr. Osborn was everywhere received with great enthusiasm, and his services on the platform and in the pulpit were not only acceptable, but his intercourse with the missionaries and official members is spoken of as eminently conducive to the best interests of the Society in that ancient Mission field. Occasional visits to Foreign Mission Stations by officers duly appointed are of great benefit, and amply repay the amount of expenditure incurred.

NATAL.—The Zulu war has occasioned much uneasiness in the District, still there are two thousand four hundred and sixty-nine members in Society, being an increase of one hundred and fifty-two, with four hundred and eighty-two on trial. There are two Training Institutions on the District, at which

there are more than thirty students, some of whom are employed as local preachers, who visit the kraals on Sabbaths. There are also thirty day-schools and thirty-nine Sabbath-schools, European and native. There are about 4,000 in attendance at the day-schools, and 2,000 at the Sabbath-schools.

The Missionary Meeting was an enthusiastic affair. Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner for South Africa, occupied the chair, and spoke in terms of great commendation of what he had seen of the Society's labours, both in India and South Africa. A new Mission is to be opened in the Transvaal Province, which project His Excellency assured the meeting met with his warm approval. The various Districts in South Africa promise liberal support towards this Mission.

An interesting fact was recently stated in connection with a service conducted by one of the Secretaries of the American Board, in which he alluded to the changes wrought by the Gospel in the Fiji Islands. A stranger present told the Secretary that in 1846, when a boy, he was present at a carnibal feast on one of these Islands presided over by the king. Six years later he united with an assembly of three thousand Christian worshippers on that same spot, and heard the same king publicly avow his reception of Christianity.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The volume containing the Minutes of the Annual Conferences for 1878, has been issued. The grand total of Church members is 1,998,282, being an increase of 25,674, for the year. The value of Churches is estimated at more than \$68,000,000. The number of travelling preachers

is 11,678, being an increase of 407. Twenty-eight Conferences are in the South, fourteen of which are composed principally of white, and fourteen principally of coloured members. In fourteen of the Conferences there are 20,600 members, 7,000 of whom are coloured; and in fourteen other Conferences there are 189,000 members, of whom 6,000 are white, or a grand total of 396,000. On this territory there are 2,126 travelling preachers, 947 of whom are coloured, and 4,202 local preachers, 2,378 of whom are coloured. There are also 3,877 churches, valued at \$8,000,000, 525 parsonages, valued at \$714,000, making a total of \$8,732,716.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The annual meetings of the Missionary and other benevolent societies in the Island of Bermuda, are held in the latter part of April and the beginning of May. While we are preparing these notes, Rev. A. Sutherland is on his way thither to visit the Methodist missions and take part in the various anniversaries. We are sure that the Islanders will him give a cordial reception.

Our readers will be sorry to learn that domestic affliction has compelled Rev. George Cochran to return home from Japan.

Cheering accounts are being published respecting revivals that are in progress at several places in the various Conferences, so that it is to be hoped there will be a gratifying increase in the membership of the Church.

The Missionary columns of our excellent *confreere*, the *Christian Guardian*, contain letters from various parts of the Mission field, the perusal of which cannot fail to do good. Rev. William Pollard, in British Columbia, had so far recovered his health that he is now labouring among the Indians in Victoria, where he has a congregation of 150, 40 of whom meet in class. A special service of more than three weeks was held, which was attended by persons belonging to fourteen different nations speaking

as many different languages or dialects, all of whom can be reached by Chinook, which is a kind of universal jargon.

From the North-west Territory there comes a strong appeal for a Missionary to be sent to Slave Lake to labour among the Pagan Indians. Rev. John Macdougall has visited them, and writes hopefully of the prospect.

Rev. Henry Steinbauer, whom we heard address a Missionary Meeting in Richmond Street Church more than twenty years ago, has been laid aside from active work for several months, but he is now recovering. He strongly favours a native agency on behalf of the Indian work, and hopes to see some of the young men in his Church thus engaged.

