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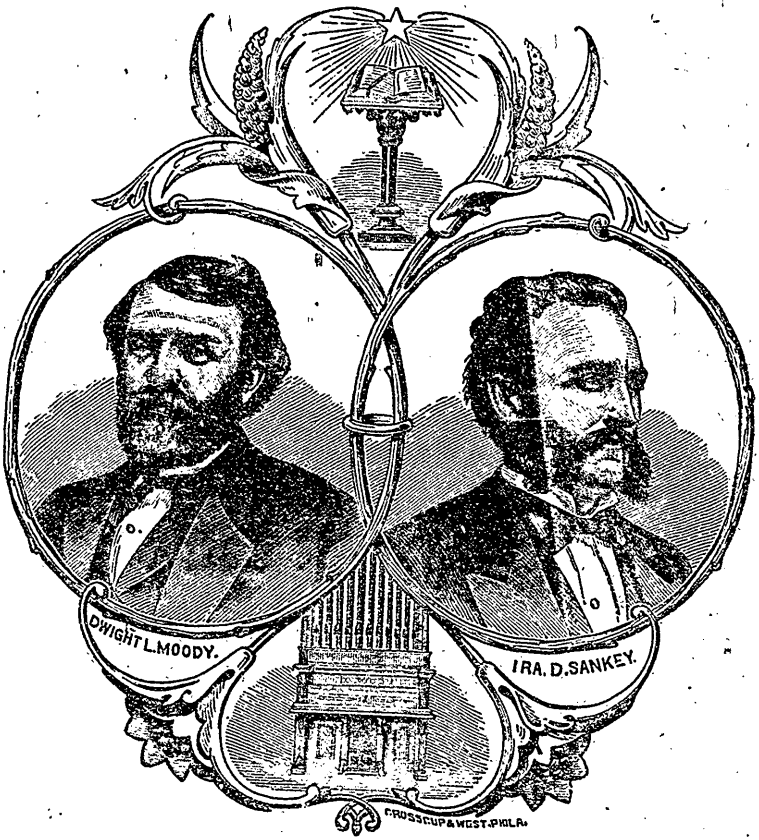

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1875.

THE PROTESTANTISM OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

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

PART SECOND.

To the Protestant testimonies previously cited I will add those of Roman Catholics. The fact that ten years after Elizabeth's accession to the throne, the emissaries of the Pope and of King Philip were hatching conspiracies against her, both in England and on the continent, and that the Pope issued a bull of excommunication against her, as an incorrigible heretic and an implacable enemy of the Papal Church, releasing her subjects from their allegiance to her throne,—these facts amply refute the Puritan imputations upon the Protestantism of Elizabeth. But the private dispatches addressed by the representatives of Papal Governments in England to their respective sovereigns reveal their conviction of the Queen's thorough Protestantism from the very commencement of her reign. King Philip II., of Spain, on the anticipated death of his wife, Queen Mary, sent the Duke De Feria to express his kindly feelings to his dying wife, and to be at the side of Elizabeth on her accession to the crown. De Feria gives an account of his first interview with Elizabeth, before the death of her sister. He writes, "I fear much that in religion she

will not go right, as I perceive her inclined to be governed by men who are held to be heretics; and they tell me that the ladies most about her are all so. Besides this, she shows herself highly indignant at the things done against her in the lifetime of the Queen. She is much attached to the people, and is very confident they are all on her side—which is indeed true—indeed, she gave me to understand that the people had placed her where she now is. On this point she will acknowledge no obligation, either to your Majesty or to her nobles, although she says they have one and all of them sent her their promise to remain faithful. Indeed, there is not a traitor or heretic in all the country who has not started, as if from the grave, to seek her with expressions of the greatest pleasure." De Feria writes again, in less than a week afterwards, "that his worst fears were confirmed," "that he was himself a cipher," "that Philip's voice had no more weight with the Council than if he had never married into the realm,"* and even recommends armed interference to maintain the Romish religion and arrest the Reformation. He wrote again, "that England was lost and Elizabeth was lost unless she was checked in the mad career on which she was entering," "that nothing could save her, except her immediate marriage to some prince or nobleman in the Spanish interest." "The more I reflect on this business," he said, "the more clearly I see that all will turn on the husband which this woman will choose."

In the meantime the Duke De Feria was instructed by Philip to ascertain the feelings of Elizabeth towards him, and to offer his hand in marriage to her. The life of Elizabeth would doubtless have been sacrificed to the jealousy of her sister Mary, and the intrigues of her Papal counsellors, had it not been for the interposition of Philip. But De Feria had imprudently allowed the letter of his royal master, on the subject of the proposed marriage with Elizabeth, to be seen by some of the ladies of the palace, whom he thought to interest in his cause. The contents of the letter thus became known to the Queen, and she read there that the sole object of the proposed marriage was to bring her into the Romish Church, and place the liberties and destinies of her people

* De Feria to Philip, November, 1558—quoted by Vaughan, Vol. II., p. 480; and by Froude, Vol. VII., pp. 13, 14.

at the tender mercies of the Pope of Rome and King of Spain. On the 14th of January, 1559, the day before Elizabeth was crowned at Westminster Abbey, she received Philip's proposal of marriage. As she owed her life to Philip, and was threatened by France and Scotland combined, with Philip as the only ally of England—he being the most powerful monarch of the day—it was thought that Elizabeth would not for a moment hesitate to accept so splendid an offer. But when De Feria opened the subject to her, she was prepared with her answer. "She was conscious of the honour which had been done her; she was aware of the nature of the King of Spain's alliance; but His Majesty's friendship was as sufficient for her protection as his love. She had no desire to marry, and she did not believe in the power of the Pope to allow her to marry her sister's husband." De Feria threatened her with the Queen of Scots. She declined to consider the Queen of Scots' chances to be as large as he described them. True to her nature, however, Elizabeth would not give a positive answer. If she was determined, she affected to be irresolute, and the Count could only conjecture that her final answer would be unfavourable."*

In the mean time Parliament met on the 25th of January; the Bills of Supremacy and of Uniformity were introduced, and every effort was made to defeat them by De Feria and the Romish bishops, who still held their sees, and their seats in the House of Lords. "Philip wrote to De Feria, bidding him to implore Elizabeth to consider what she was doing; if entreaties failed, he left it to the ambassador's discretion to menace her with the chance of losing him." De Feria and Alva, the Spanish commander and butcher of the Protestants in Flanders, consulted on the subject, and agreed, that "if Elizabeth would become Philip's wife the Catholics would resume their ground with ease; if not, neither menace nor remonstrance would be of any avail." De Feria wrote to Philip on the 20th February, "I have ceased to speak to her about religion, although I see her rushing upon perdition. If the marriage can be brought about, the rest will provide for itself; if she refuse, nothing that I can say will move

* Froude, Vol. VII., chap. i., pp. 37, 38.

her. She is so misled by the heretics who fill her court and council, that I should injure our chances in the principal matter by remonstrating."*

On the 20th February De Feria made his last effort, and pressed Elizabeth to say decisively whether she would marry his royal master. He spoke to her again of the Queen of Scots; he warned her that if Spain ceased to have an interest in England, the peace of Europe could not be sacrificed because her sister's carelessness lost Calais. She finally refused. In his letter detailing the result to Philip, he said "the devil had taken possession of her; she was more impatient of menace than of entreaty." She repeated that the Pope could not allow her to marry her brother-in-law, and she refused entirely to be afraid of France. "Her realm," she said, "was not too poor, nor her people too faint-hearted, to defend their liberties at home, or to protect their rights abroad; she would not marry, and she would agree to no peace without Calais—that was her answer."†

The Treaty of Cambray secured peace between France and England, which was followed in England, in March and April, 1559, by the passing of the Act of Supremacy and the Act of Uniformity, freeing England from Papal supremacy, and restoring the Prayer Book of Cranmer, and the public worship as left by Edward VI. The representatives of the Papal Government in England, and the leading English Catholics, employed all the arts of diplomacy, and every possible plan and scheme to prevent the operation of these measures, and to divert the Queen from the Reformation policy to which Her Majesty and the Parliament were now fully committed. De Feria had been relieved of his English embassy at his own request, and had retired to Brussels. He was succeeded by "a bold, subtle, dexterous Spanish ecclesiastic, Alvarez De Guadra, Bishop of Aquila—sent to England with a special commission to watch over the interests

* Froude, Vol. VII., chap. i., pp. 52, 53.

† *Ib.* p. 57. "As there was no hope that she would change her mind, De Feria recommended Philip not to trouble himself about any other marriage for her, but to instruct his ministers at Cambray to complain to the English representatives of the alteration in religion, and if their remonstrances were unheeded to make peace [with France] at once."—*Ib.*

of the Church of Rome, to keep the Catholics true to Philip and themselves, to prevent them from rebelling prematurely, to hold them in hand ready to rise at the fitting moment, should other means fail of bringing Elizabeth to reason."*

The following extracts of letters from the new Spanish ambassador will show the light in which the character and measures of Elizabeth appeared to Papal eyes, and the schemes that were then being projected to overthrow her Government, and restore the Papal power in England:—

De Guadra, Bishop of Aquila, to the Duke of Alva.

"LONDON, May 10, 1559.

"Parliament has risen, and the Queen has confirmed the Acts. It is uncertain whether she will eventually be Head of the Church; at present she calls herself Governor, declining the higher title that she may give it to her husband when she marries. The difference is only in name. The Holy Sacrament was taken away yesterday, and the mass (service) was said in English. The bishops who will not swear will lose their sees; and when they have been all deprived, the Queen will go in progress and institute their successors. Clergy refusing the oath are to lose their benefices. Clergy and laity alike, who speak against the Queen's doctrines, for the first offence forfeit their properties; for the second their lives.† . . . . In the Commons the Queen was compared to Moses, sent by God to deliver his people. Neither the heretics of our time, nor the persecutors of old, ever ventured on so complete a piece of deviltry, Never, I think, was so monstrous an iniquity committed."

The Ambassador Bishop to Philip II. of Spain.

"LONDON, May 30, 1559.

"The Constable Montmorency, with a number of French noblemen, have come over to ratify the Treaty. On Corpus Christi Day they were all at the royal chapel. The Queen placed herself close to the altar and made Montmorency and his companions sit close by her side, much to the scandal of the Catholics to see them in such a place. Some English prayers and psalms and I know not what were read, after which followed some chapters.

"Scotland is in insurrection, and the flame will soon spread here. The Protestants and Catholics hate each other more than ever; and the latter, in

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* Froude, Vol. VII, pp. 91, 92.

† This is not correct. To refuse the oath of allegiance involved the loss of offices—a condition or tenure on which all public offices are held to this day. "To maintain by writing, printing, teaching, or preaching," that any foreign power, prelate, or person had authority or jurisdiction in the Queen's dominions, involved for the first offence forfeiture of personal property; for the second offence *Præmunire*—forfeiture of lands and tenements, goods and chattels, and imprisonment during the Royal pleasure; for the third offence, treason.—1 Eliz. cap. i.

their exasperation with the Queen, say openly that she is not their lawful sovereign. . . . But the spirit of this woman is such that I can believe anything of her. She is possessed by the devil, who is dragging her to his own place."

From the same to the same.

"LONDON, July—

"I am compelled to tell your Majesty that the leading Catholics are amazed to see the Queen permitted to go forward in this course of recklessness, careless of the interests of either England or of adjoining realms. In the six months she has been on the throne, she has brought heresy into life again and fed it up into strength and spirit, when it was all but dead. I am well aware that your Majesty does not forget these things, but it is necessary that you should know what is said here. First they looked to your Majesty to help them; then they looked to France, and if France does nothing they say it will be your Majesty's fault.

"As for this woman, you must expect nothing from her. She is possessed with a false opinion of her own resources, from which she will never awake till she is ruined. Heresy has been engrained into her from her very cradle, and she so hates the truth that she thinks of nothing but how to destroy it. If your Majesty were to save her life a second time, she would be no more faithful to you than she is now. If she can spread the poison and set your Majesty's Low Countries on fire, she will do it without remorse."

From Philip II. to his Bishop Ambassador, De Guadra.

"BRUSSELS, July 9, 1559.

"I have seen what you have written. It concerns me deeply to hear of the increasing injuries done to religion, and the risk to which the Queen is exposing both herself and her realm.

"Seeing that neither the good offices, which she dare not deny that she has received from me, nor any demonstrations of brotherly affection, nor the warnings of Count De Feria, have availed anything, I have resolved to address her in another tone. . . . You will tell her that by what she is doing she is disturbing my affairs as well as her own, and that if she does not alter her proceedings, I shall have to consider what it will be necessary for me to do. I cannot suffer the peace of these estates to be endangered by her caprices, as I see plainly that it now will be. Say this to her from me."

From the Bishop Ambassador to Philip II.

"LONDON, July —

"Thomas Randolph has just come in haste from France to say that the Dauphin, [husband of Mary Queen of Scots,] after having publicly assumed the royal arms of England, is about to be proclaimed King of Scotland, England and Ireland. The Queen, when she heard it, said that she would take a husband who would make the King of France's head ache, and that he little knew what a buffet she could give him. . . . I have my spies about the Queen's person; I know every word she says. . . . . The discontent grows and spreads. The northern counties refuse the new prayer book. Rebellion is not far off."

Such are some of the Papal testimonies* to the Protestantism of Queen Elizabeth—testimonies which might be indefinitely multiplied throughout the whole of her reign. It was assumed that Elizabeth would certainly marry, and the primary object of the Papal powers was to prevent her marrying a Protestant, and to secure her marriage to some Spanish or Austrian prince, in order to bring her and her people under the yoke of Rome. To accomplish this they sought to excite divisions among her subjects, to encourage disaffection, to embarrass Elizabeth in every way possible; to appeal to her gratitude, her fears, and her ambition; she had spies about her to watch and report her every word, whether spoken in pleasantry, in anger, in private confidence, or openly; the most able and wily diplomatists exerted their utmost skill and art to entangle, terrify and persuade her; but all to no purpose. Elizabeth proved herself a match for them all, and maintained her Protestantism and the Protestant independence of her people, against all their threats, intrigues and machinations. The Spanish Bishop Ambassador, De Guadra, wrote to the Emperor Ferdinand, (August 8, 1559,) "Her position is so perilous that one would have thought she would have caught at the marriage with the Archduke to save herself; but she is so passionate in these matters of religion, she has so preposterous a notion of her own strength—of which it is impossible to disenchant her—that I have little hope that she will do anything good." Again, in October, De Guadra writes to De Feria, "If the Queen were a woman of sense or conscience, something might be done about the marriage, but she is so reckless I

* The dispatches from which the above extracts are given will be found quoted more at large in the seventh volume of Froude's History of the Reign of Elizabeth, together with many others to the same effect. The project of a marriage between Philip II. of Spain and Elizabeth having failed Philip's next project was to bring about a marriage between Elizabeth and his cousin, Archduke Charles of Austria, son of the Emperor Ferdinand. Froude justly remarks, "Six thousand Spaniards thrown upon Norfolk coast, all Catholic England rising to welcome them, and Elizabeth obliged to retrace her steps, restore the Catholic bishops, marry Charles, and live as a satellite to Philip—this was the scheme which filled the imagination of Spanish ministers, and which faded away only when the Queen surprised friend and foe by rising triumphant over her difficulties by her own energy and skill."—Vol. VII., p. 173.

know not what to think. Her embarrassments are all that we could wish; they could not be greater than they are. One step more and swords will be drawn. But this, I conclude, his Majesty wishes to prevent. The chief advantage of the match, could we bring it about, would be that the French would give up the enterprise." . . . "She talks to me in a marvellous manner; but I give her as good as she brings; and I can do much more with her than at first. She has discovered that all clergy are not sheep like her own, and there are ten or twelve ambassadors of us, all competing for her Majesty's hand; and they say the Duke of Holstein is coming next, as suitor for the King of Denmark. The Duke of Finland, who is here for his brother the King of Sweden, threatens to kill the Emperor's man; and the Queen fears they will cut each other's throats in her presence."

De Guadra wrote again to De Feria, January 15, 1560, "The Queen is the same as ever. Cecil, who is the heart of the business, alone possesses her confidence, and Cecil is obstinately bent on going forward with his Evangel, till he destroy both it and himself. I have tried hard to gain him over, for we are the best of friends; but he is possessed with the chimerical notion of uniting Scotland and England under one creed and government; and I might as well talk to a deaf adder as try to move him."

March 27, 1560, De Guadra wrote to Philip II., "Cecil says that the differences of religion forbid her marriage with the Archduke; and Paget tells me that so obstinate are both she and those about her in their heresy, that to save the realm she will not consent to it. . . . . Your Majesty may rely upon it they will make religion a pretext to keep the world in hot water. The heretic ministers cry from their pulpits that, having now a sovereign on their side, they will have preaching, and take the sword as a more effective weapon to smite Antichrist."

It is thus seen that the resources of diplomatic and political intrigue had been taxed to their utmost to restore the crown and realm of England to the papacy, by means of the Queen's marriage with a papal prince—a plot and conspiracy against the independence and liberties of England wholly defeated by the Protestantism and patriotism of the Queen and of her advisers. History presents no parallel of a young woman in the circum-

stances of Elizabeth, in the midst of perils on every side, under espionage as to her every act and word, and discussing alone from day to day and month to month with the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers the complicated questions of national government and international relations, as well as the most delicate matters of personal interest and feeling, and yet, in no instance compromising the dignity and independence of her crown and people, in every instance eluding the snares so ingeniously laid for her entanglement and overthrow, and extorting from her papal adversaries the testimony to her uncompromising fidelity to her religion and country.

It is such a woman as this, alone and isolated from every neighbouring government, resisting the persuasions and braving the threats of the great papal powers of Europe, that the extreme Puritans of her age, and Puritan writers from that age to this, have represented as popish in her sympathies and policy; and all this, not because queen Elizabeth did not avow and maintain every doctrine of the Reformation as held even at Geneva, not because she did not select the purest Protestants as chief overseers of the Church, not because the evangelical doctrines of the Reformation as proclaimed and suffered for by Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, and by Calvin himself, were not embodied in the Articles and Liturgy, and taught from the pulpits by the bishops and other preachers of the Queen's appointment, but because she insisted upon the service of worship and the apparel of the clergy as used at the death of Edward VI., and the Reformers who sealed their testimony with their blood during the cruel persecutions of Queen Mary. The above extracts from the letters of papal ambassadors show that but for the firmness and almost superhuman courage of Elizabeth and her chief advisers, the Reformation would have been crushed in the bud, and the bloody days of Queen Mary renewed. At that time there was no Puritan voice to warn and animate the Queen, much less Puritan dissensions in the Church; and the arbitrary power claimed and exercised by the Queen was conferred upon her by Act of Parliament at the commencement of her reign.

It has been alleged that the Queen was more indulgent to the dissenting Romanist than to the dissenting Puritan—a statement

refuted by the facts given by Hallam in the third and fourth chapters of his *Constitutional History of England;* the former chapter "On the Laws of Elizabeth's Reign respecting the Roman Catholics," and the latter "On the Laws of Elizabeth's Reign respecting Protestant Non-conformists." No Roman Catholic was eligible to a seat in Parliament after the fourth year of Elizabeth's reign. Hallam remarks,—"The indulgence shown by Elizabeth, the topic of reproach in those times, and sometimes of boast in our own, never extended to any positive toleration, nor even to any general connivance at Romish worship in its most private exercise. She published a declaration in 1570, that she did not intend to sift men's consciences, provided they observed the laws by coming to Church; which, as she well knew, the strict Catholics deemed inconsistent with their integrity. Nor did the Government always abstain from an inquisition into men's private thoughts. The Inns of Court were more than once purified of popery by examining their members on articles of faith. Gentlemen of good families in the country were harassed in the same manner. One Sir Richard Shelley, who had long acted as a sort of spy for Cecil on the continent, and given much useful information, requested only leave to enjoy his religion without hindrance; but the Queen did not accede to this without reluctance and delay. She had, indeed, assigned no other ostensible pretext for breaking her own treaty of marriage with the Archduke Charles, and subsequently with the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon, than her determination not to suffer the mass to be celebrated even in her husband's private chapel. It is worthy to be repeatedly inculcated on the reader, since a false colour has often been employed to disguise the ecclesiastical tyranny of this reign, that the most clandestine exercise of the Romish worship was severely punished."

I think the summary of facts adduced throughout this chapter, will satisfy every candid reader of the thorough Protestantism of Queen Elizabeth, and of the injustice and falsity of the oft-repeated imputation that she was as much Romanist as Protestant.

Mr. Neal—many of whose misstatements I have had occasion to correct in the preceding pages—makes the following admission and estimate, in the conclusion of his history of her reign:

"Queen Elizabeth was a great and successful Princess at home, and the support of the Protestant interest abroad, while it was in its infancy; for, without her assistance, neither the Huguenots in France, nor the Dutch Reformers in Holland, could have stood their ground. She assisted the Protestants of Scotland against their Popish Queen, and the Princes of Germany against the Emperor; whilst at the same time she demanded absolute submission of her own subjects, and would not tolerate that religion at home which she countenanced and supported abroad. As to her own religion, she affected a middle way between Popery and Puritanism, though Her Majesty was more inclined to the former, disliking the secular pretensions of the Court of Rome over foreign states, though she was in love with the pomp and splendour of their worship. On the other hand, she approved of the doctrines of the foreign Reformed Churches, but thought they had stripped too much of its ornaments, and made it look with an unfriendly aspect upon the sovereign power of princes. She understood not the rights of conscience in matters of religion, and is, therefore, justly charged with persecuting principles. . . . . However, notwithstanding all these blemishes, Queen Elizabeth stands on record as a wise and politic princess, for delivering the country from the difficulties in which it was involved at her accession; for preserving the Protestant Reformation against the potent attempts of the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spain abroad, and the Queen of Scots and her Popish subjects at home; and for advancing the renown of the English nation beyond any of her predecessors. Her Majesty had held the balance of power in Europe, and was in high esteem with all foreign princes, the greater part of her reign; and though her Protestant subjects were divided about Church affairs, they all discovered a high veneration for her royal person and government, on which account she was the glory of the age in which she lived, and will be the admiration of posterity."*

It is true, as Mr. Neal says, "that Queen Elizabeth did not understand the rights of conscience," nor did a single Puritan writer of her age "understand the rights of conscience" better

* History of the Puritans, chap. VIII., pp. 471, 472.

than she did. The preceding pages contain ample proof that the Puritans abhorred and denounced the *toleration* of any form, or ceremony, or doctrine, different from their own, more intensely and vehemently than did their Queen or her bishops. Mr. Neal admits that the Queen "approved of the *doctrines* of the foreign Reformed Churches;" he everywhere maintains in his history that the "*doctrines* of the foreign Reformed Churches," and of the Puritans were identical; how then could the Queen be more inclined to the doctrines of Popery than of Puritanism, as Mr. Neal imputes to her?

