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DINING SALOON OF THE "SUNBEAM."

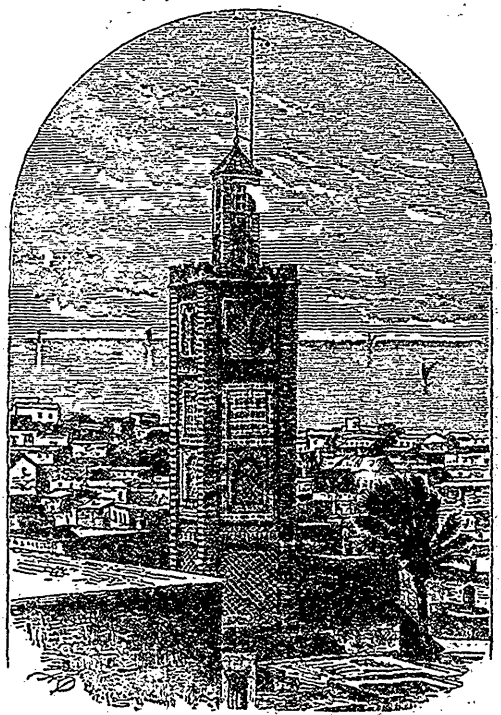
THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1881.

SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST.*

I.



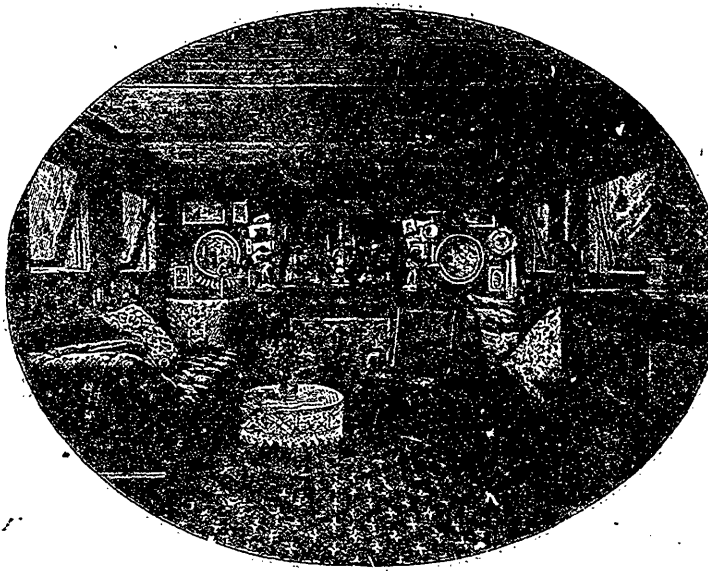
TANGIER.

To go cruising over the historic waters of the Mediterranean in one's own steam yacht, and to visit the many places of interest on its memory-haunted shores, under the most distinguished auspices, is surely the very perfection of travel. Yet this is the luxurious mode of touring enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Brassey and their children, and a select company of friends, in 1874-5 and 1878, the account of which, by the graceful pen of Mrs. Brassey, forms the substance of the handsome volume to be summarized in the following pages. Mr. Thomas

* *Sunshine and Storm in the East, or Cruises to Cyprus and Constantinople.* By MRS. BRASSEY, author of "Around the World in the Yacht

Brassey is the son of the great railway king, whose firm constructed our Canadian Grand Trunk, and who is himself now negotiating with the Canadian Government for the purchase of a large tract of land in our North-west Territory. He is a gentleman of nautical tastes, and with abundant means of gratifying them. In 1876-77, with his accomplished wife, his four children, and a party of friends, he circumnavigated the globe in his own steam yacht.

The *Sunbeam* is a staunch three-masted steam yacht, of 531 tons, 157 feet long, 27 feet 6 inches beam, and with engines of



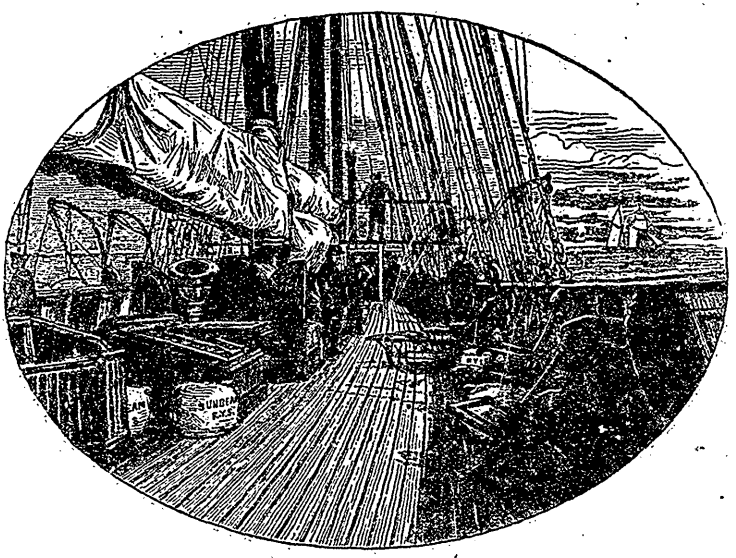
DECK CABIN ON THE "SUNBEAM."

850 horse-power. It is elegantly fitted up with every appliance of comfort and luxury—even to open coal grates in the cabins. Except for the arched ceiling and objects hanging therefrom, the dining-saloon, shown in our frontispiece, with its pictures, flowers, and air of elegance, offers no suggestion of the "cabined, cribbed, confined" quarters we expect to find on shipboard. The cosy saloon on deck, also, has quite the appearance

Sunbeam." 8vo, pp. 448, with maps and numerous illustrations. London: Longmans & Co. Price $10. Through the courtesy of the accomplished author we are able to illustrate these articles by a selection from the handsome engravings which illustrate this sumptuous volume.

of a lady's boudoir. But when you step outside of the door, everything is ship-shape—the deck clean as holystone can make it, the brass work brightly burnished, and the sails neatly stowed. The yacht was so constructed that with a favouring wind the funnel could be lowered, and sails alone be used; but when necessary steam could be used as an auxiliary, or indeed as the sole motive power.

The chapters of this book consist of familiar journal letters, written to friends at home, and present vividly the result of the author's keen observation and picturesque description, and many



DECK VIEW ON THE "SUNBEAM."

of the pictures are from her own photographs. Our travellers everywhere received the most distinguished courtesies from British and foreign consuls, governors, and persons of influence, and enjoyed very exceptional opportunities of seeing everything that was to be seen in the various places they visited.

On September 11th, 1874, Mrs. Brassey went on board the *Sunbeam*, which was riding at anchor off Ryde. She had been belated, so that it was pitch dark, a heavy gale was blowing, it was pouring rain, and the gig shipped seas which kept three men bailing. Such was the unpropitious beginning of what proved a very pleasant and prosperous voyage.

Sailing across the Bay of Biscay, they skirted the coast of

Spain. In the subsequent voyage—and in these papers we shall group together the incidents of both excursions—the *Sunbeam* sailed into the splendid Bay of Vigo, where our tourists went ashore and explored the mainland. Then skirting the Spanish coast, they stopped at Cadiz, and proceeded by rail to Seville, to see once more the magnificent cathedral and famous Giralda tower, one of the most exquisite Gothic structures in existence. While here, they visited the great tobacco factory, where some five thousand women and girls are employed making those Spanish necessities of existence—cigars.

Bargaining in Bazaar.

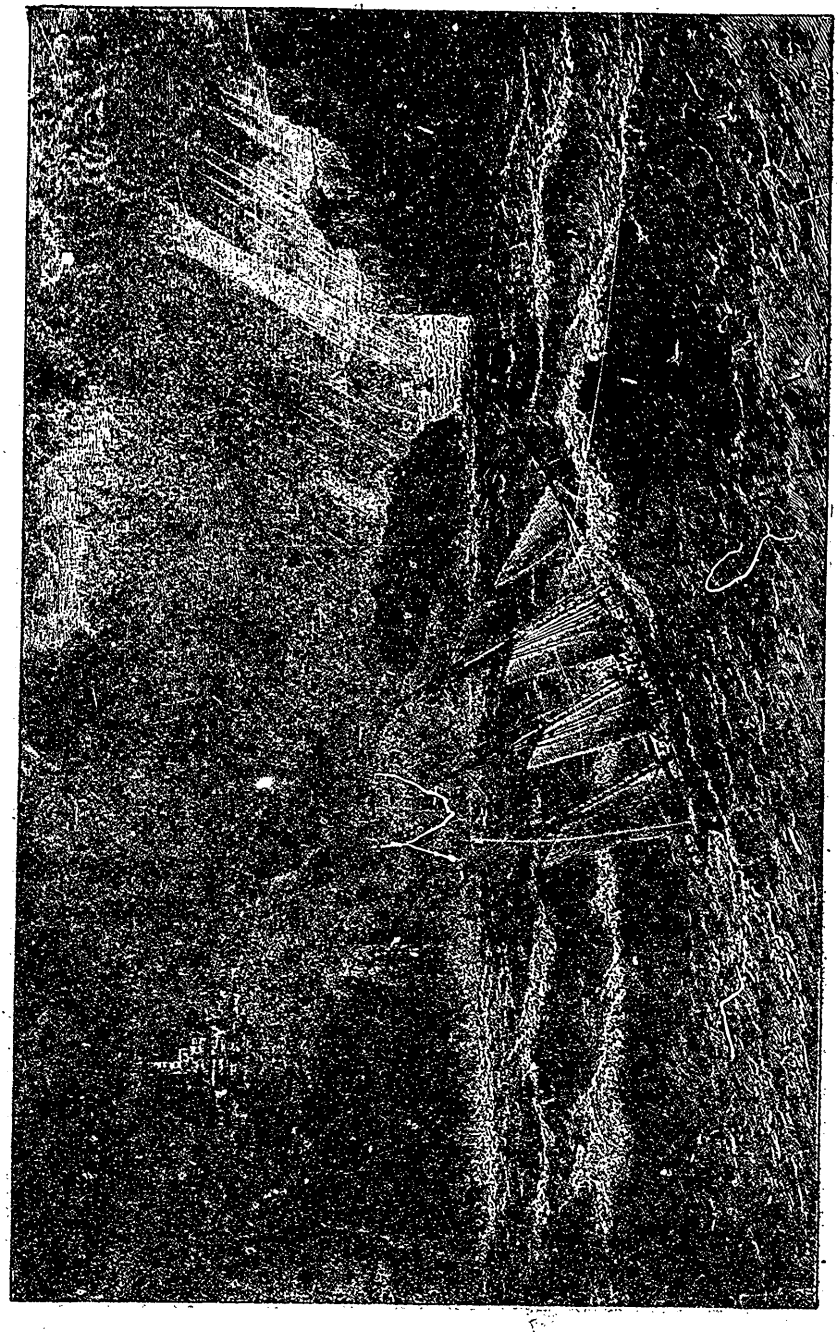
Reverting now to the first voyage, before passing through the Straits of Gibraltar the *Sunbeam* anchored off the Moorish town of Tangier, on the African coast—looking, says our author, like a pearl rising from the ocean. Our initial sketch gives a view of the flat-roofed Oriental-looking town, with its graceful tower in the foreground. While the Moorish women were muffled up to the eyes, and waddled about, says our author, "like animated bundles of dirty clothes," the faces of the Jewesses were uncovered, as shown in the cut on this page, which represents a scene in the public bazaar.

From Tangier they made a trip into the interior, the gentle-

men to hunt boars, and the ladies to study the picturesque. They suffered a good deal of fatigue, heat, and discomfort, and were glad to find themselves once more in civilized quarters, at the famous Rock of Gibraltar. Here they met an old friend, not unknown to us in Canada, Sir Fenwick Williams, a native of Nova Scotia, who won immortal fame by his heroic defence of Kars. The famous galleries in the rock were duly visited. These are between two and three miles long, wide enough for a carriage, and pierced every twelve yards for heavy guns. The views through these embrasures are described by Mrs. Brassey as singularly beautiful—"each like a picture in a dark frame—a bright bit of sunlight, blue sky and sea, with distant country views." Of more pathetic interest was her visit to the little cemetery, to see the grave of a very dear friend. Here, side by side, were sleeping Jews, Mohammedans, Catholics, and Protestants, only a light iron railing dividing their graves, while overhead loomed the grand old Rock, "as if keeping watch over her children sleeping at her feet."

Leaving Gibraltar with a fair wind, the *Sunbeam* soon reached the island of Sicily, and skirting its magnificent north coast, reached the harbour of Palermo, with its strange blending of Norman, Byzantine, and Gothic architecture, and its tragic memories of the "Sicilian Vespers." Running the gauntlet of the once terrible Scylla and Charybdis—rendered now harmless enough by the aid of steam—they left behind Mount Ætna towering 11,000 feet in air, and visible at a distance of a hundred and twenty miles, across the Adriatic to the classic shores of Greece. Crossing the bay of Navarino, where in 1827 the Turco-Egyptian fleet was destroyed by the combined power of England, France, and Russia, they soon reached the historic Bay of Salamis, where, 480 years B.C., Themistocles gained a more famous victory over the Persians. A delightful visit was made to Athens, "the eye of Greece and mother of arts and eloquence," with a minute inspection of its mouldering but still magnificent ruins. The author praises, like another Anacreon, the Chian wine and honey of Hymettus.

Mr. Brassey, who was his own pilot, skilfully steered his yacht through the intricate passage between the island of Negropont and the mainland. This whole region is rife with memories of



"Sunbeam" in a Gale off Milo.

the sages and heroes and poets of the glorious days of Greece. Here was the sublime scene where

> The mountains looked on Marathon,
> And Marathon looked on the sea;

there the marble mass of Pentelicus; anon they pass the Straits of Ancient Chalcis, and now they traverse the Grecian Archipelago, studded with sunny isles "where burning Sappho loved and sung," and where heroes and demigods, nymphs and nereids —"the fair humanities of old religions"—haunted each grove and grot, and cast over every vine-clad crag and cliff and vale, a potent and abiding spell—

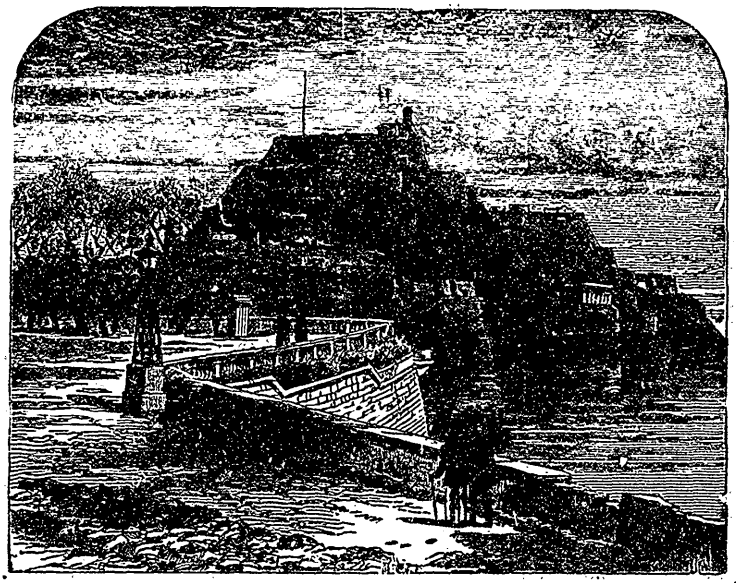
> The light that never was on sea or shore,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.

Then they ran up the coast of Asia Minor, past fair Tenedos, and the once resounding but now silent Plains of Troy, and threading the Dardanelles, reached the world-famous city of Constantine. The account of the visit to this city of mosques and palaces we defer to a second paper, and we will combine with it the incidents of the subsequent visit in 1878, when the author notes the melancholy change from the sunshine of prosperity to the storm and gloom of political downfall and adversity.

The return voyage was full of incident and adventure. Threading the archipelago of sunny Cyclades, which gem, like emeralds, the surface of the fair Ægean Sea, our tourists stopped at Chios, —the reputed birthplace of the blind old bard who sang the siege of Troy, and far wanderings of Ulysses—at Milo, Zante, Ithaca, Cephalonia, Corfu, and Paxos—all of them haunted with mythologic and legendary associations of the utmost interest. Off Milo the *Sunbeam* was caught in a gale, which put to the test her admirable sea-going qualities. In the little land-locked bay she found a shelter, while the party went ashore to visit its ruins of classic times. Here was found the famous Venus de Milo, now the chief treasure of the Louvre at Paris—the grandest specimen of ancient sculpture extant. At "craggy Ithaca," the home of Ulysses, they visited the famous grotto of the nymphs described by Homer 2,800 years ago, and sailed over the famous naval battle-scene of Actium, where Antony lost the empire of the world for a woman's smile. Landing on the Albanian shore,

the gentlemen went fowling and the ladies exploring the sub-tropical beauty and luxuriance of that lovely coast. At Corfu, of which a cut is given, where Nausicaa met Ulysses, and indeed throughout the Ionian Isles, they found the natives sadly lamenting the withdrawal of the beneficent English rule under which they greatly flourished. The patriotic pleasure of being annexed to Greece is small compensation for the heavy taxation and utter neglect of their roads and public works that they experience.

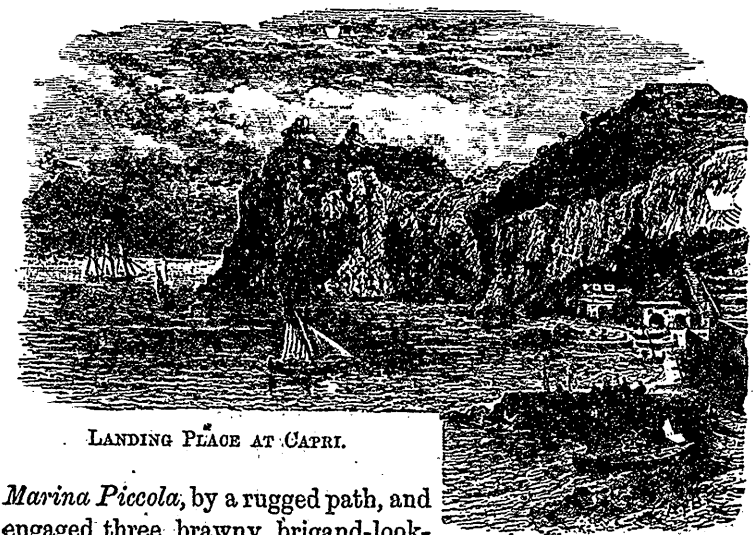
Passing again through the Straits of Messina, the *Sunbeam* encountered rough December gales, and took refuge in the ever-beautiful Bay of Naples. We group here the incidents of two



CITADEL, CORFU.

visits. One of the most interesting excursions was that which we also made to the beautiful island of Capri. The shore is so precipitous that only in two places can a landing be effected. The larger of these is shown in the cut on page 105. A bevy of boys and girls selling shells and coral, and of donkey women, beset the tourist. A fatiguing climb up the stairway shown at the right of the picture, conducts one to the village of Capri, where we dined in a hotel embowered among orange trees. At

the extreme point is shown the ruins of the Villa di Tiberio, where the lord of the old Roman world retired to revel in cruelty and profligacy. A precipitous spot, where the cliff plunges sheer down 900 feet, is shown as the place where he used to hurl his victims into the seething sea. Part of the magnificent villa is now used as a cow byre. The village of Anacapri is reached by a long stairway in the rock of 783 steps, part of which is shown in the cut on page 106. The fatigue of the climb is, however, compensated by the magnificent outlook over the island, the glorious Bay of Naples, and the adjoining mainland. We descended from Capri to the lesser landing,



LANDING PLACE AT CAPRI.