Rev. Henry Manning has removed to Fort Macleod, where he has been cordially received. Some of the people to whom he ministers had not heard a sermon for ten or twelve years. Several members of the Mounted Police are amongst the most regular attendants at the sanctuary. Miss Barrett writes very encouragingly respecting her school.

Rev. Thomas Lawson writes from Beautiful Plains, which is the most distant Mission in Manitoba, and appeals earnestly for a Missionary to be sent to Rapid City on the Saskatchewan, which is likely to become a place of considerable importance.

The ladies in connection with the Methodist congregations in Montreal, have formed a French Missionary Society. During the past year a Bible woman has been employed, aid has been given to the maintenance of a French day-school, donations made towards liquidating the debt on the French Church; more than six hundred dollars have thus been expended by the ladies. Cannot the ladies in other places imitate the noble example of their sisters in Montreal? The Women's Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church, United States, have 900 auxiliary societies, and 309 missionary circles among

the children. They support sixty Missionaries, and sixty-seven Bible readers, eighteen Boarding-schools, and sixty-five village and day-schools, and raised last year more than \$65,000. See what women can do!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Japan.—Twelve Protestant churches are self-supporting, and twenty-six are partly so. The number of missionaries (Protestant) is 106. The foremost paper in Southern Japan, in a recent issue, speaking of the progress of the Christian religion says: "It is astonishing how this word is spreading."

The Government English School at Osaka (Japan), exhibits a marked change within a few years. Formerly its foreign teachers were men who paid no regard to religion. Any reference to Christianity in the text books of the school was omitted, and it was proposed to make for Japan a series of books studiously avoiding all reference to Christianity. Now, all the foreign teachers but one are Christians, as are also two of the most influential native teachers. Both of these latter superintend Sabbath-schools in which several foreign teachers take part.

China.—Bishop Wiley recently stated that one thousand dollars had been raised in one of the older districts in that country, within twelve months, from converted Chinese, whose wages amounted to no more than ten cents a day.

Rev. Dr. Nevins, writing from Chefoo, says that missionaries are treated more respectfully than before, and whole villages are found ready to become Christians. "Hundreds have been baptized and thousands are on the roll of applicants for baptism."

Polynesia.—The London Missionary Society reports of the Society, Harvey and Samoan groups—the seventy islands under their charge—have all been Christianized, native churches and congregations have everywhere been established, and in each group an institution is main-

tained for the education of a proper native ministry, and the support of all Christian ordinances is thrown almost entirely upon the converts themselves.

At a missionary meeting recently held in London, the Rev. Mr. Inglis, for twenty-five years a missionary in the New Hebrides, said: "When I went to Ancityrun there was not a widow to be found on the island, there was not even a name in the language for widow, the reason being that the law doomed every woman on the death of her husband, to be strangled, and her dead body to be thrown into the sea with his. Now, not only has this horrible practice entirely disappeared under the Christianizing influence of the missionaries, but the whole island has become Christian."

Turkey.—Among the members of the new Turkish Cabinet there are two Christians, one of them holding the important portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Prejudices of race and religion are yielding throughout the Empire, and this elevation of Christians to the Council of the Sultan is a token that Turkey, like the rest of the world, moves.

ITEMS.

—The Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association has a band of over twenty "Yoke-fellows" who, after a plain tea in the rooms, and conference and prayer, go out into the streets and avenues every Sunday evening, between seven and eight o'clock, inviting young men to come into the prayer-meeting. Their work proves very successful.

—Mr. Moody's res. in Baltimore consists in holding meetings under the direction of a committee of the Young Men's Christian Association twice a day, with three or four meetings on the Sabbath. During last month he held one hundred and fifty meetings, besides studying six hours a day.

—Mr. Spurgeon's church now numbers five thousand and sixty-six members. Last year three hundred and ninety-four were received into

the Church, but a Colony went out from it to form a church at Peckham. A number were dismissed to other churches, and forty-five were called home.