Nor is there a vestige of proof that Queen Elizabeth ever condemned the "foreign Reformed Churches" for their polity, or their worship, or even the apparel of their clergy; on the contrary, she, with her bishops, recognized and honoured them, fraternized with them, supported and defended them; but she maintained that the Church, and Parliament, and the Sovereign in England, had as much authority to "decree rites and ceremonies," affecting Church polity, order and worship, as the Reformed Churches and the civil rulers on the Continent, or as the ecclesiastical barristers and City Council of Geneva, or as the Kirk and Parliament in Scotland; that if Presbytery was a necessity and best adapted to the "foreign Reformed Churches," and preferred in Scotland, Episcopacy was preferred and best adapted for Protestantism in England. The Queen, her bishops, and Parliament, were not propagandists of Episcopacy among the Reformed Churches of the Continent, or in Scotland, and claimed like independence and non-foreign interference in matters of Church polity and ceremony in England.

The first volume of Mr. Neal's "History of the Puritans" is a continuous indictment of the Protestantism of Queen Elizabeth, which is substantially disproved by his own admissions in the passage above cited, as well as by the testimony of Papal writers and the bulls of the Pope, by whom, as also by the Protestants of the Continent, Queen Elizabeth was regarded as the standard-bearer of Protestantism in that age; and by her unshaken firmness, undaunted courage, and unrivalled skill, under the Divine blessing, the existence of Protestantism was maintained, and its triumph achieved. The Congregational historian, Dr. R. Vaughan,

well remarks, "Her capacity was large and forecasting, and the debt of England, of Protestantism, and of humanity, to her character and reign, is incalculable. Without her help, limited and hesitating as it often was, Scotland could not have asserted her independence of France; and the Dutch could not have asserted their independence of Spain; which is in effect to say that Europe could not have been free. The great reaction of Romanism began with her accession, and her policy may be said to have crushed its revived energy, and to have fixed it within limits which it has not since been able to pass."*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY DR. HOLLAND.

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire where the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world;
Every heart is aflame, and the beautiful sing,
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night,
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely Evangel they bring:
And we greet in His cradle, our Saviour and King.

* Revolutions of English History, Vol. II., p. 668.

PRAYER AND PROVIDENCE.

BY P. LE SUEUR, ESQ.

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of; wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.—*Tennyson.*

THE ingenuous objectors to the efficacy of prayer in bringing about physical results, appear to rest their case mainly upon the supposed immutability of the order of nature, whose laws, or uniform operations, they conceive to be so fixed and unalterable as to admit in no sense or degree whatever of suspension, modification, or supplementing. If these honest people, (for they are no doubt very sincere and respectable folk,) could prove their hypotheses, which, perhaps, they are not called upon to do, seeing that they are negatives only, it would perhaps be difficult to see how prayer, outside of the strictly spiritual domain, could ever be answered at all. But notwithstanding all the learning, logic and labour of this class of philosophers, the common conscience will rebel against the conclusion—for it amounts to that—that the Creator, in producing the universe, exhausted His resources and placed Himself under eternal disability to do anything further. We are glad to find that the form in which one phase of modern disbelief (which has attracted much attention of late in this country) appears, leaves room for the general idea of a God, and, moreover, of a personal God. We accept it with thanks and hope. It is true that it is somewhat difficult, if, indeed, not wholly impossible, to conceive logically of an intelligent and almighty Power, in constant exercise, without endowing that Power with personal attributes; and a glance at the mythologies of the ancient paganisms, as well as at the polytheisms of actual

heathendom, proves that they always give personality to their deities. Our Canadian "Modern Thought," then, records a protest against abandoning the world to pantheistic energies, or, which we imagine to be pretty much the same thing, to chance. There is a God! and a personal God, and that point conceded, we proceed with some degree of encouragement to enquire what our relations to Him may be, and what we may or may not rationally expect from His Fatherhood.

Whether life was first felt in some scarcely organized globule, or was imparted in full measure to the various animal races after they had received the corporeal forms in which they now appear, is a matter of really small importance in the general argument. If there is a God, He must have existed when there was no imparted life, or no life at all but His own, and there must, therefore, have been a time when He communicated the vital spark to the atom, the behemoth, or the man. The quality of the organism and of the life which animated it, determined the relations which were thenceforth to subsist between the Giver and the recipients; and the faculties, physical, mental, and moral, —where the latter had place—equally determined the functions, obligations and responsibilities of the creatures. To the lower animals of all grades, whether evolved from the rudimental atom, or created as they are now found, instincts adapted to their needs were given. The first chicken had undoubtedly the notion of seeking food, and every other living thing less than man was endowed with its own appropriate capabilities, improving as it reached maturity up to a certain point, beyond which it could not go. "As the old cock crows the young one learns," saith the old proverb, but it is none the less certain that the young cock will learn to crow just as well if the old one becomes incapacitated from superintending his son's education.

The beasts, many of them, are capable of a certain measure of culture, but, however proficient, they never transmit their knowledge, and it is tolerably certain that they never aspire to more than they do know. But when we come to man we enter upon a very different field of inquiry. For what he is, for what he is capable of, and for what he craves, he too is indebted to the Being who formed and informed him; and we venture to assume

that the sense of want which he continually experiences, and which is never fully satisfied, is just the measure of his capacity for progress and enjoyment. He avails himself of the wisdom of all antecedent generations, and presses on to greater attainments, so that it may be truly said that the man of to-day is wiser than the man of yesterday, and that the man of to-morrow will be wiser than the man of to-day. The God who made him what he is, and made him to feel restless, inquisitive and aspiring, cannot have intended that he should utterly fail of realizing some encouragement and some measure of success in his struggles after a higher and nobler life. The greatest want of which this creature is conscious, when most true to the monitions of conscience, is that of the knowledge of God and communion with Him. That these yearnings are but the natural outgrowths of his moral constitution, counterworked it may be, and often counteracted, by "the law of sin which is in his members," it is unreasonable to deny, and if they are so, then it is in the very order and economy of his being that they should be responded to by his Maker. It would be a gross libel upon the wisdom, power, and goodness of God to imagine that He could call into existence a creation capable of such wants, even to agony, without making provision for their measurable satisfaction.

"But," saith one respectable modern thinker, "hold there; we do not deny that man experiences those yearnings, or that God is able and willing to satisfy them, but we deny that His responses ever effect physical results." Our friends of that persuasion are evidently very jealous for the integrity of the laws of nature, so-called, and seem apparently to think it impossible that the spiritual and physical should ever meet, combine, and act with and through each other. Well, it is none the less true, however, that the mental and moral experiences of man will very powerfully affect his physical well-being, and equally so that his physical state will go far to give complexion to his spiritual experience. Let a man labouring under a serious, but not necessarily mortal, illness, be at the same time oppressed with the burden of some great crime, and terrified with dread forebodings of coming retribution, and any doctor will tell you that these purely psychological conditions will greatly aggravate the

disorder and reduce his chances of recovery. Indeed there are many well-authenticated instances of persons dying simply of remorse, grief, and undefined horrible apprehensions of coming evil. On the other hand the message of God's wonderful love, and the fulness of its provisions for all moral maladies, has reached the self-convicted and self-sentenced sinner, when lo! the transition from a state of despair to one of "joy unspeakable," has so wrought upon his frame as to break the force of disease and forthwith to guarantee a cure. But how does this illustration exhibit the efficacy of prayer in regard of physical results? Why, simply by showing that as no man can enter into rest—the rest of God's communicated love—without prayer, the restoration of health consequent upon the spiritual blessing is a physical effect of unquestionable reality. That is one way, at least, in which prayer produces physical effects, and under this head might be classed the many other material benefits which flow from the cure.

That prayer has been answered and is being answered all the time, for deliverance from actual and threatened physical evils, might be proved by multitudes of facts as patent as the laws of nature themselves; and the allegation that in despite of prayer for safe passages or for immunity from the ravages of epidemics, the prayerful as well as the prayerless are often involved in a common destruction, will in no wise diminish their validity. It may be true that in many cases there may be on the part of the Supreme an apparent disregard of the supplications offered, but if the after condition of the righteous be, as it is represented, an actual improvement upon their present lot, then, however the flesh may shrink at the approach of death, the release will in reality be an indisputable gain. These remarks, however, are not presented as entirely solving the difficulty, for the mere fact of healthful existence implies a desirable and purposed continuation of life, and the swift destruction of large numbers of human beings, of all ages and conditions, seems like a startling frustration of the original design. Yet, as they perish by the operation of the Divine laws, and the Law-giver must have known what He was about when He commissioned those inexorable powers, we can only bow in submission and reverential awe. Still, we ought to consider that in the economy of our mundane system, there is

place and need for storms, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and even for those conditions of the atmosphere which develop the germs of disease and eventuate in deadly epidemics. The three first may be regarded rather as nature's safety valves and compensation balances, while the pestilences are mostly, if not always, due to man's own transgressions of the terms upon which alone he can expect to enjoy life and health. Against storms humanity may almost always and adequately protect itself, and if men will defy them without competent defences, it is but charging God foolishly to mourn the results as "mysterious dispensations of Providence." It may now almost be claimed as established, that, given a thoroughly well-built, well-found, and well-manned ship, any storm may be encountered with safety. Our own Canadian Line of Ocean Steamers suffered many and serious disasters at first, but for many years it has braved the dangers of the deep with entire immunity, and it is a significant fact that the Cunard Company never lost a ship. What, then, is the logical inference in regard of the fearful calamities which have from time to time overtaken steamers and sailing vessels crowded with human beings? Why, that the voyages were undertaken without due provision of strength and appliance, or of skill and seamanship. Is it not demanded by common sense, that the destructive powers of the fiercest storms which sweep the seas, and which are undoubtedly essential to the integrity of the mundane organization, should be calculated and understood before you commit yourselves to their fury? And if human imbecility and perfunctoriness issue in catastrophes, which cause wide-spread lamentation and woe, is it honest, is it honourable, to exclaim against the storms and the waves?

Again, men fascinated by the genial climates and luxuriant products of volcanic localities, build towns and villages on the hill slopes, and so it comes to pass that Herculaneum and Pompeii and many other cities are entombed in burning lava. Other pioneers, allured by greed, or the excitement of adventure, penetrate into inhospitable climes, never intended for their abode, and—perish. Others, again, plunge heedlessly into swamps and jungles, reeking with poisonous miasms, and contract deadly fevers which they return to spread among their fellow men, and

so we have periodical visitations of yellow fever and cholera. Indolent and sensual people revel in filth, contemn the means of bodily purification, and by these means disgusting leprosies and murderous plagues are generated. Indeed, it may safely be said that if the relations between the laws of health and the various maladies which afflict and decimate our sin-cursed world were better understood, it would be found that to man's aberrations from those laws, to fool-hardiness in tempting seas, sands and swamps, without proper means of protection and resistance, and to other similar acts of audacious folly, were due by far the greater per-centage of the evils which we deplore. Of course in such concatenations the innocent suffer with the guilty and foolish, for without the constant, and, in effect, the momentarily repeated interventions of Omnific power, in myriads of cases, these results must of necessity follow. Then, when men suffer from the effects of their own or others' transgressions, God is often invoked, but if He were to accede, the whole order of nature would inevitably fall into hopeless confusion, for the frequency of the exceptions would render everything uncertain, and all forethought and preparation would be nugatory. What a nice time the scientist would have of it! But as God is not, (like weakly compliant, and short-sighted, over-indulgent parents,) in danger of unnecessarily reversing His judgments, order is preserved, and the world learns wisdom. Indeed, we take it as one of the most illustrious proofs of the goodness of God, that He can listen to the querulous plaints and despairing appeals of His creatures, (who often ask what would injure them,) with so much patience. But, then, "He knoweth our frames and remembereth that we are dust." And full many a good father acts towards a beloved and grateful child in direct opposition to its expressed desires, as well as to its most sincere conceptions of what is right. Ay, and bitter tears are often shed over the parental decisions, but when judgment matures and experience has brought greater wisdom, the conclusions once so wilfully rebelled against, become proofs of benevolence and love.

We are not aware that it was ever held by any section of the Christian Church that God might properly be asked to work real impossibilities, but then many things impossible with men are

possible with God, and it is quite probable that some things deemed by men impossible, even to God, may be quite within the scope of His power; but no doubt there are real impossibilities, and it would be simply absurd to ask their performance. Anything involving a clear contradiction, as, for instance, that it should rain and not rain at the same time, or that it should blow different ways, etc., etc., it would be ridiculous to pray for. But a matter not involving a manifest impossibility, if it greatly affect our welfare, and particularly our usefulness—though even in such things, through the infirmity of our judgment, we may be mistaken—may be presented in supplication to God. Paul prayed thrice, or, as we understand it, at three different periods of his life, to be delivered from the thorn in the flesh. He "besought the Lord," meaning, no doubt, that he was very importunate in his entreaties, but he was denied. And stranger still, the Master Himself being in an agony, which caused great drops of blood-sweat to ooze from His temples, falling to the ground prayed that, "if possible," the cup might pass from Him, but for all that it did not. The non-acquiescence in both cases, as we now see, was pregnant of very rich and precious blessings to the world. The death of the "Lamb of God" has been life and bliss to myriads of men, and the new love it has generated is at this day the most potent moral force in the universe. But for the Apostle's "thorn," it may be doubted whether he would have lived and laboured as he did, leaving us a legacy in his writings, of greater value than the gold of Ophir.

But, to return, the prayers for guidance, protection and deliverance, have not all remained unanswered. On the contrary, the responses have been neither few nor far between, and there are scores of honest Christian hearts all around us who are ready to testify to the verity of the allegation. Let me state one or two facts. The wife of a gentleman, in whose pleasant service the writer spent seven years as clerk, was about to leave Liverpool for Quebec, having engaged and paid her passage, and shipped her *impedimenta*, which by the way were very valuable. She was a God-fearing woman, and had no doubt commended herself in earnest supplication to the Divine guidance, but on the very day preceding the departure of the vessel, she became most

unaccountably averse to embarking, and having no reason to offer, knowing of none in fact, was considered an extremely capricious woman. The ship sailed without her, and shortly afterwards she took passage in another bark, but that in which she had first arranged to go was never heard of again! Perhaps some one may be ready to ask how it came to pass that she was allowed to engage her passage in the ill-fated ship, and why especially she alone, among scores, should have been so rescued from certain peril. But the answer no man can give, not even a "modern thinker." The writer states an indubitable fact, and leaves his readers to make what they can of it, but many thoughtful persons will regard it as extremely probable that her aversion to the first-selected vessel was the effect of supernatural influence.

Here is a fact embracing physical consequences of great importance, indicative of, if not proving beyond peradventure, the direct agency of a superhuman power, and (if events can speak as forcibly as words) evincing a set purpose to bring about results greatly affecting the material welfare of several individuals in a very large measure indeed.

We have a memorable instance very much like a Providential interposition, in the history of the Jews who were carried captives to Babylon, when through the means of a dream the wicked machinations of Haman were defeated, and he himself was hanged upon the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai. We are told in the very touching and beautiful narrative that the poor exiles had been informed of their doom, and had taken refuge in prayer. They probably did not see in what form deliverance was to come, and it must be confessed that their case appeared very hopeless, but the Power to whom they had appealed knew all about it and took the matter in hand very effectually. Indeed, there was not so much as a momentary suspension or disarrangement of the natural laws—no miracle at all, in fact—and yet how large and wide-spread the physical results. It may perhaps be said that this is only a Bible legend, and as such incapable of proof; but the story is both simple and natural, and there is nothing in it which need try the reader's faith very painfully. It is certainly nothing more than may have happened, and were

anything like it to be reported in any respectable newspaper as having recently happened, no one would deem it incredible. We have on our law records cases quite as remarkable, in which dreams have played an important part in bringing culprits to justice. Let me cite an instance, not of a dreaming man but of a very wide awake one, in which the hand of Providence will, I think, be very clearly discovered by the unprejudiced reader.

When Sir Evan Nepean was Under-Secretary of State, three men were convicted at York of coining, and sentenced to death, but in consequence of certain representations made to the Executive, they were ordered to be reprieved. Having fulfilled his duty in connection with the case, Sir Evan had dismissed it from his mind, but that night he had the most unaccountable wakefulness that could be imagined.[1] The rest of the narrative is given in his own words:—He was in perfect health; had dined early and moderately, had no care, nothing to brood over, and was perfectly self-possessed. Still he could not sleep, and from eleven until two in the morning had not closed an eye. It was summer, and the twilight was far advanced, and to dissipate the *ennui* of his wakefulness he resolved to rise and breathe the morning air in the park. There he saw nothing but sleepy sentinels whom he envied. He passed the Home Office several times, and at last, without any particular object, resolved to let himself in with his pass-key. The book of the entries of the day lay open on the table, and through sheer listlessness he began to read. The first thing appalled him—"A reprieve to be sent to York for the coiners ordered for execution the next day." It struck him that he had no return to his order to send the reprieve, and he searched the minutes, but could not find it. In alarm he went to the house of the chief clerk, who lived in Downing Street, and knocked him up, (it was then long past three,) and asked him if he knew anything of the reprieve being sent. In greater alarm, the chief clerk could not remember. "You are scarcely awake," said Sir Evan, "collect yourself, it must have been sent." The chief clerk said he did now recollect that he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York. "Good, sir," said Sir Evan, "but have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?" "No!" "Then

come with me to his house; we must find him, it is so early." It was now four, and the Clerk of the Crown lived in Chancery Lane. There was no hackney coach, and they almost ran. The Clerk of the Crown had a country house, and meaning to have a long holiday, was at that moment stepping into his gig to go to his villa. Astonished at the visit of the Under-Secretary at such an hour, he was still more so at his business, and with a strong exclamation cried, "The reprieve is locked up in my desk." It was brought; Sir Evan sent to the Post Office for the trustiest and fleetest express, and the reprieve reached York the next morning at the moment the unhappy men were ascending the cart!

If these occurrences are accepted as displaying a Divine interest in the well-being of families and individuals, is it too much to expect that He will hear and "if possible" answer the petitions of those who take refuge under the ægis of His good Providence? The noblest conceptions of the noblest minds in regard of God are embodied in the three single syllabic, but sublimely beautiful, words of the beloved apostle, "God is love," and surely while we rejoice that He is loving to every man, and that His tender mercies are over all His works, we yet only follow out a natural and reasonable analogy when we assume that He has special delight in those who reciprocate that love, and who continually strive to bring their lives into conformity to the ideal He has given us of His own character. Is there any violent or undue straining of probabilities in claiming that God will be particularly mindful of the members of His family, who labour to attain to purity of life and fervency of affection towards Himself and their fellow-creatures? And will it be deemed arrogant to believe that if He does interfere in the affairs of mankind otherwise than by general laws He will be more disposed to honour those who honour Him, than the ungrateful and impious rebels against His authority? It would give the world a sorry idea of the government of the King Immortal if the doctrine gained prevalence that He was no respecter of character, but that the evil as well as the good would find equal favour in His eyes. It is not, it cannot be, and it ought not to be true.

"Why should it be thought an incredible thing with you,"

asks Paul, "that God should raise the dead?" "Oh!" saith the unbeliever, "because it is not in the established order of things. There is no law that we know of providing for such an event." But is that a sufficient reason for disbelief? May not the Giver of life resume the gift when He will, and restore it again if He choose? And in the system of the universe, are the balances so poised and the motions so adjusted as to leave no room for new or exceptional operations? Will any new creative act throw the existing machinery out of gear and ensure collisions and disasters? Will the addition of a new family to the present fauna of this continent, or of a new class of plants to its flora, destroy all order and harmony, and introduce "confusion worse confounded?" And will any other temporary exercise of Omnific power in the domain of physical nature on behalf of an individual, a family, or a nation, necessarily disturb the solar system? Through ignorance, conceit, superstition and servile fear, many foolish, nay, many absurd and even impious petitions are presented to Heaven; and on the other hand, a great many more are whispered in child-like simplicity and loving trust into His heart! The Paraclete Himself maketh intercession in the saints, and if they follow His guidance they are in no danger of asking amiss. The complexion of mind in which the troubled child of grace comes to the mercy seat is illustrated in the act of Hezekiah, when he brought the threatening letter of Rabshakeh and spread it out before the Lord. He will not so much specify and tabulate his wants and desires, as seek for such aid as the Divine wisdom may see fit to impart; and whether or not he obtains a clear answer, he retires with the peaceful assurance that "all things will work together for good to those who love God."

It is not denied that some very sincere and devout Christian philosophers reject the idea of Divine interpositions in either the suspension, modification, or supplementing of natural laws, contending that all abnormal occurrences in the domain of the material are only so in appearance, having in reality resulted from the operations of regular but un-noted second causes, put in motion like all other natural forces at the era of creation. They say that God, forseeing the emergencies in human affairs which would arise in consequence of the play of man's free will, made

provision for such crises and gave to the natural laws commissions, so to speak, to bring about the results which men have denominated miracles. Well, in the writer's opinion, however ingenious the hypothesis, it has no particular weight, for he cannot see what there is gained by it. Will the theory be potent to counteract skepticism? Will it bespeak a higher reverence for the Supreme in the believing heart? Whether an event be provided for in anticipation by Infinite Wisdom thousands of years beforehand, or whether Infinite Wisdom, conscious of Almighty Power, allows man's free will to operate and only interposes at the critical moment, are surely not questions of paramount importance. That He is everywhere alike present, that where present, He sees, and that where He sees He acts, all believers in His existence admit; and that "He doeth all things well" we have full assurance.

In conclusion, there are matters in the realms both of nature and Providence which baffle our human comprehension, causing faith sometimes to stagger before them, but we honestly believe that the difficulties in the way of the rejectors of revelation and Providence are even more formidable, and that it requires a greater abnegation of reason to deny the main facts accepted by the Christian world, than it does to receive them.

The writer sincerely sympathizes with the honest doubters, who are not content to rest in uncertainty, but who with commendable diligence are bringing their best powers to the unraveling and elucidation of the great questions at issue between their school and that of Christ. There is always hope of a man when he has a loyal allegiance to truth, and it is ungenerous and unfair to stigmatize his views with hard names, when probably he is far more conscientious in his purposes than many who take up their creed, as they take many less important things, on trust, and with no intelligent apprehension of either its strength or its weakness.