Marina Piccola, by a rugged path, and engaged three brawny, brigand-looking boatmen, who rowed us in their stout fishing craft around to the steamboat landing. We visited the white grotto—where the water looked like curdled milk—the green grotto, and the stalactite grotto, and sailed under a magnificent natural arch, and through a very rough sea, dashing the spray right over our boat, to the steamboat landing. The shadows of the beetling crags, which looked as if they would topple on our heads, stretched over the intensely deep blue sea—the most exquisite blending of the sublime and beautiful we ever beheld.

Mrs. Brassey and her party made a visit to Salerno, a mediæval town long famous for its school of medicine, and to Pæstum,

where are the grandest ruins of Grecian architecture in Italy. The temple of Neptune, with thirty-six Doric columns, seven and a half feet in diameter and twenty-eight feet high, so well known by pictures, is probably unrivalled for majestic simplicity in the world.

A visit of great interest was made to Pompeii, where the party was lucky enough to be present when a particularly rich "find" was disinterred. Mr. Brassey generously sent half his yacht's crew one day, and half the next, to see the wondrous city of the dead.

STEPS AT ANACAPRI.

Vesuvius had been recently in a state of eruption, but Mrs. Brassey was carried up the cove in a *portantina*, or sort of chair, while the gentlemen were dragged and hauled up by strap—an operation the fatigue of which we remember quite well. When we visited this weird and wonderful spot, violent ejections of lava were hurled high in air every few minutes with a tremendous explosion, and the molten lava, in a viscid stream of about the consistence of tar, was flowing over the bed of the crater. We approached near enough to take some of the lava on our staff and press into it coins, which we brought away as souvenirs. The crevices of the hardened lava were glowing of a dull red, and our staff instantly caught fire when thrust into the clefts. We could feel the heat through the thick soles of our boots, and on the breezy summit we partook of luncheon, part of which

consisted of eggs cooked by this great natural furnace. The view from the summit of the desolate lava fields, covering vineyard and villa, of the grand sickle-like sweep of the shore, and of the glorious bay and fair city of Naples, is one of the grandest memories of our life.

After a pleasant visit to the island of Corsica, Mrs. Brassey's first voyage ended at Nice, where she took train for Paris and Calais. Mr. Brassey in the meantime returned with the *Sunbeam* through the Straits to Gravesend. Thus happily ended a voyage of 13,000 miles, often amid difficulties of navigation which might have taxed the skill, not merely of an amateur, but of a professional sailor. The entire company and crew numbered forty-two persons, and the voyage was made without the slightest mishap or accident to any of them. It is agreeable to observe the kindly and cordial relations between the commander and his crew. In foreign ports they were given full facilities for sight-seeing. When sick, as several became, they were skilfully cared for, and always with the happiest results. On Sundays, religious service was conducted by Mr. Brassey—where practicable twice a day. Sometimes he read an English or translated a French sermon; and sometimes Mrs. Brassey remarks that "Tom," as she familiarly calls him, gave a good discourse of his own.

Another paper will describe the very interesting visit made to the island of Cyprus in the second voyage, and will recount the incidents of two visits made to Constantinople.

CONTENTMENT.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light—
One ray of God's great mercy—gild
The darkness of the night.

Trench.

THE REV. EPHRAIM B. HARPER, D.D.

THE Rev. Dr. Harper is one of the most modest and unassuming, but at the same time one of the most accomplished and scholarly ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada. His life-record is well worth submitting as an incentive especially to the younger generation of ministers, to improve their opportunities for study, and thus increase their efficiency and enlarge their sphere of usefulness in their life-work.

Dr. Harper belongs to the sturdy Irish-Canadian element of our population, which has contributed so much to the moral worth and physical force of Canadian character. He was endowed by nature with a sound and healthy frame, which after forty years of unremitting toil in the Christian ministry is robust and hearty still, and promises, we trust, many years of "competent abilities for our itinerant work."

He was born in North Burgess, near the town of Perth, in 1819. His parents had a short time previously come from Ireland, and he is of hereditary Methodist stock, being nearly related to the Rev. Samuel Harper, one of the early Irish Methodist preachers. He received his early education in the Perth Grammar School, in which excellent institution he laid the foundation of that broad and liberal culture which he has since built thereon. Seven years of his life were spent in mercantile pursuits, part of that time as salesman and then book-keeper with the late Hon. William Morris, father of the Hon. Mr. Morris, ex-Governor of Manitoba.

The great moral crisis of his life occurred in the eighteenth year of his age. He was led to the Methodist prayer-meeting and class-meeting by a pious layman, and was received on trial for membership by the late Rev. George F. Playter, whose wise and kind counsels were of great service to the young convert. After four years of consistent walk and development of Christian usefulness, he was called by the Church to the work of the ministry in 1841. He entered upon his itinerant labours on the Osgoode Circuit, near Ottawa, under the chairmanship of the beloved and honoured Rev. John Carroll. After the usual four years' probation he was received into full connexion, and ordained by the Rev. Henry Wilkinson, of sainted memory, in 1845.

REV. EPHRAIM B. HARPER, D.D.

Since then Dr. Harper has laboured with acceptance and success on such Circuits as St. Catharines, Dundas, Niagara, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton twice, Belleville twice, Montreal Centre, Ottawa, Guelph, Port Hope and Peterboro'.

The esteem and confidence in which he has been held by his brethren is evidenced by the fact that he has been honoured by nearly every ecclesiastical office in their gift, such as Chairman of District for twenty-three consecutive years, Secretary of Conference, Co-Delegate, and President of Conference. As Superintendent or Colleague, we never heard that he had the least disagreement with an associate, and as administrator of discipline, his decisions have never, we believe, been appealed from. In that success which every true Methodist preacher covets, with a godly avarice, beyond all other, he has many tokens of Divine favour in great revivals of religion on his Circuits. He has always in these services been a cordial co-worker with such honoured helpers as James Caughey, Mrs. Palmer, Noah Phelps, Mr. Hammond, and other evangelistic labourers. Nor has he been less zealous and successful in the material upbuilding of the Church; and in Thorold, Yorkville, Hamilton, Montreal, and especially at Port Hope, are commodious and elegant structures which largely owe their existence to his efforts.

If we were asked the prominent characteristic of the subject of this sketch, we should say it was his studious and scholarly habits. For linguistic studies especially, he seems to have had a passion. When stationed in Toronto, from 1851 to 1855, while doing full Circuit work as a city pastor, he pursued an extensive course of oriental and modern languages and literature in the Provincial University. In the class list of that institution his name appears as prizeman, first in the first class in Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic, all through that time. In modern languages he took German, Spanish and Italian; carrying off in the latter the prize from all competitors. We believe that he also studied, besides the classical languages, modern Greek. During the subsequent thirty years of his life he has kept up his philological studies, especially his investigation of the Holy Scriptures in their original tongues—a practice of inestimable value for a religious teacher. No commentary, no translation, takes the place of drinking inspiration from the primal springs of revelation at their very source.

Dr. Harper's extensive and varied scholarship has procured its fitting recognition. In 1859 he received from Victoria University the degree of Master of Arts, and subsequently, from Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, the oldest Methodist University in the United States, the well-merited degree of Doctor of Divinity.

We have not often had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Harper preach, but we have been assured by one who has, that his sermons embody the very fatness and marrow of the Gospel. He is fond, we think, of the expository method, and of unfolding the hidden treasure of the very heart of the sacred text.

From personal experience we can bear witness to the great kindness of his heart, the geniality of his manner, and the tried and true and strong fidelity of his friendship.

In tastes and habits Dr. Harper exhibits the simple dignity of the early Methodist brotherhood. Indeed we have heard him say that it was only under protest that he indulged in the needless superfluity of buttons on the back of his coat. We never heard that he was addicted to writing poetry himself, but he keenly relishes the poetry of the great masters of the art. His cultured and critical taste have been of great service in the preparation of our admirable new Hymn Book.

Dr. Harper possesses, we think, the best library of any Methodist minister in Canada—over 4,000 well selected volumes—many of them rare and costly patristic tomes and philological works—a collection to delight the heart of a bibliophile.

The studious and scholarly character of Dr. Harper is worthy of imitation, of emulation by the young ministers of our Church. What he has done they may do. He possessed no adventitious advantages; but by sheer energy, will, and indefatigable industry he has studied to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. So let all who are called to preach the gospel of salvation strive, and they shall enjoy the rich reward of a fuller, clearer and stronger conception in their own minds of the riches of Divine revelation, and of an enlarged ability to present those inexhaustible riches to others.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XIV.

Agreement of the English Conference in 1833 to support the Canadian Conference in the maintenance of its rights and in opposition to a Church Establishment in Upper Canada, and acted upon by the Representatives of the English Conference during six years; but violated in 1839, which caused the Separation of the two Conferences in 1840.

To enable the reader to understand fully this crucial epoch of Canadian Methodist history, which involved nothing less than the union and separation of the British and Canadian Conferences, and the character of individual members of them, I will subjoin to the foregoing statements: first, extracts from the Memorial of Messrs. Stinson and Richey to the Governor-General, January 3rd, 1840, which led His Excellency to investigate the financial relations between the English and Canadian connexions; I will next give the letter of Mr. Egerton Ryerson to the Governor-General, dated January 17th, 1840, on which the charges against him were made; then the correspondence which showed the objects of Mr. Ryerson's letter, and his writing it at the Governor-General's request; and lastly, the vindication of it, in a letter to Lord John Russell, in answer to a letter of Dr. Alder to his Lordship. I will present these facts, as far as possible, in the language of the Pamphlets published in England at the time by Dr. Alder and by Messrs. William and E. Ryerson.

In the letter of Messrs. Ryerson to Lord John Russell, in reply to Dr. Alder, occurs the following statement of the circumstances under which Messrs. Stinson and Richey addressed their Memorial to the Governor-General:

"On the 2nd of January, 1840, Messrs. Stinson and Richey had an interview with the Governor-General, during which they informed His Excellency that the Union between the English and Canadian Conferences was expected to be dissolved (a

measure the most remote from the thoughts of the members of the Canadian Conference), and desired His Excellency so to frame his Bill as to secure that portion of the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves, to the control of which the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada would be entitled, *to the control of the Wesleyan Conference in England*, for the benefit of those who should adhere to it on the dissolution of the Union with the Conference. On the day following Messrs. Stinson and Richey embodied their views in a Memorial to His Excellency, enclosed, marked B. [See below.] In that Memorial it will be seen that the Wesleyan *Conference in Canada* is superseded by the Wesleyan *Conference in England*, and that when one of the Articles of Union between the two bodies provided that the former should have no claim upon the funds of the latter." . .

The following are extracts from the Memorial of Messrs. Stinson and Richey to the Governor-General:

"Sustaining, as we do, an intimate and responsible relation to the Methodist Church in this Province in connexion with the British Wesleyan Conference, we deem it imperative upon us to lay before your Excellency an explicit statement of our views and wishes in reference to the Clergy Reserves. . . .

"The Church of England being, in our estimation, the Established Church of all the British Colonies, we entertain no objections to the distinct recognition of Her as such; and had the Reserves been exclusively appropriated to Her, according to the original intention of His Gracious Majesty George the Third, we should not have interfered with the matter; but as the disposition of them has been referred to the Colonial Legislature, we confess we are entirely at a loss to conceive why the Wesleyan Methodist Church should be placed in any degree inferior to the Church of Scotland. . . .

"In any settlement of this important question, we regard it of vital importance to the permanent peace and prosperity of the Province, as a British Colony, that the sum to be appropriated to us be given to the Wesleyan Methodists who are now, or who may be hereafter, connected with the British Wesleyan Conference.

(Signed) "J. STINSON, *President of the Conference.*
"M. RICHEY, *Superintendent.*

"Toronto, January 3rd, 1840."

It will be seen that this Memorial was official, professedly presented on behalf of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, and, according to the assumption of the London Wesleyan Committee, the only official communication that could be made to the Government in regard to the Canada Conference or the Methodist Church of Upper Canada; yet it is in direct opposition to what the Methodist Church in Upper Canada had constantly professed and demanded for nearly twenty years. Messrs. Stinson and Richey professed that the Church of England was not only the Established Church of England and Ireland, but "*the Established Church of all the British Colonies*"—contradicting not only Blackstone in his Commentaries on the Laws of England, but the history of the old British Colonies for a hundred and fifty years—contradicting what was avowed in the Report of a Select Committee (with the late Mr. Huskisson as Chairman) of the House of Commons on the Civil Government of Canada in 1828, and by the first statesmen of the day, as well as by the decision, in a year or two afterwards, of the Judicial Committee of the House of Lords. This Memorial, though affecting the vital rights and interests of the Canada Conference and Methodism, was unknown to a single Member of the Conference or Members of the Methodist Church in Canada for five months, except its authors, and might therefore be called "clandestine." The peculiar mode of its presentation and the extraordinary character of its contents, together with the verbal communication of Messrs. Stinson and Richey the day before, that the Union between the British and Canadian Conferences was not likely to continue, excited the curiosity of His Excellency, and induced him to inquire into the relations of the two bodies, and the origin and objects of the Government Grant. Immediately after the interview with the Governor-General, His Excellency sent his Private Secretary to the residence of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson, requesting his presence at the Government House, and stating the object of it. Mr. E. Ryerson obeyed the summons, gave a brief account of the Grant, and then, at His Excellency's request, reduced his statement to writing in the evening of the same day. His letter was as follows:

"TORONTO, January 2nd, 1840.

"May it Please Your Excellency,—

"In accordance with your Excellency's request, I recapitulate in writing the leading facts relative to the Government Grant to

the British Conference," I know not that I can do it more satisfactorily than by making the following references:

"I refer your Excellency to the Earl of Ripon's letter to Lord Glenelg (dated Carlton Gardens, 4th April, 1836), and Lord Glenelg's despatch to His Excellency Sir F. B. Head (dated *April 15th, 1836*), for a statement of the circumstances under which the Grant was originally made, and subsequently revived. These documents are contained in the printed paper that I left with your Excellency.

"The only material point is, as to whether the Grant is made in aid of the funds of a body in England or in Upper Canada.

"On this point I beg to direct your Excellency's attention to the following documents: 1. Mr. Secretary Rowan's letter to 'The British and Canadian Conferences,' dated 'Government House, March 15th, 1833.'* 2. Letter from Mr. Secretary Rowan to 'The Wesleyan Methodist Conference,' dated 'Government House, Toronto, July 4th, 1834.'† 3. Letter from the Rev. Joseph Stinson to His Excellency Sir John Colborne, dated 'City of Toronto, July 7th, 1834.'

"As to the light in which this Grant has always been viewed by the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in this Province, see Resolutions adopted in 1837, in the accompanying printed Minutes, pp. 24-28.

"As to the relation in which the Conference in Canada stands to the Conference in England and its funds, see the Articles of Union between the two bodies in the accompanying book, entitled 'Doctrines and Discipline of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada,' pp. 137-142.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed) "EGERTON RYERSON."

* This letter, dated March 15th, 1833, announced a Grant of £900 stg. to the British Wesleyan Conference, and £600 to the Canadian Wesleyan (or Ryanite) Conference, to enable them to build Churches and Chapels.

† This letter, dated July 4th, 1834, announced a Grant of £550 for the same purpose. The letter was sent by mistake to the Rev. James Richardson, who sent it to Dr. Stinson, who acknowledged its receipt on behalf of the British Wesleyan Conference, and informed His Excellency that it would be applied to the erection or repairing of Chapels and School-houses, and in *defraying the general expenses of the various Mission Stations in our charge.*

It is seen that the above letter was written in obedience to the Governor-General's request, and consisted wholly of references to official documents.

I have no doubt in my own mind that Lord Ripon had the most benevolent objects in view in devoting a part of the Crown revenues to assist in "building chapels and parsonages" in poor and needy places in Upper Canada; but I have as little doubt of the accuracy of the late Mr. John Ryerson's statements, that the object of the local High Church party in recommending these Grants was to buy off the opposition of the religious parties against the high pretensions to supremacy and monopoly of the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves, until they could be secured in the possession of their supremacy and monopoly.*

*That this was the case so far as the Methodists were concerned is obvious from the facts that the first avowed object of Mr. Alder's first mission to Upper Canada was, by aid of the proposed Government Grant, to bring twelve Missionaries, not to go to the Indians or destitute settlements in Upper Canada, but to the principal cities and towns, in order to divide Societies and break down the Methodism of the Canada Conference.

And when Mr. Ryan seceded from and arrayed himself against the Conference of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Archdeacon Strachan not only gave him fifty pounds to aid him in his crusade against the Conference, but a Government Grant was made to Mr. Ryan's party in 1833, through Mr. John Wilson, of the sum of £666; and in 1834, of £388.

The following Grants were also made: 1833—Rev. J. Strachan, £333 8s. The Archdeacon of Kingston, same amount. The Clergy Corporation, £3880. Roman Catholic Bishop, £555. Church of Scotland, £1205. Presbyterian Synod of U. C., £388. Roman Catholic Clergy, £1111. For R. C. Schools and Churches, £823. R. C. Bishop of Quebec, £200. There were similar large sums paid in 1834, including £611 paid to the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and £388 paid to the Canadian Wesleyan Methodists.