—Rev. J. Denham Smith recently stated in a public meeting in London, that the late Princess Alice, while calling on a lady, was told of a gathering of poor people about to be held which she expressed a desire to attend. In the course of the conversation the lady asked her when she first felt she was saved. The Princess replied: "A poor Scotch Christian talked to me about the Gospel, and since then I have been able to say, 'I am saved.'"

—The aggregate of Church debts which Mr. Kimball has been instrumental in dissolving is not far from \$2,000,000.

—The Hon. W. McMaster surprised the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, of Toronto, lately, by presenting it with the cancelled mortgage on the property—amounting to \$5,400.

—P. B. Hayehurst of Belfast, Maine, was an Unitarian, yet in his will were found bequests of one thousand dollars to each of the Methodist Churches in the place.

—We regret to learn that the British and Foreign Bible Society has been compelled to appeal for an increase of funds. The Committee state that during the recent wars they have sold the Scriptures to the military at a reduced price, and have also given them to the sick and wounded. In the Franco-German war they spent \$80,000 in this way, and in the Russo-Turkish they spent \$92,000. They are unwilling to retrench. They strongly desire to press on to fuller occupation of Africa, Persia, and other countries. Last year their expenditure was \$75,000 in excess of their receipts. They expect a large deficit this year. They have drawn upon their reserve fund until it is reduced to \$235,000. They appeal to all the churches for an augmentation of income.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Churchmanship of John Wesley, and the Relations of Wesleyan Methodism to the Church of England. By JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

The respected President of the Wesleyan Conference has rendered good service by this timely and able essay. Nothing is more common with Anglican disputants than to plead the High-Church opinions of Wesley, and charge Wesleyans with unfaithfulness to his teachings in this respect. A complete answer, which can only be gathered from a review of Wesley's whole life and writings, is not always at hand. Such an answer is supplied in the present treatise. Dr. Rigg shows clearly how much, or how little, there is in the allegation. Wesley's ecclesiastical views followed, and were

largely determined by, his personal religious faith. The year of his conversion, 1738, forms a sharp dividing line between the two positions held by Wesley in both relations. Just as before that period, instead of accepting the righteousness of faith, he sought to establish a righteousness of his own, so also he held high views as to priestly powers and sacramental efficacy. When he abandoned the one set of views, he abandoned the other. With what fairness can Wesley's opinions in the former period be taken as typical of the man? He was then groping his way to settled conclusions. By his own testimony he was an unconverted man. He passed through a variety of phases, ritualistic, ascetic, and mystic. Nothing, as it seems to us, can be more disingenuous than to transfer views which belong to

this immature state, views which Wesley subsequently renounced, and with which his whole subsequent career was inconsistent—to the second period, and represent them as Wesley's final opinions. Our answer is short. "The Wesley of the period before 1738 is not our founder. With him we have nothing in common; to him we owe no allegiance." Nay, we do not differ more widely from him than Wesley differed from himself. The action of modern Wesleyans is not more diametrically opposed to the views of Wesley in his first stage than was Wesley's whole career in the second and greater stage, when he became the founder of Methodism. Nothing is more certain than that, if Wesley had remained at the first standpoint, he could not have become the originator of the Wesleyan system. Even in the earlier period he was by no means the pronounced High-Churchman that would satisfy modern Anglicanism. As Dr. Rigg shows, he was much more mystic than ritualistic, and mysticism and ritualism are mutually exclusive. In Georgia he refused the Lord's Supper to a Moravian pastor, because the latter had not been canonically baptized. He says of this act afterwards, "Can any one carry High-Church zeal higher than this! And how well have I since been beaten with mine own staff!" Dr. Rigg says:—"He did not even in Oxford believe in any such doctrine as that of the supernatural bodily presence of the Lord Jesus in the consecrated elements, as now taught by advanced High-Churchmen."