OTTAWA, *Ontario.*

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway,
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ringed inch deep with pearl.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood,
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes the snow?'
And I told her the good All-Father,
Who cares for us all below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And I thought of the leaden sky
That arched our first great sorrow,
When the mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from the clouds like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of that deep-stabbed woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the Merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then with eyes that saw not, I kissed her,
And she, kissing back, could not know,
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deep'ning snow.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

RICHARD BAXTER.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

PART II.

AFTER his ejection Baxter preached as occasion offered, in town and country. In one London parish, he writes, were 40,000, and in another, St. Martin's, 60,000 persons, with no church to go to. He felt that the vows of God were upon him, and he might not hold his peace. His heart yearned over these people as sheep having no shepherd; and in spite of prohibition and punishment he ministered, as he had opportunity, to their necessities. During this period occurred the awful events of the Plague and Fire of London, like the judgments of the Almighty upon a perverse nation. Yet persecution raged with intense fury. A High Church pulpiteer, in a sermon before the House of Commons, told them that "the Nonconformists ought not to be tolerated, but to be cured by vengeance." He urged them "to set fire to the fagot, to teach them by scourges or scorpions, and to open their eyes with gall."

Baxter was several times imprisoned for his public ministrations, for privately preaching to his neighbours, for having more

than the statutory number at family prayer, and for similar heinous effences. If but five persons came in where he was praying, it could be construed into a breach of the law. So weary, he writes, was he of guarding his door against vile informers who came to distrain his goods for preaching, that he was forced to leave his house, sell his goods, and part with his beloved books. For twelve years, he complains, the latter, which he prized most of all his possessions, were stored in a rented room at Kidderminster, eaten with worms and rats, while he was a fugitive from place to place, and now he was forced to lose them for ever. But with pious resignation he adds, "I was near the end both of that work and life which needet' books, and so I easily let go all. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out."

He was once arrested in his sick-bed for coming within five miles of a corporation contrary to the statute; and all his goods, even to the bed beneath him, were distrained on warrants to the amount of £195 for preaching five sermons. As he was dragged to prison he was met by a physician, who made oath before a justice that his removal was at the peril of his life; so he was allowed to return to his rifled home. On one occasion, finding him locked in his study, the officers, in order to starve him out, placed six men on guard at the door, to whom he had to surrender next day. Had his friends not become his surety, contrary to his wish, to the amount of £400, he must have died in prison, "as many excellent persons did about this time," naively remarks his biographer. Although he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Lord Chief-Justice Hale, of whom he wrote an interesting Life, yet even his influence was powerless to resist the persecutions of the Government. If he might but have the liberty that every beggar had, of travelling from town to town, he somewhat bitterly remarked, so that he could go up to London and correct the sheets of his books in press, he would consider it a boon. "I am weary of the noise of contentious revilers," he plaintively writes, "and have often had thoughts to go into a foreign land, if I could find anywhere I might have a healthful air and quietness, that I might live and die in peace. When I sit in a corner and meddle with nobody, and hope the world will forget that I am alive, court, city, and country are still filled with clamours against me; and when a

preacher wants preferment, his way is to preach or write a book against the Nonconformists, and me by name."

But perhaps his most scurrilous treatment was his arraignment before the brutal Jeffreys, Lord Chief-Justice of England—the disgrace of the British Bench, and the original of Bunyan's Lord Hategood—for his alleged seditious reflections on Episcopacy, in his Paraphrase of the New Testament, written for the use of the poor. The Latin indictment sets forth that "Richard Baxter, a seditious and factious person, of a depraved, impious, and unquiet mind, and of a turbulent disposition and conversation, has falsely, unlawfully, unjustly, factiously, seditiously, and impiously, made, composed, and written a certain false, seditious, libellous, factious, and impious book;" and proceeds by garbled extracts and false constructions to bring it within the penalties of the law.

The partizan judge, of the brazen forehead and the venomous tongue, the mere tool of tyranny, surpassed his usual vulgar insolence. He stormed and swore, he roared and snorted, and, we are told, he squeaked through his nose with uprolled eyes in imitation of Baxter's supposed manner of praying. "When I saw," says an eye-witness, "the meek man stand before the flaming eyes and fierce looks of this bigot, I thought of Paul standing before Nero." His conduct, says Bishop Burnet, would have amazed one in the bashaw of Turkey. The accused asked for time to prepare his defence. "Not a minute to save his life," was the amiable reply; and, pointing to the infamous Oates, who stood pilloried in Palace Yard, Jeffreys thundered, "There stands Oates on one side of the pillory, and if Baxter stood on the other, the two greatest rogues in the kingdom would stand together. This is an old rogue, a schismatical knave, a hypocritical villain." When the counsel reminded the judge of King Charles's esteem for the accused, and his offer of a mitre, he shouted, "What ailed the old blockhead, the unthankful villain, that he would not conform?—the conceited, stubborn, fanatical dog!" "My lord," said the venerable old man, "I have been much censured by dissenters for speaking well of bishops." "Ha! Baxter for bishops!" jeered the ermined buffoon, "that's a merry conceit indeed; turn to it, turn to it." The proof being given, he exclaimed, "Ay, that's Kidderminster bishops, rascals like yourself, factious, snivelling Presbyterians. Thou art

an old knave," continued the brow-beating bully, "thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing forty years ago it had been well. I see many of your brotherhood waiting to see what will become of their mighty don; but, by the grace of God Almighty, I will crush you all. Come, what do you say for yourself, old knave? Speak up! I am not afraid of you for all your snivelling calves," alluding to some of the spectators who were in tears. "Your lordship need not," replied Baxter, "I'll not hurt you. But these things will surely be understood one day; what fools one sort of Protestants are to persecute the other!" Lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I am not concerned to answer such stuff, but am ready to produce my writings for the confutation of all this; and my life and conversation are known to many in this nation."

After Jeffreys had passionately charged the jury, Baxter inquired, "Does your lordship think they will pass a verdict after such a trial as that?" "I'll warrant you, Mr. Baxter," he sneered, "don't trouble yourself about that;" and bring in a verdict of guilty they did, without retiring from the box. He was fined five hundred marks, to lie in prison till he paid it, and bound to his good behaviour for seven years; and but for the remonstrance of his fellow-judges, Jeffreys would have added the sentence of whipping at the cart's tail through the city. "My lord, there was once a Chief-Justice," said Baxter, referring to his deceased friend, Sir Matthew Hale, "who would have treated me very differently." "There's not an honest man in England but regards thee as a knave," was the brutal reply.*

The old man, bowed and broken with seventy years of toil and suffering, penniless, homeless, wifeless, childless, was haled to the cells of King's Bench Prison, where he languished well-nigh two years, hoping no respite but that of death. But the celestial vision of the Lord he loved cheered the solitude of his lonely chamber; and sweetly falling on his inner ear, unheeding the obscene riot of the gaol, sang the sevenfold chorus of cherubim

* When Baxter was on this or some previous occasion brought before Jeffreys, "Richard," said the brutal Chief-Justice, "I see a rogue in your face." "I had not known before," replied Baxter, "that my face was a mirror."

and seraphim on high. Pain and sickness, bereavement and sorrow, persecution and shame, were all forgotten in the thrilling anticipation of the divine and eternal beatitude of the redeemed before the throne. The rude stone wall seemed to his waiting soul but the portals of the palace of the great King, the house not made with hands in heaven. "He talked," says Calamy, "about another world, like one who had been there."

But persecution and sickness had done their work. His feeble frame broke down beneath his accumulated trials. After his release he lingered about four years "in age and feebleness extreme," preaching as opportunity and strength permitted, till at last the weary wheels of life stood still. "In profound loneliness," writes a sympathizing biographer, "with a settled reliance on the Divine mercy, repeating at frequent intervals the prayer of the Redeemer, on whom his hopes reposed, and breathing out benedictions on those who encircled his dying bed, he passed away from a life of almost unequalled toil and suffering" to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The malice of his enemies sought to pursue him beyond the grave, by asserting that his last hours were darkened by doubt and despair.* But his dying words are the best refutation of this posthumous slander. To Dr. Increase Mather, of New England, he said the day before his death, "I have pain; but I have peace, I have peace.....I believe, I believe." To a later inquiry of how he was, he replied, in anticipation of his speedy departure, "Almost well." His last words were, speaking of his Divine Master, "Oh, I thank Him! I thank Him!" and turning to a friend by his bedside, "The Lord teach you to die."

Thus passed away in his seventy-seventh year, on the 8th of December 1691, one of the noblest and bravest spirits of the seventeenth century. In primitive times, says Bishop Wilkins, he would have been counted a Father of the Church. He rests from his labours, but his works do follow him. Being dead, he yet speaketh. His words of wisdom can never die. In camps

* Among the phrases applied to Baxter in a scurrilous Latin epitaph by the Rev. Thomas Long, prebendary of Exeter, are the following:—"Reformed Jesuit, brazen heresiarch, chief of schismatics, cause of the leprosy of the Church, the sworn enemy of king and bishops, and the very bond of rebels."

and court, in his parish and in prison, in pain and sickness, in poverty and persecution, his busy pen and copious mind poured forth a flood of written eloquence—of argument, counsel, entreaty, —that, still living in the printed page, is his truest and most enduring monument—*ære perennius.*

His collected works amount to no less than one hundred and sixty-eight volumes, many of them ponderous folio tomes of forgotten controversy, or of superseded ecclesiastical lore. We know of no parallel instance of such intense literary activity, conjoined with such a busy life, save in the kindred character of John Wesley. Baxter's "Methodus Theologicæ Christianæ," written, he tell us, "in a troublesome, smoky, suffocating room, in the midst of daily pains of sciatica, and many worse," and his "Catholic Theology" are now left to the undisturbed repose of ancient libraries—the mausolea of the labours of the mighty dead —the prey of the book-worm, insect or human. His "Holy Commonwealth, or Plea for Monarchy under God the Universal Monarch," was condemned to the flames by the University of Oxford, for the assertion of the constitutional, but, as then thought, seditious principle, that the laws of England are above the king. In a Dantean vision of hell, one of his clerical opponents represents the pious Puritan as throned in perdition, crowned with wreaths of serpents and chaplets of adders, his triumphal chariot a pulpit drawn by wolves. "Make room," exclaims the amiable critic, "scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, atheists and politicians, for the greatest rebel on earth, and next to him that fell from heaven." The tumult of the strifes and controversies in which Baxter was engaged has passed away. Most of the principles for which he contended have long since been universally conceded. But even in the sternest polemical conflict his zeal was tempered with love. "While we wrangle here in the dark," with a tender pathos he exclaims, "we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness."

Baxter was not exempt from a touch of human infirmity and a tinge of superstition, incident to the age in which he lived—a superstition that was shared by Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Thomas Browne, one of the ablest judges and one of the subtlest intellects

of Europe. In the remarkable witchcraft delusion of Old and New England he saw unquestionable evidence of the certainty of the world of spirits; and wrote a treatise commemorating the fact.

But it is by his "practical works" that he is best known; and these will never grow old nor lose their spell of power. As long as weary hearts and bruised consciences ache with a sense of sin and sorrow; as long as heavy-laden spirits struggle, often baffled and defeated, with the ills of earth, and yearn with an infinite longing for the repose of heaven,—so long will the "Call to the Unconverted," the "Dying Thoughts," the "Saint's Rest," continue to probe the wounded spirit to the quick, to point out the inveterate disease of the soul and its unfailing antidote, to quicken to a flame of devotion the sluggish feelings of the mind. Throughout all time will the "Reformed Pastor" be a manual of ministerial conduct and duty, an inspiration and example of pastoral diligence and zeal.

The secret of this power is the intense earnestness of the man. He poured his very soul into his books. They seem written with his heart's blood. He walked continually on the very verge of the spirit-world. The shadows of death fell ever broad and black across his path. All his acts were projected against the background of eternity. The awful presence of the king of terrors stood ever with lifted spear before him. Chronic and painful disease grappled ever at the springs of life. A premature old age —*præmatura senectus*, as he himself called it,—accompanied him through life from his very youth. "As waves follow waves in the tempestuous sea," he writes, "so one pain and danger follows another in this sinful, miserable flesh. I die daily, and yet remain alive." His spirit gleamed more brightly for the extreme fragility of the earthen vessel in which it was enshrined, like a lamp shining through an alabaster vase. He walked a stranger on earth, as a citizen of heaven. The evanescent shows and semblances of time were as nothing; the fadeless verities of eternity were all in all. Like a dying man, dissevered from the ephemeral interests of life, he wrote and spoke as from the borders of the grave. Each day must be redeemed as though it were the last. "I live only for work," he says. The worst consequence of his afflictions was,

he considered, the loss of time which they entailed. He therefore wasted no midnight oil in minute revision, for he knew not if to-morrow's sun would permit the completion of the task he had begun. Each sermon had all the emphasis of dying words. Indeed the last time he preached he almost died in the pulpit. Therefore he fearlessly administered reproof and exhortation alike before king or protector, before parliament or parishioners. He feared God, and feared only Him. He had no time or disposition to cultivate the graces of style, the arts of rhetoric. He sought not to catch the applause nor shun the blame of men, beyond both of which he was soon to pass for ever.

Hence he poured the tumultuous current of his thought upon the page, often with impassioned and unpremeditated eloquence, often with thrilling and pathetic power, sometimes with diffuseness or monotony, but never with artificial prettiness or fanciful conceits. "I must cast water on this fire," he exclaims, "though I have not a silver vessel to carry it in. The plainest words are the most profitable oratory in the weightiest matters. The transcript of the heart has the greatest force on the hearts of others." When the success of his labours was referred to, he meekly replied, "I am but a pen in the hand of God; and what praise is due to a pen?"

He was not insensible to the defects of his writings, and admits that "fewer and well studied had been better." But he adds, in explanation of their character, "The knowledge of man's nothingness and God's transcendant greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do; and the sense of the brevity of human things and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect."

Well were it for each of us who read the record of this noble life, if similar lofty principles and solemn sense of our duties and relationships inspired each thought and act, and moulded our daily life and conduct.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY JOHN MACDONALD, M.P.

AUTUMN days are sombre,
  Autumn fields are sere,
Autumn woods are changing,
  To crimson, gold, and *cuir*.

Autumn leaves are falling—
  Gold and crimson dye—
Scattered, trod, and faded,
  Their glory all laid by.

Autumn suns are setting,
  Soft is autumn's sky,
Summer birds have left us,
  Winter hoar draws nigh.

Autumn days are lovely,
  Autumn's lessons dear;
Teaching of the future,
  Calming doubt and fear.

Autumn fields are furrowed,
  Rich is Autumn store,
Rich the garnered harvest
  On each threshing floor.

Autumn leaves, though falling,
  Long the blast withstood,
Leaving tree and sapling,
  Their treasured wealth of wood—

Yielding brief life freely,
  To feed the life they gave—
Sinking in earth's bosom,
  Like ripples in the wave.

Autumn suns, in setting,
With glory flood the sky:
If "day's death be so golden,"
Why need we fear to die?

Thus learn we from autumn
Its many lessons dear;
May life be rich in harvest,
Though stubble fields be sere;

When our autumn finds us
May life have this one gain,
That, like those leaves of autumn,
It has not been in vain.

When the day is over,
When life's night is nigh,
Be ours like autumn's sunset,
When glory floods the sky.

OAKLANDS, Nov. 1, 1875.

CHURCH SOCIALS.

BY EVELYN ETHERIDGE.

"ARE you going to our Church social to-morrow night, Mabel?"

"No, indeed, Charlotte, I got enough of the last one to satisfy me for a while."

"Why? Didn't you enjoy it?"

"Well, hardly. What do you call them socials for, anyway? It was the most unsocial affair ever I was at."

"Why, what was the matter?"

"It was a formal, stiff, stupid thing, and to call it a social is an absolute abuse of words."

"I am glad, then, I was not there; but be a little more specific in your charges. What was the head and front of the offending?"

"Well, in the first place, on entering a printed programme was put in our hands. The entertainment consisted largely of instrumental and vocal music, together with speeches and readings enough to occupy fully three hours."

"Well, you were certainly getting your money's worth, at any rate."

"We were getting more than we bargained for, I assure you. Then at the foot of the programme was a postscript requesting perfect silence during the musical performances."

"Oh! you felt that an infringement upon your woman's privilege of talk."

"Certainly. Do you suppose I wanted to be talked at or sung to all the time?"

"Wasn't there an interval for conversation?"

"There was one in the programme; but there were so many pieces, and several of them encored, that the intermission was cut down to a very few minutes, and then they did not get through the whole of the programme after all."

"Rather annoying to those who were crowded out, I should say."

"Yes, and theirs were the best pieces, too, kept like the good wine for the last of the feast. And both they and their friends felt, of course, dreadfully chagrined, and the chairman apologised, and every one felt bad over it, but how could we help it?"

"They should not have had so many pieces."

"Precisely so. Theoretically we go to these places to enjoy ourselves; practically we often go to be bored for the glorification of other people."

"Well, of course, one may have too much even of a good thing; but I hope the programme was at least good."

"Well, part of it was, and part of it wasn't. I don't see why people persist in attempting the most difficult things they can find when their ability is quite inadequate to the task. For instance, one young man tried to give us Poe's "Raven," and a very lugubrious thing he made of it. Another gave "The Bells"—one of the most difficult things in the language—which was so absurdly rendered that it was almost more than flesh and blood could bear to hear it. To make amends, however, one young man

read Tennyson's 'Dora'—a sweetly simple story—in such a pathetic manner as to make everybody weep."

"But the music, at least, was good? Strange that musical skill, which is so much more difficult an accomplishment, should be so much more common than good reading."

"Yes, it was better; but why should I, and others who have no special musical taste, be compelled to listen by the hour to even good music? It becomes a social tyranny the way it is inflicted in public and private. If I call to chat with a friend, I am asked to hear how Annie or Fannie is improving in her music. Then I am expected to praise the prodigy even against my conscience. And at every social gathering music engrosses most of the time to the exclusion of rational conversation, which really is likely to become one of the lost arts if it can only be indulged in in snatches between the pieces of music, or carried on in a scream during its progress. And the fun is, those who talk the loudest are most vociferous in their applause of the music which they have not heard."

"You are as bad as a friend of mine, high in political life, who in his canvassing tours had to do the agreeable to the ladies, and sometimes ask them to play, although he confessed to me that he would just about as soon stand out in the rain as listen."

"Oh, no. I like good music very well in its place, and not too much of it. If I go to a concert I go to listen. If I go to a social I go to be sociable. Besides, much of the music is of such an exceedingly difficult character that one wishes it had been altogether impossible. For instance, two ladies sang a duet, the object of which seemed to be to see which could chimb the highest in the scale; and when they got up into the unmusical high notes and alternately strove to climb still higher, the effect was so comical that the little boys all began to titter, greatly to the *dis*concerting of the concert. Why can't they sing simple ballads, or our grand old anthems? Then, on these occasions, everybody wants to sing a solo, whereas, except for exceptionally good performers, choruses are far more effective. I only wish they would sing their solos *so low* that we couldn't hear them. I would like to get about twenty of these soloists up at once;

wouldn't it make a grand chorus? But they are so self-absorbed they wouldn't hear anybody but themselves."

"Why, Mabel, you play and sing yourself."

"Yes, but I don't inflict my playing on others, will they, nill they. Everybody plays now. It is as common as reading, but good playing is about as rare as good reading. I don't think it the best investment for girls to pay several hundred dollars, and to devote several years to become indifferent players. Half the time would make them mistresses of some important science at a tithe of the cost Girls will give hours to a piano who will scarcely give five minutes to a book, unless it be some trashy novel. And foolish fathers will give $500 for a piano for daughters who have no spark of musical taste, who would grudge $5 for books, which are much the better educators of the two. Our merchant philosopher, Mr. Macdonald, says, that the piano epidemic is one great cause of the present crisis. Many a school girl who cries over her practice would work with delight at drawing or painting, and not only beautify home, but perhaps earn pin money by her art. Let girls follow their genius, if they have any, and not let fashion run them all into one mould like bullets—about as dull and heavy as bullets too. The chief benefit music is to many is the physical exercise it gives the arms."

"Now, Mabel, it's positively too bad to hear you go on so. When you are in your satirical mood there is no doing anything with you. I know you don't half mean it."

"Well, you know, in denouncing abuses one must be a little vehement, like Mr. Plimsoll in pitching into the Government for neglecting the poor sailors. So if you have anything to do with this next social I hope you will try and reform some of the evils that so excite my righteous indignation."

"Oh, it will not be of the sort you so pathetically describe at all, but on an entirely new plan, which our minister has devised to bring the people together and get them acquainted with each other. He says that there is a missing link in our Church economy, and he wants to supply it."

"Well, I think there is. I was attending your church ever so long before I knew any one, and I only made your acquaintance

by accident. And my brother Tom drifted away from the Church entirely because no one took any notice of him."

"But you held yourself aloof. I often wanted to speak to you, but I was afraid of being thought intrusive. I am sure our members are all very warm-hearted and friendly, and always anxious to welcome strangers and make them feel at home You should come to class-meeting and prayer-meeting, and you would soon find yourself surrounded by a circle of warm, loving hearts. That is the very best place for getting acquainted."

"I suppose it is partly my own fault; but I am a sort of outsider, you know."

"Come, then, Mabel dear, and be an insider, and we will make you one of the family. There is a sort of Freemasonry about Methodists that knits them all together in closest bonds of affection."

"But some, even of your members, never mingle socially. They have their class distinctions, and their cliques, and sets, just like the people of the world. There are the rich Blawvetts' with their fine house and grounds and carriage, they never associate with people like the Simpkins and Jacksons, and others of that class."

"Well, I have reason to know that it is not the Blawvetts fault. They have often made advances which have not been responded to. I know that the pride and exclusiveness are on the other side. Indeed, Mrs. Simpkins told me that her girls were just as good as the Blawvetts, and she didn't want any of their patronage. Yet, she is as sensitive, and easily offended as you can think, and seems to be continually on the look-out for slights and offences. Mr. Blawvett has had class-meeting and prayer-meeting in his house for years, and Mrs. Blawvett has often given socials, and invited the Simpkins and Jacksons, but they refused to go because their girls couldn't dress quite as well as Carrie and Louie Blawvett—two of the sweetest, kindest girls that live. That is the real pride, I think. If people cannot live in just the same style as their neighbonrs, that is no reason why there should be no social intercourse between them."

"That is very true; but you cannot wonder that people shrink

from receiving hospitalities that they cannot return, and, in fact, don't feel quite at home in the fine houses of the rich."

"That is the very reason that our minister wishes to introduce this improved kind of social, not your formal speech-making affair, but the real sociable sort."