Remarks by E. Ryerson, 1880.—The above items are copied from the Returns of the Government, in compliance with an Address of the House of Assembly. I am unable to state what Grants were made after the year 1834. The above Returns show how largely the Casual and Territorial Revenue in Upper Canada (a revenue arising from fines and sales of public lands at the disposal of the Crown) was absorbed by this general subsidizing of the Clergy of different religious persuasions (of which the Clergy of the Church of England had the lion's share), which, though it silenced the individual recipients of it, had no influence upon the country at large in weakening, much less paralyzing, the opposition to a dominant Church Establishment and the Episcopal monopoly of the proceeds of the Clergy Reserves. The Canada Conference received not a farthing of

But their policy did not succeed according to their expectations. Much had been expected by the High Church party from the Union between the British and Canadian Conferences in favour of their policy, which, however, was counteracted by the arrangement which the Representative of the Canada Conference was enabled to effect with the British Conference in negotiating the Union in 1833. After discussing and agreeing upon the principal Articles of Union, Dr. Bunting introduced the question, by way of inquiry, as to the alleged interference of Canadian Preachers with politics. I think Dr. Bunting was prompted to introduce this question by Mr. Alder, who evidently expected that some apology or concession would be made on the part of the Representative of the Canadian Conference, who, however, seized the long-desired opportunity to bring the whole subject before the senior and leading Members of the British Conference. "He expressed his pleasure at having the opportunity of answering for his Canadian brethren and himself before the Fathers of the British Conference to the oft-repeated charge that the Canada Conference interfered in politics. He avowed at once that the Canada Conference had interfered with what their adversaries called politics, the whole field of which those adversaries sought to reserve to themselves for the purpose of establishing a Church supremacy and monopoly inconsistent with the just rights and privileges of the Methodists in Upper Canada. He stated that before the year 1818 there were but four settled Ministers of the Church of England in all Upper Canada, whilst the labours of the Methodist ministers extended back to before the year 1790, and to the establishment of societies, congregations and places of worship in every district of Upper Canada; that the Clergy of the Church of England evinced no interest in the religious instruction of the people of Upper Canada when the settlements were new and the people poor, until the Clergy Reserves (one-seventh of the lands of the Province) began to be

these Government Grants from the Casual and Territorial Revenue; maintained, without wavering, its protests against and opposition to the Clergy Reserve monopoly and dominant Church Establishment in Upper Canada, though assailed by the High Church and Ryan party on the one side, and by the misrepresentations and hostility of the Episcopal party on the other side, together with their republican confederates of the W. L. Mackenzie party, which culminated and collapsed in the rebellion of 1837.

valuable; then an Ecclesiastical Corporation of the Church of England was obtained in 1818 for the sale of the Clergy Reserves and the management of their proceeds. Then began the pretensions of the high party (in fact, Government party) in Upper Canada, that the Church of England was the Established Church of the Province and of the Empire, and that all persons opposed to its supremacy and emoluments were disloyal to the Crown—especially the Methodists, as they were the most numerous and successful; they were characterized as *Yankee* and *Republican*, and calls were made upon the British Parliament and the Propagation Society for large additional grants in order to prevent Upper Canada from being overrun by Yankee Methodists and other denominations hostile to the Church of England. Four of these slanderous attacks were made by writers (two of them by dignitaries) of the Church of England upon the character of Methodist ministers before a line was written in their defence; but they were at length roused to defend themselves, and petitioned the Legislature to investigate the charges against them and the early religious history of the Province. The Legislative Assembly appointed a Committee to investigate the whole subject. The Select Committee did so, and examined no less than fifty-two witnesses, most of whom were professed members of the Church of England, and all of whom, with scarcely a variation, testified to the early and beneficial labours of the Methodist ministers, to their uniform loyalty, and even zeal in defence of the country in the American war of 1812-15 against Great Britain; that the Methodists were by far the most numerous religious body in Upper Canada, and were entitled to equal privileges with the Church of England. The House of Assembly, by a majority of more than two to one, passed an Address to the King, vindicating the character and usefulness of Methodist ministers, and deprecating the exclusive establishment of the Church of England, or of any one Church. In the same year, 1828, the House of Commons appointed a Select Committee (of which Mr. Huskisson was Chairman) on the Civil Government of Canada; which Committee reported against the exclusive claims of the Church of England in Upper Canada.

"In addition to these considerations of equity and authority, the Canadian Conference had other legal and moral grounds in justification of their claims and proceedings. Blackstone, in his

Commentaries on the Laws of England, declared that whilst by the Act of Supremacy, 1st of Elizabeth, the Established Church was the Established Church of England and Ireland, it was not the Established Church of any of the British Colonies, except under one or more of three conditions—namely, by Royal Proclamation, if a Crown Colony; or by Imperial Enactment; or by Local Statute, as in the case of Virginia. On neither of these grounds could the Church of England claim to be *the* Established Church of Upper Canada. The Imperial Act 31 George the Third, passed in 1791, called in the Canadas 'The Constitutional Act,' which formed Upper Canada into a separate Provincial Government from Lower Canada, set apart one-seventh of the public lands of the Province for the support of 'a Protestant Clergy' (in contradistinction to the Roman Catholic clergy, who were endowed in Lower Canada), but no Church as established by law was named, and other Protestant clergy than those of the Church of England were named in the Act, and regarded by the ablest statesmen and lawyers, both in England and Canada, as comprehended in the provisions of the Act. The [then] present Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Stanley [afterwards Lord Derby], said, in supporting the Report of the House of Commons on the Civil Government of Canada, 'That if any exclusive privileges were given to the Church of England, not only will the measure be repugnant to every principle of sound legislation, but contrary to the spirit and intentions of the Act of 1791, under which the Reserves were made for the Protestant clergy.'

"There was another and equally unanswerable ground on which his Canadian brethren and himself justified their claims to equal rights and their opposition to the exclusive pretensions of the Episcopal Clergy, namely, the composition of Canadian society. Now, only a small minority of the people of Upper Canada were even nominal members of the Church of England; and a large majority of even the laity of that Church, both in and out of the Legislative Assembly, were supporters of the claims of the Methodist and other denominations to equal rights and privileges before the law.

"When his Canadian brethren commenced the defence of their character and rights against the attacks and aggressions of Episcopal Church dignitaries, they had no law to enable them to

hold land on which to worship God and in which to bury their dead, much less for their ministers to solemnize matrimony; in the course of five years they had obtained laws to hold Church and burying grounds, and for their ministers to solemnize matrimony; and they were determined to persevere until in all respects they were recognized by the Legislature of the country as second to no other religious persuasion in it."

The apparently spontaneous reply (embracing so wide a field) of the Representative of the Canada Conference to an unexpected question, seemed to excite surprise, elicited frequent cheers in the course of delivery, and at the conclusion was followed by a round of applause from the large Committee and various other members of the Conference present, and the venerable men exclaimed (without a dissenting voice) from all parts of the audience room, "The Canadian brethren are right, and ought to be sustained in the contest for their rights."

Thus were the intrigues or counsels of the leaders of the High Church party in Toronto defeated, and the moral influence and support of the British secured to the Canada Conference in the struggle for equal civil and religious liberty.

To show the accuracy of the foregoing statements, and the utter falsity of the representations to the contrary of a pretended historian of Methodism in Canada (Webster), I will quote the Report of the Representative of the Canada Conference to the British Conference in 1833, when the first Union was formed between the two bodies. That Report was prepared on shipboard during the author's return from England; was submitted to and concurred in by the Rev. George Marsden, Representative of the British Conference, and first appointed British President of the Canadian Conference, and by the Rev. Joseph Stinson. The Report, after having been read to the Canada Conference in the presence of the English Representatives, and concurred in by them, was printed by its authority in the *Christian Guardian* of the 16th October, 1833. In its two concluding paragraphs are the following words:

"The last topic to which I would avail myself of this occasion to refer, is our constitutional and just rights as a body of Christians and as Canadian British subjects. To attain these to that extent which we firmly and conscientiously believe are guaranteed to us and to all classes of Protestants by law, as well

as by equity, and to refute those shameless misrepresentations which ignorance and pride, selfishness and cupidity, have originated and doggedly persevered in against us, this Conference addressed His Majesty's Government about two years ago; and two or three other addresses of the same nature have been approved and promoted by many of us, as individuals, in our different fields of labour. I am happy to be able to state that, during my late visit to England, I was favoured with an opportunity of bringing this whole subject again under the consideration of His Majesty's Government, and to state at large the legal, religious and political grounds on which we, in common with the House of Assembly and the great body of the inhabitants of the Province, resist the introduction of a dominant Church Establishment into Upper Canada, and maintain our claim to the enjoyment of equal privileges, advantages and immunities with all other classes of His Majesty's Canadian subjects. . .

"It is likewise a ground of thankfulness and congratulation to be able to add, that when this subject was introduced as a matter of enquiry by Mr. Bunting, before a large and most respectable and intelligent Committee at the Wesleyan Conference, the statement and explanation which I gave of it, and the authorities I adduced, fully satisfied the Committee, not only of the reasonableness and legality of our claims, and of the injustice of the various slanderous reports and insinuations against us, but also of the propriety and expediency of the measures which we, as a body, have been induced to adopt in respect to them; so that Mr. Bunting afterwards remarked to the Conference on this point, that although he deprecated political intermeddling with merely party and secular politics amongst professing Christians, and especially amongst Christian ministers, and considered it unworthy of their character and calling, he believed the part the Canadian Conference had taken was a laudable maintenance of their rights, sanctioned by the highest authority and the opinion of members of His Majesty's Government; and that the Canadian brethren, as a body, any more than individuals, were not bound to submit silently to unjust exclusions, or to desist from maintaining in a constitutional and Christian manner their claims to privileges and advantages, to the possession and enjoyment of which they are so justly and legally entitled. I can, therefore, assure the Conference that we may rely upon the

cordial and powerful co-operation of the Missionary Secretaries in support of our rights and interests with the parent Government. This is one of the many great advantages which I anticipate from the union of the two Connexions, and which encourage me to hope and believe that the proposed Articles of Agreement will receive the concurrence of this Conference with the same cordiality and unanimity as they have been already adopted by the English Conference.

(Signed) "EGERTON RYERSON."

Four successive Representatives of the British Conference, appointed as Presidents of the Canada Conference, acted in the spirit of the foregoing Report, acted in harmony with their Canadian brethren from 1833 to 1839, signed in their official capacity the resolutions and addresses adopted from time to time by the Canada Conference in the maintenance of their civil and religious rights, and against a dominant Church Establishment in Upper Canada.

THE FRIEND OF SINNERS.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

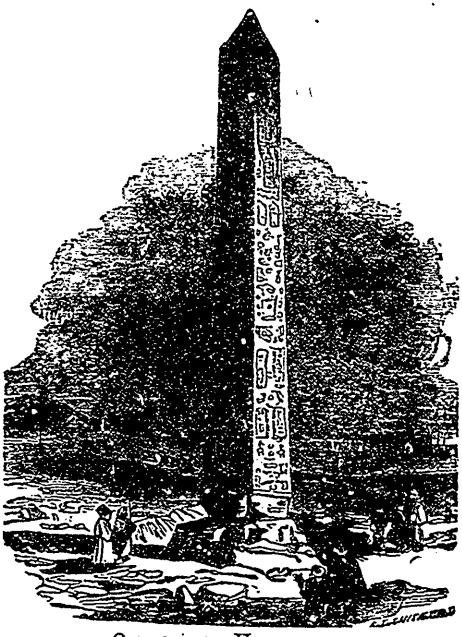
WHENCE is this roar of tumult's angry note,
Like stormy waves upon an ocean reef?
Whence have they brought this anguished homeless waif?
Since on her ear their accusations smote,
Her dark dishevelled locks around her float,
Sprent with hot tears through which her frantic grief
Sobs out in vain : the multitude are deaf.
Her trembling soul some hope of mercy caught
From the rebuke that through Christ's glance had burned
To wither her accusers in its light.
Her grief to penitence so quickly turned,
His soul was touched with pity at the sight;
And as that prayer its trembling accents bore
He heard and answered, "Go and sin no more."

HAMILTON, *Ont.*

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

ALEXANDRIA AND CAIRO.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.



OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

IT was in the latter part of February that I embarked with a friend at Brindisi for a trip in the East. While riding all day over the flat plains, and through the extensive olive orchards, one could not but recall the famous journey of Horace to this the ancient Brundusium. For two or three days the wind had been blowing a strong gale from the north-east, and so, no sooner was our small tub of a boat outside of the port than she commenced to pitch and roll in a most uncomfortable manner. Our night's experience was something like that of Paul when he was "driven up and down in Adria," and no one of the passengers is likely to forget very soon that night of misery. About noon the next day we were glad to find ourselves under the shelter of the rugged Albanian coast. Passing down the channel between the mainland and the most northerly of the Ionian Islands, we at length cast anchor in the magnificent land-locked harbour of Corfu. During our thirty hours' stay, we had ample time to enjoy its charming scenery. (See cut on page 104.) As we breathed with delight its balmy air, visited its towers, cast pebbles into its pellucid waters, and wandered over its hills and valleys, time passed insensibly away.

The Greek carnival was at its height, and on the afternoon of the second day the street and square in front of the hotel were filled with a gay, laughing crowd, all in holiday attire. The bands played with all the strength of lung and drum; the maskers paraded the street in carriages or on foot, pelting comfits on every side; the sack-race was duly run, the greased pig was chased and caught, and only a few western barbarians appeared to remember that it was the Lord's day. Since the departure of the English forces the place seems to have lost much of its former prosperity.

Embarking in the evening on the steamship *Juno*, we found our quarters very comfortable. Our sail through the Ionian archipelago was delightful. The islands are lofty and picturesque, but, like all other islands of the east, very destitute of trees. The few olive orchards vary so little from the gray or dun colour of the rocks that they are scarcely seen. Running through the strait between Cephalonia and Ithaca, we passed by the point called Sappho's Leap. Not far away stood the old home of Ulysses, and once more we thought of the sad, strange wanderings and reunion so touchingly and thrillingly related by Homer. Delicious sailing it was amid those old haunts of romance and mythology. The only town of any importance that we passed was Zante, apparently a place of considerable commercial activity. These western shores of Greece, along which we coasted, are rugged and barren. Not far from our track lay Missolonghi, the scene of Lord Byron's death. In the evening we passed Navarino, where was fought the famous naval battle of 1827. The next morning we found ourselves coasting along the rock-bound shore of Crete. The valleys and plains in the interior, we were told, were very fertile, but the shores seemed bleak and barren. Snow had fallen not long before, and still rested on the hill-tops. Lofty Ida hid its head in clouds. Of the eighty cities spoken of by Homer, only three remain.

Thus pleasantly passed three days in a quiet, dream-like existence, as we sailed over tranquil waters toward the gates of the East. Early on the morning of the fourth day we sighted the long, low shore of Africa, and looking forward we could see the tall lighthouse tower which takes the place of that more ancient and celebrated one of Pharos. Behind it appeared the

confused masses of the houses of Alexandria, topped by its domes and minarets.

Sailing through the narrow entrance of the old port, we found ourselves in a spacious harbour, crowded with vessels of all sizes and of various nationalities. It was, perhaps, the busiest scene we saw in any port abroad, and we could not help looking at it in wonder. This city, built by Alexander the Great, sprang at once into importance, and before very long had a population of 600,000, and for a length of time stood in commerce and learning second only to imperial Rome. It was a prize to be coveted, and so it passed from conqueror to conqueror. Though it subsequently declined in importance, yet when taken by the Arabians in A.D. 640, after a siege of fourteen months, the conquering general, Amru, was able to report to his master, the Caliph Omar, that he had taken a city containing "4,000 palaces, 4,000 baths, 12,000 dealers in fresh oil, 12,000 gardeners, 40,000 Jews that pay tribute, and 400 theatres or places of amusement." It was at this time that its famous library was destroyed. From that day it rapidly declined, and when the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope was discovered, it ceased to be of any account, and under the Turks its population dwindled to about 6,000. When Egypt fell under the power of Mehemet Ali, that daring and successful soldier of fortune, who eventually became viceroy of Egypt and the terror of his master, the Sultan, he turned his attention to the restoration of Alexandria. One of the most important works effected to this end was the construction of the Mahmoudieh Canal, extending fifty miles to the Rosetta branch of the Nile. Then came the building of the railways to Cairo and Suez, and so this city at once became the entrepôt of the East Indian trade. Its population is now estimated at about 250,000. It is too early yet to determine the effect of the opening of the Suez Canal upon its future prosperity.

No sooner was our anchor down than we were surrounded by a fleet of small boats, and our ears were deafened by the clamorous outcries of the boatmen and hotel runners. These were of all hues, and their dresses were even more varied than their complexions. The clamour was succeeded by a hurried, pell-mell rush of the barbarians up the sides of the ship, and a fierce laying hold of articles of baggage, irrespective of the wishes of the owners.

As we were rowed to the landing-place, we could not refrain from laughing again and again, so odd did everything seem to our unaccustomed eyes. The whole scene was gay, lively, and exciting beyond expression. Boats of all kinds were passing on all sides. Look at that flat-boat, with its black labourer squatted upon his haunches. Yonder is a man-of-war's launch, its crew clad in white, and rowing together in harmony like a machine. Here are scows with great overtopping loads of merchandise. Over there is a small fleet of Egyptian war-vessels. The flags and streamers of all nations are floating on every side, while over all are the clear blue sky and bright sun of a pleasant March day. Having passed through that bugbear of all travellers, the custom-house, we entered with a strange jumble of feelings into the narrow streets of the city. What is this? An omnibus! We wonder, but mount to the top. Such contrasts are common in this busy cosmopolitan city. The old struggles with the new; the decrepit and decaying is found alongside of the latest fashion or invention. It is the meeting-point of the eastern and western types of life and civilization. With all its orientalisms, there is too much that is modern and European to suit us, and we resolved to spend no more than a day in seeing its sights. And yet we shall not soon forget the impressions produced by this our first introduction to eastern life. Our hotel was European in its style, yet even here we found some eastern peculiarities. For instance, if assistance was needed, we simply stood at the room door and clapped the hands, and from some unknown corner a black figure, clad in white, some Ali Baba, or Hassan, or Mustapha, would appear and attend to our wants.

We soon sallied out for a saunter through the town, and spent the rest of the morning in the bazaars. The narrow, crooked lanes, along which were ranged the little shops of the various trades, always dirty, were on that day filthier than ever. A prolonged rain storm had covered the streets with muck and mire, and so our tramp was anything but a pleasant one. Of these eastern bazaars I shall speak more fully when we get to Cairo. Alexandria once boasted of two obelisks, standing side by side on the sea shore. One of these now adorns the Thames Embankment at London, and the other is on this western continent, awaiting a final resting-place in Central Park, New York.