As to the second period, which really represents the Wesley of history and of Methodism, dispute is out of the question. Dr. Rigg accumulates the evidence of word and act in proof "that he very soon and once for all discarded the 'fable,' as he called it, of 'apostolical succession,' and that he presently gave up all that is now understood to belong to the system, whether theological or ecclesiastical, of High Church Anglo-Catholicism." It is also clearly shown how Wesleyanism

is the logical and necessary outcome of Wesley's own teaching and acts and High-Churchmen ought not to object to a process of development. It would have been strange if Wesley had not leaned strongly to the church of his baptism and ordination. But by what right can those who have no such personal grounds of obedience and attachment be held bound to follow him in these purely personal inclinations?

We have little hope that Dr. Rigg's essay will prevent a repetition of the charges alluded to. The argument is too handy to be easily relinquished. But at least those who use it will be left without any excuse of ignorance. Only a few months ago we read a letter in a newspaper, in which a clergyman charged the Wesleyan authorities with mutilating Wesley's works. Dr. Rigg notices this old charge in a note on p. 120, characterizing it as "altogether untrue." Those who accuse Wesleyan Methodists of unfaithfulness to Wesley's teaching might just as well accuse the early Christians of unfaithfulness to the teaching of Paul the Pharisee before the Damascus journey, or modern Roman Catholics of unfaithfulness to the teachings of Newman the Anglican before the year 1845.—*London Quarterly.*

Littell's Living Age.

The number for the week ending April 5th begins a new volume of this standard periodical. It contains: The Reflection of English Character in English Art, *Quarterly Review*; An American View of American Competition, by Edward Atkinson, of Boston, from the *Fortnightly Review*; an instalment of a "Doubting Heart," by the author of "Castle Daly;" The Fohn, *Saturday Review*; Nostradamus, *Pall Mall Gazette*; A Medium of Last Century, a short story from *Blackwood*; Carnival at Nice, *Saturday Review*, etc., etc. The publishers make the announcement that a new serial story from the pen of Jean Ingelow will be begun immediately in *The Living Age*, from the author's

advance sheets. This story may be looked for with much interest.

The price of *The Living Age* is \$8.00 a year. It will be furnished with this MAGAZINE for \$9.00.

The Methodist Quarterly Review for April, 1879. Phillips & Hunt. New York.

The articles of the current month are as follows: Wesley and Modern Philosophy by Bishop Harman, second paper. Some Objections to Theism, a trenchant reply by Prof. B. P. Bowne to the recent Agnostic work by "Physicus" revised in these pages. Popular Astronomy, a lucid presentation of the present aspect of astronomical science, with engravings, being a review of Prof. Newcomb's recent work on that fascinating subject. Alexander H. Stephens, a graphic life-sketch of a prominent statesman. The Election of Presiding Elders, and Methodism and Heresy, discussions of topics of live interest among our neighbours. Eleven pages are devoted to a review of Delitzsch's New Commentary on the Hebrews—one of the most masterly "Bible works" of modern times.

The London Quarterly Review for April, 1879. Wesleyan Conference Office.

This is a number of unusual interest. The first article discusses, with a full knowledge of the subject, the recent Missionary Conference at Shanghai. The second shows that the results of Disestablishment in Ireland have been very advantageous to the Irish Church. The third is a sound orthodox discussion of the Biblical Conception of Holiness. The fourth is a charming paper on "Quaint Old Fuller." He certainly was the wittiest of divines. His wit flashes out even in his most serious moments. He prays that He who is the "Fuller's sope," may scour the stains and spots from his soul, that he may appear clean in His sight. He tells of a devout Catholic, who, knowing not how to pray, repeated the alphabet and

asked the Lord to spell therewith what would be most to His glory. So in the troublous times of the civil wars in which he lived, Fuller says, he knew not what to pray for as he ought. His wit appears even in the titles of his books, as of three which we possess: "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," "Good Thoughts in Worse Times," and "Mixed Contemplations for Better Times," *i. e.*, the times of the Restoration. Though a staunch Royalist, he was willing he said, to take ninety-nine steps out of a hundred towards a reconciliation with his enemies, and *if they will not step backwards* he will even take the hundred. Speaking of the preaching tailors, weavers and cobblers of the Parliamentary army, he wittily says, "I am so far from speaking ill of them for being bred in so poor trades, that I should think better of them for returning to them again." The other articles are "Heard's Tripartite Nature of Man," and "The Bishop of Porto's Pastoral Address," and "Rothe on St. John's First Epistle." Sixty pages of judicious Book Notices—one of which we have pleasure in reproducing—complete the number.