"Well, the people generally like best to make their own speeches, and find it more interesting than to have all the talking on one side, and all the listening on the other."

"Then, he wants the whole Church to assemble socially, and to feel that the rich and poor meet together and the Lord is the Maker of them all. He is having a nice *suite* of appartments arranged for church parlours, and music rooms, and conversation rooms, and thinks it no desecration, he says, to have these in a building set apart for the worship of God. Here the poor are not ashamed to meet the rich, for they feel that it is God's house, not man's, and that all God's family have a right to meet together without any feeling of social inferiority on the part of any. Then, many of the poor have just as refined tastes, and are as fond of beautiful things as the rich. To gratify this, the walls will be hung with pictures, and stereoscopic views and a variety of photographs will be exhibited. Mr. Blawvett will send some valuable bronzes and Chinese curiosities, and Carrie and Louie are preparing floral decorations from their greenhouse, and it will be perfectly splendid."

"Now, that is something sensible. But is there to be an oppressive programme of performances to crush all spontaneity out of the gathering?"

"Not at all, or a very short one if any. Then, if you don't like it, you needn't be bored by it. There will be pictures in one room, and music in another, and a galvanic battery for administering shocks to the boys and girls—the only objection to which is that they scream so over it,—and a thaumascope with lots of wonderful things for the little folks—but they scream worse,—and all will enjoy themselves as they like. The matrons will have a good motherly talk, and the men will settle the affairs of the Church, and the universe generally, and the young folks will perhaps settle their affairs by themselves, and the pastor will go from group to group, introducing to each other those

who are unacquainted, cultivating a sort of Church family life and feeling, and shaking hands all round—he has great faith, he says, in shaking hands as a means of grace."

"Well, that *is* a decided improvement on the sort of infliction I endured the other night. Where did he get the happy idea?"

"Oh! evolved it out of his own consciousness, I suppose, as the German Professor did the description of the camel. I believe he got the hint partly from the new church the Rev. T. K. Beecher is erecting at Elmira, New York It is quite a range of buildings like a large college, or some great public institution. There is a hospital for the sick poor of the Church; a large *suite* of apartments for social gatherings, open, I believe, every evening; a large lunch room where tea is served twice a week, a sort of religious club, in fact; a large room for week-night religious service; beautiful Sunday-school rooms; a romping room for the children; and a room for Sunday-school exhibitions, fitted up with stage, footlights, and the like. I confess I would draw the line excluding the last feature. It is *too* theatrical. There is an associate lady pastor who looks after the sick, and the whole institution is a remarkable social power in the community, quite like the organization of the Primitive Church in the early centuries, I have been told, when the Christian community, surrounded by heathenism, lived a sort of family life, you know."

"I am not sure but that something of the sort would be very useful now-a-days. I think the Church should make provision for the social life of its members, as well as for their religious life. We have social as well as religious natures, which alike crave for indulgence, and if young people can't obtain social enjoyments under the wholesome auspices of the Church, they will seek them under the often deadly auspices of the world."

"Of course there are difficulties to be met, and prejudices to be overcome in introducing such social usages, but none, I think, that are insuperable. Several of our new churches have their comfortable parlours, and among our American friends the thing is quite common, and they are often most elegantly furnished."

"I confess I would like to see such rooms open at least once a week as a sort of social rendezvous. I believe it would be a practical contribution to the solution of a very important social

problem—how to bring the two sexes together under rational auspices for the purpose of becoming intelligently acquainted. Then, it would help bashful young men, for I believe young men are more self-conscious and less self-poised than we girls, to overcome that mortal shyness through which many are all their lifetime subject to bondage. It takes several meetings with strangers to do that; the first to break the ice, the second to thaw it a little, and several more to kindle any warmth of friendship. I think that people who are journeying together through this world, and trying to journey to a better, should know each other. But in most of our churches, especially in cities, this is difficult or impossible, without some such means as we are speaking of. There, now, is my brother Tom. He attended your church for months and made no acquaintances; and being of a social nature, he flung himself among some billiard-playing companions, and now seldom comes to church at all."

"I know several such, who I believe might be brought into the Church if we could only get hold of their social natures. We would soon get them to the Sunday-school and prayer-meeting if we got them to the Church socials. I wish I could do something for them."

"Then there is this matter of enabling young folks like Tom and me, for instance, to form social acquaintances. I don't mind talking frankly to you, you know. Tom and I are orphans, and not rich. We have nobody to give parties for us nor introduce us into society. I have no relations except with the Church, which must be both father and mother to me, for I have no other. You may say it is not the Church's business to look after these things. But if God sets men in families like a flock, and designs that such should be the normal condition of society, why should not the Church extend the privileges of its family life to those who, through His Providence, must otherwise be cut off from its enjoyment?"

"To tell the truth, Mabel, going to parties is a very poor way of becoming acquainted. Everybody wears their party face and party manners just as they wear their party dress. You get no insight into character, no real acquaintance. I know more than one couple who became mutually fascinated at a party or pic-nic,

and after a protracted courtship married without any true knowledge of each other's disposition, and only became really acquainted after marriage; and sometimes, at least, the acquaintance proves a painful disenchantment—a discovery that the idol was but clay, that love's poetic ideal proved in actual prose a bitter disappointment."

"I don't know, Charlotte, that any organization of society would entirely prevent that. Love's spell of glamour, they say, for you know I can not speak from experience, so invests with an aureole of glory the beloved object, that it is transfigured into something quite beyond the conditions of poor humanity. But, I think any social arrangements that brought young people into rational companionship, that furnished the opportunity for the organization of associate Christian endeavour or intellectual effort, as Sunday-school work or Bible-class study, would not only prove mutually helpful in the development of true manhood and true womanhood, but would also give a better opportunity for obtaining that insight into each other's character and disposition, that intimate and rational acquaintance which are the absolute pre-requisites to happy marriage and useful lives. But, dear me, whither has our conversation led us? We have become, in theory at least, very radical social reformers. What did we begin about?"

"With my invitation to our social to-morrow evening. I am sure you will come now."

"Oh, yes, I'll come, and will bring Tom with me. But it will not be at once, if at all, that your minister will bring about the results of which we have been speaking. But if we can help him I am sure it is our duty to do so."

Is there not, dear reader, if something perhaps a little visionary in the theorizing of our young friends, something also practically suggestive? And can we not, in our various spheres, by the exhibition of human sympathy and Christian affection, endeavour to bring into closer and permanent Church relationship those who may be casually and temporarily connected with it? Can we not carry out the ideal of Christian family life, in social as well as religious relations, more fully and with greater benefit to ourselves and others than we have ever done before?

ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.*

BY THE REV. W. W. ROSS.

CROSSING the Isthmus is not now what it was in the earlier days of the California gold excitement. Then it was, in part, by boat over the waters of the Chagres river, and the remainder of the way by mules over the mountains, or, through morasses reeking with malaria. Then it was a journey of days, now of a few hours. Then "eggs were sold four for a dollar, and the rent for a hammock was two dollars a night;" now there is no need of rest or refreshment by the way. Then the crossing presented the terrors of the "middle passage;" now it is one of the most enjoyable trips in the world. This wondrous change was not readily effected. Central America, sluggish and impoverished, was herself incompetent for the task, but she opened the door to others; it was persistent Yankee enterprise that built a road across the Isthmus.

The Americans first paid the Granada Government for the privilege of building the road, then, with their own money, did the work. For hundreds of years the Isthmus was supposed to be an impassable rocky chain running through impenetrable swamps; but a survey dispelled the delusion, although reporting serious, but not insuperable obstacles. European countries, anxious to shorten the route to China and the East Indies, were fully alive to the immense commercial advantage of securing a high-way across the continent; but when appealed to they drew back from the gigantic difficulties of the undertaking. True, France, in an impulsive hour, accepted the scheme, made a survey, and actually entered into contract for the construction of the road; but when she came fairly face to face with the work, and saw the millions of money required to accomplish it, she beat a hasty retreat. If the road was ever to be built, it must be by the less cautious, perhaps, but more enterprising spirit of the Americans.

* From a volume now in press, entitled "Ten Thousand Miles by Land and Sea."

The latter had, also, the stimulus of greater interests at stake. There were not only general commercial interests which they held in common with European countries—though not, perhaps, in an equal degree—but there were interests to them even more vital—their new possessions on the Pacific Coast. The voyage round the "Horn" was long and tedious; the great Trans-continental railroad was not then thought of, except by the far-seeing few; naturally they turned to the Isthmus for a shorter way to the West, whilst the discovery of gold and consequent rush to California, about this time, proved an additional and powerful incentive.

Besides all this, there came another and more powerful appeal —an appeal to a common humanity, which was not made in vain. From among the thousands of men, women and children, constantly crossing on their way to the New Eldorado, hundreds were perishing from fever which the slowness of their transit through that most malarious "middle passage" was almost sure to bring on. The road must be built, and immediately. In 1849 a company was formed in New York, and surveyors at once set to work; they found the location of a line even more feasible than previous surveys had led them to suppose—the mountain difficulty, so appalling in the distance, when approached proved to be hardly 300 feet above the sea, whilst the entire distance across the Isthmus was only 48 miles. As soon as the survey was finished, within the same year, the contract for construction was let, but, owing to circumstances into which I need not here enter, work was not begun until the following May of 1850. The eastern terminus, where operations began, is on Manzanilla Island, in Navy Bay—the island lying low on its coral foundation, and separated from the mainland by a narrow belt of sea. The ceremony of "turning the first sod" was simple, but significant. Two Americans, accompanied by a few Indians, paddle in a canoe to the unpeopled island. Hauling the boat on shore, the Indians go before, clearing a way with their *machetas* through the dense undergrowth, whilst the white men follow with their axes, felling the trees. "Thus unostentatiously," says Dr. Otis in his handbook of Panama, to which I am indebted for valuable information, "was announced the commencement of a railway which,

from the interests and difficulties involved, might well be looked upon as one of the grandest and boldest enterprises ever attempted."

But it was only when the work is actually begun that its appalling difficulties reveal themselves. The island, a slimy swamp swarming with serpents, alligators, and millions of smaller but more pestiferous vermin, sends up without ceasing the worst plague of all—deadly vapours. Against the malaria there is little protection, but from the mosquitoes and flies they secure a partial deliverance by wearing veils. Residence in such a spot would be speedy death. Hence they take up their quarters in an old brig in the bay. Fresh accessions to their *corps* soon crowd the hulk to its utmost capacity. Unable to endure the vermin below, they sleep on deck, nightly drenched with the pouring rains of the wet season, which had now set in. Added to these distressing circumstances, the tossings of a restless sea bring on nausea—all of which is more than the stoutest can stand, and soon half their number are down with the fever—without a physician and without a place of rest.

Still the *corps*, crippled as it is, works on. The following month reinforcements arrive, when the old brig is abandoned for roomier quarters in the hulk of a condemned steamer, the vermin persistently keeping them company. It is now June, the height of the rainy season, and the men are obliged to wade and work in a horrible slime, a mixture of stagnant water and decayed vegetable matter from two to four feet deep. At the close of the day, drenched and exhausted, they drag themselves back to their wretched quarters. Though every precaution possible in such a place is taken to preserve them in health, yet they fall like leaves in Autumn, constant arrivals being necessary to keep up the working force. Labourers from Ireland, England and the Continent, American-born and others, are employed, but all alike are speedily prostrated. Large importations are made from Ireland and elsewhere, specially selected, in hope of securing more enduring workmen. All is in vain. Many, frightened by the fever, fled; others, tempted by the offer of higher wages from the old California Transit Company, deserted; whilst a large number were rendered useless by sickness. Those who remain were

speedily sent away to save their lives. Another venture was the importation of 1000 Chinese. Their native food and stimulants —rice, tea and opium—were brought over with them; on their arrival every care possible was exercised to save them; but the result was the same as before, and even worse; within a month they were seized with melancholy, many committing suicide, and others perishing from fever. Within a few weeks of their arrival only 200 were left, and these, like preceding survivors, were sent away. It is estimated that the building of the road cost a life to every tie, or 1000 to every mile. As a *dernier ressort*, they fetch from the West Indies a regiment of Jamaica negroes; these stand proof against parasite and pestilence alike.

One great difficulty is now overcome, but others remain to be grappled with to the end. The road having now advanced some distance into the interior, it was no longer practicable for the workmen to return at night to their quarters in the steamer; so, hauling the material on the backs of the men, over three miles through the morass, the first dwelling is reared above the waters on stumps of trees in the "heart of this dank, howling wilderness."

The Isthmus is densely wooded, yet little or none of its timber is adapted to the wants of the road; once cut, it quickly yields to the combined action of climate and insect. The ties are of lignumvitæ, and the telegraph posts—a puzzle to the passenger flying past—are of moulded cement. Men, material and provisions—all had to be brought from a distance. At first, in order to secure speedier completion, portions of the track running across gulches, and through swamps, were laid on piles and temporary trestle-work. These portions have since been, mostly or altogether, relaid on more enduring foundations.

In January, 1854, three years and nine months from "breaking ground," the summit was reached, 37 miles from Aspinwall, and 11 from Panama. The party who commenced operations on the Pacific, simultaneously with those on the Atlantic, had pushed their way over the plains of Panama, through the swamps of Corrisal and Correnden, up the valley of the Rio Grande, and were now climbing the western slopes of the summit. "On the 27th of January, 1855, at midnight, in darkness and rain, the last rail was laid, and on the following day a locomotive passed from

ocean to ocean." The road cost, in round numbers, eight million dollars—(our magnificent bridge at Montreal cost 6¼ millions)—and at one period it declared the largest dividend of any railroad in the world. The specie carried over it during the first five years amounted to over 300 million dollars, whilst the mail matter amounted to nearly 100,000 bags. Rates were enormous until the building of its great rival, the Pacific Railroad. The rates have since, I believe, been reduced, but the passenger fare remains as it was—$25 !

The Panama railroad was built at a fearful cost of life; but may it not be shown that, through securing speedier transit, more life has been saved than sacrificed ? Aside from the safety secured by speedier transit, the felling of the forest, opening up thereby to evaporating influences the damp, decaying vegetable mass; the drying up by drainage or the filling up, by grassy vegetation, of morasses; the partial cultivation of plats along the line—all these, the results of building the road, have greatly added to its healthfulness. During the first four years following its opening 196,000 persons passed over it, and it is not known that a single case of sickness occurred in consequence of crossing. Panama fever there still is, but travellers are endangered only by delaying too long at the *termini*—Aspinwall and Panama. None of our party—and we were delayed beyond the usual time—suffered in the slightest, except those who indulged too freely in the tempting tropical fruits.

"Passengers will get ready for leaving the steamer, and crossing the Isthmus, at one o'clock P.M., sharp." Such was the notice, posted in prominent places about the vessel, that met our eye on returning from our excursion to the city of Panama. All prudent passengers had made their preparations before going on any excursion. The baggage is re-weighed, all over 100 lbs being charged 10 cents per lb. extra. Never strap your trunks in crossing the Isthmus, for the negroes, in the employ of the road, invariably steal the straps, and everything else in the shape of light, loose luggage on which they can lay hands. See that your baggage is corded with well-tarred California rope.

Precisely at the time appointed, one o'clock, a small steam tender comes alongside and conveys us to the railroad landing

in the north suburbs of the city. The wharf, on which the train awaits our coming, is a floating one, 250 feet long, both roof and ribs copper-covered. Here all wooden structures, unless thus protected against insects and climate, cannot last long. Those who put off seeing the city in expectation of doing so at this juncture, were sorely disappointed. There is not time enough; besides, right about us we find sufficient to occupy the attention of the most curious until the train starts. At the moment of landing we are met by natives with baskets of merchandise—fruits, shells, coral trinkets—the cocoa-nut wrought into articles both useful and ornamental, being skilfully carved, and some of it elegantly inlaid with silver.

Native women, a mixture of Mexican and Indian, are squatting on the ground, their wares spread out before them. With few exceptions, they are of average height, straight, lean, and not without intelligence; some are quietly smoking their cigarettes, or daintily holding them between their fingers; sometimes, where side curls are worn, they are perched pen-like over the ear. Nearly all are dressed in slouchy white muslin, the skirts of a few being elaborately wrought, but draggled in the dirt all the same. All appeared honest, and none seemed eager to sell—the latter trait a very general one in Panama, as far as my observation went.

Before starting, an extraordinary ceremony takes place. Since an extensive robbery, committed on the cars some years ago by a band of native raiders, a detachment of soldiers is placed to guard each train at starting. After considerable manœuvering and shouting, the officers repeatedly passing up and down the line to see that each man fronts right, and toes the mark, they are finally arranged in lines, one on each side of the train. Now and then —for they kept guard over us a full half hour—the officers would stride down the lines to reverse some gun wrong end down, to order up some head, or stop this unsoldierly fellow from stuffing himself with bananas from an old woman's basket. Everything possible, in dress and accoutrements, is done to give these soldiers an imposing appearance—a stiff, high hat, with blazing rosette shooting up in front; close-fitting black cloth coat, trimmed with scarlet, and well padded in front; heavy, wide-spreading

epaulets, and big brass buttons, the wonder and delight of all boys; swords that *would* get between their short legs, and ancient, awful muskets. But all is in vain; in spite of fine feathers the daw is a daw still. No man nor monarchy can make imperial oaks out of scraggy shrubs. Neither dress nor drill can ever make a noble-looking soldier out of a citizen of the Panama Republic—if those whom I saw were fair specimens.

Gliding out from between our guard, we are soon in the midst of scenes such as are to be found only in this intertropical world. The air, refreshed by recent rains, and the sun, shut out by lingering clouds, unite to make the day most favourable; whilst the cool, cane-seated cars, wide open on the sides, and running at the rate of only fifteen miles an hour, with frequent stoppages, give us excellent opportunities for sight-seeing. On our left we leave behind, Mount Ancon, while to the right there rises in the distance the Hill of the Buccaneers, on whose heights Sir Henry Morgan, in his marauding march across the Isthmus in 1661, pitched his tent the night previous to his pillage of ancient Panama. Clusters of negro huts are found all along the line; they are built of bamboo rods placed upright in the ground, their interstices either open or filled with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, whilst the four-sided roof, steep to shed the heavy rains, is thickly thatched with the huge leaves of the palm. There is but one room, few furnishings, and no floor, save earth, as far as we could see in flying past, or, by closer inspection, at the stations. The occupants lounge and sleep, not in beds, but in hammocks, which certainly are a great improvement on the former, being cooler, less in the way, and out of reach of vermin. If there be a loft to the hut, which is not usual, the ascent is not by stairs, but by an upright pole in the centre, deeply notched—the same as may sometimes be seen between decks leading to a vessel's hatchway. Pigs, dogs and negroes, dwell together on terms of equality; the pigs are either in-doors or wallowing in the mire without, whilst the dogs and the darkies are to the fore ranged in line along the track, the women wearing heavily flounced frocks of limp muslin, off the shoulders and down in the dirt, and the picaninnies naked as they were born. The laws regulating the possession of landed property were, and may yet be, very peculiar.

The Isthmus was the paradise of squatters. Each was entitled to all the land, not already taken up, which could be clearly seen from any one given point.

Immediately after leaving Panama we enter *Paraiso*—Paradise—so-called from its exceeding beauty, and from the vast vegetable wealth which nature has poured into its plains—a very lap of plenty; it is shut in and sentineled by high hills clothed with garments of the richest green. The stations, about four miles apart, are important, not from local trade or travel, of which there is neither worthy the name, but from the close and careful oversight which they secure to the road. The danger from floods is great, the rains sometimes, in a single night, raising the waters in the gulches thirty feet, turning the streamlet into a resistless torrent. Natives furnished with *machetas*, a huge knife or cleaver, are kept employed cutting away the vegetation that grows up about the track with amazing rapidity. The cherished macheta is to the native what both axe and sword are to others; with it he both does his work and fights his battles. On remarking the American look of the station-houses, I was told that they were imported ready-made from the United States, and put together. Numbers of them appeared, and were, I believe, unoccupied, the American occupants having left, unable to endure a continuous residence in the climate, whilst the care of the road was committed for a season to other hands. In some instances, considerable care and taste were displayed in the laying out of the grounds, and the cultivation of flowers and trees. Here nature needs little nursing, but plenty of pruning. A great variety of vegetables and fruits may be grown on the Isthmus, but what we saw along the road were principally plantains and oranges, and these were to be had in abundance. The tall, graceful cocoa, laden with nuts, was growing in some of the gardens. The sensitive plant is found growing everywhere in the greatest profusion. Several times, on stopping, we left the cars to examine its singular habits. Startled at our approach, sensitive even to our presence, its delicate, fern-like leaves, shrink from the touch, fold themselves together and lie close against the stem until the unwelcome visitor is gone.

Before the building of the road the route across was alive with

birds, beasts and reptiles, peculiar to the tropics. These still abound, but have mostly retired into the interior. Many of these creatures, rare and curious, would well repay a careful study, but a general description is not within the scope of this chapter, which is a handful of gleanings rather than a storehouse of sheaves. I may, however, speak of one of the greatest ornithological curiosities of the Isthmus—the toucan. This bird was called by the early Spanish missionaries "Dios te de"—God gives thee—because of its strange motions over the water when drinking, a motion which they were quick to construe into the sign of the cross. It is the size of the common pigeon, with a scarlet breast, and a saw-edged bill about six inches long. When feeding it picks up the food on the point of its beak, tosses it into the air, and on its falling catches it deep in the throat. A few monkeys and parrots may be seen about the stations, and very frequently an alligator lazily floating in the rivers, looking, in the distance, like a weather-beaten log.

The iguana, an ugly monster of the lizard tribe, growing to the length of six feet, is a great delicacy with the negroes, its flesh, like the turtle's, being tender and juicy. The eggs of the female are dainty morsels about the size of a robin's egg, with a yellow, shining shell, shrivelled when dry.