Strange are the adventures through which these great blocks of granite have passed, and stranger still the scenes and events upon which they have tranquilly looked down. Their true home is at Heliopolis, and compared with their antiquity Alexandria is but of yesterday. Learning that the only remaining one was about to be launched, I hastened to the shore and found it lying in a large box or scow, and in process of removal. The American flag floated at one end, but even Yankee ingenuity failed to make it "budge," and it was not until some weeks later that it set out upon its long voyage to the west. In the afternoon we drove out to see Pompey's Pillar. It stands on a sandy elevation, close by a large Moslem cemetery. Its surroundings are dreary, and in some respects unpleasant. Not a blade of grass is to be seen, and the adjacent wilderness of whitewashed tombs is a weariness to the eye. Pompey's Pillar is misnamed, for without doubt it was erected by the Emperor Diocletian to his own honour. Its long shaft of polished syenite is, however, very likely a relic from some older civilization. Travellers nowadays try to modernize it by inscribing upon it names common in some village of Old or New England, but the grim old monument pays no more heed to them than to the flies that crawl upon its surface.

Thence we drove for a few miles along the Mahmoudieh Canal. This gave us a good chance to inspect the dahabiehs, or Nile boats, that line the bank. These boats have generally two masts, and carry long lateen-shaped sails. The yards swing on the top of the mast, and in some cases are 150 feet in length. A fleet of these double-winged coursers under sail is a very pretty sight. Scattered along the canal are handsome villas, palaces, and gardens. We entered one of them, and had a pleasant half-hour's walk among its shrubs and flowers. Some of the latter were very brilliant, and we especially noticed a climbing plant with bright magenta blossoms, that covered one end of the spacious villa. After a very enjoyable drive, we returned to the hotel, and were at once assailed by dragomans, who were very urgent for a minute's conversation. Was the honourable gentleman going to Mount Sinai? Was the noble sir on his way to Palestine? His humble servant had most favourable letters of recommendation from the most distinguished travellers, if the honourable gentleman would be pleased to look at them. And

so on. That night I was too weary after the day's excitement to be disturbed by the yelping of the countless dogs that afflict Alexandria as well as every other eastern city.

The next morning, at half-past eight, we were at the railway station, ready for a seven hours' ride to Cairo. The distance is 131 miles. We started amid the cries of our black attendants, "Good-night;" "To-morrow;" "How d'ye do?" Our ride was one of very great interest. The country through which we passed is flat and somewhat monotonous. It is, however, exceedingly fertile. Every year are taken off it five or six crops of clover, or three crops of grain and vegetables. The work is done by fellaheen, who, poor fellows, seemed to toil hard enough for the paltry wages given them. Very little, however, suffices to keep them. Their clothing is very scanty, and their hunger is easily pacified by a bit of coarse bread and a few leeks. The country is well watered, otherwise it would soon become desert. In our journey we crossed the two main branches of the Nile, which constitute the Delta. Fine broad streams they are, and the bridges over them are costly iron structures. The Delta is permeated by many canals. Indeed, a very wise policy has been pursued of late years by the rulers of Egypt in promoting irrigation. The Barrage, or open breakwater, has been constructed at great expense to dam up the water of the river when there is danger of a scarcity. Here we first noticed the various devices for watering the land. The most primitive is the shadoof, a long pole supported by two uprights, having at one end a bucket suspended, and on the other end a stone or lump of clay to balance it. It is an arrangement very similar to that used at Canadian wells in primitive times. Another mode of raising the water is where two men stand by a ditch, and by means of a leather or water-proof basket, dip up the water from the lower to the higher level. An improved plan is the sakieh or bullock-wheel, with an endless chain of buckets attached. Round and round goes the patient beast through the day, while his driver rests lazily in the shade, rousing himself occasionally to throw a chunk of mud at the beast to excite his flagging energies. The water thus thrown over the dyke is carried by small channels to all parts of the field or garden, the work being done chiefly with the foot. Hence comes the term, watering with the foot. This

artificial irrigation is necessary during five or six months in the year.

All this fertile land abounds in the smaller kinds of game. Flocks of birds were numerous. On Lake Mareotis, which we skirted, I noticed an abundance of water-fowl. The elegant white heron, taken by many to be the ibis, abounds. I saw, also, snipe, pigeons, kingfishers, buzzards, and other birds unknown to me. Huge, ugly-looking buffaloes were here and there wallowing in the mud and shallows. Donkeys abounded. Stalking along the banks of the canals came strings of camels. A strange bundle of ugliness he is, and yet here, and on the adjoining desert, he seems "to the manner born." With nose in air, and chewing the cud of meditation, he stretches his gaunt limbs in a stride that covers the ground at a rapid rate. He looks patient and submissive; but beware of that long neck and drooping lip and watchful eye, for he is treacherous and ready to bite. It seems like a day's job for him to get to his feet when once he is down, especially if loaded. He grunts and groans, and you sympathize with him until you learn that, like the guileless "heathen Chinee," he knows a trick or two.

Along our route are scattered the villages of the fellaheen, built on mounds, and scarcely distinguishable from the soil around. Miserable collections of mud-huts they are, flat-roofed, with stacks of dried ordure piled on top, and heaps of pestilential rubbish in front of the door. Groups of naked children play about the streets and mud-hills, and the inevitable dog shows himself. Groves of green and stately palms, however, give relief to the monotony. At all the way stations Arabs are waiting with oranges and figs and glasses of water, to sell to the thirsty passengers. As we draw near to Cairo, the sand-hills begin to show themselves in the distance, and the fertile portion narrows very much. We have still twenty miles to travel, when the cry, "The Pyramids," thrills us, and turns the heads of all to the window. Such a thrill we have felt before, as when the noble dome of St. Peter's, at Rome, came in sight, or the smoke-capped Vesuvius first showed itself, and we shall feel it again when the Holy City comes into view and the Acropolis is seen from afar. Yes, there they are, far off in the purple distance, small but clear, the two great monuments, which always come up when we think of Egypt. As we dash along, trees and gar-

dens and villas multiply. Soon the minarets of a great city appear, and about three o'clock we arrive at our destination. Another omnibus, and another ride through scenes that amuse and astonish, and then we descend at a long covered way that leads to the finest hotel in the city. We were fortunate in having had our places engaged beforehand, as every hotel was full to overflowing. Here I first tasted the sweet Nile water, which, standing in porous earthenware jars, is ever cool and refreshing. A Moslem says, if you once drink of the Nile water, you will want no other until you drink of the water of Paradise.

Our hotel is in the handsome Frank quarter called Esbekieh. All around here was once low and marshy, and flooded during two or three months in the year. This tract has been filled up, and on the land thus made have been erected blocks of handsome shops, with arcades, and spacious villas, and extensive hotels, and places of amusement, so that this portion has come to resemble Paris. The streets are wide, and lined here and there with trees, while gardens are found on all sides. Just in front of the hotel is an extensive public garden or park, enclosed by an expensive iron railing. Here a military band plays nearly every afternoon, sometimes the gayest of French opera airs, and again the strange, monotonous repetitions, and without-beginning-or-end airs of the East. There is in it a great variety of shrubs and bushes, and it is diversified by a small lake. Scattered here and there are places of refreshment. In one of them I noticed a row of Oriental musicians picking at the strings of their queer instruments, and producing a feeble, monotonous, tinkling sound. Each player seemed at liberty to play just whenever it suited him, and occasionally a variation was made by a chanting with a nasal twang, accompanied now by a clapping of the hands, and now by strange, inarticulate chorus, that sounded like a series of jerky *ah-ah-ahs*.

There were but few women in the park, and all were closely veiled. Look at these three, robed in black silk from head to foot. Naught is to be seen but flashing eyes and white hands and dainty red high-heeled shoes. As we draw nigh, one of them carelessly lets drop her *yashmak*, and we catch a passing glimpse of a face bright and handsome, and of eyes large and lustrous. How much rouge and kohl had to do with its beauty,

deponent saith not. Occasionally, while resting in the portico of the hotel, some juggler would make his appearance and perform his feats, or some snake-charmer would bring out two or three serpents from a bag, and coil them about his person. Sitting here, too, we could get a good idea of some of the novelties of Eastern life—novelties as old at least as the good old days of Haroun al Raschid. By the roadside stand a group of donkey-boys, holding their little patient beasts. The latter are well cared for, good-looking, with their hair trimmed and coloured, so as to be quite picturesque. No sooner do you set foot on the street than you are assailed by the cry, "Donkey, sir?" "Me good donkey!" "Me donkey George Washington!" "Me donkey Ab. Linkum!" The names seem to be varied according to the supposed nationality of the tourist. "Yankee Doodle," "Doctor Kenealy," "Ginger Bob," and other familiar names were heard. To ride one of these donkeys becomes the tourist's great ambition. Life is worth nothing until this ambition is satisfied. Certainly the little beasts are a great help in seeing the city. One of the comical sights of the place is to see a very corpulent Turk riding to his place of business. His feet nearly touch the ground, and his extensive corporation almost hides the little creature from sight. The ladies ride in the same way as the men, but with their knees drawn up nearly to the chin. The boys always run behind their donkeys, and occasionally stimulate their flagging energies with the prod of a goad.

While we are resting, three or four carriages pass by at a moderate speed. Through the open windows we can see ladies within, whose thin veils merely heighten the charms they pretend to conceal. Certainly they seem to be beautiful enough to soften the hard heart of the most determined of anchorites. Each carriage is preceded by two fleet-footed runners, nimble black fellows, dressed in white, with embroidered jacket, gay girdle, bare legs, wearing a light fez, and bearing long wands. They run for hours with but little apparent fatigue. Occasionally they cry out to clear the way. One afternoon we saw the Khedive ride past twice on horseback, accompanied by a small body of attendants. He was dressed in European style, with the exception of the fez, and did not seem disposed to assume airs of state. He bowed complaisantly in return to our salute.

Occasionally a procession passed by, to the sound of flute and drum. We saw these chiefly at the evening hour, but we also heard them more than once near the noon of night. One such procession stopped a short time in front of the hotel, while some hired dancers went through their antics. Such festive observances are common, and it is the ambition, especially on bridal occasions, to make a great display.

An Egyptian crowd is always full of interest to a stranger. It is always laughing and good-humoured. A greater variety of dress and feature is scarcely ever seen. The mildness of the climate renders necessary merely the scantiest raiment. Then again there is a taste for colour, and the richest hues vie with one another in splendour. Rags and silk stand side by side. We had a fine opportunity of observing such a crowd on our return from the pyramids, when for half an hour our carriages stood waiting for the opening of the bridge over the Nile. There were donkeys looking patient; there were strings of camels meekly bearing their loads of grass and merchandise; horses gaily caparisoned; there were porters resting on their burdens, water-carriers with the hideous distended skin of a beast hanging over the shoulder, vendors of Turkish delight and other sweets, bearing a board or tray upon the head; orange merchants and peddlers crying their wares; sellers of sherbet clinking their glasses—slaves and freemen strangely commingled. Some of the people were handsome enough, but others were scrawny and unpleasant to look upon. One cannot help noticing in Cairo the large number of men that are blind of one or both eyes. It is attributed to the blinding sun and drifting sand, and also to the vapour from the watered streets of the bazaars. The whole city is a museum of national, religious, social, and industrial peculiarities, ever full of entertainment and instruction for the stranger.

THERE were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea;
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is infinite filling,
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

VIII.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 1.—It hath been decided that I shall set forth for London, to accompany Mr. Wesley for a time upon his journeys, so that under his eye I may make trial of my powers as a preacher. If the Lord provide not otherwise, Mr. Wesley hath engaged to be answerable for the support of my family during the time of my absence with him, and hath sent a bank-bill for present necessaries. They will have likewise my quarter's wages, Mr. Saunders having, at the prompting of his good wife, paid me in full to Michaelmas. He says that he shall not fill up my place, but again hire for a time the young man who served for me during my sickness, having good hopes of soon seeing me back at my old place. I leave all in the hands of the Lord.

Mon. 2.—I have to-day kept holiday, or rather, I have had a day more busy than my wont, going about from place to place to make preparation for my journey on the morrow, and provisions for my family during my absence. Dear Hetty hath a more tender heart than I had allowed her. In packing my valise her tears fell fast upon my shirts. Notwithstanding the provision which hath been made for her and for her children, poor Sarah is so set against my going, that she obstinately refused to have any hand in the preparations for my journey. O Lord, watch over her and Hester, my poor lost Martha, Joan, Frances, Susan, and John during my absence, and if it be Thy will, may we all live to meet again in health and peace. And, O Lord, make clear my way before me. Reveal to me Thy will, and give me strength to do or bear it, whatever it may be. I would fain neither thrust myself into a work to which I am not called, nor refuse to yield to a manifest leading of Providence.

London, Sat. 7.—On Monday we set out for the North. To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord, and throughout it I hope, God willing, to enjoy sweet peace. 'Twill be something new to be ministered unto instead of to minister. I stopped to bait my horse and rest and refresh myself at Tha[illegible]ham. At the public table of the inn, one, whom I suppose

I must call a gentleman, used viler language, and that in the presence of gentlewomen moreover, than I could have thought it possible for the lowest gaol-bird. I could not but reprove him. Whereupon, being in liquor, he drew his sword, and threatened to spit me like a woodcock, but a companion with more wit struck up his blade. In his drunken awkwardness he had nigh slashed his own face. O Lord, I thank Thee for Thy watchful care. In riding through Windsor Forest, a stag, angered I know not why, ran at me, but his horn but grazed my boot, and the nag swerving was not harmed at all. For all the journeying mercies vouchsafed unto me, I render thanks unto Thee, O God.

I was received by Mr. Wesley with great kindness. He had found time to procure me a bed in the house of an ancient woman, dwelling in Little Moorfields, one of God's faithful people, with whom I have held communion to the refreshing of my soul.

Sun. 8.—I have enjoyed to-day an antepast of the bliss of heaven. Scarce giving ourselves time to eat and drink, we have devoted the whole day to spiritual service, and the Lord hath been very present in our midst, filling us with all joy and peace in believing. After the evening service, Mr. Wesley invited the Society to remain, that in these troublous times we might commend one another to the care of God. Mr. Wesley called upon me to engage in prayer, and, thanks be unto God, I found 'twas as easy to pour out my heart to Him before a crowd in this great city as in our little meetings at ———. Many were much moved when Mr. Wesley spake as though they might see his face no more.

Sheffield, Wed. 11.—After Mr. Wesley had preached, he would fain have me speak likewise. His presence was a great check upon the freedom of my utterance, and methinks he begins to doubt whether he have not been mistaken in his belief as to my vocation as a preacher. I am in the Lord's hands, and am quite content to continue little and unknown. Nay, my natural yearning is to be restored to my home and family. In tale of days I have not been long severed from them, but the time seems long to me, and I would fain see their faces once more, and minister again among my neighbours. This place standeth on hills and in valleys through which water flows, but 'tis not to be compared in comeliness of aspect with the city of Bath and the

river Avon. The air, moreover, is thick with smoke. During our stay at Northampton, Mr. Wesley visited the learned Dr. Doddridge at the academy he keeps there in Sheep Street, over against the Ram Inn, and expounded the Scriptures to his young gentlemen. I should have esteemed it a privilege to have been permitted to accompany him, but Mr. Wesley said Nay somewhat sharply, and sent me to speak in the Market Place, and afterward in what they call the Drapery. I spake with far more boldness than to-day, although many of the shoemakers, who were most numerous among my hearers, were drunk and attempted disturbance.

Mr. Wesley had purposed to turn aside to Epworth, but the news from the North becoming worse daily, nay hourly, he hath resolved to push on to look after his family in Newcastle. Last night he gave me an account of his miraculous deliverance, when a child, from being burnt to death. 'Twas not the first time, he tells me, that his father's house had been set on fire by his parishioners, exasperated by the faithfulness of his rebukes. He told me also of a ghost, or evil spirit, which for a time was suffered to disturb the inmates of the Parsonage. Strange in so pious a home.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, Wednesday, 18.—We arrived here early this morning, and found the town in a tumult, men running to and fro like ants when their hill is stirred, for news had just come in that the Pretender had taken Edinburgh. Yesterday morning at two, 'tis said, he entered. 'Tis said we shall be besieged. If it be so, and the Lord spare my life and liberty, I shall have tales to tell my Jacky which I fear he will exalt over what I read him in the profitable Holy War. Men's minds having been so agitated, business hath been at a standstill. I have been much abroad. There is talk of bringing the miners up to fight. Will the Lord spare this place? Its wickedness is great. Out of the mouths of its babes and sucklings there proceedeth not praise, but blasphemy, and cursing, and filthy talk that makes the blood run cold. 'Tis well for me I understand not all they say. When I rebuked them, they turned upon me as though they had been men, threatening to stone me, and grown men standing near abetted them, notwithstanding the judgment which hangs over our heads. One bought from a woman a black pudding and cast it at me. Ere many days have

passed, he may not be so ready to fling away his food. All classes of men, yea, and many of the women, are lamentably given up to drink. When we entered the town at five o'clock this morning the better class of tradesmen were crowding to the public-houses, and the inflamed faces which may everywhere be seen prove too plainly that drunkenness is the crying sin of this people. They who have money to buy it make a boast of the goodness of their wine. If they staved in their casks and let their beloved liquor run into the Tyne, methinks 'twould be for the betterment of their reputation. This evening the house was crowded; Mr. Wesley took for his subject Jonah's prediction of the destruction of Nineveh, insisting particularly on 'Who can tell, if God will return and repent, and turn away from His fierce anger, that we perish not?' Deep awe descended on the people. God grant that the word spoken prove not unprofitable.

Thur. 19.—To-day the Mayor hurried from the Mansion House to the Town Hall, where he called a meeting of the householders and desired as many as would to set their names to a paper, pledging themselves, at any cost to purse or person, to hold the town against the Scots.

At Mr. Wesley's desire I have again been going about the town all day, striving to speak a word in season, wherever opportunity offered. I fear with little fruit for my labour. The people mock at my southern tongue, and when I would reason with them, I comprehend not half they say—nay, sometimes not a word. When down by the riverside among the keelmen, I doubted whether I should get back alive, so rough were they in their ways. Peradventure, however, 'tis in part mere manner. 'Tis said that the soldiers are needed to keep down these keelmen full as much as to guard the town against the Scots.