The Catholic Presbyterian. An international journal—ecclesiastical and religious. Edited by Prof. W. G. BLAIRIE, D.D., LL.D. No. 1, 8vo., pp. 80. London: Jas. Nesbit & Co.; and Jas. Bain, Toronto.

This is the initial number of a vigorous monthly issued under the direction of an international committee of leading ministers of the Presbyterian Church. It is a fine idea that of a representative organ of Presbyterianism throughout the world. Among the notable articles of this number are the following:—Catholic Presbyterianism, by the editor; Religious Reform in France; Presbytery and Liberty, by our old friend Stewart Robinson, D.D., of Louisville, Ky; Missionary Sacrifices, a posthumous paper, by Dr. Livingstone; Voltaire's Centenary, by Dr. DePressense; Bible Revision,

by Dr. Shaff, and other contributions of distinguished merit.

The Doctrine of Future Punishment, as held by Orthodox Churches, and as Taught in the Sacred Scriptures. By WILLIAM COOKE, D.D. pp. 45. London: H. Webber. And Methodist Book Rooms.

This pamphlet, Dr. Cooke informs us, grew out of the frequent letters of enquiry sent him by persons whose minds had evidently been unsettled by the recent speculations on the subject of the future punishment of the wicked. The tract is admirably adapted to sweep away the sophisms by which the plain teachings of Scripture have been obscured, and to set forth its unequivocal testimony on this solemn and important subject. It is characterized by Dr. Cooke's usual lucid and vigorous style, and condensation of thought and expression.

Night Sides of City Life. By T. DEWITT TALMAGE, D.D. pp. 161. Methodist Book-Rooms. Price, unbound, 50 cents.

It was our fortune to hear in the same day both Henry Ward Beecher and T. DeWitt Talmage preach. As an intellectual masterpiece, the sermon of Beecher bore the palm, but as a moral power that of the latter was far superior. Of Talmage's congregation of 5,000, about half remained for a prayer-meeting, and about 200, chiefly young men, stood up to ask the prayers of the Church. We were informed this takes place nearly every Sunday. We do not specially admire the perfervid rhetoric of the Tabernacle preacher, but we rejoice in his moral power over the masses, and in his vast influence for good through his printed sermons, wherever the English language is spoken. The sermons in this pamphlet, twelve in number, are those which excited such an excitement, for and against them, in Brooklyn, and throughout the country. To our judgment they commend themselves highly. While they utter sad truths that make both ears of the guilty to

tingle they contain no word that should make the cheek of maiden modesty, or youthful innocence to blush. In nothing does the preacher pand'r to a depraved imagination, but he utters with boldness, faithful words of warning to young and old alike. He seems, herein, like one of the Hebrew prophets raised up to denounce the wrath of God against the crying evils of the time, and to summon men to purity of heart and life.

The Relation of the Methodist Church to Dancing, with Reasons therefor. By Rev. B. B. KEEFER. Methodist Book Rooms.

This is the substance of a sermon preached by Mr. Keefer in the City of Hamilton, which attracted much attention from the city press. He brings a severe, but we judge not too severe, indictment against the practice of modern dancing as a cause of much moral depravation, and tending in its nature to irreligion and open immorality. He indicates the wisdom of the rule of our Church with respect to this amusement, and with no small degree of moral courage unmasks the fatal tendency of the practice. It will be an evil day for Methodism should its wise rule in this respect ever become relaxed. We bespeak for this pamphlet, where such a tendency is apparent, a wide circulation, as a faithful warning against an insidious evil.