But the greatest attraction in crossing the Isthmus, and that of which the tourist will see most, is the abounding marvellous vegetable life. The limits of this paper, all but reached, force me reluctantly to reject many "notes" on the vegetation, and confine myself to a few of the more striking varieties. Chief among the grasses, its tall and graceful form claiming company and rank with higher orders, is the well-known bamboo. Among bushes the mangrove is chief, and grows in the greatest profusion and perfection about the swamps skirting the shores of Navy Bay. Those on the shores overhanging the sea droop deep into the water, and attract to their branches immense clusters of crustacea, the size of small oysters, which are said to be very palatable. The mangrove, growing inland, shoots its drooping branches deep into the slimy soil, where, taking root, it sends up other shoots, spreading, strengthening, interlacing, until there is formed a vast, impenetrable tangle of wondrous luxuriance. The cedro and

espabe, for size, chief among trees, rise limbless for 100 feet, then, Briareus-like, throw out a hundred arms which support a luxuriant growth of foliage often 100 feet in diameter; they look like the huge umbrellas of tropical Titans. From the trunk of these trees the natives make their "dug-outs," which are sometimes of twenty tons burthen. But, queen among the trees, for grace, beauty, and usefulness, is the palm, of which over twenty varieties have already been discovered growing in the Isthmian forest. There is the low variety with large, stumpy trunk, growing in the swamps, and sending out leaves of the marvellous length of eighteen feet. Other varieties, tall and slender, grow in profusion. The ivory palm yields the "vegetable ivory," now hawked all over the world; from the membranous covering enclosing the flower or fruit of the glove palm is obtained a ready-made sac capable of holding half a bushel; from the sap of the wine palm is distilled an intoxicating liquor; the cabbage palm sends forth from its top tender shoots, in flavour and nutriment not unlike the vegetable after which it is named. From other species are manufactured sugar, sago, cloth, and various domestic utensils, whilst their trunks and leaves furnish the chief materials from which are constructed the huts of the natives.

Nature, as if rejoicing in her resources, delighting to show the world what she can both do and endure, has given birth to a multitude of parasites—not only given birth to them, but nurses them into a marvellous maturity. Whichever way you look there they are, shameless and greedy, creeping, twining, climbing, hanging, always hanging mercilessly on. Frequently, several different species will fasten, vampire-like, to the same support, and intertwining, like serpents in conspiracy to strangle, seldom relax their folds until the life of the unfortunate victim is either sucked out or smothered. Even the largest, thriftiest trees yield at last, but they are sometimes upheld and hidden by the well-conditioned parasite, as if it would fain conceal the rotten wreck—the work of its own greed, and treachery. Some species, less selfish, by way of compensation bear beautiful flowers. Dropping their seed, it is said, in the ordure of birds deposited on the limbs of trees, they take root and fasten themselves securely to the branches; then, thread-like vines, they descend without leaf or tendril,

reserving all their forces for one final effort, throwing out at the last from the tip downward a trumpet-shaped flower of exquisite beauty. Surrounded by the most gorgeous settings of green, and securely suspended from impressive heights, sometimes gracefully swaying in the wind, they are a novelty in nature of surpassing loveliness; and all this wealth of wonder and beauty generous nature opens out before our eyes along one of the world's highways. Other flowers there are—fuchias, convolvuli, the sacred passion-flower; also flowering grasses, flowering shrubs, flowering trees, some brilliant, some fragrant, and some both brilliant and fragrant; always blooming in this everlasting summer, but reaching their greatest glory in the wet season between May and October, when, scattered under foot in the wildest profusion, and festooning pillar, arch and dome of luxuriant green, there is presented one of the most gorgeous scenes imaginable.

But there is one flower, the rarest, the loveliest of all, upon which we cast our last and lingering look—the *Flor del Espiritu Santo*—the flower of the Holy Ghost. Like many other objects in the new world, it received its name from the early Spanish Missionaries. Enflamed with their religion, superstitious to a degree, their ardent, poetical nature fertile of fancies, it is not surprising that when they looked upon this strange flower, so strikingly suggestive, they should have bowed before it reverently, naming it what they did. "To this day the Indian, nurtured in their faith, regards it with an awe akin to that which thrilled the ancient Hebrew as, from a distance, he gazed upon the veiled Ark of the Covenant. The Indian holds sacred the very ground on which this flower grows, and the air laden with its fragrance. It is a bulbous plant, rising as high as seven feet, and throwing out lance-shaped leaves in pairs. The flower, of the lily type, and of snowy whiteness, is richly fragrant. Within the flower—becoming cabinet to hold so rich a jewel—is a drooping dove, its exquisite wings half unfolded at the sides, the head drawn nestling down, whilst the tiny bill, delicately tinged with carmine, rests against the alabaster breast. The resemblance is perfect. Human skill could never match it; the power that "garnished the heavens" painted this. And, yet, how strange! this fairest of flowers, this sweetest of symbols, like the rose of Sharon, springs

from the lowliest spots—decayed wood in marshy ground. It was long jealousy guarded; foreigners could secure it only by overcoming many difficulties. Now, it is easily obtained at low prices, and, though extremely delicate, will, with proper care, live and bloom in every land.

THANKSGIVING.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

To God, the bounteous Giver of all good,
Let grateful praise and adoration rise!
He sends the fruitful showers from the skies,
And gives to all His creatures life and food.
Praise Him for all His mercies that are past,
Praise Him for all His blessings daily given,
Praise Him who gives the light and air of heaven,
Praise Him whose goodness shall forever last.
Let Holy songs of praise to Him ascend,
In whom we live, and move, and being have;
And to the Son, who is the sinner's Friend,
Who gave His life our ruined world to save;
And to the Holy Ghost, the Comforter—
The triune Deity forevermore.

MALLORYTOWN, *Ontario.*

A NIGHT WITH A LIFE-BOAT.

BY JOHN GILMOUR.

OUR narrative has for its date the 3rd of December, 1865. During the whole of the day the wind had been blowing hard from the west-north-west; the weather had been very unsettled for some days, squally, with the cloud-scud low and flying fast; now it is becoming worse, and the blasts more frequent and more fierce, rapidly growing into a continuous-rising and heavy gale. The Fitzroy signal hangs ominously from the flag-staff, giving a warning (for which experience has gained respect) of the dangerous winds which may be expected. The Downs anchorage is crowded with shipping, so much so, that the lights of the vessels anchored there shed a glow upon the darkness, like the lights of a populous town. Every now and then a vessel leaves the fleet, and running before the gale seeks surer refuge; or perhaps one homeward bound swiftly threads her way through the crowd of vessels, the crew half rejoicing in the gale which at every blast bears them nearer home.

As it is a stirring sight to see the vessels making through the heavy seas for the harbour, so it is an exciting and withal a gallant sight to watch the luggers, heavily freighted with anchors and chains to supply vessels that have slipped their cables, bearing away bravely in all the rush of the storm upon their errand of daring enterprise.

In such a storm, anxious watchers are on the alert on all the stations of the coast. Boatmen under the lee of boat-houses and boats, are grouped together at friendly corners. One or two every now and again take a few strides in the open for a wider range of view, and then back again to cover. The coastguardmen, sheltered in nooks of the cliff, or behind rocks, or breasting the storm on the drear sands as they walk their solitary beat, peer out into the darkness, watching the signals from sea,—the gun-flash or the rocket's light, which, while they speak of hope to the imperilled, tell to those on shore of lives in danger and of waiting death. Or the watchers listen for the dull throb of the

signal gun, the sign of wild warfare and struggles for life amid breaking waves and dashing seas, and call for the rescuers to rush into the contest that they may snatch their powerless brethren from the very jaws of death. Often, too, the whisper runs along the telegraph wires telling of some distant scene of sad distress. It is so in this case. About a quarter-past eight in the evening, the harbour-master of Ramsgate receives a telegram. It intimates that far from Ramsgate—away round the stormy North Foreland, some miles to the westward of Margate the Prince's Light-ship is firing signal guns and rockets. The Tongue Light-ship repeats the signals: the vigilant coastguard-men hurry to bear the tidings on to Margate, but there the fine life-boats are powerless to help. The wind is blowing a hurricane from the west-north-west, and drives such a tremendous sea upon the shore that neither life-boat nor any other boat can possibly get off. The coastguard officer at Margate sees at once how hopeless any attempt of that kind would be, and hurries to send a telegram to Ramsgate. The harbour-master there receives it; and in a few minutes hurried action takes the place of wistful, anxious waiting. For hours the steamer and life-boat have rested quietly in the sheltered harbour, lifting gently to the small waves that have been playing against their sides; the men for hours have been gazing out into the darkness, listening to the roar of the gale, and the murmur and tumult of the tumbling waves. The expected challenge comes—a call to action that they do not one moment hesitate to accept. They know the hardship and peril, but do not think of these, for they know what it is for brother sailors to cling perhaps to a few spars of still-standing wreck, while the wild waves leap around, and only a few inches of creaking, yielding timber shield them from their fury. They know the power of the waves to tear the strongest ship to fragments in a few hours; and they are ready for any stern deadly wrestle, to rescue their drowning fellow creatures.

The order is given, and directly there is a rush to the life-boat. Ten Ramsgate boat-men, the coxswain, and two men from the revenue cutter "Adder," which happens to be in the harbour, speedily man her. The men on board the ever-ready steam-tug "Aid" are no less prompt; and within half-an-hour both steamer

and boat are making their way through the broken seas, and breasting the full fury of the gale. Imagine the picture that was hid in the pitch-darkness of that wild night. The steamer, strong and powerfully built, and which has never failed in any of its tussles with the storms, but in its every part worked true and well, when failure in crank, rod, or rivet might have been death to many lives; is thrown up and down by the raging sea, now half buried in the wash of surf, or poised for a moment on the broad crest of a huge wave, and again shooting bows under into the trough, rolling and pitching and staggering in the storm, but still true to her purpose. Still onward and onward she goes—the beat of the paddles, the roar of the steam-pipe, the throb of the engines mingling with the hoarse blast of the gale, and the lash and hiss of the surf and fleeting spray; while to the watchers on shore her light alone tells of her progress. The life-boat is almost burrowing its way through surf and sand. Each man bends low on his seat, and holds on by the thwart or gunwale; the wind has changed, and the boat being towed in the face of the gale and sea, does not ride over the waves as she should do if she were under canvas only, but is dragged on and on, cleaving their crests. "It was just like as if a fire-engine was playing upon your back, not in a steady stream, but with a a great burst of water at every pump," said one of the men, whose station was in the bow. The ends of the life-boat are high, the air-tight compartments in the bow and stern giving her the self-righting power; the waist is low, that she may hold as little water as possible. When a sea comes on board, it is rolled out over the low sides, or escapes through the valves in the floor of the boat, so that within a few seconds of being full of water, even up to the gunwale, she frees herself to the floor. In a wild sea, when the waves and surf break over the bows of a big ship, and send the spray flying up almost to her topmast head, the life-boat, towed on in the teeth of the storm, is constantly deluged with water, or buried in surf and spray. At times, indeed, the water runs over the boat in volumes sufficient to wash every man out of her who is not holding on. Now, the waves rush over the bow, and again a cross wave catches the side of the boat, staggers her, and fills her with water, while she pitches and rolls

with a motion quick as that of a plunging horse. But the men know her well, and trust her thoroughly, and with a firm hold and stout hearts they resolutely journey onward.

Upon nearing the Light-ship they see on the Sands the flare of blazing tar barrels, signals made from the vessel on shore, and they at once make preparations for going to the rescue. The steamer is obliged steer clear of the broken water—not only owing to the danger of grounding on the Sands, for the surf from the clashing waves would be enough to sweep her decks and almost swamp her. She skirts the Sands, and tows the life-boat well up to windward. The men on board the boat cast off the tow rope, and the wind and sea at once swing the boat's head round, and she plunges into the broken water which is rushing over the sand. It is indeed a wild waste of water. It boils and foams in tumultuous uproar, as, checked by the Sands, the waves break and rebound and dash together, leap high in air, and then recoil and fall with the roar of an avalanche, while their curling crests, caught by the gale, fly far away in broad feathers of cloud-like spray. It is a desperate strife of waters, and into the midst of it the boat rushes. All the men dare to do is to hoist a close reefed foresail, the gale is so strong. But swiftly it bears the boat along; the waves battle around like hungry wolves, and at times the boat is so overrun with broken water and surf that the men can scarcely breathe. They cling resolutely to the boat, however, and again and again she shakes herself free of water, rises buoyantly over the tops of the waves, and the men are free for one moment again: the next wave comes, and down she plunges into the trough of the troubled seas, which from all sides break on board her, and thus she undauntedly works her way in to the wreck.

It is one o'clock in the morning; the moon gleams out through gulfs in the dark deep clouds which sweep swiftly across her.

The men see a large ship hard and fast on shore, and in a perfect boil of waters. The tremendous seas are surging around, and shaking her from stem to stern, as they wildly leap against her. The spray is flying over her in all directions, and mingles with the dark masses of smoke which rise in thick clouds from the flaming tar barrels, while the smoke and spray are swiftly

swept to leeward. She is making all possible signals of distress. The fierce winds had driven her at each lift of the sea higher on the Sands, until she reached the highest part, and there she has been left. When the tide fell, the waves could no longer lift the vessel, and let her crash down upon the sand, else long since she would have been utterly broken to pieces.

The boat makes in for the ship, the people on board see her, and cries and cheers of joy greet her approach. The foresail is lowered, the anchor thrown overboard, and the boat fast sheers in towards the ship. The cable goes out by the run and is too soon exhausted, for with a jerk it brings the boat up within sixty feet of the vessel, which they see to be an emigrant ship crowded with passengers. As the poor people see the boat stop short their cries for help are frantic, and sound dismally in the men's ears as slowly and laboriously they haul in the cable, and get up the anchor before making another attempt to fetch alongside the ship. In the meantime they answer the people with cheers, and the moon shining out, the emigrants see they are not deserted, The sea is so heavy, and the boat's anchor has taken so firm a hold, that it is a long time before they can get it up; and they now sail within fifty fathoms of the ship before they heave the anchor overboard again. It is necessary to let the anchor down as far as possible from the ship, that they may get plenty of sea room when they haul up to it again. This is done in order that they may set sail and get away from the wreck, upon which they must of necessity be driven if they had not allowed themselves sufficient room to sail clear of her. They let the cable out gradually and drop alongside; they get a hawser from the bow and another from the stern, and by these they are enabled to keep the boat in pretty good position, the men on board hauling and veering to keep the boat sufficiently near without letting her strike against the sides of the vessel; and this, in the broken seas and rapid tide, is a matter of no little difficulty. The captain and pilot of the vessel, (the "Fusilier,") shouts out, "How many can you carry?—we have more than one hundred on board, more than sixty women and children."

It was with no little dismay that the passengers looked down upon the boat half buried in spray, and wondered how she could

be the means of rescuing such a crowd of people. The men shout from the boat that a steamer is near, and that they will take off the passengers in parties to her. Two of the boatmen spring as the boat lifts, catch the manropes, and climb on board the ship. "Who comes here?" cries the captain, as the two boatmen, clad in their oilskin overalls, and pale and half exhausted with their long battling with wind and sea, jump from the bulwarks amid the excited passengers. "Two men from the life-boat," is the reply, and the passengers crowd around them, seize them by the hands, and some even cling to them with such an energy of fear as requires force to overcome. The light from the ship's lamps and the faint moonlight reveal the mass of people on board,—some deadly pale and terror-stricken, some fainting, others in hysterics, while many are more resigned. It had been a long, long night of terror and most anxious suspense, and many who during its terrible hours had held up bravely, now broke down at the crisis of the life-boat's arrival.

But the night had not been one of unreasoning fear to all. There were those on board who, filled with a calm heroism, had by their example of holy faith exerted great influence for good,—one woman especially, who had been for some time employed by a religious society in London, visiting among the poor, proved herself well-fitted for scenes of danger and distress. Gathering many around her, she read and prayed with them; and often, as the wild blasts shook the vessel to its keel, there mingled with the roar the strains of hymns, and many a poor creature gathered consolation and confidence, and learnt to look from his, or her, own weakness to the Almighty Arm of a loving God; and many who had already learnt those truths which take the sting from death, were encouraged to draw nearer, in more full reliance upon the sufficient atonement of Him who has declared "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." Thus there was light in the darkness, and songs in the night, and the Voice speaking in the tempest said, "Peace, be still;" and many felt, although the warring elements still raged, a calm which recklessness may assume, but which faith alone can give at such an hour.

Now, as the prospect of safety dawns upon all, a wild excitement for a moment prevails, and there is a rush made for the gangway :—mothers shriek for their children, husbands strive to push their wives through the throng, and children are trodden down in the crowd. It is a few moments before the captain can exercise any authority, but the passengers, checked for a minute, regain self-control, fall back from the side of the vessel, and wait for orders.

"How many will the life-boat carry ?" the captain asks.

"Between twenty and thirty each trip," is the answer. "There is a very nasty, dangerous sea and surf over the Sands; if too crowded we may get some washed out of her."

It is at once decided, of course, that the women and children are to be taken first, and the crew prepare to get them into the boat. Two sailors are slung in bow-lines over the side of the vessel to help the women down. The boat ranges to and fro in the rush of the tide; though the men do their best to check its swing with the hawsers which are passed from the ship to the bow and stern of the boat. But still she sheers violently—is now lifted on the crest of a wave to within a few feet of the vessel's deck, and again falls into the trough of the sea after the waves pass under her, and suddenly dropping many feet below, or, sheering away, leaves a dismal yawning gap of water between her and the vessel's side. It is a terrible scene, most dangerous work, and calling for great courage and nerve. It would have been difficult even though all had been active men, but how much more so when many are frightened and excited women, some aged and very helpless. The mothers among the women are called first. One is led to the gangway, and shrinks back from the scene before her. The boat is lifted up and she sees men standing on the thwarts with outstretched arms, ready to catch her if she falls, and the next moment the boat is in a dark gulf many feet below, and half covered with the fleeting spray. The frightened woman is urged over the side, and now hangs in mid-air, held by either arm of the two men, who are suspended over the side. As the boat again lifts, the boatmen cry, "Let go!" The two men do so, but the poor woman clings to one of them with a frantic grasp. One of the men standing on the thwarts of

the boat springs up, grasps her by the heels which he can just reach, drags her down, catches her in his arms as she falls, and the two together roll down into the boat, their fall broken by the men below, who stand ready to catch them.

It is no time for ceremony, but for quick, prompt, unhesitating action. The number to be rescued, and the time that must of necessity be occupied in going to and from the steamer, make all feel there is not a moment to be lost. The next woman makes a half spring, and is got into the boat without much trouble. Now the boat lifts, but does not rise enough, she rather falls and sheers off. A woman is being held over the side by the two men; she struggles, the men in their awkward position can scarcely retain their hold, and she is slipping from them, while the mad waves leap beneath, a ready grave. Just as she falls the boat sheers in again, and she is grasped by one the active boatmen: by a great effort her course is directed into the boat, and she is saved.

Some of the men on board throw blankets down to the half-dressed women, many of whom are crying aloud for their children. A passenger rushes frantically to the gangway, cries "Here, here!" and thrusts a big bundle into the hands of one of the sailors, who supposes it to be merely a blanket, which the man intends for his wife in the boat. "Here, Bill, catch," the man shouts, and throws it to a boatman standing up in the boat, who just manages to catch it as it is on the point of falling into the sea, and is thunderstruck to hear a baby's cry proceed from it, while a shriek, "My child, my child!" from a woman, as she snatches the bundle from him, tells further of the greatness of the danger through which the child has passed.

In spite of all their care, the boat, every now and then, lurches against the ship's side, and would be stove-in but for the cork fenders which surround her. Still she is leaping and tossing about, now high as the main chains, now deep in the trough of a big sea, whose hollow leaves little water between her and the sands; but in spite of all this, about thirty women and children, one after another, are taken on board, and the boat is declared to be full. They cast off the hawsers from the bow and stern, and all hands begin to haul in upon the cable. They get the anchor up

with much difficulty, and as the range of cable gets shorter, the boat jerks and pitches a great deal in the rush of sea and tide.

The anchor is at length up, the sails are hoisted, the boat feels her helm, gathers way swiftly, and shoots clear of the ship. A half-hearted cheer greets them as they pass astern—the remaining passengers watching them with wistful and somewhat anxious glances as they plunge on through sea and foam. Away the boat bounds before the fierce gale—on through the flying surf and boiling sea—on, although the waves leap over her and fill her with their spray and foam. Buoyantly she rises and shakes herself free, staggering as the waves break against her bows, and then tossing her stem high in the air, as she climbs their crests. She pitches almost bows under as the waves pass under the stern, and rolls as she sinks in the trough of the seas. The poor emigrants, trembling with cold and excitement, crowd together, and hold on to the boat, to each other, or to anything, scarcely realizing their safety as the boiling seas foam fiercely around them, and the rising waves seem to threaten at any moment to overwhelm them. They take a more convulsive and firm grasp, as the cry of warning from the men to "hold on" every now and then is heard, and bend low as the broken seas make a clean sweep over the boat, filling her and threatening to wash all out of her.

The steamer, as has been said, towed the life-boat well to windward, that she might have a fair wind in for the wreck; but as soon as the life-boat left her she made her way round the sands to leeward, that the boat might have a fair wind to her again, and now waits the boat's return. On she comes: the broken water is now passed, the scud and spray fly all around her; but the cross seas overrun her no longer, and the emigrants lift their heads and rejoice as the lights of the steamer are pointed out to them shining brightly and very near. Thirty women and children are on board, and with this first instalment of the ship-wrecked emigrants the boat runs alongside the "Aid." The steamer is put athwart the sea, to form a breakwater for the boat, which comes under her lee; the roll of the steamer, the pitching of the boat, the wild wind and sea, with the darkness of the night only a little broken by the light of the steamer's lanterns, render it a somewhat difficult matter to get the exhausted women

into the steamer. As the boat rises, the men lift up a woman and steady her for a moment on the gunwale, two men on the steamer catch her by the arms as she comes within reach, and she is dragged up the side on to the steamer's deck. There is no time for ceremony here either: a moment's hesitation, and the poor creature might have a limb crushed between the steamer and the boat. Each woman is thus got on deck, and two men half lead, half carry her to the cabin below. One struggles to get back to the boat, shrieking for her child; the men do not understand her in the roar of the gale: there is no time for explanations, and she is gently forced below. Again the rolled-up blanket appears; it is handed into the steamer, and is about to be dropped on the deck, when half-a-dozen voices shout out, "A baby in the blanket!" and it is carried below and received by the poor weeping mother with a great outburst of joy. "God bless you!—God bless you!" she exclaims to the man, and then blesses and praises God out of the abundant fulness of her heart.

Many, who during the hours of danger had been comparatively calm and resigned, can no longer restrain their feelings. They at last feel themselves safe, and at the same moment realize the greatness of the peril they have escaped and that which those left on board the ship still encounter. Some throw themselves on the cabin floor, weeping and sobbing; some cling to the sailors, begging and entreating them to save their husbands or children who are left behind; while others can do little else than repeat some simple form of praise and blessing to God for his great mercy. The boat is towed to windward again, and when the straining cable is let go, her sails are hoisted cheerily, she heads round, swiftly gathers way, and bounds in like a greyhound through the troubled seas toward the ship. A slant of wind comes, however, and drives her from her course; they find that they cannot reach the ship, and make into the open water. The steamer soon picks her up, tows her into a more favourable position, and the boat speedily runs in again alongside the vessel. There are still on board more women and children than would fill the boat, and they have to leave some half-a-dozen behind. All the old difficulties in getting the women down the side of the vessel are repeated, although the wind has now fallen a little.