Fri. 20.—The Mayor hath called the citizens to arms, and ordered the Pilgrim Street Gate to be walled up. The wall here is said to be two miles and a furlong round. 'Tis twelve feet high and eight feet thick, with towers for strengthening at the angles. At the chief entrances to the town there are towers with iron-ribbed oaken gates and portcullises. Our house being without the walls will be at the mercy of the savages in petticoats, who, 'tis said, form the main body of the Pretender's army; but the Lord will provide.

This day we have held a solemn fast, assembling for prayer at

the dinner-hour, when too many of the inhabitants begin to drink away what remnant of their wit the morning drink had left them. Perchance they think thus to screw up their courage, but trust in the Lord gives surer confidence than ale and wine. It vanisheth not in the morning, like that of those who have slept off the fumes of their overnight drink, and can bluster no more until they have maddened themselves again.

Sat. 21.—News hath come of the utter rout of General Cope's army, seasoned English soldiers scampering like hares before the wild men from the hills. The guard is doubled, and the Sally Port and the Pandon Gates have been walled up, as they were in the former rebellion in '15. Women carried the mortar and the bricks. Women here do many things which elsewhere are done by men. On what they call the Sandhill there are female barbers, who ply their trade in the open air. Mr. Wesley hath writ to the Mayor, excusing himself for his not having appeared at the Town Hall, on the ground of the smallness of his power to aid in the defence of the town, but assuring his Worship of the devoted loyalty of himself and all connected with him to His Majesty King George. Mr. Wesley hath also taken occasion, believing the Mayor to be a God-fearing man, to call his attention to the frightful iniquities of this town, and to urge him to use his authority to check them in their at present unbridled riot. Mr. Wesley suffered me to read his letter before he despatched it. Methinks 'tis so worded that, if his Worship be indeed a God-fearing man, it can give no offence, but rather stir him up to put forth the power which God hath placed in his hands for the advancement of His glory.

Sun. 22.—The gentry dwelling within the walls are fleeing south with their goods, and in our street we shall soon be left alone, both rich and poor stripping their houses and taking their departure. Great guns are mounted on the walls, and all the guards are on the alert, an assault being hourly expected.

This morning I went with Mr. Wesley to Gateshead, which, although on the Durham side of the river, may be called a suburb of Newcastle. Houses are huddled on the battlements of the narrow bridge, and on it, moreover, there are ruins of a hermitage and a chapel. At either end there is a gateway tower with a portcullis, and another in the middle, which is used as a House of Detention for criminals.

The jurisdiction of the Newcastle magistrates extending only over their portion of the bridge and river, a thief, if he can so far give their constables the slip, is free. We toiled up Bottle Bank, full as steep as what they call the Side upon the other bank of the river, and having reached an open part of the High Street, Mr. Wesley preached, hard by the Popish chapel, thus giving the Papists his defiance. Afterwards, having crossed the river, we heard an excellent sermon in St. Andrew's, the oldest church in Newcastle, still bearing marks of the Scots' siege. If all clergymen preached like that good man, there would be little need for Mr. Wesley and his preachers to go about the kingdom.

Mon. 23.—I have again been wandering in the town, seeking to speak a word for Christ, but to little purpose. For now the people of Newcastle and the strangers therein spend their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing about the rebels; and, indeed, when I open my lips about aught else, I am oft regarded with suspicion, as though I were a spy.

Tues. 24.—Another unprofitable day, causing me much dissatisfaction. O Lord, increase my faith, give me more boldness, more skill to win men's confidence. Increase of my knowledge of the town is all that I have as yet won, from these my wanderings, and I came not hither for that.

Wed. 25.—Our good friends within the walls for ever dinning in our ears, some, that if we tarry without, the wild Highland men will devour our defenceless children, and others, that the Orphan House is so placed that so soon as the town guns begin to play, 'twill be levelled with the ground, Mr. Wesley this day made a survey, and he assures me that, on the other hand, the guns are so planted that not a ball can strike us, whilst the fire from Newgate on the other side would blow to pieces any who attempted to come nigh our house to do us harm.

Fri. 27.—All day messengers have been spurring thick and fast with tidings that the enemy is at hand, and the number of gentry who have flocked in with their property, guarded by their servants, mounted and armed, would seem to confirm the story.

Sun. 29.—'Tis confidently affirmed that the enemy will be upon us to-morrow evening. A gentleman who was apprehended as a spy yesterday (Nixon is his name) cut his throat; but the wound was at once sewn up. This morning, Mr. Wesley preached

at Gateshead; but bade me stay in Newcastle, and strive to do more good than hath hitherto fallen to my lot. He is dissatisfied with what he calls my faint-heartedness, but sure I have given proof that 'tis not fear which holds me back. Every man hath not Mr. Wesley's gift of making himself all things to all men. I feel myself, as it were, in a foreign land, and find no freedom of speech in addressing even the brethren. In the afternoon, I went to the Trinity Chapel, and experienced more peace than I have yet had in Newcastle, in worshipping with the pensioners, whose worldly warfare is accomplished. God grant that they may have hope as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil. Since, methinks, 'tis manifest that the Lord hath not called me to the office of a public evangelist, I would fain be back in the bosom of my family, and engaged in the humble work for the Lord which had grown familiar to me.

Mon. 30.—No sign of the rebels. Mr. Wesley hath ridden into the country to visit the societies round about.

Wed., Oct. 2.—Mr. Wesley is returned, and with him came news that the Pretender was at last coming down upon the town in full force and by forced marches.

Thur. 3.—This morning, before starting again for the country, Mr. Wesley told me that the brethren here had complained to him of my lukewarmness, inasmuch as I did not preach, but idled about the town. I answered that I had again and again striven to speak a word for Christ, but each time with worse success, and that I took this as a sign that God had not called me to be a Round preacher. He accused me of indolence, and spake as though I had proved false to the obligation under which I lay to him, through his having become answerable for the support of my family during my absence. I replied that 'twas not of my own motion I set out to travel with him; but that I would not be beholden to him for money, but would return him his bank-bill as soon as I reached my home, for which I craved his leave to depart immediately.

At this he desired me to do nothing in haste, but to tarry in the town until he likewise took his departure; at the same time asking my pardon, if he had judged me harshly. So we were reconciled; but 'tis plain he is grievously disappointed, at the which I am deeply grieved, for, methinks, I would do anything

rather than wittingly wound the spirit of so good a man, so ready to condescend to them of low estate, and to own to a wrong when he thinks that he hath done one; and yet, good and great man though he be, I cannot but think that his vexation is caused in part by a consciousness that he hath erred in judgment.

After Mr. Wesley had ridden into the country, I went out into the streets and again endeavoured to proclaim the gospel of Christ; but with so stammering a tongue that I was constrained to desist through fear of wilfully casting pearls into the mire to be trodden under foot of swine.

Tues. 8.—There now seeming little likelihood of the Pretender's coming hither, Mr. Wesley is about to set out southwards to-morrow for a time, leaving me here until his return. We have had stirring times. Last Saturday the rebels, a thousand strong, did come within seventeen miles of Newcastle. The news was not like the lying rumours by which we have been before deceived, but brought by a Newcastle burgess of repute, and accordingly the soldiers were ordered to hold themselves in readiness to march. The prisoner, who cut his throat, to escape hanging as a spy, not being able to speak, made confession in writing that 'twas the Pretender's intent to seize Tynemouth Castle, and with the guns and ammunition got therefrom, to plant himself on the hill to the east of the town, and so have it at his mercy. Thereupon the Mayor sent off a messenger in hot haste to Tynemouth (they say that when he reached there his black horse might have been taken for an iron-grey, 'twas in such a lather of sweat), with orders for the securing of the munitions of war.

This evening there came from the General an officer who, ordering out Mr. Wesley as though he were a dog, bade him pull down the battlements of the house, or the General would do it for him. Mr. Wesley sent back answer in writing that he was willing to pull down not the battlements only, but the whole house, for the service of His Majesty; but complained with justice of the incivility of the bearer of the summons.

Wed. 9.—This morning I went with Mr. Wesley as far as Gateshead, where he preached at four; and then, bidding him farewell for a season, went back to Newcastle to await his return. The place seems to me more than ever like a foreign land now that he is gone.

Wed. 16.—Were I to consult the flesh, I should oft take horse at once and return home; but I must keep my promise to Mr. Wesley, and tarry till he come. The strange manner of speech of the people here makes it hard at times to believe that they be Englishmen. Especially uncouth is what they call their burr. 'Tis as though their tongues were too large for their mouths, or they had filled them before speaking, with their black pudding.

Tues. 22.—Mr. Wesley came back this evening, and began to preach almost as soon as he was off his horse. Although small of stature, he is a man of iron frame. Doubtless, 'tis temperance of living hath given it him. 'Tis astonishing the small amount of food he takes; attributing it to habit; because, when a young boy at the Charterhouse, the bigger boys regularly robbed him of his meat, leaving him only enough of his bread to keep life in him. He loves his old school, and makes occasions to visit it; but if this be the way in which schools for the gentry are carried on, thankful am I that my Jack is not like to be put to one of them.

Mr. Wesley tells me that he was stopped at Ferrybridge, and all his letters read by the General in command there. They will still have it we are in league with the Pretender.

Thur. 31.—To-day Mr. Wesley preached to the English soldiers encamped on the Town Moor: "Ho, every one that thirsteth" was his text, and at first the poor stupid wretches looked up as if they thought he was promising to treat them to strong drink; but soon, though they continued as quiet, they became as insensible as logs. Methinks my little Jacky would lose his reverence for soldiers if he saw what manner of men they be.

Sun., November 3.—On Friday, yesterday, and to-day, Mr. Wesley hath preached to the soldiers, the rain having been twice stayed by the good hand of God. The men, and many of their officers likewise, at last listened with great attention. There was no disturbance save on the part of one officer, and he, being ashamed of himself, to make amends when the sermon was over, took Mr. Wesley's place, and was graciously pleased to inform his men, as plain as he could speak, that what they had heard was very good. I heard a wag among them say, that the prayers were none the better for the Amen; and, indeed, the poor foolish young man was far gone in drink. He nigh tripped himself with his sword when he mounted to make his oration, which came to

an end very sudden. This evening Mr. Wesley spoke in their own tongue to some of the Germans, who listened to him gladly. He tells me that though 'tis long since he used the German, it came back upon him with a rush when he saw them straining their ears and their understanding, if so they might catch something, however little, for their profit, as he spake to the English soldiers.

Leeds, Tues., Nov. 5.—'Twas with dry eyes I yesterday rode out of Newcastle, having small desire to visit it again. 'Tis a place in which I endured many humiliations. The Lord make them profitable to my soul. On our road hither we met expresses, spattered with mud, spurring their horses, though already at full stretch. They scarce drew rein to tell us they were sent to stop the army's march into Scotland, for that the enemy had crossed the Tweed, and were pouring southwards, with intent to take London by surprise. When we entered, the town was ablaze with bonfires, and the streets filled with people leaping and shouting and drinking destruction to the Pope. Some of the bonfires are still alight; but the streets are very quiet, nigh deserted, Mr. Wesley having sent me to the magistrates with word of what we had heard upon the way.

Birmingham, Mon. 11.—When I left Leeds, the town was still in great fear. The cloth-buyers whispering their bids to the clothiers in the market were scarce more quiet than the bulk of the people stirring. Mr. Wesley having desired me to await his coming in this town, I rid on and arrived here without accident. To-day Mr. Wesley arrived and preached. He hath been journeying in Cheshire and Stafford, hearing on his way that he was with the Pretender in Edinburgh. He tells me that he was oft stopped by wise watchmen in villages, standing sentry against the Pretender's army with their staves and blunderbusses. Some such I saw in my ride through Derbyshire; but, being a plain man, they suffered me to pass with little question. At Wednesbury his horse stuck fast in the mire after dark, and there Mr. Wesley had to sit upon its back until some came with lanterns.

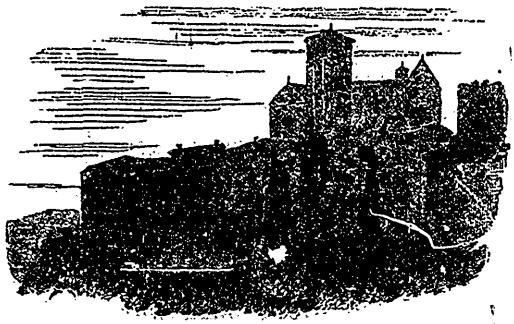
To-morrow we part, Mr. Wesley setting out for London, and myself for my beloved home. He no longer upbraids me with having looked back after putting my hand to the gospel plough; but 'tis plain that his affection for me hath cooled. May he still remember me and my dear family in his prayers.

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.*



FRANCISCAN MONASTERY, ASSISI.

"Of all men who have ever lived," writes Canon Farrar, "there is probably not one who has ever made it so absolutely his aim, as did St. Francis, to reproduce, in letter as well as in spirit, the very life of Christ. Among the hills and villages of Umbria, he strove to live with his first few followers the very same life that our Lord had lived with His apostles on the shores of Galilee and in the villages of Palestine." "In his birth," says Dante, "a new sun rose upon mankind." He awoke in a dormant and degenerate Church a new spiritual life. He was one of the greatest religious reformers the world has ever seen. He drew around him during his life thousands of earnest-hearted men; and within forty years from his death, two hundred thousand disciples obeyed his rule and were called by his name. His followers have been the most zealous missionaries of the cross to heathen lands. They accompanied Columbus to the New World, and Champlain to the wilds of Canada. It was a Franciscan who, first of white men, visited our great lakes, and beheld the majestic Falls of Niagara; and a Franciscan who

*The principal authorities consulted in preparing this paper have been Milman's "Latin Christianity," Farrar's "Early Franciscans," and especially Mrs. Oliphant's "Francis of Assisi."

first explored the mighty Father of Waters. On the Pacific coast the city of the Golden Gate bears the name of St. Francis, and in the city of David, Franciscans are to-day the guardians of the rock-hewn sepulchre of Christ. A man of such striking character and of such potent influence—one of the brightest lights of that Church which was for ages the chief Church of Christendom—will well repay our careful study in this series of "Men worth Knowing." "It is well for the Protestant of to-day," writes Dr. Whedon, "to go back upon the path of history and form fresh acquaintance with the men of God who lightened up the night of the distant past. It gives us a salutary consciousness of our communion with the Church general of all times and nations and sects. The chain of saints is a chain which stretches through *all* the ages."

In the romantic town of Assisi, on the slopes of the rugged Appenines, and overlooking the fertile vale of Umbria, in the year 1182—almost seven centuries ago—Francis Bernardone was born. The quaint little town presents still the same general features which it must have exhibited in those far-off mediæval times—the same old walls and gates; the same old cathedral with its jangling bells; the same little squares and narrow streets; and it would seem the very same lofty houses, with their iron-grated windows. Indeed, one of these is shown as the house in which St. Francis saw the light.

The parents of the future saint were well-to-do people of the burgher class, his father being a prosperous cloth merchant at a time when rich apparel was the chief sign of wealth. The boy received from the parish priest such schooling as the time could give, and early entered his father's shop to sell brocades and velvets to the fair dames and gay cavaliers of the little town. He was fond of pleasure and finery, of music and song, of rich garments and merry company. He was a ringleader in every youthful sport, and went about the steep streets trolling his gay carols till late in the glorious moonlight nights. "He is like the son of a prince," said Pietro Bernardone to his wife, half in praise and half in blame. "If he is like the son of a prince now," said Madonna Pica, who lavished on her firstborn all her mother-love, "he shall hereafter be a child of God." But he was as generous as gay—*liberalis et hilaris*, says his

biographer; and he early made a vow that he would never refuse alms to any who asked it for the love of God.

Between Assisi and the neighbouring town of Perugia, there was frequent strife, after the manner of these stormy times, and in one of these "little wars" young Francisco was taken prisoner, and lay for a year in the grim dungeon of the mountain fortress of Perugia. On his release, he resumed his life of careless gaiety till he reached the age of twenty-five. A serious illness seems first to have awakened him to the seriousness of life. His former frivolous career he looked upon with disgust. He dreamt of war and glory, and determined to join the "gentle Count," Walter of Brienne, against the hated Germans. He purchased horse and armour, and rode away in high hope of fame and fortune. At Spoleto he again fell ill. A new voice spoke to his soul, calling him to spiritual, not to earthly, warfare. He set out for Rome, the goal of holy pilgrimage since the days of the martyrs. On the way he met a loathsome leper. Full of his new love, he dismounted from his horse, kissed the inflicted palm, and filled it with alms; when lo! says the legend—

> "The leper no longer crouched by his side,
> But stood before him glorified;
> And a voice that was calmer than silence said,
> 'Lo, it is I, be not afraid!'"

In the city of the martyrs and the saints, he lingered longest by the tomb of the Galilean fisherman, over which swells to-day the proudest dome on earth; and noticing the poverty of the pilgrims' gifts, he flung his all in dedication on the altar, and returned penniless home. Joining a group of beggars, he exchanged his gallant garments with the meanest of them, and asked alms all day on the cathedral steps. To a steady-going burgher like his father, this was moon-struck madness. To recall the distraught youth to reason, he was sent to the neighbouring town of Foligno with a bale of goods to sell. He sold both his horse and goods, and flung down the money at the feet of the priest of St. Damien's, in obedience to an inward voice which bade him rebuild the house of God. To escape the wrath of his worldly-wise father, he lay concealed in a cave, in solitary prayer, for a whole month. He then returned to his native town, where he had ruffled it with the gayest, looking so wild

and haggard that the very rabble in the street hooted at him in derision, and pelted him with mire and stones. But the gentle soul seemed to rejoice even in persecution. His angry father drove him home with keen reproaches, and imprisoned him for days in a dark cell. The tender-hearted Madonna Pica, yearning over the child of her affection, loosed his bonds and set him free. The stern Bernardone cited his son before the magistrate, and sought to dispossess him of his birthright inheritance. "I will give up the very clothes I wear," said the perverse youth, and he stripped himself to the penitential hair shirt, which he wore next his flesh. "Pietro Bernardone *was* my father," he exclaimed, in utter renunciation; "I have now no father but God."