A Discourse on Transubstantiation. By the Rev. ALFRED ANDREWS. Methodist Book Rooms.

This is a reply to a Sermon by the Rev. Father Molphy, of the Roman Catholic Church of Strathroy, defending the Tridentine theory of the Real Presence. Mr. Andrews shows not only by an appeal to common sense and to Scripture, but also to the most illustrious Fathers of the early Church, that that doctrine is opposed to reason, to revelation, and to the traditions and creed of the Church in the days of its primitive

purity of faith and practice. It is an admirable *resume* of the Protestant argument on this important subject.

What shall I Read? a confidential chat on Books. 12mo. pp. 186. New York: Nelson & Phillips; and Methodist Book Room.

Like a person sent to gather herbs of healing, or plants for food, in a garden full of flowers and weeds, some wholesome and some deadly, without any knowledge of botany, is a boy or girl in a world full of books, some full of wisdom, and others full of evil, without any teaching how to distinguish the one from the other. One good book may give the youthful mind an impulse and inspiration to a noble and beautiful life. A bad book may poison and pollute it for ever. To guide the immature taste to the good and to warn it of the evil, is the object of this little book. The judgment indicated by the anonymous author is a sound and cultivated one—the range of subjects and writers is wide, not excluding a due proportion of poetry and higher class fiction.

English Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. GREEN, D.D. 4to, pp. 216. Religious Tract Society and Methodist Book Rooms.

As the Jew, from the land of his exile, looked back with love and pride and veneration to the land of his fathers, so of the English-speaking race,—every one who is worthy of the name—to whatever part of the world they may have wandered, look back with tender recollection to the dear old land from which they have sprung. Its very name, its well-remembered scenes, its grand historic memories—all invest it with a noble and patriotic interest. To such sons of England this elegant volume with nearly two hundred engravings of the fairest scenes and historic sites, will be a rare delight. It comprehends rambles on the silver-winding Thames, the

wild sea coasts, the Cornish crags, the Yorkshire moors, the English poet-haunted lakes, the busy "Black country," the Snowdonia with its liquid language and its noble hills, and the gentle scenery of the Isle of Wight.

First Works for a Probationer. By Rev. J. T. CRANE, D.D. pp. 24. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms.

This pamphlet treats succinctly the following points: Rise of Methodism in England, Rise of Methodism in America, M. E. Church in 1878, How the Church is Organized, Doctrines of the Church, General Rules, Christian Fellowship, How the Church is Supported.

What Katie Did. By the author of "The Ambassador's Journey," "The Angel's Lesson," "Who is to Blame?" etc. pp. 36. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms.

This is an interesting and helpful temperance story, telling how a little girl eight years old prayed, planned, worked, and denied herself to save her father, and how she succeeded.

Class Meetings and their Improvement. By the Rev. LUKE WISEMAN, M.A. Third edition. 32mo. pp. 80.

This is an admirable little book, by one of the most thoughtful minds in Methodism. It should be in the hands of every class-leader. It costs only five cents.

The Rev. Dr. Carroll, the well-known historiographer of Methodism, has in press, to be issued shortly, a biography of the Rev. "Father Corson," whose venerable form was so familiar for many years at the annual Conferences of our Church. From the sympathy between the biographer and his subject, and the ample material available, a volume of unusual interest and importance may be expected.

The price of the *Cyclopedia of Methodism*, reviewed in our last number, is \$7.75 instead of \$6.75, as then stated.

"I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

Words by Rev. H. BONAR.

Music by Jno. K. WHITFIELD.

1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say—"Come unto Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry

one, lay down Thy head upon My breast." I came to Je-sus as I was-

Wea-ry, and worn, and sad; I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say—

"Behold, I freely give

The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."

I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say—

"I am this dark world's light;

Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found

In Him my Star, my Sun;

And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.