They make for the steamer, and as each new-comer is handed down into the cabin, the anxiety of those who are eagerly looking for some loved one is great indeed, and the greetings, when such are met with, are very earnest. For the third time the boat reaches the stranded ship, and brings away the remaining passengers. The cabin of the steamer is full of women and children, in every stage of exhaustion and excitement. They are very thankful to God for the full answers vouchsafed to the earnest prayers of the last night.

The steamer, heavily freighted with the rescued emigrants, makes the best of her way towards Ramsgate.

The rumour spreads that the steamer and life-boat have been away all night, and are every minute expected to round the point and appear in sight. The throng on the pier increases, for long there has been an anxious look-out eastward for the appearance of the returning steamer, and great is the feeling of gladness and deep the murmur of satisfaction as the gallant "Aid" appears, with her flags flying at the life-boat's masthead, telling the glad tale of successful effort. From the pier the crowd looks down upon the multitude on board, and knows that they are just snatched from the jaws of death, and a thrill of wonder and gladness passes through them all, with that half-formed sense of fear which a realisation of danger recently escaped either by ourselves or others always gives. The crowd waves, and shouts, and hurrahs, and gives every sign of glad welcome and deep congratulation; and as the steamer sweeps round the pier-head, the pale up-turned faces of one hundred rescued men, women, and children smile back a glad acknowledgment of the hearty welcome so warmly given. It is a scene almost overpowering in the deep feeling it produces.

The emigrants land, they toil weakly up the steps to the pier, all bearing signs of the scene of danger and hardship through which they have passed. Some are barely clothed, some have blankets wrapped round them, and all are weary and worn, and faint with cold and wet and long suspense. There are some aged women among them who had been unwilling to be left behind when those most dear to them were about to seek their fortunes abroad; others had been sent for by their friends, and to them

the thoughts of the terrors and trials of a sea-voyage had been overcome by the longing to see once again before they died the faces long loved and long missed. It is piteous to see some of the aged women totter from the steamer to the pier. Here a poor sorrow-stricken mother, deadly pale and sobbing bitterly, looks wistfully upon the white face and almost closed eyes of the baby in her husband's arms. This is the poor child that was so nearly lost overboard, as it was thrown into the boat wrapped up in a blanket. (The mother's fears were not realised: the baby speedily recovered.)

It now became the glad office of the people of Ramsgate to bestir themselves on behalf of those thus suddenly thrown upon their charity. The agent of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society at once took charge of the sailors. Accommodation was found for the emigrants in houses near the pier, and a plentiful meal was at once supplied; many of the residents busied themselves most heartily; and clothes, dresses, coats, boots, hats, bonnets, stays, and other garments were liberally given. Subscriptions were at once raised to pay all expenses, and to put into the hands of the poor creatures some little ready money. In the meantime one of the shipping agents telegraphed to the owners of the wrecked emigrant ship, and was empowered by them to render all required aid. He therefore found the emigrants all needed board and lodging, and next morning forwarded them to London; a crowd of Ramsgate people bade them good-bye at the station, and received grateful acknowledgments of the kindness and sympathy which had been shown.

The emigrants were cared for in London by the owners of the "Fusilier," who soon obtained another ship in which they forwarded the passengers, and they had a prosperous voyage to Melbourne.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHRISTMAS IN ITALY.

BY MISS M. E. A.

My memories of Christmas in Italy are all dyed in the colours of the South. My first Christmas there came almost unnoticed, while the overawing spectacle of an eruption of Vesuvius was upon us. During all the latter half of November, a nightly column of lurid smoke lit up the sky, and a pall of blackness obscured the morning sun, giving to the air a chillness resembling that of an eclipse. The terrors of many timid strangers who wished themselves away, and of the poor peasants, who called frantically upon Saint Antonio and the Madonna, as they saw their vineyards and houses scorched by the burning lava, and themselves only snatched by the soldiers from its coiling embrace, were the all-engrossing topics. The morning paper was caught up to read the daily bulletins issued by Prof. Palmieri, a true priest of the mountain; and not till these became reassuring did things return into their ordinary channel.

I had just finished reading "The Last Days of Pompeii," and had gone out upon the balcony to look for the hundredth time at the ruddy canopy of smoke which still hovered over Vesuvius, and to listen to the seething of the waves as they were driven in upon the shore by a sirocco wind, which had brought a thunder storm on its wings. I was trying to imagine the scene of the destruction of the cities which now lay so still in the darkness, except when a flash of lightning showed where they were, and how Pliny had been baffled as he struggled to bring his ship up among those seething waves, close enough to rescue some of the bewildered and terrified fugitives from the storm of ashes that was being rained upon them. Suddenly a bomb burst near me and the sound mingled with the thunder. It was one of the heralds of Christmas, and announced that the Novena* had begun.

Next morning the sirocco had cleared away, and in a few days the thin trail of smoke hardly delayed the warm and comforting sunshine. The light-hearted people had forgotten their fears.

* The Novena is a nine-days' devotion preceding Christmas.

The air was full of the notes of preparation. The mountaineers from the Abruzzi, with pointed hats and scarfs of green and scarlet, were already on their annual rounds, playing their carols before the shrines of the Virgin. Long before we were up in the morning, and late at night, the shrill sound of their pipes was heard in the narrow *vicos* and courts, gladdening the hearts of the poor people whose houses they hallowed by their entrance. Happy now is every possessor of a shrine of the Virgin—and who has not one in some dark recess of his windowless shop, or beside his door post, or at the head of his bed?—and doubly happy is he who has a taper to burn and a centesima to pay for song to the Santa Virgine. Often in a late walk we saw them through the open doors—the family grouped around, the father leaning against his counter, and the last purchaser lingering at the entrance. The minstrel in a kind of rapture sways from side to side, with his upturned eyes fixed on the Madonna's face, while the night wind shifts the flame and throws fantastic lights upon the countenances of the eager listeners.

Stalls and booths spring up as if by magic, decorated with laurel, and trailing vines, and the crimson-fruited sorvae, with flags, and tinsel, and flowers. The narrow and dark shops of the smaller streets empty out their stores, to be arranged outside, so as to produce bright and tempting effects, and to accommodate the greater number of customers, whom the shopman hopes the Santa Virgine will send him. Gipsy-looking groups, in gay costume, from the Campagna, bring the hoarded stores of the season—the fruits, the curd-like *muzzarella*, and the lettuces, or the fresh olive oil from Sorento. Hand carts, loaded with oranges and lemons, shine like lesser suns in the street. Pomegranates, with cracked rinds showing their seeds like white teeth set in the pink pulp, and caked figs baked with nuts, tempt the passer-by.

At all corners the little fires are fanned brightly, where chestnuts and the fruit of the pine cone, which come in in loads, are roasted. The side-walks of Toledo, and other thoroughfares, become impassable from the trumpery wares that obstruct the way, so that the pedestrian has to turn out among the carriages.

But no one takes it amiss; it is an immemorial privilege of Christmas time.

We hurry from the flower market, where it seems to have been showering roses, camelias, pansies, mignonette, and variegated japonicas for the Novena, to have a look at the confectioners' windows, and at the coral and lava shops, Chiaia and Chiatamone. Of all the beautiful sights none surpass these. They are unique, and in their Christmas dress, they are ravishing. As we wend our way back, bent on sight-seeing, the streets have an air of carnival. Even the animal creation shares in the gaiety. A cow that is being led along, with a bunch of dewy roses between her horns, looks as if she is going to be an offering to Isis, instead of yielding an offering of foamy milk at the doors; and even the poor ill-used donkey has a garland of flowers fastened to his tail.

The din waxes louder. The bray of the donkey, the noise and indescribable grunt of his driver, the cries of the vendors, the goat bells and the huddle of their wearers, trampling over unlucky feet as they throng homeward through the midst of carriages and pedestrians, the march of a troop of soldiers—lovers of the Madonna also—out in their gayest uniform, with a deafening band of music, the chaffing of the *facchini*, charged with catering for holiday dinners, the carriages of the buyers of Christmas gifts that choke the way, the crack of the *vetturino's* whip—altogether make a scene not to be forgotten. But the climax of confusion is the preparation for *Vigilia*—the eve of Christmas, *una grande solennite*. We walk through *Santa Brigida*, or the *Gran Mercato*, of the old city. Men, women, and children, dogs, servants, gentlemen, monks, priests and soldiers, all busy with eels; bargaining, buying, selling, weighing, or carrying home eels. Here comes a fisherman with a basket on his head, which is thrown back with wide open mouth, crying "*Capitone*," while a long and slender eel comes twining down, giving his visage the look of a Medusa. He quietly puts it back with his hand, and filling his lungs, again vociferates with wider-open mouth, "*Capitone*." Women, girls, and boys are doing the same. All places swim and wriggle and slide with eels till the time comes for the feast. Friends invite each other to eat *capitone*, and vie with one another in the number of ways in which they have them served, amounting

sometimes to fifteen or twenty. And so the great feast of fasting is over. Far on into the night they sing lullabies to the *Caro Bambino*, and laudations to the *Madre di Deo.*

At midnight three guns from St. Elmo send out their reverberations over city and sea. The churches are thronged with visitors to the representations of the manger scene. Then the crowds flock homeward. A partial hush falls upon the streets. A bomb explodes in the distance, and from the depths of an orange grove in our neighbour's garden a single rocket ascends, with its streak of flame among the stars. We have hardly closed our eyes to a sound sleep when another gun wakes the echoes, and over St. Angelo and the islands breaks the morning sun, staining the vapour of Vesuvius with amethyst, and tipping a little later the blue waves with gold. The scene itself is an anthem of praise, a glorious psalm sung to its Maker and Lord. No masses to the Madonna, or the Christ, kindled, I can venture to say, a purer flame of devotion, or carried the thoughts more surely up to Him, whose coming into this His own world was being commemorated that day.

Bright and early in the morning the tinkle of a bell and clatter of hoofs were heard on the marble staircase, followed by the steps of the goatherd, and going out we found Federigo, the household pet, with chubby little hands, feeding the milk-white goat with outer leaves from the Christmas salads, and Lena, the Swiss servant, talking bad Italian to its owner, who stood poising the glass of milk between his thumb and finger, waiting for his Christmas box. Next—all before breakfast—the tall splendid-looking porter, who called successively at the door of each of the ten families occupying the *palazzo* in his keeping; then a Dominican monk, in a mask, who held his little box conspicuously forward; and soon, all who were dependants, or ever had been, and all who hoped they ever might be, and various others—for "this is a great day" they inform you. This universal and chronic expectation of presents among the humbler classes diminishes materially the pleasure of making gifts. But to the children it is a pure delight. There is the never-failing plate of sweetmeats; and the manger, a favourite gift, with its meek mouse-coloured oxen, and the toy-bell of pottery, with

which they play at mass, are a treasure of amusement all the year round.

Few extend their devotional services on Christmas beyond an early mass. Excursions, full-dress promenades, and the drive on the *Riviera*, help to occupy the day. Though it is a Church holiday, I never heard of its being regarded with such sacredness as attaches to Assumption Day, when a special permit had to be obtained from the Government for the ascent of a balloon.

One of the delightful recollections of the time is that of an afternoon spent in a little Protestant circle made up of choice spirits whom it is a lasting pleasure to have known. The entertainment was half English, half Italian, as well in its arrangements as in the selection of the guests. What well-remembered rooms, with their tesselated floors, warmed and enriched with rugs! What a quaint wandering suite of apartments, all leading into one another and out on terraces! What magnificent views over the snow-capped Apennines and hot Vesuvius, and the Oriental-looking city! The dinner table was charmingly designed to make every one feel at home on Christmas. A real English plum-pudding of royal proportions, with a blue flame curling over it, was brought into the dining-room, darkened temporarily for its reception. But, alas! when the shutters were opened, it exhibited a gaping seam like that produced by an earthquake, the result of a frolicsome attempt of some of the party to spirit it away in the dark. There were present a poet, an orator, and a wit, and just common-place people enough to keep the balance—earnest men who were standing on the watch tower of Protestantism. The great Council of Rome, and the Anti-Council of Naples, with the free-thinkers in the van, had just ended, and these men had been fighting desperate battles with priests, municipal councils, lawyers and journalists, to obtain footing for the evangelistic work.

We were chiefly interested in a representation of a Mass of the Virgin, which was explained to us in all its details, showing how utterly confused in the Catholic mind are the ideas of the atonement by Christ, and "the Sacrifice of the Heart of Mary," which are placed side by side in regard to importance, in the most solemn festivals of the Church. I had often noticed that during

mass the priest kept the thumb and finger pressed together after touching the consecrated wafer, to his great inconvenience in handling things belonging to the altar, and now learned that it was done to prevent any particle which might adhere to the fingers from dropping to the floor, which would be an indignity to the Lord's body.

Before we had finished the fruit and nuts of our dinner, we were surprised by one of those rare atmospheric phenomena which make the shores of the Mediterranean so attractive. A glow reflected from the terrace filled the room, and rushing out by a common impulse, we saw the whole atmosphere a bath of purple—purple ships sailed in a purple sea, and through the purple sky floated continually changing hues of gold, crimson and green, sending down shifting reflections on the earth and waters. We watched, entranced, till the gold and emerald faded down to the horizon, till the purple sea grew dun, and the patch of amethyst framed in crimson, like "the body of heaven in its clearness," darkened like a window which looks out into the night, and the long promontory of Posilipo, girt with rainbow lines, disappeared from view. And in the glorious flood of colour, and the bright but softer colouring of happy social intercourse, my memories of an Italian Christmas remain baptized.

BROOKHURST, *Coboury, Ont.*

BEN HADED AND THE DERVISH.

BEN HADED is weary, the day is spent,
When near him he sees a dervish's tent.
"'Neath this good man's roof I will rest my head,
For night o'er the earth is creeping.
I'll loose my camel," Ben Haded said,
"And commit him to Allah's keeping."

"You are welcome, O chief, to rest you here;
The desert is cold, and the night draws near;
But if you would have your beast to ride
When the dawn shall end your sleeping,
Friend, tie thy camel," the dervish cried,
"And commit him to Allah's keeping."

EDITORIAL.

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

METHODISM, true to her native instincts, everywhere throws herself heartily into the work of secular and religious education. The service she has done and is doing for this Dominion, by her colleges and academies for both sexes, is incalculable in value, and is an important element in her present and future prosperity. The report of the Educational Board, recently submitted, is a cause of honest pride and congratulation to every friend of either piety or learning. The ten educational institutions of our Church, with their ninety-one professors or teachers, and over fifteen hundred students, are a mighty agency for good. The economy of administration of these institutions is as remarkable as their efficieney. The aggregate annual expenditure of $86,200 is only $56 per pupil, and only an average of $947 for each of their professors and teachers. We doubt if such a comprehensive educational agency was ever before kept in operation for such an amount. The entire vested property of $432,100, is not more than the endowment of many single colleges in the United States, and should be very largely increased.

The educational necessities of our Church are rapidly increasing. The general standard of culture is becoming more and more elevated, and we may not without serious loss of prestige and influence fall below it. Nay, we ought to lead the van in this important sphere of social development. The material resources of our people are amply sufficient to place within the reach of their youth all the advantages of an education not inferior to that possessed by any people under heaven.

One of the most important phases of our educational work is the training in theological learning and general culture of the candidates for our ministry. Never did the times demand more

thorough and adequate preparation for the important duties of that sacred office. Amid the seethings of modern thought and the opposition of a skeptical science to revealed religion, it is more than ever important that the champions of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, who are set for the defence of the faith, should be men fully equipped for their important duties. They are the standard-bearers of the Church, her conscripts who fight her battles against error, and they should be fully armed for the conflict. If they be sent ill equipped into the field of controversy, the subtle shafts of their eagle-eyed adversaries will soon find out the defective joints in their armour, and the cause of truth may suffer from the lack of skill or knowledge of its defenders. Amid the intellectual quickening of the times, and the general diffusion of intelligence throughout the congregation, it is important that the pulpit be able to command the respect of the pew, or its influence will be greatly lessened and its religious authority impugned.

There have been some very good people, however, who have looked askance at any special effort toward promoting ministerial education. It was supposed in some way to detract from spirituality of character. The feeling has often found expression in the objection to what was called "a man-made ministry," and in what was felt to be the profound aphorism, that the Almighty and All-Wise had no need of human knowledge to carry out His purposes of grace. It would seem to be a sufficient reply to this remark, that still less would the Divine Being need the aid of human ignorance. But these inconsequent reasoners quite overlook the fact that the Most High has very often selected the most rarely gifted intellects for carrying on His work in the world: a Moses learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; a Solomon wise in the deepest lore of the age; a Paul brought up at the feet of Gamaliel; an Origen, a Chrysostom, an Augustine, master of all the philosophy of the schools—

> "... vindicate eternal providence,
> And justify the ways of God to man."

Especially have such objectors to "human learning" forgotten the remarkable beginning of the movement called Methodism. They were no illiterates nor mere enthusiasts, those Fellows of

Oxford who gave its character to this great religious revival. And no Church has ever done more to develop, often amid unpropitious circumstances, high literary culture and profound learning. Not in cloistered colleges or alcoved libraries, nor amid the learned leisure of sinecure professorships, were the works of Watson, Benson, and Adam Clarke produced, but amid the absorbing occupations of an active ministry; for the Methodist preacher must be no pale recluse in a monastic cell, but a man of affairs, even more than a man of books.

The parent Church in Great Britain has felt the need of maintaining a high literary standard for its ministry, and has set apart some of its very best men for their literary training. Our brethren in the United States have pursued the same enlightened policy, as is evidenced by their magnificent Theological Institutions at Evanston, Madison, N. J., and Boston, besides their forty colleges established very largely for educating their rising ministry.

We in Canada cannot afford to neglect this important element of ministerial usefulness, and least of all we can afford it at this period of general culture. Nor has the vital need of special theological training for thorough ministerial efficiency been overlooked among us. Of this our vigorous Theological Faculties at Cobourg, Montreal, and Sackville, are cogent proof. The training of our young ministers is an important function of the educational scheme as consolidated by the General Conference. One of the important purposes of the Educational Fund is to assist those young men whose special needs and aptitudes make them proper claimants upon it. No appeal that is made to our liberal-minded people meets with a warmer response than this, and in no way can they more directly minister to their own religious advantage. They are, in fact, training their own and their children's teachers. And while they seek the most carefully educated physician or lawyer to heal their bodies or transact their secular business, shall they not seek the most thorough equipment of their religious teachers for the important duties devolving upon them?

According to the report of our Educational Board, it will require the sum of about $15,000 to meet the necessities of our

higher educational work for the present year. About two-thirds of this sum is for their strictly theological training, and one-third for assisting their general education. No investment of the Church can be more reproductive of the best results than this. If we are to exert our due influence upon the future destines of this Dominion, we must use to the utmost all those educational appliances which the providence of God has placed at our command. We must vigorously sustain those institutions which, often at the cost of great personal sacrifice, the courage and faith and munificent liberality of our fathers in the gospel planted in the past; and we must emulate their faith and zeal in carrying out a far-sighted and comprehensive scheme of higher education, under the fostering care of our Church, for our young people, "that our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, that our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

THE encouragement accorded during the past year to this latest venture in Methodist literature has been of the most cordial description. It has already won an appreciative constituency of readers, extending from the sunny Bermudas to the distant shores of the Pacific Ocean. We have our still more remote readers in India, in Japan, in New Zealand, and also in many parts of the dear old mother land of the English-speaking race. We know of no similar enterprise which has been so favorably received. Projected in the face of serious difficulties, and in a time of extreme monetary stringency, it has met with an unanticipated success. For the cordial support of contributors and patrons we tender most hearty thanks, and solicit its continuance in still larger degree for the future. This MAGAZINE, we can confidently announce, will, during the coming year, contain many features of increased interest. For partial details we beg to refer to the Prospectus of the third volume. A year's editorial experience has suggested sundry plans of improvement, which the ampler leisure granted by release from other and engrossing duties will furnish the opportunity of carrying out. We hope by unwearied

personal assiduity, and by the kind co-operation of able contributors, to furnish a magazine which our patrons "will not willingly let die," and one not unworthy of the Church which has called it into existence.

We would mention one or two features to which we purpose giving special attention:

The great intellectual conflict of the times is that between Science, as interpreted by its skeptical teachers, and Revelation. It is on this ground that the battle of the evidences must again be fought. We purpose carefully studying the phases of the conflict, and giving our readers, in popular form, the latest results of science, and the best endeavours of its wisest orthodox exponents to harmonize them with the Scriptures of Divine truth. Recognizing both revelations as from God, we have the most unshaken confidence, which continued study does but confirm, in the absolute truth and essential harmony of both.

A greatly increased interest has been given of late years to exploration in Bible Lands—in Palestine, Moab, the Sinaitic peninsula, and on the sites of Assyria and Babylon. We purpose keeping our readers thoroughly informed of the results of these explorations, convinced that they will not only be of great interest in themselves, but also that they will furnish strong corroboration of the testimonies of Holy Writ.

A careful review of the more important issues of the press, as well as of prominent current topics and events, will bring under the notice of our readers the mental tendencies of the times. The Religious and Missionary Intelligence will preserve in a condensed form the history of our own and sister denominations.

The varied interests of our Church will be duly represented, as well as its several sections, both territorially and as regards its component elements. Important social, religious, educational and literary topics, will be treated by some of the best writers and thinkers in the entire Connexion.

We again earnestly solicit the co-operation of all our readers, and especially of the thousand ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada, who are authorized agents, and who are in a degree morally responsible for the success of this Connexional enterprise, in making its future one of still greater prosperity than its past.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

BY THE REV. ERASTUS HURLBURT.

LAW is beneficence acting by rule. In the great truths revealed by God's works, there are marks of design and evidences of the reign of law. We look at the wonderful mechanism of the leaves of trees. In no other part of the tree is design so evident as in the leaf. It consists of two distinct layers through which the sap circulates. One of the most beautiful provisions known in nature is, that the foul air breathed forth by animals is purified and rendered salubrious by plants. If it were otherwise the world would become uninhabitable; but, as one writer remarks, every leaf, every blade of grass, nay, the finest of those green silken confervoid threads, which we see so abundantly floating in streams and pools of water, is incessantly occupied during daylight in effecting this most important change of pestilential air into an atmosphere of life. In the greater number of plants these vital cells are mostly confined to the under surfaces of leaves, but in water plants they are mostly on the upper surface. Were it otherwise, they could not perform the functions for which they are destined. Why is all this so? Is there not here seen the evidence of wisdom and design of the highest order?