The sad ascetic fared forth in solitary wanderings amid the hills and valleys of Umbria, clad in a hermit's tunic and leathern girdle. He begged his bread from door to door, from monastery to monastery, performing therefor the most menial offices. He ministered to the outcast lepers, washed their feet, and dressed their sores. He wrought with his own hands at the ruinous church of St. Damien's, begging the stones for its walls, and carrying them on his shoulder. He heard one day the text, "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor scrip for your journey," and he threw away his wallet, staff, and shoes; and binding his coarse gabardine with a rope around his loins, he espoused as a bride absolute and literal poverty. The late gallant youth who thrummed his zither and sang his love songs through the moonlit streets, now gentle and courteous even to the meanest hind, unheeding the cry of "madman," or the wanton insult or buffet, humbly begged his bread, and chanted the penitential psalms, and exhorted his townsmen to flee from the wrath to come. Like another Baptist's, his voice woke an echo in many a heart. Disciples one by one began to gather around him—earnest-souled men, weary with the sordid cares and sated with the hollow mockeries of earth, and yearning for a closer fellowship with Heaven.

St. Francis, after a time, retired with this chosen band to a lonely spot near Assisi—a sorry hut, beside which were a hospital for lepers, and the little chapel of St. Mary of the Angels,* and planted there the nucleus of the great Order which

*Upon this spot now rises a magnificent church, and within the town is the vast Franciscan monastery, shown in our initial cut. In the solemn

has since filled the earth. For a rule of life for the brotherhood he resorted to a kind of sacred sortilege. Thrice upon the altar he opened the Gospel at the words, "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all thou hast and give it to the poor;" "Take nothing for your journey;" "If any would come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me." He set out forthwith with his companions, to fulfil literally the inspired counsel, and to preach, like the disciples of our Lord, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." "His words," says Thomas of Celano, "were like fire penetrating the heart." "The peace of God be with you," were the words with which he everywhere began his sermons. The burden of his preaching was the simple story of the cross, which has such strange power to thrill the souls of men in every land and in every age.

Two by two, through the land, the saint and his disciples went—over Umbrian hills, shagged with chestnut woods; through Umbrian vales, mantled with purple-clustered vines; singing along the sunny roads; preaching in the market-places of the little towns, and begging food and lodging in the monasteries or wayside inns. "'Go,' said our sweet father to his children," writes St. Bonaventura, describing St. Francis's commission to his disciples, "'proclaim peace to men, and preach repentance for the forgiveness of sins. Be patient in tribulation, watchful in prayer, strong in labour, grave in speech, thankful for benefits;' and to each separately he said, 'Cast thy care on God and He will sustain thee.'" Some, we are told, heard eagerly those meagre men, clad in coarse brown serge, barefooted and girded with ropes; some mobbed them in the streets, calling them madmen; but many were turned from the sordid care of things seen and temporal, to the earnest contemplation of things unseen and eternal. In adversity and persecution, St. Francis would encourage their hearts by saying, with the prescience of a lofty faith, "Be comforted, my best beloved brethren—*carissimi fratelli*—and rejoice in God, and let us not be sad that we are few, for you shall increase to a great multitude." He sought not the repose and seclusion of the great monasteries among the Umbrian hills. He had a message of peace and hope to the toiling mul-

crypts of its stately fane, rich with frescoes by Giotto, slumber the relics of the saint—a shrine which for hundreds of years has been visited by pilgrims from all the lands of Christendom.

titudes in the vineyards and the villages, in the unquiet, struggling, stormful world. The very name he gave to the little community showed his humbleness of soul—*Fratres Minores* —Lesser Brothers—as if he would say, "Less than the least of all saints, the lowest of the servants of God."

As yet the new Order had received no recognition by the Church. Francis now sought the sanction of the Pope. The Sovereign Pontiff was walking one day on the terrace of the majestic Lateran Basilica at Rome. "To him approached," says Milman, "a mendicant of meanest appearance, proposing to convert the world by poverty and humility." The haughty pontiff dismissed him with contempt. But that night, says the legend, the Pope beheld in a vision the great basilica falling to the ground, till it was suddenly propped up by the barefooted mendicant of the coarse serge gown. The Pope, recognizing an agency which might build up the crumbling Catholic Church, gave St. Francis his blessing, and the little company of Lesser Brothers went forth without a penny and without a crust, to conquer the world.

Soon the twelve grew into an army, each one instinct with a hero's soul. But their weapons were not sword and spear, but faith and prayer; and in many lands the austere but gentle sway of St. Francis was felt. Soon a second Order was founded, whose record was only less remarkable than that of the Friars Minor. Clara, the daughter of a noble house of Assisi, a girl of seventeen, won by the impassioned preaching of St. Francis, rending the ties of natural affection forsook her home and all the joys of life, and fled by night to the convent of St. Damien. She put aside her gay attire and her maiden ornaments, was shorn of her lustrous hair, and received the rough serge gown and cord and snowy wimple—so like the cere-cloth of a corpse —the austere garb of a nun. She thus became the mother of the Poor Sisters of St. Clare *—an Order that soon numbered its thousands, and drew queens and princesses within its humble cloisters. Its rule was one of excessive severity. During the forty years of her after-life, its foundress never but once raised her eyes so that their colour could be seen, and that exception

*"Her name was Clara (bright, or clear)," says Celano, playing upon its meaning—"her life was brighter, her death was brightest of all—*Clara nomine, vita clarior, clarissima morte.*"

was to receive the blessing of the Pope. "The life of the Sisters," says Milman, "was one long dreary penance. Even their services were all sadness." They might not sing, but only read in monotone the psalms and hymns of the Church.

A passion to preach the Gospel among the Moslems of the East possessed the soul of Francis. He therefore took ship for Syria, but was shipwrecked upon the Illyrian coast. Having no money, he returned to Italy as a stowaway on a trading vessel. Nothing daunted, he set out on foot across the Alps and Pyrenees, to preach the Gospel to the Moors in Spain, but illness drove him back. Yet others of the brown-robed brotherhood pressed on, and soon, in spite of obloquy and persecution, in Spain, Provence, France, and Germany, had won many converts to their Order.

In 1219 a great chapter of the Order was held at Assisi. From distant Venetia and Calabria, from still more distant lands beyond the Alps and Pyrenees, the dark-cowled, barefoot brothers came swarming over all the roads ablaze with bright spring flowers—five thousand of them in all, without a purse, or a penny to put in one among the whole. On the meadow near the town, they built for shelter straw-thatched booths—hence the name of the Chapter, Storearum, the Assembly of the Straw Huts. For food they trusted that Providence that feeds the birds. Nor did they trust in vain. The simple peasants of the Umbrian hills, and the burgher folk of the town, brought ample store of bread and wine, beans and lentils, and with this frugal fare they were content. "Truly," said the Cardinal Ugolino, gazing on the strange scene, "this is the camp and army of the knights of God." Then first was the community organized under rulers or "Guardians," chosen by popular election. Fresh zeal was kindled, and from that Assembly of the Straw Huts the brethren went forth as missionaries, and many of them as martyrs; some to Greece, some to fanatical Morocco, and some to the distant East.

St. Francis himself fulfilled his long-cherished purpose of going to Syria to convert, by grace of God, the persecuting Soldan into a Christian guardian of the Holy Sepulchre. This surely, thought the simple monk, was better than lavishing the richest treasure and the best blood of Europe in crusade after crusade; and what was the martyrdom of one poor preaching friar, if he

could win thereby a whole nation to Christ! If the Gospel had won a Clovis or a Constantine to the truth, why should it not win a Saladin also?

With but two attendants, the Apostle of the East took ship for Damietta, in Egypt, where the crusading army was encamped. The Soldan had offered a golden bezant for the head of any of the accursed Franks. But undeterred by menaced death or danger, St. Francis, with a single companion, crossed the Nile—the Rubicon between the Christian and the Moslem camps. "The Lord is my shepherd," he softly sang, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil." A party of Arabs swooped down upon them and bore them into the presence of the Soldan. The prophet of Assisi proclaimed his message from God—to show the Soldan and his people the way of salvation. In confirmation of his mission, he offered to enter with any of the priests of Islam into a great fire, as a test of the true faith. "I do not believe," said the Soldan, with a sort of cynical humour, "that any of my priests would undergo the ordeal." "Then I will enter alone," said St. Francis, with the faith of a new Elijah. "If I should be burned, you will impute it to my sins; if I shall come forth alive, you will embrace the Gospel." But the Soldan declined the generous offer as not quite fair to his creed. Yet filled with admiration for the heroic zeal of the monk, he offered him rich gifts—which the preacher of poverty rejected with disdain—and then sent him back with honour to the Christian camp. Wrung with disappointment at the failure of his mission, St. Francis passed through the sacred scenes of Palestine, preaching and winning disciples by the way, and so returned to Italy.

One day when he was preaching in a little town, the whole population, inspired by his burning words, rose by one impulse to follow the preacher. He saw that this was impossible, so he established for the multitudes of toiling men and women who carried on the world's work and bore the world's burdens, a third, or lay, Order of Penitents. They were commanded to avoid balls and festivals, the theatre, and all the vain amusements of the world, like the Puritans, the Quakers, the early Methodists. They were forbidden to bear arms, to use oaths, or to pursue lawsuits. They were bound together by the ties of a common Christian brotherhood. Almost their sole ritual was

the Lord's Prayer and the *Gloria Patri*—so simple that the humblest shepherd or busiest housewife could remember and repeat it. This third lay Order spread rapidly through many lands, and soon included kings and queens and many high-born nobles in its ranks—St. Louis of France, his wife and mother; St. Elizabeth of Hungary; the mother and wife of Louis XIV., and many others, who exhibited in lofty station the lowly graces of the Christian character. By this simple Rule, doubtless many earnest-souled men and women, struggling with the trials and temptations of life, were helped toward heaven, and the world, in an age of rapine and strife and blood, was made a holier, happier place.

St. Francis was now approaching the close of his short but eventful life. But before he passed away he was to receive, the credulous mind of the age believed, the crowning marks of his similitude to the Redeemer—the stigmata of the five wounds of Christ implanted in his own flesh. On the solitude of Monte Alverno, so runs the legend, while kneeling in an ecstasy of prayer, contemplating, as was his wont, with streaming tears, the passion of our Lord, he beheld an apparition of the object of his adoration and his love. When the apparition disappeared, lo! in the hands, the feet, the side of the visionary monk were the marks—the nail prints and the spear wounds—of the crucified Redeemer.

The origin of this story illustrates the growth of many myths of the Romish Church, which are religiously believed by her devotees. St. Francis himself, we are told, in his extreme humility, carefully concealed these sacred stigmata. Of the three early authorities who, within forty years of his death, gave a minute account of this miracle, not one says that he *saw* the marks. They speak, indeed, of Ruffino, a sort of doubting Thomas, who was convinced only by touching them. But Ruffino himself omits this important evidence. Even at the death of the saint, no formal attestation of the miracle took place, and his burial seems to have been unduly hastened, as if to conceal a fraud. Not till three years later is the first written account given, with much minuteness, it is true, but by an ambitious, and, as his after-life proved, unscrupulous monk; and even he gives only second-hand testimony. Yet this story was for centuries a part of the creed of Christendom, it is unquestioningly

received in Romish hagiology, and is represented over and over in sacred and legendary art, and a similar miracle is attributed also to other saints.* It seems to us a sufficient explanation of the legend that St. Francis may have used figuratively, as did St. Paul, the words, "I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus," which the literalness of the age, and the atmosphere of miracle in which he lived, made the ground of the strange story.

Though scarce past middle life—he was only forty-four at his death—St. Francis soon fell into his mortal sickness. The eager soul had worn out his frail body. The keen sword had destroyed its sheath. His eyes became blind through wakefulness and tears. His physicians ordered cautery for his relief. "O, Brother Fire," said the suffering saint, "God has created thee of most exceeding comeliness, beautiful, useful; be thou to me, in this my hour, merciful—be courteous." And when the hissing iron was drawn through his quivering flesh, he said he felt no pain. He made his last journey through his beloved Umbrian highways and byways, to his native Assisi, to die. The whole town came out with tears to meet him whom so recently they had mocked and spurned. Lifting his faltering hands, he blessed the place of his birth and early years with the fullness of apostolic benediction. His death was marked by the ascetic humility of his life. Lying on the bare earth, stripped to his hair shirt, and sprinkled with ashes, in great suffering but in great peace, he said to his brethren, "I have done my part; may Christ teach you to do yours. And now I go to God, to whom I commend you all. Welcome, Sister Death." Then with feeble and broken accents, he tried to sing the psalm for the day, "*Voce mea ad Dominum clamavi*—With my voice I cried unto the Lord." Then with a last effort, while his brethren wept around, he faltered with his dying breath, "*Me expectant justi, donec retribuas mihi*—The righteous wait expectant, while thou dost deal bountifully with me." Then the eloquent lips became silent for ever; life's long penance was over; the freed spirit was at rest.

*We knew a young lady, a pupil at a Roman Catholic convent in Canada, who told us that a prevalent superstition among the school-girls was that the lady superior bore on her hands similar stigmata. The good lady wore long sleeves with lace cuffs, which concealed the hands, and so left the susceptible imagination of the pupils free to fancy what it pleased.

This consecrated life, mistaken as were many of its aims, and marred as were many of its methods, was yet a sublime message to mankind. Making Poverty his bride, amid the mad desire of the age for wealth, says Farrar, St. Francis introduced nobler aims and holier feelings into a luxurious and ambitious Church—into an oppressive, blood-stained, guilty world. The tender and pitiful aspects of his character are seen, not merely in his boundless beneficence towards all who were poor, or suffering, or sorrowing, but also in his affectionate sympathy, even for dumb animals. He illustrated the lines of Coleridge,—

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God that loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

"Our sisters, the birds, are praising God," he used to say, "let us also sing His praise." "Now, sisters, it is time that I should speak," he said to the twittering swallows in the market-place, and they hushed their songs, says the legend, till his sermon was ended, and then burst forth in redoubled carols of joy. "Little Brother Leveret," he said to a trembling wild thing taken in a trap, "come to me," and it took refuge in his bosom. Innocent lambs were his especial delight, and legend narrates how he rescued one from peril, and gave it to the gentle sisters of St. Clare. "Come hither, Brother Wolf," he said to a ravenous beast; "I charge thee that thou do no harm," and the wolf followed him like a faithful dog. But a rationalising commentator suggests that it was a fierce robber named Lupo (Wolf), whom he converted into a disciple. All wild things of the woods or brake to him were God's harmless, voiceless folk, who served and praised Him in their inarticulate speech; and even the elemental forces of nature joined in the strain—a perpetual adoration worthy to be imitated by man. These gentle thoughts he embodied in the very earliest poetry of the soft Italian tongue —the famous *Cantico delle Creature*, or, "Song of the Creatures," as infantile in its expression as the artless lisping of a child—

> "Praised by His creatures all,
> Praised be the Lord my God,
> By Messer Sun, my brother above all,
> Who by his rays lights us and lights the day;

By Sister Moon and stars my Lord is praised,
Where clear and fair they in the heavens are raised;
By Brother Wind, my Lord, Thy praise is said,
By air and clouds, and the blue sky o'erhead;
By one most humble, useful, precious chaste,
By Sister Water, O my Lord, Thou art praised;
And praised is my Lord
By Brother Fire—he who lights up the night;
Praised art Thou, my Lord, by Mother Earth—
Thou who sustainest and governest her;
Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art Thou,
From whom no living man escapes.
Praises and thanks and blessing to my Master be,
Serve ye Him all with great humility.

Rising into a higher flight, he sang this canticle of love—

Love sets my heart on fire,
Love of my Bridegroom new;
Love's lamb my thoughts inspire,
As on His ring he drew;
Then in a prison dire,
Sore wounded, He me threw;
My heart breaks with desire,
Love sets my heart on fire—
My heart is cleft in twain;
On earth my body lies,
The arrow of this pain
From Love's own crossbow flies,
Piercing my heart in twain;
Of sweetness my soul dies,
For peace comes war again,
Love sets my heart on fire.

His devout and consecrated spirit is best seen in the daily prayer he used, "My God and my all, who art thou, sweetest Lord? and who am I, a poor worm, thy servant? Holiest Lord, I would love Thee! Sweetest Lord, I would love Thee! Lord, my God, I give to thee all my heart and body, and vehemently desire, if I might know how, to do more for Thy love." Across the centuries come the holy words, akin to the songs of David and St. John, and awakening responsive chords in every heart attuned to worship God. His life was an utter consecration. In his latest years he used to say, "My brethren, hitherto we have done nothing. Let us now *begin* to serve God."

In an age of hireling priests and luxurious and immoral monks, he lived an austere ascetic. When he dined at the tables of the great, he quietly deluged his food with water, or sprinkled it with ashes, with the half apology, "Brother Ash is pure." He reproaches himself that in sickness he longed for the sweet confections he had known in youth. Once, when ill, he was persuaded to eat some chicken, for which offence he caused himself to be led in penance through the streets, with a rope around his

neck, while he cried out, "Behold a glutton who eats the flesh of fowls when you knew it not." "What idolators are we, then," cried these careless, mediæval townsfolk, smitten with contrition, "who spend our lives in shedding blood, and are filled, body and soul, with luxury and drunkenness."

Small wonder that this holy life, this self-abasement and lowliness, this passionate love of God and man, spoke to the rude hearts of a rude age, in which the story of God's love had grown dim, with a strange power. He became the popular saint of Christendom. His worship in prayer and picture—a worship from which he would have recoiled with abhorrence—vied with that of Christ. And soon in all lands thousands of disciples were called by his name. Among these were men and women of a saintliness scarce less than his own—Bonaventura, the Angelic Doctor; Thomas of Celano, the author of the sublime *Dies Iræ*; Giacopone, the author of the tender *Stabat Mater*; the pious Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, and many another of lesser name and fame, whose holy lives and happy deaths glorified earth and enriched heaven.

A hundred years after his death, the greatest Italian poet, in his vision of Paradise, describes the humble monk of Assisi as enthroned among the glorified spirits of heaven, and thus recounts his fame—

> Still young, he for his lady's love forswore
> His father; for a bride whom none approves,
> But rather, as on Death, would close the door.
> In sight of all the heavenly court that moves
> Around the Eternal Father they were wed,
> And more, from day to day, increased their loves.
> She of her first love long bereft, had led
> A thousand years, and yet a hundred more,
> By no man sought, life hard and sore bested. . . .
> But lest my hidden words the truth should veil,
> Francis and Poverty these lovers were,
> Of whom I weave at too great length my tale.
> Their concord of dear love the minister,
> Their joyful air, their loving looks and kind,
> Did holy thoughts in every bosom stir.*

We have left no space to speak of the lessons of this remarkable life—nor needs it that we should. They speak themselves

*Dante, *Il Paradiso*, Canto XI.

with a strange spell to every heart. However alien our race or diverse our creed, we cannot but feel that tabernacled in the frail body of the monk of Assisi dwelt one of the saintliest souls the world has ever seen. His faults and failings were largely those of his age. His many virtues, his Christian graces, sprang from his faithful communion with the abiding source of all beauty and all truth.