The hump of the camel, and the callous pads on the legs, as well as the enlargement of its feet, with their convex soles, are all facts of great significance. The humps are supplies of nourishment provided for their long journeys. The abundant supply of fluid laid up in the cells of one of the stomachs is a beautiful provision, fitting the animal to endure a long deprivation of water. Their convex soles permit them to tread easily on the loose sands of the desert, and the pads on the legs permit them to lie down and repose on the scorching sands of the desert. Such facts as these go to prove the reign of law, and God's wisdom is seen in his works.

Distinguished mathematicians say that the line of swiftest descent is not a straight line, but a particular curve called the cycloid. It is believed that it is by this very swoop that the eagle descends upon its prey. Who taught the birds of the air the line of swiftest descent, the discovery of which was believed to test the highest mathematical skill?

The beaver is amphibious; but is more at home in water than on land. His works are acknowledged to be a marvel of ingenuity and industry. Across the creek or natural lake he throws a dam. These dams are wonderful structures, and are made with great engineering skill. They are frequently seven or eight feet high, measuring from the bottom of the creek or lake; about six or eight feet thick at the base; and, if, necessary, as much as three hundred feet long. Who taught the beaver his scientific habits?

Can we not see proofs of a designing mind in the formation of plants and animals?

We may not be satisfied in studying nature until we have passed from nature up to nature's God.

In nature there is a grand unity of principle which pervades the whole. If we take all animals which possess a backbone, whether we examine living or extinct forms, we find they are all constructed on the same

identical plan or type. The arm and hand of a man, the fore leg of a horse, the wings of a bat or bird, the paddles of a whale, are all modifications of one and the same organ. Similar is the case with all the other members of the different types, so that all living creatures can be reduced to a few fundamental types. The same fact will apply to plants, both to the vegetable kingdom as a whole, as well as to the separate organs of an individual plant. Unity of plan with diversity of results is to be seen everywhere running through nature. On every side, law reigns. Naturalists have differed as to the number of fixed types of beings or species. But generally all have agreed that, to account for the introduction of life on our earth, the intervention of a Creator, and a direct act of creation, must be supposed. In special creations—in giving life and intelligence—we see the intervention of forces other than those known to be operative at present. We behold a personal, living, intelligent, and loving God.

If it be said that in matter there may be found "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," it may be so; but we want to know who put the promise and potency of life into matter? How came it there? Who endowed these things with the principle of life?

Mysteries there are. The existence of matter itself is a mystery. The origin and continuation of life are mysteries. God is a mystery. On these subjects our thoughts are, and ever will be, subject to limitation. But the argument from design will carry conviction to an unbiased and intelligent mind in search of truth, that this world and its fulness was planned by a mind. But none by searching can find out God. He has chosen to work all things by law. It is because this is so that science has any power to ascertain the meaning of processes going on around us. It is by the recognition of law in the universe that we are led from nature up to nature's God.

Science stands on holy ground, and has always so stood, because she deals with the ways and works of the Creator. But science approaches no nearer to the great First Cause in enquiring into the birth of the solar system, than in watching the growth of a worm that lives only for a day.

When we consider the order of nature, ever renewed, its unchangeable laws, its revolutions, always constant, in infinite variety, that single chance which preserves the universe, such as we see it, returning incessantly in spite of a hundred million other possible chances of irregularity and destruction, we exclaim, "Most assuredly, law reigns!"

In accordance with the law of heredity, like produces like. The offspring resembles its parents, and still may vary in one or more peculiarities of form and function.

Geologists tell us that the fossil remains found in the rocks, are capable of as sharp a classification into fixed species as the living organisms of the day. Birds, bats, and other winged creatures are found ever with their organs of flight perfectly developed. In all these are seen the marks of design, and the proof that at the first God did create fixed forms. The evidence of living forms, conceded to have changed little, if any, during the thousands of years of human history, is all to the same purport of fixity.

The Darwinians have failed to adduce a single probable transitional form; and to account for present forms by slow and gradual modifications in structure, functions, and instinct, are compelled to assert an age for life on this earth, expressly contradicted alike by physics, astronomy, and the evolutionist's own theory of the origin of our planet.

It seems to us, science teaches no lesson more plainly than the feebleness of man, and the narrow range of the mental powers of individual men, even the most eminent in science. We may ask, Whence comes the comet? Trace back its

path, and we find no place from which it could have started on its course until we consider stars in the region of the heavens whence the comet appeared to travel. Astronomical facts teach us that of all the perplexing questions which the astronomer can deal with, there is none more perplexing than the question, How comets come to travel in closed paths around the sun? That, when once introduced into such paths, they should continue to traverse them, is easily explained; but how they enter on those paths is a mystery of mysteries.

Who ordained the law by which the mighty reigning power of the sun's attraction controls and governs the comets, as well as the family of planets circling continually around him? The glory of the sun is not in his strength alone. As Sir John Herschel has said, "A giant size and giant strength are ugly qualities without beneficence. But the sun is the almoner of the Almighty, as well as the centre of attraction, and as such, the immediate source of all our comforts, and, indeed, of the very possibility of our existence on earth." Here also is the reign of law.

Sir Isaac Newton's great demonstration of the law of gravitation is said to be the greatest scientific discovery ever made by man. The law of the universe—a law affecting every particle of matter, operating at all distances, ruling the tiniest sand grains, and swaying the mightiest orbs. The universal law of gravitation. Who ordained such a law? No doubt the Creator had a purpose in making man, and placing him on this earth. No doubt there is some great result in the future towards which all that is taking place now in the world of mind, and in the world of matter, is really converging.

Dr. Hill, ex-president of Harvard University, says, "As we run over the complicated series of the adaptations to sight, the presumption that eyes were made for seeing becomes absolute certainty." Who made the eyes? Such a process of developments could not take place by chance. The result is such as to show that intelligence presided over every step, whatever the steps may have been, and howsoever numerous. In all this is seen the reign of law. The idea of a personal God is seen running through nature.

The negation of a personal God, the Creator and Ruler of all things, annuls the doctrine of sin, and breaks down all distinction between moral good and evil. But let there be the ceaseless consciousness of the reign of law, as the ordinance of a higher intelligence addressed to man, for his direction, and not as the fatalistic order of a universe without a God. Man's moral feelings are innate; not acquired, as the sensational philosophy teaches. Who placed in man the intuitive law of duty? How came it there? He learns to pray before he learns to reason. He feels within him the consciousness of a supreme Being, and the instinct of wisdom, before he can argue from effect to cause, or estimate the traces of wisdom and benevolence scattered through the creation.

Of law, we say, that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice is the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and in earth do her homage. Our conclusion is this: That we have a higher warrant for believing in God than for believing in any other truth whatever. This must obviously be so, if, though there are truths of which the whole world of matter is evidence, and others of which the whole world of mind is evidence, this is the only one to which the whole universe, including both matter and mind, gives evidence.

ONONDAGA, *Ont.*

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

WE condense from the July number of the London *Quarterly Review* the following information on this interesting subject :

In 1782, the brothers Montgolfier, in France, made small balloons of thin silk, which, filled with heated air, rose rapidly. The following year they constructed one on the same principle, thirty-five feet in diameter, which rose high in the air and travelled a mile and a half. The same year Prof. Charles, of Paris, filled a small balloon with hydrogen gas, which travelled many miles. On its descent the peasants thought it a demon from another world, which notion the fetid odour of the gas confirmed. It was exorcised, fired at, and destroyed with clubs. Louis VII. forbade the risking of human life with these dangerous playthings, but yielded to the importunity of volunteers, who ascended safely several thousand feet, (1783).

Gay-Lussac, in one of his ascents, when very high, threw out a common deal chair, which fell in a field where a peasant girl was at work. The balloon was invisible, and it was thought that the chair must have fallen from heaven, but the uncomfortable provision for the celestials was a matter of surprise. The most fantastic notions were conceived as to the possibilities of ballooning—one being a project of invading England with an army descending from the skies.

In 1784, successful ascents were made from Edinburgh and from London. A cabinet council was broken up that the King and ministers might witness one of them. In 1785, a French aeronaut crossed the channel from Dover to Calais. Air voyaging became very popular. Green, an English aeronaut, made 1400 ascents, and took up 700 persons, including 120 ladies. He once ascended sitting on a pony suspended from the balloon. He travelled, on another occasion, from London to Weilburg, in Germany, 500 miles, in eighteen hours. M. Nadar, in his balloon "*Geant*," seventy-four feet in diameter, took up a two-story house, weighing three tons. In 1808, a balloon burst at a great height, but spreading like a parachute, let the occupants safely to the ground. This was often afterwards safely done by design. Parachutes were employed with success for descending, even from immense altitudes. One enthusiast dropping himself from a height of 5,000 feet, with a new-fangled parachute which failed to work, was dashed to pieces.

The most important recent improvement in the balloon is the guide rope, generally from 500 to 1,000 feet long. When resting on the ground it takes considerable weight off the balloon, and prevents a rapid fall. Its trailing checks the horizontal motion more gently than the anchor, and it gives persons on the ground something to lay hold of in assisting the descent of the aeronaut. The going up is easy enough—*facilis ascensus*—but the coming down, or rather the safe landing, that is the difficulty.

A captive balloon at London, ninety-three feet in diameter, used to take up thirty-two persons at once, 2,000 feet. A 200 horse-power engine was employed to bring it down again. The balloon is yet, for the most part, a huge and dangerous toy, notwithstanding all the efforts made to control its direction. Arago, Coxwell and Glaisher made it render important service to science. The latter rose to the height of 37,000 feet, or seven miles, in order to examine the constitution of the upper air. He lost consciousness and nearly lost his life at this great altitude. In April of the present year, two French scientists died from the rarefaction of the air at those great heights.

The application of balloons to the

art of war presents great interest on account of the remarkable success with which they were used by the Parisians, in the late siege of their city. As early as 1793, an attempt was made to send news by a balloon across investing lines. During the wars of the French Republic, a school of aerostatics was established, and two companies of *aerostiers* were attached to the army. A young officer of the balloon corps was sent with two balloons to a distant division of the army. The General at first thought he was a lunatic, and threatened to shoot him, but was soon convinced of the importance of the invention. Napoleon took balloons to Egypt, but the English captured the filling apparatus. The Americans used them with advantage in their civil war, the signals being communicated to the earth by telegraph wires.

Paris, at the time of its investment, contained several experienced aeronauts. One of these, Godard, had made 800 ascents. The Government established a balloon post, and began the manufacture of a large number of balloons at the railway stations. It was easier, however, to make the vessels than to find captains for them, for experienced aeronauts are comparatively rare, and when nce they had left Paris there was no returning. A large number of sailors were employed for this air voyaging. "Our topsail is high, sir," said a tar to his Admiral, "and difficult to reef, but we can sail all the same, and, please God, we'll arrive." The employment of some acrobats from the Hippodrome was less fortunate, as they made use of their skill, when in difficulty, to slip down the guide rope to the earth, leaving the passengers and dispatches to care for themselves.

From September to January, sixty-four balloons were sent off. Of these, fifty-seven fulfilled their mission, the dispatches reaching their destination. The total number of persons who left was 155, the weight of dispatches was nine tons, and the number of letters, 3,000,000. A speed of eighty miles an hour was reached in a high wind. Gambetta was fired at by the Prussians, and narrowly escaped capture. Several balloons were brought down. The Uhlans gave chase whenever one came in sight, and rifled cannon were brought to bear on them. Thenceforth the ascents were made at night, which added greatly to their danger. The "Ville d'Orleans" drifted out over the sea. At day-break it was out of sight of land. To avoid falling into the water, the aeronauts threw out their dispatches. They scudded rapidly north, and approached land. It was covered with snow and dense forests. The first living creatures they saw were three wolves. They found themselves in Norway.

Two of the balloons drifted out over the Atlantic, and were never heard of more.

It was comparatively easy to send messages out of Paris, but how to get answers back—that was the question. Trusty foot messengers penetrated the Prussian lines with dispatches in cipher, concealed in hollow coins, in keys, inserted beneath the skin, or in a hollow tooth. A balloon took out some trained dogs, but they never reappeared. An attempt was made to connect the broken ends of the telegraph wires by almost invisible metallic threads, but without success. Divers and submarine boats were tried on the Seine; and little globes of blown glass, which it was impossible to distinguish from the bubbles on the water, were floated down the stream, but the frost set in and spoiled the surface of the river for this purpose.

The difficulty was overcome by the use of carrier pigeons. A pigeon post was organized with great success. The charge for private dispatches was about eight cents a word, but the Parisians were urged to send to their friends questions which could be answered by the

single words "Yes," or "No." Post-cards for such answers were prepared and four were conveyed for a franc. These were collected, printed on large sheets, and photographed one-eight-hundredth of the original size, on a thin film of collodion, two inches long and one and a quarter inches wide, weighing three-fourths of a grain. This small pellicle contained as much matter as eighty of the large print pages of this magazine. Each pigeon carried twenty of these sheets, carefully rolled up in a quill, and attached to the tail feathers of the airy courier. They contained as much matter as 1,600 pages of this magazine, and yet weighed only fifteen grains. When the pigeon arrived at his cot in Paris, his precious burden was taken to the Government office. The collodion films were placed between glass plates, and their enlarged image thrown on a screen, like the pictures of a magic lantern. They were then copied and sent to their destination. Some of the messages were of great domestic interest and pathos. We translate the following examples: "Baby is better, she sends a kiss to papa." "Madelaine happily delivered of a beautiful boy." "All well, you will find charcoal in the cellar." There were many money orders payable to persons in the city. The pigeon post was often interrupted. Of three hundred and sixty-three pigeons sent out of Paris, only fift,-seven returned. Many were lost in fogs or chilled with cold, and it is said the Prussians chased them with birds of prey. Great was the excitement caused by the arrival of these pretty couriers. No sooner was a pigeon seen in the air than the whole city was roused, and remained in a state of intense anxiety till the news was delivered. A contemporary engraving represents Paris, as a woman in mourning, anxiously awaiting, like Noah's imprisoned family, the return of the dove.

The greatest difficulty in air voyaging is that of giving direction to the balloon; to make it travel *through*, not *with* the air. Gifford's balloon, spindle-shaped, one hundred and fifty feet long and forty feet in diameter, took up a three-horse-power engine, weighing three cwt., which turned a fan-armed screw one hundred and ten revolutions in a minute. To avoid the danger of exploding the gas in the balloon the chimney was turned *downward*, and the draught was caused by the steam blast. This sailed against the wind seven miles an hour and steered well. The aeronaut was thus able to choose his place of descent, and to avoid that dragging with the wind which is so often the cause of the fatal termination of balloon voyages. We must not despair that the ingenuity of man will yet discover a mode of controlling balloons, which will make sailing through the air one of the safest as well as one of the swiftest and pleasantest kinds of locomotion.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Ministers' Meetings.

In the magnificent premises occupied by the Methodist Publishing House, at New York, is a large and comfortably-furnished apartment, especially prepared for ministers' meetings. Here, every Monday morning, a large number of the city ministers, and often those from adjacent circuits, meet for social intercourse, and for the discussion of matters concerning their personal or connexional welfare. These meetings are frequently of such interest that the ubiquitous newspaper reporter is present, and brings the outside world *en rapport* with this cleri-

cal conclave—often to the great advantage of Methodism, for Methodist preachers in their gatherings have nothing to be ashamed of. In our smaller communities we cannot have such large gatherings, and can very well dispense with the reporter; but should we not have some clerical rendezvous, where the ministers might occasionally meet? As it is, continually engrossed in a round of important duties, we have few opportunities of meeting socially, or of bringing our connexional interests under joint review. Meetings of this sort among us have sometimes fallen through from the too great tax they impose upon the ministers' scanty time. Once a week, we think, is too often; but meeting in the comfortable vestry of some central church, once a month, a full attendance and more general interest might be expected. Nor need these gatherings be restricted to Methodist ministers. It would be both pleasant and profitable to meet those of sister denominations. More familiar acquaintance and more of the feeling of brotherhood could thus be cultivated, than is otherwise possible. Engaged in a common work as we are, and sharing common interests, this would be a great advantage. If found desirable, a reading club might be organized for the joint purchase and common circulation of higher class periodicals, or books too costly for most ministerial purses, to purchase individually.

Nor should ministers' wives be forgotten in this arrangement. Their home duties and social engagements in their own congregations are still more engrossing than those of their husbands. It is a cause of regret that those noble women who so faithfully share the toils and trials of the itinerancy, have so few opportunities of meeting each other. We should like to see, about once a quarter, a social gathering in our city churches in rotation, of the ministers, active and superannuated, local preachers and officials, with their families. Debarred by their circumstances from the permanent social relationships which others enjoy, the ministers' families, we think, would especially appreciate this mutual intercourse, and would find that they had many interests and sympathies in common which were not shared by any not in the "itinerancy."

Church Libraries.

The Library System of our Sunday-schools puts in circulation a large amount of good literature.—Indeed many neighbourhoods are almost entirely dependent upon it for their intellectual food. The present aggregate amount of Sunday-school literature is simply enormous, and it is daily increasing. But we do not see why the benefits of this system should be restricted to our Sunday-schools. We think it might also, with great advantage, be extended to our Churches. The school library might be supplemented by works of a more mature character and more general interest—books of travel and discovery, especially in Bible lands; books of Biblical exegesis and illustration for Sunday-school teachers and older scholars; books of popular science, like Proctor's charming volumes on Astronomy, and Hugh Miller's on Geology; books of Christian philosophy and general literature. They need not be all distinctively religious, but they should all be suffused with a religious sentiment. Our own connexional periodicals and other literature might also with advantage be thus circulated. By these means the best standard authors, and the most valuable works of current literature might be brought within the reach of a large number to whom they would be otherwise inaccessible. The younger readers would, we think, soon be allured from the vapid story books to which they are so much addicted, to literature of a more instructive and satisfying character, and readers of all ages would be

stimulated to greater mental activity and enjoyment. The books could be distributed at a week-night service, and thus relieve the Sunday-school of an ungrateful and incongruous task.

The Marriage Question.

The columns of one of our great dailies have been filled to repletion day after day with letters upon this important question, and one of our city pastors has made it the subject of a special sermon. The contagion has spread to the country press, and vast has been the amount of writing and reading which it has occasioned.

This is a question that concerns everybody. "All over the land," Dr. Talmage recently remarked, "there are thousands of people marching single file who ought to be keeping step with some one on the right or left." The question is, how all these people may find their affinities, be brought into rank, and keep step together down the march of life.

The recent discussion arose from a letter by "an Artizan," complaining of the frivolity, indolence, and slavery to fashion, of young ladies, as serious impediments to matrimony. The ladies retorted that they tried to be fashionable because the gentlemen would have them so, and that their frivolity was often assumed to please their equally frivolous admirers. The shafts of badinage flew thick and fast, often barbed with sober truths, and many words of wit and weight and wisdom were uttered on both sides. The correspondence on the whole was characterized by great good sense. There was comparatively little of mere romancing or effusive sentimentalism, little of mere mercenary utilitarianism, and a great deal of practical common sense. The absolute necessity of strong and fervent mutual affection as the prime essential to happy marriage was abundantly insisted upon. It was amply demonstrated that marriage was cheaper than celibacy—that young men who could or would scarcely live within their income, after marriage managed to save money. The benedicts took especial pleasure in contrasting their domestic happiness with the comfortless experience of their "single misery," and it was shown that quiet home joys far transcend the feverish pursuit of pleasure in which many consume their time and energies.

We are inclined to think that the ladies had the best of the argument, and they certainly wrote the best letters—the most piquant, bright, quick-witted, and altogether most readable and sensible. The impediments to marriage are less with them than with the young men. Who are they that maintain by their prodigal expenditure the hundreds of drinking saloons that disgrace our cities? Who are they that crowd the galleries of the theatres and the exhibitions of every troupe of strolling negro minstrels or mountebank performers? Who are they that support the numerous tobacconists' shops and purchase those costly carved pipes? Who are they that parade their Adonis perfection in fashionable suits for which their tailors are not paid, nor are likely to be? Who are they that loaf around the street corners, and reel homeward in the small hours, making night hideous with their drunken songs or foul-mouthed talk? Who are they that do worse things than these, of which we may not even speak? Are they not largely this very class of young men who "can't afford to marry, the girls are so awfully extravagant, you know."

Young men, instead of railing at the fair sex—no very good sign in a man of any age—might be better employed in making themselves worthy of the love of a noble-hearted woman.

Our girls may be often idle and frivolous, but theirs may frequently be an enforced idleness for want of some noble ambition or aspiration.

"Give us girls," said one such, "an object worth living for, and we can do anything for its accomplishment." The subtle spell of a good man's love will often ennoble such a nature into that of a heroine, and she will climb side by side with him on whom she bestows the wealth of her heart's affection, up the difficult heights of achievement, or walk with him through the valley of humiliation and sorrow, and count it all joy that she is permitted to share his adversity as well as to rejoice in his prosperity. Whoso findeth such a wife findeth emphatically a good thing. Such there are all around us, and any man who deserves the name, unless he have, like St. Paul, a call of duty to a celibate life, will seek till he find a worthy help-meet, and then will woo and win and make her his for ever.

CHRISTMAS.

WRITING, as we do, early in November, it seems almost too soon to utter Christmas greetings. But as we expect that this number of our MAGAZINE will be read beside the cheerful hearth of many a Canadian home during the holiday season, we beg to wish all our readers a very happy Christmas and New Year. We have earnestly endeavoured during the year to contribute to their enjoyment and profit, and hope that we have not been unsuccessful. We trust that during the circling months of another year, we may have the privilege of continuing this pleasant intercourse and of prosecuting this labour of love—for such it has been—with all our old friends, and with our ever-widening circle of new ones. Adopting the words of a genial household poet, we would say,

"Therefore, we hope, as no unwelcome guest
At your warm fire-side, when the lamps are lighted,
To have our place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

WE would be glad if the thrilling story of "A Night with a Life Boat," in this number, would inspire a sympathy with the project of providing one for Toronto harbour. In our autumnal gales there is often much peril of shipwreck along our lake-board. On Sunday, the 14th of November, two vessels were wrecked off Toronto,—one life lost, and thirteen saved by a heroism not less than that described in our story. To relieve these perils a Life Boat Association has been formed. The amount required for the complete equipment of the station, is, we believe, $5,000. Any of our readers wishing to help in this good work, may send their subscriptions for that purpose to Sir John A. Macdonald, the President of the Association.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

THE Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., having been designated to a special mission in the East, is now on his way thither, and will pass through the Suez Canal direct for China, spend a few days at Hong Kong, and depart thence to Yeddo, in Japan, where he will remain two or three weeks with the missionaries of the American and Canadian Methodist Churches. Returning by Shanghai, Mr. Jenkins will meet the missionary brethren of the Northern District of China at Hankow, and also pay a visit to those in the South, at Canton. From China he will go to Madras, on his official mission proper, when he will hold

the District Meeting, in order that the brethren may be favoured with the presence and counsel of the representative of the Missionary Committee. In addition to the official report, which Mr. Jenkins has authority to prepare, respecting the Madras District, he will acquire very valuable information as to the state and prospects of mission work in the East generally. He expects to return to England next July.