THE YOUTH OF CHRIST.

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THE story is proverbial of the painting of the great Grecian master, Apelles, that one of his pieces was so true to nature that visitors instinctively reached out the hand to draw aside a veil which they thought obstructed a portion of the picture, but they did so only to make the discovery that the veil itself was actually painted, and so perfectly painted as to seem a reality. Thus has the Holy Spirit given us a picture of the life of Jesus. A considerable part is covered with the veil of silence. We instinctively reach out the hand to remove it, but we discover that the veil remains a real part of the picture, and what is behind it in the life of Jesus must continue unknown, except where by a fold of this veil of silence we get a single glimpse of the boyhood of Jesus. This disposition of curiosity to know more than has been revealed is illustrated in the Apocryphal Gospels, especially in the Gospel by Thomas (probably of the fourth century), in which we have stories of Jesus at five years of age making sparrows of mud, and then causing them to live; of His raising a playmate from the dead; of being sent by His mother for water, accidentally breaking the pitcher, and bringing the water in His cloak; of lengthening a piece of wood for Joseph by stretching it; of His rebuking the schoolmaster who was teaching Him the alphabet, and who impatiently struck Jesus, whereupon the master fell dead. The Arabic Gospel of the Saviour's infancy tells, among other wonderful things, how the holy family in journeying to Egypt were met at night by two

robbers, Titus and Dumachus, the former of whom, however, proved a friend and protector, whereupon the infant Jesus said to His mother, "Thirty years hence the Jews will crucify me at Jerusalem, and these two robbers will be crucified with me, Titus on my right hand and Dumachus on my left, and after that Titus shall go before me into Paradise."*

If the Romanist or skeptic claim that such narratives are as authentic as the canonical Gospels, it is sufficient to reply, Give us as good credentials of divine inspiration for these as the others present, and we will readily recognize their authority; but a critical and historical examination will soon show how baseless is such a claim, and how perfectly fictitious are these legends, and how sinister were the motives of their writers. Again, they are responsible for ministering to superstition, especially in the form of Mariolatry, and therefore to ignorance and tyranny. The canonical Gospels have, on the other hand, universally produced freedom and order and intelligence. We simply refer to these Apocryphal legends to illustrate the tendency we have mentioned to curiosity, to imagine facts where none are given, to pry into the unrevealed.

Let us consider first the facts that are revealed, and secondly some suggestions made by them.

I. The facts given us by the canonical Gospels concerning Jesus before His public appearance are five, viz.: 1. Growth in wisdom as in age, and in favour with God and man. 2. The temple scene at the age of twelve years. 3. The probability that He was a carpenter. 4. The certainty that He was regarded by His countrymen as illiterate; and 5. The fact that He was for a long time opposed by His brothers. Several of these elements in the sacred records, we may notice in passing, are such as the Evangelists would have concealed instead of publishing them, if they conspired to fabricate an imposture.

1. Leaving the sublime scenes connected with the presentation of Christ for circumcision at the age of eight days, and the venerable Simeon's *nunc dimittis*, and the pious Anna's delight

* The writer is sometimes asked where the Apocryphal Gospels can be found. It may be said in reply that they appear in the Ante Nicene Library published by T. and T. Clarke, of Edinburgh. The volume containing both them and the Apocryphal Acts and Revelation may be purchased separately from the rest of the library.

in the fulfilment of the hopes of those who "looked for redemption in Jerusalem," we next come to the statement (Luke ii. 40), The child grew and waxed strong ("in spirit" not found in Cod. Sin., and rejected by Lach., Tisch., Alf., and Treg.), becoming filled (present participle) with wisdom. Again, in verse 52, Jesus increased in wisdom and age (*i.e.*, in wisdom as He increased in age), and in favour with God and man. Being found in fashion as a man, He was subject to the law of growth. As an infant He knew nothing; as a child He knew more; as a boy He "increased in wisdom;" and as a perfect man He reached the highest development of humanity the world has known. Beecher, in his unfinished work on the Life of Jesus the Christ, which abounds with passages most beautiful in structure, but most conspicuous for doctrinal indefiniteness or positive error, describes with thrilling interest this growth, but at the same time teaches the boldest Patripassianism in holding that all that was really human about Jesus was His body; that if He loved, disliked, willed or remembered, He did so with divine faculties which happen to be the same in their exercise as the human. The relation of Christ's growth to His divinity we shall notice hereafter. We simply at present state the fact.

2. In the next place we have the Temple scene,—the boy Jesus at Jerusalem. The gathering of vast numbers of pious Jews who annually assembled at Jerusalem in numerous caravans from all countries to keep the Passover is one of the most striking religious demonstrations in all history. Josephus represents (Wars, Book VI., c. x., 3,) that the number of Jews at the Passover at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus was 2,700,200. Sixty-three years before (A.D. 7), Jesus, the youth of twelve years, took His place for the first time with His parents in one of those pilgrimages from the North. As the multitude moved on up through Galilee and Samaria and Judea, it would hourly be reinforced by groups continually falling in with the rest to swell the great stream of pilgrims who, with pious exultation and a vague hope of the speedy coming of a deliverer, journeyed on to the holy city to observe the most important religious festival of the year. For ten centuries those valleys and hills reverberated with the sublime songs of David, as each year in times of piety and peace the pilgrim bands moved on singing—

"I was glad when they said unto me
Let us go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand
Within thy gates, O Jerusalem."

The city is reached, the requirements of the Mosaic ritual are observed as far as the devotion of the people demands and foreign domination permits. Then the immense multitudes move out of the city, north, south, east and west, and journey homeward. Mary and Joseph in the caravan for the North go a day's journey without missing Jesus, "supposing Him to have been in the company," until the encampment at evening had to be formed, and then after seeking Him "among their kinsfolk and acquaintance" they failed to find Him. A second day was required to return to Jerusalem, where they would arrive in the evening to find probably vast numbers still in the city. On the third day, the search, likely commenced the previous night, was most diligently continued, and "they found Him in the temple sitting in the midst of the doctors"—probably not at all, as represented by Church art, elevated upon a throne, and with a nimbus about His head, but more likely sitting at the feet of these doctors, not as the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy says, "examining them each in turn," but modestly and with docility "hearing them and asking them questions." When Mary and Joseph found Him "they were amazed." No wonder. For with all the things that Mary kept pondering in her heart, this was one of the strangest things yet in the career of her mysterious son. With her expression of surprise she mingled a very pointed reproach, because He so dealt with them. Then follows Christ's answer, which puzzled Mary, and condemns all worshippers of Mary: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business? And they understood not the saying." Harmony with the divine will and plan are now announced as the guiding principle of His life. A consciousness of His divine mission and relation to God the Father can alone account for the whole occurrence before us or for the words of the boy Jesus on this occasion. The narrative distinctly intimates to us a "conscious sovereignty undisclosed."

3. In the next place, we have a hint that Jesus followed the vocation of Joseph in the inquiry (Mark vi. 3), "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary?" He ennobled manual labour with a divine dignity, just at a time when the artisan was in danger

of being reduced to serfdom by the ambition of military power or the haughty sway of a superficial but arrogant intellectuality. Rabbinical maxims theoretically recognized the dignity of labour, such as "It is well to add a trade to your studies if you would remain free from sin." "The tradesman at his work is equal to the most learned doctor." But the very spirit of the inquiry quoted above is full of contempt, and is inconsistent with these maxims. Demagogues, Socialists and Communists would find in the carpenter of Nazareth their best friend if they would only submit to His rules of law, and love and dignify labour as did He. The thought suggests itself which we cannot now expand, How significant that in an obscure village in a most despised part of a despised Province of the Roman Empire, on this little planet, earth, He who has constructed the mechanism of the universe and balanced it on so perfect an equipoise, and who sways the sceptre of universal empire, should construct for sinful mortal men, articles for daily and temporal use—that the Creator of the universe should become the carpenter of Nazareth!

4. In the next place, we find in the Scripture record the fact that the contemporaries of Jesus regarded Him as illiterate. They said, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" (John vii. 15.) In Rabbinical lore, in the speculations of Athens, Alexandria, or Rome, He shows no acquaintance nor interest. He does show most intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, both Hebrew and Septuagint, quoting sometimes from the one and sometimes from the other; but He makes no allusions to philosophy, or astronomy, or geometry, or physics, and in all His teachings there is not the slightest semblance even of a theological technicality. When questioned once by His disciples about metempsychosis, He most skilfully disappointed, and so rebuked, the curiosity which started the inquiry. It is very significant that He whose words have probably inspired three-fourths of all the books written in the Christian era never wrote a book Himself, and was reputed by His contemporaries as illiterate.

5. In the last place, we have evidence that either Jesus did not put forth His divine claims, or, if he did, His own brothers did not acknowledge them, as is evident from John vii. 3-5. The question as to who were these brothers of Jesus is one of great difficulty. The alternative lies probably between the Epiphanian

or old Greek view that these were elder sons of Joseph by a former marriage, and the view of Tertullian that they were younger children of Joseph and Mary. The Roman Catholic view is the "cousin theory," which originated with Jerome, and is favoured by Lange, that they were sons of Cleopas, a brother of Joseph, and adopted by Joseph after Cleopas' death. Whoever they were, they were certainly a part of the household at Nazareth and associates in the boyhood of Jesus, and yet they opposed Him. That Christ wrought no miracle before His baptism seems to be implied in the reference in John ii. 11, to the first miracle at Cana in Galilee. No remarkable report of Him could have gone out from the scenes of His boyhood, for Nathanael of Cana, which was only nine miles from Nazareth, seems never to have heard of Christ before His public appearance; and on first hearing about Him was so surprised as to ask, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" And on the occasion of Jesus' first discourse in the synagogue at home, the ill-natured people of the despised village showed the frenzy of their malice by dragging Him out to a precipice on those hills on which, during His boyhood, He must often have rambled, and threatening to hurl Him over. The brothers of Christ then were either unable or unwilling to accept the surprising truth that their strange associate, with all the mysteriousness and beauty of His life, was after all the expected Messiah. John says, "Neither did they believe in Him." The imperfect tense is used. They habitually refused to recognize His divine nature and mission.

II. 1. The first thing we observe, after recounting the foregoing facts, is that, whatever view Scripture gives of the person and nature of Christ, we must associate it with His entire incarnation. If Nestorianism be erroneous in teaching that in Christ there were two distinct persons blended, viz., the man Jesus and the Son of God, then it is erroneous, first, relative to the birth of Christ, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of the Virgin Mary, and so was born, not as two persons, but as one; and last, relative to the supreme moment of the sacrifice, when of course it was not God that died, nor was it merely a man, but, as saith the Scripture, "It is Christ that died," the God-man Christ; and by His dying we simply mean what is not absolutely incomprehensible, viz., the severance of this strangely blended spirit from the body which it occupied. Of every point

in the incarnation between Bethlehem's manger and Calvary's cross we must entertain the same view, guarding against anything like Ebionitism, which represents Jesus only as human, until at His baptism the divine Logos came upon Him, and the human was thereupon absorbed in the divine. Jesus was as much the "Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God," when a babe in Bethlehem, as amid the glorious pomp of the Ascension; as much when an infant refugee in Egypt as in the Transfiguration; as much when subject to His parents at Nazareth as when the King of terrors was subject to Him at Bethany; and no biography, sermon, or Sunday-school instruction is logical which only partially portrays either on one side or the other the God-man Christ, one person of two perfect natures.

2. Next, we will at the same time do well to distinguish between the facts first on the human side, and secondly on the divine side of the inspired picture. There are certain things predicated of Christ as God which cannot be predicated of Him as man, and so conversely, and yet so perfectly blended are the two natures that the oneness of the personality is sometimes expressed in the very strongest way; for example, Paul declares that the Jews actually "crucified the Lord of glory!" and both the final judgment and the eternal grandeur of the Messianic dignity are attributed universally to the Son of Man. Nevertheless, our reverence for the Supreme Ruler of the universe will be best conserved by associating in our thoughts most of the circumstances in the boyhood of Jesus with His humanity instead of His deity. Such discrimination is both logical and consonant with Scriptural Christology.

3. Again, we should be especially careful to consider the growth of Christ as relating only to His humanity. We have not here to trouble ourselves with the old scholastic subtleties and distinctions between the Kryptists and Kenotists as to whether Christ merely *concealed* his deity or

"*Emptied* Himself of all but love."

If asked "How can divine omniscience comport with the ignorance of an infant?" we are only starting one of ten thousand inquiries concerning *facts* terrestrial and celestial, which an idiot may ask, but an archangel cannot answer. It is enough for us to rest upon the clearest and overwhelming evidence

afforded us in Scripture and in history of the *fact* of the essential deity of Christ, and then accept some one of the theories which concern this union of the human and the divine, but which only undertake to state and can never explain this union. So when it is predicated of Christ that "He grew," it is predicated altogether of His humanity, and by this alone can it be explained. This idea of growth in the record is one of the throbs of Jesus' heart, which, near to ours, makes us feel that He shares our humanity. Rationalistic biographies of Jesus, like those of Strauss and Renan, have been of some benefit in vividly stating at least one side of this subject. We need to remember Christ's manhood, and manhood means growth. It means effort and conflict and care, and possibly disappointment. Just here, however, we think Thomas Hughes, quite unnecessarily, goes too near the brink of Socinianism in his "Manliness of Christ," in representing that Jesus at one time imagined John the Baptist to be the Messiah; and again that "when dimly perceiving the significance of His own life work, He was waiting for the call which should convince Him that the voice within was not a lying spirit." We are not surprised to find in Beecher much of the same kind of thing—or worse. What is the need of travelling out of the divine record with such dangerous fancies? Wiser would we be reverently to bow before the clearly revealed mystery that "in Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and at the same time "the child grew and waxed strong, becoming filled with wisdom;" and "He increased in wisdom as He increased in age, and in favour with God and man." Sartorius in his Christology says:—"The eye which comprehends heaven and earth within its range of vision does not, by betaking itself to darkness or closing its lid, deprive itself of its power of sight, but merely resigns its far-reaching activity; so does the Son of God close His all-seeing eye and betake Himself to human darkness on earth, and then as a son of man open His eye on earth as the light of the world, increasing in brilliancy till it shines at the right hand of the Father in perfect splendour."

The practical lessons from this subject will easily suggest themselves: 1st. Submission to parents. The Rev. Mr. Gordon, in the *Homiletic Quarterly* (London), Oct. 1880, beautifully says: "Jesus was the good son and the affectionate brother, before He

went out to win hearts in the world. He of whom it was said 'The world is gone after Him,' who was instinctively trusted by every desolate and sorely tempted and doubting heart, who was listened to by rich and poor, friend and enemy, young and old, with bated breath and unfeigned reverence, was the same who knew how to honour His parents." 2nd. Dignity of labour. 3rd. Personal improvement. 4th. Submission to the Divine will.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.*

A NEW volume of poems from the laureate is an important literary event. Some captious critics say that he has lost the spell of his early lute. We find no sign of it in these ballads. They are as sweet and tender, or as strong and grand, as any he ever wrote. There is also revealed a vein of humour not seen in any of his former poems, except his Northern Farmer—old and new style. "The First Quarrel" is a poem of much pathos, on a painful subject. "Rizpah" is still more tragical. It records the wailings of a poor crazed mother, whose son was hanged in chains for mail robbery. She, too, was imprisoned in bedlam, but hearing her boy's voice on the night wind—"Mother, O mother, he called in the dark to me year after year"—she escaped and buried his bones.

Flesh of my flesh was gone, but bone of my bones was left—
I stole them all from the lawyers—and you, will you call it a theft?
Do you think I was scared of the bones? I kissed 'em and buried 'em all—
I can't dig deep, I am old—in the night, by the churchyard wall.
My Willy 'll rise up whole when the trumpet of judgment 'll sound,
But I charge you never to say that I laid him in holy ground.

"The Northern Cobbler" is a capital temperance lesson. An old toper came home drunk one night and kicked his wife and smashed the furniture. When he sobered, he thought of their courting days and of the first kiss he had given her—

* *Ballads and Other Poems.* By ALFRED TENNYSON. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

Heer wur a fall fro' a kiss to a kick, like Saatan's as fell
Down out o' Heaven i' Hell-fire—thaw theer's naw drinkin' i' Hell;
Mea fur to kick oor Sally as kep' the wolf fro' the door,
All along o' the drink, fur I loov'd 'er as well as afoor.

So he swore off liquor, and put a quart of gin in the window and defied it—

Stan' 'im theer i' the naame o' the Lord an' the power o' 'is graace,
Stan' 'im theer, fur I'll looak my hennemy strait i' the faace.
Stan' 'im theer i' the winder, an' let me looak at 'im then;
'E seeams naw moor nor watter, an' 'e's the Divil's oan sen.
An' Doctor 'e calls o' Sunday an' just as the candles was lit,
"Thou moant do it," he says, "tha mun break 'im off bit by bit."
"Thou'rt but a Methody-man," says Parson, an' laays down 'is 'at,
An' 'e points to the bottle o' gin, "but I respecks tha fur that."
An' theer 'e stan's an' theer 'e shall stan' to my dying daay;
I 'a' gotten to loov 'im agean in anoother kind of a way.
Proud on 'im like, my lad, an' I keeaps 'im clean an' bright,
Loovs 'im, an' roobs 'im, an' doosts 'im, an' puts 'im back in the light.
Wouldn't a pint 'a' sarved as well as a quart? Naw doubt;
But I liked a bigger feller to fight wi', an' fowt it out.

A grand bit of dogged English pluck is that—not to be conquered even by death, for he says—

I'll hev 'im a-buried wi' ma an' taake 'im afoor the Throan.

The grand "Ballad of the Fleet" stirs the pulses like the blast of the clarion. The brave Sir Richard Grenville, with a single ship, manned by gallant men of Devon, in the stormy days "of the Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain," fought a Spanish fleet of fifty-three vessels. Of course, after a desperate fight they were captured, but as the old lion lay a-dying—

He rose upon their decks and he cried:
"I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die."
And he fell upon their decks and he died.

"The Village Wife; or, the Entail," is a bit of the broadest Yorkshire humour, only to be fully appreciated by those "to the manner born." The estate of the village squire was entailed, or as the old wife puts it—

The lawyer he towd it me,
That 'is tail were soa tied up es he couldn't cut down a tree!