While Mr. Jenkins is on his way to India, Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., accompanied by several missionaries, is sailing to South Africa, with a view to visit the missions there, and probably form an affiliated Conference. Great preparations are being made for his reception, and during his sojourn he will be privileged to dedicate several churches and assist at many public meetings. The missionaries are delighted at the prospect of seeing a representative from the Mission House, who during his six months' absence will obtain an extensive acquaintance with the missions in that part of the world.

The Wesleyan Missions in Polynesia, which were formed, and for many years carried on by the parent Society, were transferred to the Australian Conference at the time of its formation. This Conference not only supports the missions thus bequeathed, but is also vigorously striving to plant the Gospel where Christ has not yet been named. The Missionary ship, *John Wesley*, is almost wholly employed visiting the missions in the Southern world.

In June last, the Rev. George Brown, accompanied by eight native teachers and their wives, sailed from Fiji to the Cannibal Islands of New Ireland and New Britain, off the north-eastern coast of New Guinea, which are at least 8,000 miles beyond Fiji. Hazardous, but glorious undertaking. A religious service was held on board the *John Wesley* before the vessel left the harbour of Lavaka. The gallant ship stood away before a gentle breeze, followed by the prayers of hundreds for the preservation of the missionaries and the success of the enterprise.

The missionary campaign usually commences in England in October. For many years past "the keynote" Anniversary has been held during the first week of that month in Leeds, where the Missionary Society was organized in 1813. This year the services have been of a most hallowing kind, and have resulted in nearly $10,000 being collected during the week's meetings. The Anniversary occurred during the week that the Prince of Wales started for his regal tour in India, to which event Rev. John Walton, a former missionary in India, made appropriate allusion. Rev. H. J. Piggott, B.A., from Rome, gave some valuable information respecting the missions in that country, portraying the ignorance, poverty and superstition which popery had inflicted on the country; seven-tenths of the people can neither read nor write. Rev. P. Makenzie convulsed the audience at one meeting when he said, in allusion to the prevalence of the cattle disease in England, "The Pope's bull had died of rinderpest." Rev. John Farrar, who was present at the first missionary meeting held in Leeds, occupied the chair one evening, and from respect to him as the oldest minister in the active work, a few gentlemen added one hundred pounds to the collection in his name.

Our fathers in England not only hold missionary meetings at every preaching place, but also hold what they term a District Auxiliary meeting at the head of every district. This year, the two London districts held a united meeting in Exeter Hall, which was well nigh as numerously attended as the May meeting. A new feature in this meeting was the gathering of 1,000 children from the various Wesleyan Sunday-schools in the Metropolis, who, led by the

Rev. Mark Guy Pearce, author of "Daniel Quorm," conducted the singing, which added greatly to the interest of the meeting. Dr. Punshon was one of the speakers, and of course delivered a very characteristic speech, referring to several matters of interest in connection with the missionary enterprise which occurred in the month of October.

Conventions have been held in several districts for the purpose of increasing the number and efficiency of the Christian workers in the various departments of Methodism. The reports published, respecting those held at Birmingham and Lverpool, are full of religious fervour. Another was to be held in London early in November, for which great preparations were made. No doubt a great impetus will be given to the work of evangelism, both in London and in the provinces. With a view to meet a want long felt, the Book Steward has issued a penny hymn book, and 300,000 copies were called for in one month.

Other denominations in England are also very actively engaged in evangelistic work. In Leeds, some clergymen of the Established Church, led by the Rev. Mr. Aitkens, a well known revivalist, held numerous meetings, at some of which there were more than a hundred penitents. The Nonconformist ministers heartily co-operated, and a united mission was held. Services were conducted in the workshops, for which the masters gave the time, which were followed by marvellous results. Even the publicans were solicited to allow meetings to be held in the club rooms of the taverns, and in every instance permission was granted. Some members of the Society of Friends also held an eight days' mission in London, which resulted in great benefit.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

THE number of agents in India belonging to this Church has recently been strengthened, a batch of missionaries and their wives having sailed from New York for this important field.

Some of the German Methodists have expressed a desire to have a bishop elected purposely for the German Conferences. A mission has recently been commenced among the Swedes in Boston, which promises well.

Bishop Simpson has returned from his tour in Europe full of missionary intelligence. He recently attended the General Conference of the Evangelical Association, a chiefly German organization, strongly allied doctrinally to Methodists, which was held in Philadelphia, and delivered a warm-hearted fraternal address.

The Annual Conferences, which are now being held, are of more than ordinary interest, inasmuch as the delegates to the General Conference, to be held in May next, are appointed. Fifty years ago this Church had but fourteen hundred preachers; now they have twenty-eight thousand. *Then* they had three hundred and fifty thousand lay members; *now* they have seventeen hundred thousand. *Then* their Church edifices were worth next to nothing; *now* they are worth $70,000,000. *Then* they had no parsonages, unless saddles and saddle bags were accounted such; *now* their parsonages are valued at $10,000,000. The sales at the Book Concern last year, at New York and Cincinnati, were $1,552,048.

The General Missionary Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States began its annual session in New York, on November 10th, Bishop James presiding. The report of the Treasurer shows the receipts during the year to be $662,485; expenditures, $721,805; leaving the debt of the treasury $46,030. Besides this there are letters of credit for foreign missions amounting to $139,532; making a real debt of $185,562.

METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

THE Annual meeting of the Central Board of the Missionary Society was held at Cobourg, Ont., in October, and was numerously attended. The following is a summary of our missions. Three hundred and thirty-eight stations, three hundred and ninety-two missionaries, thirty thousand and seventy communicants in church membership; thirty-one day-schools among the Indians, thirty-one teachers, twenty-five interpreters, five ministers supplying small bands of Indians, with thirteen native assistants; making a paid agency in the missionary department of the Methodist Church of four hundred and sixty-six. The entire income from all sources for the year is $147,168, and the expenditure for the same period, $185,268, leaving a balance against the Society of $38,100.

The debt is a great incubus, which prevented the Board making any appropriations for extension. The parent Society in England agrees to give one thousand pounds sterling annually for five years towards the missions in Bermuda and Newfoundland. There is a legacy of $10,000 soon to be received, which will somewhat lessen the debt; but, even then, it will be too heavy for the Society's prosperity. The claims of all the missions were duly considered, and now the missionary committees of the Annual Conferences have met and distributed the monies placed at their disposal, and the prospect for the missionaries is by no means cheering, seeing that some of them are not likely to receive more than $500 this year. We sincerely trust that the income of the Society for the current year will be largely augmented. It should amount to not less than $250,000. The missionary campaign has opened vigorously. Some of the Churches in Toronto and elsewhere have held their anniversaries, and we are glad to learn, with excellent prospects of an advance in the receipts. The Metropolitan Church alone promises $3,000. More than two thousand dollars are raised by the Sunday-schools in the Montreal Centre Circuit for missions. Charlottetown school, P. E. I., is also in the front ranks in this important matter. Cannot other schools do likewise? The deputation to the East, Rev. W. Williams and W. H. Gibbs, Esq., are meeting with great success, and are receiving special subscriptions for the debt. If missionary deputations visit the East, might not some be sent from the East to the West? We be brethren.

Rev. T. W. Pelly has gone to Winnipeg, Manitoba, to assist at the Institution, and also to visit the settlements to enquire respecting the religious provision made for the Germans.

An Episcopal Rector in Bermuda has given himself an unenviable notoriety by summoning the Rev. Mr. Cassidy, Methodist minister, for trespass in the Episcopal burial ground. Mr. Cassidy presumed to read the funeral service at the grave of one of his members who was interred there, for which offence he had to appear in court. "The successor of the Apostles" took every technical advantage possible, and even prevented Mr. Cassidy, at the last moment, from having the assistance of counsel from Halifax, N. S. Mr. Cassidy therefore, by the private assistance of his counsel, defended his own case, and had the pleasure of subjecting the Reverend plaintiff to an examination which he will not be likely to forget. We do not like to write a sentence against the judiciary, but as we have read the case, the conduct of the Judge at this trial could not be pronounced impartial. However, on the case being submitted to the jury, it was found that they could not agree on a verdict. The case was therefore dismissed, which is a virtual triumph for Mr. Cassidy. Popular feeling was largely in his favour. Again and

again the court room resounded with applause while he addressed the jury and dealt some rather heavy blows against the conduct of his assailant. We congratulate our beloved brother for the noble stand he has made against the priestly arrogance that has been exhibited in Bermuda.

A farewell meeting of rare interest was recently held in the rooms of the American Board, in Boston, when twenty-seven missionaries were present with a number of their children, representing thirteen different mission fields. These honoured persons have mostly returned to the posts assigned them in heathen lands.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

THE most remarkable living preacher of Jesus Christ to the masses — high and humble — is Dwight L. Moody. He was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, February 5th, 1837.

From his rustic home young Moody went at eighteen to a shoe and boot store in Boston, and was converted by the Holy Spirit, while in the Bible-class of Mr. Kimball, in Dr. E. N. Kirk's church. The two most popular of living lay-speakers—Gough and Moody—both made their profession of faith in this same Mt. Vernon Church.

On his removal to Chicago, he was first induced to lay hold of mission-school labour, and he began with the ragged Arabs of the lanes and alleys. He took an active part in Young Men's Christian Association work, and at a Toronto Convention held a large audience spell-bound for an hour, late in the evening, after listening to one of Dr. Punshon's most eloquent addresses. After several years of lay-preaching in America, Mr. Moody visited Great Britain in 1872. He soon returned to America, when he made the acquaintance of Ira D. Sankey, at the National Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Indianapolis, Ind. Being attracted by the richness and beauty of his voice, and the unaffected feeling and impressiveness with which he sang the sweet songs of Sion, Mr. Moody was led to secure him as an assistant in his evangelical labours. After working together for a few years they left for Great Britain. Of the marvellous story of their two years' itinerancy from Newcastle, with its colliers, to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, and finally great London, with its million of auditors, from princess to beggar, the world knows, and we need not repeat. The revival services at Brooklyn promise to rival the most successful of the Old World.

Ira D. Sankey, the associate of Mr. Moody, familiarly called "The American Singing Evangelist," was comparatively little known in this country, previous to his departure to Great Britain, on his great revival mission in June, 1873.

Mr. Sankey is a young man of about thirty-five years of age, being born in Western Pennsylvania, of pious parents; converted at sixteen, he entered at once on active Christian work. After making the acquaintance of Mr. Moody they worked together for a few years in this country, and then started for Great Britain. Since then the echoes of his musical voice have resounded round the world, and multitudes have been refreshed in their souls while listening to him as he has taught and admonished "in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs."

BOOK NOTICES.

The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its bearings on the two Theologies, Natural and Revealed. By HUGH MILLER. Thirty-second thousand. 12mo., 502 pp., 152 engravings. Price $1 50. Carter & Bros., New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

WE consider this the best of Hugh Miller's books, as is also indicated by its enormous circulation. It gives the result of the latest and ripest thought of the author, on the important subjects of which it treats. Certainly no geologist ever possessed the happy faculty of popularizing his science and making it not only lucid but luminous, like Hugh Miller, and few writers of the English language exhibit the stately eloquence of diction and sublimity of thought that characterize portions of this book—notably the grand vision of creation in the fourth chapter. This elegant reissue of his works by the Carter Brothers is a timely contribution to the discussion of the relation of Science and Revelation, which is one of the vexed questions of the day. At once an eminent scientist and a devout believer, Hugh Miller saw no antagonism between the two. A careful perusal of his writings, besides being a keen intellectual pleasure, can not fail to fortify one's convictions of the marvellous and beautiful harmony of the two theologies, natural and revealed. We shall reproduce on a future occasion, in illustration of this, his physical theory of the Deluge.

A painful interest is given to this volume by the fact that the last proof sheets passed under his hand the very night that the o'er-wrought brain gave way, and he fired the suicidal shot that ended a heroic life, and deprived the world of one of its noblest interpreters of the works of God, and one of the wisest defenders of His revealed truth. A memorial of his last days accompanies the volume.

Forty Years in the Turkish Empire; or, Memoirs of the Rev. William Goodell, D.D., late missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., at Constantinople. By his Son-in-Law, E. D. G. Prime, D.D. 8vo. xii-489 pp. Robert Carter & Bros., New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

THE history of Christian missions lacks no element of heroic achievement, and of apostolic piety. That of the operations of the American Missionary Board in the Turkish Empire is no exception. Of these operations the Rev. Dr. Goodell was for forty years a leading spirit. The record of his life, therefore, is one of unusual interest. His first mission work was in Beyrout. Here his house was pillaged during the Greek Revolution, when the town was bombarded and he was compelled to fly from Syria. After a temporary sojourn at Malta he removed to Constantinople, where his life thereafter was chiefly spent, varied by journeys in Syria and Asia Minor. A vast amount of interesting information on Christian missions, and on the internal economy of the moribund Turkish Empire, is given. The "Sacred Edict," or *Magna Charta* of the Turkish Christians, as it was fondly hoped to be, which was granted by the Sultan during the Crimean war, the full text of which is given, is found to be largely shorn of its value by the religious intolerance of the Turkish officials. This effete dynasty is evidently tottering to its fall, and assuredly British blood and treasure will never again be lavished to prolong its worthless life. This book is of such interest that we shall hereafter present a *resume* of its contents.

Coulyng Castle; or, a Knight of the Olden Days. By AGNES GIBERNE, author of "Aimee," etc. 12mo. 448 pp., illustrated. New York: Carter & Bros.; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

THIS is a most admirable histori-

cal tale. It carries us back to the old heroic days of England, 450 years ago, when, amid persecution and violence, the principles of the Reformation were leavening all classes of society, from the lordly castle to the peasant's cot, long before the days of Luther. The central figure is Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, the leader of the Lollard party, who for their love of God's pure word bore the noble name of Gospellers, bestowed in scorn by their persecutors. Around him are grouped gallant knights and squires, fair ladies and sweet damozels. Joust and tourney and banquet reproduce for us the castle life of mediæval England. This glimpse into the dim old past, reveals the warm pulsating hearts of the vanished generations long since turned to dust—their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, so akin to those that move our souls to-day. An air of verisimilitude is given to the narrative by the use of the quaint old English of the period and by quotations from Wickliffe's Bible, in which were first spoken in our mother tongue the words of life which have made England what she has been through the ages, the bulwark of liberty, and the sanctuary of the truth. We discern therein the mighty principle that enbraved the hearts of even weak women to bear persecution for Christ's sake, and that nerved the souls of the confessors to endure the fires of Smithfield. Few eyes will be unwet with tears as they read of the death in the dungeon of the Lollard maiden, and few hearts will not throb with sympathy at the gallant ride of the faithful squire, sore wounded, yet in mortal agony pressing on to the succour of Coulyng Castle. The story closes with the martyrdom of good Lord Cobham, when the smouldering embers of Protestantism seemed quenched in blood. But from those embers has sprung the immortal fire which by God's grace shall never be put out. "Coulyng Castle" is as graphic a reproduction of the past as Scott's "Ivanhoe," and is instinct with a far nobler religious principle. It teaches the unity of the Holy Catholic Church in every age, and is an inspiration to duty in the more favoured times in which we live.

The Mind and Words of Jesus; Faithful Promiser; and Morning and Night Watches. By the Rev. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D. 16mo., 450 pp., red line, extra gilt, $1 50. Robert Carter & Bros., New York; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto and Montreal.

THIS elegant volume contains a series of beautiful meditations on the words of Jesus, and on the promises and admonitions of Holy Scriptures, by a well-known Scottish Presbyterian divine. They cannot fail to foster a spirit of true devotion, and to promote the religious growth of those who will use them. Our Presbyterian friends excel in their beautiful expository treatment of the sacred text. The striking Catholicity of true religion is illustrated by the fact that Christians, of whatever name, may join most heartily in those spiritual exercises, blending the incense of diverse altars in worship of a common Lord. The book is in the best style of the publishers—a dainty, gilt-edged, red-lined volume, just suited to lie beside the Bible and Hymn Book on a lady's dressing table. No more appropriate Christmas gift could be presented to a Christian friend.

Our King and Saviour; or, the Story of our Lord's Life on Earth By DANIEL WISE, D.D. 365 pp. 12mo, with 83 illustrations. New York: Nelson & Phillips; Toronto: S. Rose.

ANOTHER account of the wonderful Life that can never lose its charm. Dr. Wise, or better still, the dear Daniel Wise of our boyhood, as the crowning labour of his old age, tells again for a new generation of youth-

ful readers the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." He has followed the chronological order of Dr. Strong, and has availed himself of the labours of most of the previous writers on this entrancing theme. The manner in which our Bible is cut up into chapters and verses, how convenient soever it makes it for reference, often obscures its meaning to the careless reader. A consecutive and vivid narration of our Lord's life often comes like a new revelation. Such has been the effect upon ourself of Farrar's fascinating volume, and such, we think, will be the effect on many of its readers of the present work. Without possessing the picturesque and poetical beauty of Farrar's style, it will doubtless be better appreciated by the class for whom it is intended, and be more practically useful for the young. This book is admirably adapted for Sunday-school teachers and schools, and cannot fail to give a more distinct and vivid apprehension of that which it behoves us all intensely to realize.

The Fifty-first Annual Missionary Report of the Methodist Church of Canada has just come to hand as we go to press. It is a bulky document, of 325 pages, and is a wonderful monument of the progress of the Missionary Society during the half century of its existence. We must reserve further comment on this fertile theme till next month.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

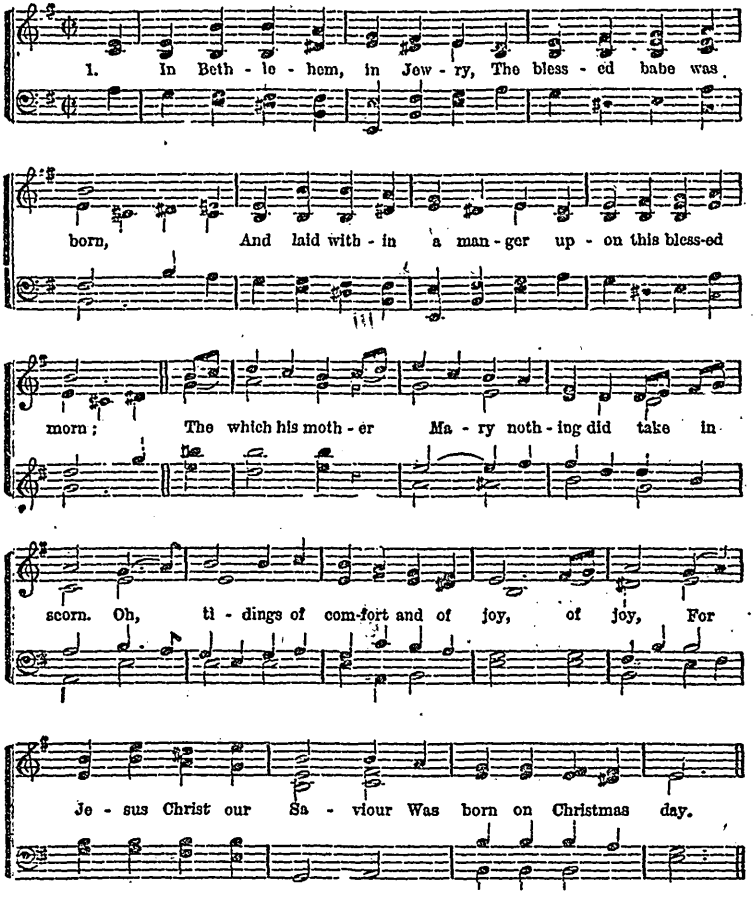
"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
John Devitt.....	Devitt's	Cartwright O...	87	Sep. 7, 1875
Mary Shoults.....	Park Hill	Park Hill O. ..	33	" 10, "
Walter Olds.....	Simcoe	Simcoe, O.	20	" 19, "
M. E. Mellish	Union Road ..	Cornwall, P.E.I.	21	Oct. 1, "
Sarah A. North.....	Sheffield Mills	.....	44	" 2, "
Ruth Ann Kirkpatrick	Patterson	Queen's Co.,N.B	26	" 6, "
Mary Ann Amberman	Granville	Granville Ferry	24	" 9, "
Mary White	Yorkville	Yorkville, O....	66	" 9, "
Martha Crawford	Ingersoll.....	Ingersoll, O....	31	" 10, "
Olivia Roland	Morristown ...	.....	93	" 10, "
Catherine Grogan....	Spring Grove..	Aylesford, N.S..	16	" 10, "
Bessie Carter.....	6th Concession	Markham, O. ..	26	" 13, "
Nicolas Ernst.....	Mahone Bay ..	Lunenburg, N. S.	70	" 14, "
Daniel Campbell, Esq.	Sydney	Sydney, C. B. ..	60	" 14, "
Rebecca Leonard....	Poor's Asylum.	Halifax, N. S. ..	52	" 17, "
George Moulton	Combermere ..	Brudenell, O. ..	30	" 20, "
Jane Baker.....	2nd Concession	Markham, O. ..	..	" 21, "
Abigai Scaffer	Moncton.....	Moncton, N. B.	72	" 21, "
Jane Lay.....	Meagher Grant	Middle Musquodoboit, N.S...	58	" 23, "
Annie Embree.....	Toronto	Carlton St.	..	" 30, "
Emily Ismena Harper	Toronto	Metropolitan ..	21	Nov. 5, "

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

A CHRISTMAS CAROL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Ancient Music.



2. From God, our Heavenly Father,
A blessed Angel came,
And unto certain Shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings, &c.

3. Fear not, then said the Angel,
Let nothing you affright,
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite.
O tidings, &c.

4. The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoiced much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessed babe to find.
O tidings, &c.

5. But when to Bethlehem they came
Whereas this infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay;
His mother Mary, kneeling,
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings, &c.