But the squire was a bookworm and antiquary, and—

'E'd sit like a graat glimmer-gowk, wi' 'is glasses athurt 'is noase,
An' 'e'd wrote an owd book, his awn sen, so I knaw'd es 'e'd coom to be poor.
An' 'e niver knaw'd nowt but booaks, an' booaks, as thou knaws beant nowt.

The story of little Emmie dying in the Children's Hospital will bring tears to many an eye. "Ay, good woman," said the infidel doctor to the nurse, "can prayer set a broken bone?" But we cannot condense the argument or the story into these few lines.

"The Defence of Luckhow" is akin in its martial fire to "The Ballad of the Fleet." The thrilling story of the siege is told in lines vivid as lightning flashes on a stormy night, and each section closes with the grand refrain—

And ever upon our topmost roof, the banner of England blew.

"Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post!"
Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence, the best of the brave.
Cold were his brows when we kissed him—we laid him that night in his grave. . . . .
Hark! cannonade, fusilade! is it true what was told by the scout?
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell mutineers?
Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers;
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlanders, wet with their tears.
Dance to the pibroch!—saved! we are saved!—is it you? is it you?
Saved by the valour of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
"Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof, the old banner of England blew.

The monologue of Sir John Oldcastle, the martyr, gives a vivid picture of the persecution of the Lollards. It abounds in vigorous lines, as—

"Then rose the howl of all the cassock'd wolves,"
"God willing, I will burn for Him."

Columbus in prison burns with the bitter sense of wrong of the pathfinder to the New World—

> I lying here bedridden and alone,
> Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king—
> Without a roof that I can call my own—
> With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,
> And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum
> I opened to the West. . . .
> Ah God, the harmless people whom we found,
> Who took us for the very gods from heaven,
> And we have sent them very fiends from hell.

"The Voyage of Maeldune," the story of an Irish wandering, Ulysses in pursuit of revenge, abounds in touches as fine as anything Tennyson ever wrote. First they came to the Silent Isle where—

> The long waterfalls
> Poured in a thunderless plunge to the base of the mountain walls,
> Our voices were thinner and fainter than any flitter-mouse shriek.

Then they came to the Isle of Flowers—

> Blossom and blossom, and promise of blossom, but never a fruit;
> And we hated the Flowering Isle, as we hated the isle that was mute. . . .
> And we came to the Isle of Fruits; all round from the cliffs and the capes,
> Purple or amber, dangled a hundred fathoms of grapes. . . .
> And we came to the Isle of Fire; we were lured by the light from afar,
> For the peak sent up one league of fire to the Northern star.

And they sailed and sailed, to the Bounteous Isle, but they hated its plenty; and to the Isle of Witches, and to the Isle of a Saint, who bade them forego their purpose of wrath—

> And the holy man he assoil'd us, and we sadly sailed away. . .
> O weary was I of the travel, the trouble, the strife, and the sin.

These are a few gleanings from this rich harvest of song. We have left no space for criticism. Our readers will prefer to enjoy the fragrance of the flowers rather than have them dissected and analysed. We note in passing that the book is full of those exquisite verbal felicities, as when he speaks of the surgeon's "pitiful-pitiless knife," which make Tennyson's work like an exquisite mosaic—beautiful in detail and beautiful as a whole.

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER III.—EMPRESS AND SLAVE.

USING the time-honoured privilege of ubiquity accorded to imaginative writers, we beg to conduct our readers to a part of the stately palace of Diocletian, where, if they had really been found in their own proper persons, it would have been at the peril of their lives. After fifteen long centuries have passed, we may explore without let or hindrance the most private apartments of the once all-potent masters of the world. We may roam through their unroofed banquet-chambers. We may gaze upon the frescoes, carvings, and mosaics which met their eyes. We may behold the evidences of their luxury and profligacy. We may thread the secret corridors and galleries connecting the chambers of the palace—all now open to the light of day. We may even penetrate to the boudoirs and tiring rooms of the proud dames of antiquity. We may even examine at our will the secrets of the toilet—the rouge pots and vases for cosmetics and unguents, the silver mirrors, fibulæ or brooches, armlets and jewels, and can thus reconstruct much of that old Roman life which has vanished forever from the face of the earth.*

By the light of modern exploration and discovery, therefore, we may enter the private apartments of ladies of the Imperial household, and in imagination re-furnish these now desolate and ruinous chambers with all the luxury and magnificence of their former prime. A room of commodious size is paved with tesselated marble slabs, adorned with borders and designs of brilliant mosaic. The walls are also marble, save where an elegant fresco on a stucco ground—flowers or fruit or graceful land-

* On the Palatine Hill may still be seen, in the palace of the Flavii, the frescoed private apartments and banquet-chambers of the emperors—in the walls are even the lead water-pipes, stamped with the maker's name; and the innumerable ancient relics in the museums of Rome and Naples give such an insight as nothing else can impart of the life and character of the palmy days of the empire.

scape*—greet the eye. A small fountain throws up its silver spray, imparting a grateful coolness to the air. Windows, void of glass, but mantled and screened by climbing plants and rare exotics, look out into a garden where snowy marble statues are relieved against the dark green of the cypress and ilex. Around the room are busts and effigies of the Imperial household or of historical characters. There is, however, a conspicuous absence of the mythological figures, whose exquisite execution does not atone for their sensuous conception, which, rescued from the *debris* of ancient civilization, crowd all the Art-galleries of Europe. That this is not the result of accident but of design is seen by an occasional empty pedestal or niche. Distributed at intervals are couches and tables of costly woods, inlaid with ivory, and bronze and silver candelabra, lamps and other household objects of ornament or use. Sitting in an ivory chair amid all this elegance and luxury was a lady in the very flower of her youth, of queenly dignity and majestic beauty. She wore a snowy *stola*, or robe of finest linen, with purple border, flowing in ample folds to her sandaled feet. Over this was negligently thrown a saffron-coloured veil of thinnest tissue. She held in her hand a burnished silver mirror, at which she glanced carelessly from time to time, while a comely slave with dark lustrous eyes and finely-formed features carefully brushed and braided her long and rippling hair.

This queenly presence was the young and lovely Empress Valeria, the daughter of Diocletian and Prisca, and wife of the co-Emperor, Galerius Cæsar. The object of envy of all the women of Rome, she lived to become within a few short years the object of their profoundest commiseration. Of her even the unsympathetic Gibbon remarks that "her melancholy adventures might furnish a very singular subject for tragedy."

"Nay, now, Callirhoë," said the Empress, with a weary smile, "that will do! Put up my hair and bind it with this fillet," and she held out a gold-embroidered ribband. "Thou knowest I care not for the elaborate coiffure that is now so fashionable."

"Your Majesty needs it not," said the slave, speaking Greek

* On the banquet-room mentioned in the last note are some remarkable frescoes, among other objects being glass vases through whose transparent sides are seen exquisitely painted fruits—as fresh, apparently, after eighteen centuries as if executed within a few months.

with a low sweet voice, and with an Attic purity of accent. "As one of your own poets has said, you appear 'when unadorned, adorned the most.'"

"Flatterer," said the Empress, tapping her gaily and almost caressingly with a plumy fan of ostrich feathers which she held lightly in one hand, "you are trying to spoil me."

"Such goodness as thine, sweet mistress," said the slave, affectionately kissing her hand, "it would be impossible to spoil."

"Dost know, Callirhoë," said the young Empress, with a smile of bewitching sweetness, "that I have a surprise for thee? It is, thou knowest, my birthday, and in my honour is the banquet given to-day. But I have a greater pleasure than the banquet can bestow. I give thee this day thy freedom. Thou art no more a slave, but the freedwoman of the Empress Valeria. See, here are the papers of thy manumission," and she drew from the girdle of her robe a sealed and folded parchment, which she handed to the now emancipated slave.

"Dearest mistress!" exclaimed the faithful creature, who had thrown herself on the marble pavement and was kissing the sandaled feet of the beautiful Empress, but an outburst of sobs and tears choked her utterance.

"What! weeping!" exclaimed Valeria. "Are you sorry then?"

"Nay, they are tears of joy," exclaimed the girl, smiling through her tears, like the sun shining through a shower; "not that I tire of thy service; I wish never to leave it. But I rejoice that my father's daughter can serve thee no longer as thy slave, but as thy freedwoman."

"I should indeed be sorry to lose thee," said the august lady with a wistful smile. "If I thought I should, I would almost regret thy manumission; for believe me, Callirhoë, I have need of true friends, and thou, I think, wilt be a faithful one."

"What! I, but this moment a poor slave, the friend of the fairest and most envied lady in all Rome! Nay, now thou laughest at me; but believe me I am still, heart and soul and body thy most devoted servant."

"I do believe it, child," said the Empress; "but tell me, pray, why thou speakest in that proud melancholy tone of thy father? Was he a freedman?"

"Nay, your Majesty, he was free-born; neither he nor his fathers were ever in bondage to any man,"—and the fair face of the girl was suffused with the glow of honest pride in the free-born blood that flowed in her veins.

"Forgive me, child, if I touched a sore spot in thy memory. Perchance I may heal it. Money can do much, men say."

"In this case, dearest mistress, it is powerless. But from thee I can have no secrets, if you care to listen to the story of one so long a slave."

"I never knew thou wert aught else, child. My steward bought thee in the slave market in the Suburra. Tell me all."

"'Tis a short story, but a sad one, your Majesty," said the girl, as she went on braiding her mistress's hair. "My father was a Hebrew merchant, a dealer in precious stones, well esteemed in his nation. He lived in Damascus, where I was born. He named me after the beautiful fountain near the Jordan of his native land."

"I thought it had been from the pagan goddess," interrupted the Empress.

"Nay, 'twas from the healing fountain of Callirhoë, in Judæa," continued the girl. "When my mother died, my father was plunged into inconsolable grief, and fell ill, well-nigh to death. The most skilled physician in Damascus, Eliezer by name, brought him back to life; but his friends thought he had better let him die, for he converted him to the hated Christian faith. Persecuted by his kinsmen, he came to Antioch with my brother and myself, that he might join the great and flourishing Christian Church in that city.* While on a trading voyage to Smyrna, in which we children accompanied our father, we were captured by Illyrian pirates, and carried to the slave market at Ravenna. There I was purchased by a slave dealer from Rome, and my father and brother were sold I know not whither. I never saw them again,"—and she heaved a weary and hopeless sigh.

"Poor child!" said the Empress, a tear of sympathy glistening on her cheek, "I fear that I can give thee little help. 'Tis strange how my heart went out toward thee when thou wert first

* Shortly after this time, that Church numbered 100,000 persons.

brought so tristful and forlorn into my presence. 'Tis a sad world, and even the Emperors can do little to set it right."

"There is One who rules on high, dear lady, the God of our fathers, by whom kings rule and princes decree judgment. He doeth all things well."

"Yes, child, I am not ignorant of the God of the Jews and Christians. What a pity that there should be such bitter hate on the part of your countrymen towards those who worship the same great God."

"Yes," said Callirhoë, "blindness in part hath happened to Israel. If they but knew how Jesus of Nazareth fulfils all the types and prophecies of their own Scriptures, they would hail Him as the true Messiah of whom Moses and the prophets did write."

"Well, child, I will help thee to find thy father, if possible, though I fear it will be a difficult task. Ask me freely anything that I can do. As my freedwoman, you will, of course, bear my name with your own. Now send my slave Juba to accompany me to the banquet-hall."

Callirhoë, or as we may now call her, after the Roman usage, Valeria Callirhoë, fervently kissed the outstretched hand of her august mistress and gracefully retired.

It may excite some surprise to find such generous sentiments and such gentle manners as we have described attributed to the daughter of a persecuting Emperor and the wife of a stern Roman general. But reasons are not wanting to justify this delineation. Both Valeria and her mother Prisca, during their long residence at Nicomedia, where the Emperor Diocletian had established his court, became instructed in the Christian religion by the bishop of that important see. Indeed, Eusebius informs us that there were many Christian converts, among them both Prisca and Valeria, in the Imperial palace. Diocletian and his truculent son-in-law, Galerius, were bigoted pagans, and the mother of the latter was a fanatical worshipper of the goddess Cybele. The spread of Christianity even within the precincts of the palace provoked her implacable resentment, and she urged on her son to active persecution. A council was therefore held in the palace at Nicomedia, a joint edict for the extirpation of Christianity was decreed, and the magnificent Christian basilica was razed to the ground. The very next day the edict was torn from the

public forum by an indignant Christian, and the Imperial palace was almost entirely destroyed by fire. The origin of this disaster is unknown, but it was ascribed to the Christians, and intensified the virulence of the persecution. Diocletian proceeded to Rome to celebrate a military triumph and to concert with his western colleagues more vigorous methods of persecution. It is at this period that the opening scenes of our story take place.

CHAPTER IV.—THE IMPERIAL BANQUET.

At the summons of Callirhoë a Nubian female slave, Juba by name, an old family nurse, skilled in the use of herbs and potions, made her appearance. Her huge and snowy turban and her bright-coloured dress strikingly contrasted with her jet complexion and homely features. Yet, as the personal attendant of the young empress, it was her duty to accompany her mistress to the banquet-hall, to stand behind her chair, to adjust her robes, hold her fan, and obey her every word or gesture. As she drew aside the curtain of the apartment which shut out the light and heat, two lictors who guarded the door sprang to their feet and preceded the empress through the marble corridor to the *triclinium*, or banquet chamber. It was a family party, rather than a state banquet, but neither Greeks nor Romans practised a profuse hospitality nor held large social or festive gatherings like those of modern times. Their feasts were rather for the intense epicurean pleasure of a favoured few than for the rational enjoyment of a larger company.*

Couches inlaid with ivory and decked with cushions surrounded three sides of a hollow square. On these the emperor and his male guests reclined, each resting on his left arm. On ivory chairs facing the open side of the square sat the Empress Prisca (a majestic-looking matron of somewhat grave aspect), Valeria, and a lady of the court, each accompanied by her female slave. The extreme ugliness of the Nubian Juba acted as a foil for the striking beauty of Valeria.

First of all, the guests were crowned with wreaths of fair and

* On a single supper for his friends, Lucullus, who is said to have fed his lampreys with the bodies of his slaves, is recorded to have expended 50,000 denarii—about $8,500.

fragrant flowers. Then elegantly dressed slaves brought in, to the sound of music, the different courses: first eggs dressed with vinegar, olives and lettuce, like our salad; then roast pheasants, peacocks' tongues and thrushes, and the livers of capons steeped in milk; next oysters brought alive from the distant shores of Great Britain, and, reversing our order, fish in great variety—one of the most beautiful of these was the purple mullet—served with high-seasoned condiments and sauces. Of solid meats the favourite dish was a roast sucking pig, elegantly garnished. Of vegetables they had nothing corresponding to our potatoes, but, instead, a profusion of mallows, lentils, truffles, and mushrooms. The banquet wound up with figs, olives, almonds, grapes, tarts and confections, and apples—hence the phrase *ab ovo ad mala.*

After the first course the emperor poured out a libation of Falernian wine, with the Greek formula, "to the supreme God," watching eagerly if his wife and daughter would do the same. Lacking the courage to make a bold confession of Christianity, and thinking, with a casuistry that we shall not attempt to defend, that the ambiguity of the expression excused the act, they also, apparently to the great relief of the emperor, poured out a libation and sipped a small quantity of the wine. The emperor then drank to the health of his wife and daughter, wishing the latter many returns of the auspicious day they had met to celebrate. Each of the guests also made, according to his ability, a complimentary speech, which the ladies acknowledged by a gracious salutation. After the repast slaves brought perfumed water and embroidered napkins for the guests to wash their fingers, which had been largely employed in the process of dining.

The most of the guests were sycophants and satellites of the emperor, and in the intervals between the courses employed their art in flattering his vanity or fomenting his prejudices. One of them, Semphronius by name, an old fellow with a very bald and shiny head and a very vivacious manner, made great pretensions to the character of a philosopher or professor of universal knowledge, and was ever ready, with a great flow of often unmeaning words, to give a theory or explanation of every conceivable subject. Others were coarse and sensual-looking *bon vivants*, who gave their attention chiefly to the enjoyment of the good fare set before them. Another sinister-looking fellow, with a disagreeable cast in one eye and a nervous habit of clench-

ing his hand as if grasping his sword, was Quintus Naso, the prefect of the city. He had been a successful soldier, or rather butcher, in the Pannonian wars, and was promoted to his bad eminence of office on account of his truculent severity. Of very different character, however, was a young man of noble family, *Adauctus by name, who was present in his official character as* Treasurer of the Imperial Exchequer.* He almost alone of the guests paid a courteous attention to the high-born ladies of the party, to whom he frequently addressed polite remarks while the others were intent only in fawning on the great source of power. He, also, alone of all present, conspicuously refrained from pouring out a libation—a circumstance which did not escape the keen eye of the emperor. After interrupted talk on general topics, in which the ladies took part, the conversation drifted to public matters, on which they were not expected to meddle.

"Well, Naso, how was the edict received?" said the emperor to the prefect, as a splendid roast peacock, with sadly despoiled plumage, was removed.

"As every command of your divine Majesty should be received," replied Naso, "with respectful obedience. One rash fool, indeed, attempted to tear it down from the rostra of the Forum, like that mad wretch at Nicomedia; but he was taken in the act. He expiates to-night his crime, so soon as I shall have wrung from him the names of his fanatical accomplices,"—and he clenched his hands nervously, as though he were himself applying the instruments of torture.

"And you know well how to do that," said the emperor with a sneer, for, like all tyrants, he despised and hated the instruments of his tyranny.

"You may well call them fanatics, good Naso," chimed in the would-be philosopher, Semphronius; "a greater set of madmen the world never saw. They believe that this Chrestus whom they worship actually rose from the dead. Heard ever any man such utter folly as that! Whereas I have satisfied myself, from a study of the official records, that he was only a Jewish thaumaturge and conjuror, who used to work pretended miracles by means of dupes and accomplices. And when, for his sedition, he

*His name and office are recorded even by so skeptical a critic as Gibbon, and his epitaph has been found in the Catacombs. See Withrow's Catacombs, p. 46.

was put to death as the vilest of felons, these accomplices stole his body and gave out that he rose from the dead."*

"I have heard," said Adauctus gravely, "that the Romans took care to prevent such a trick as that by placing a maniple of soldiers on guard at His grave."

"Yes, I believe they say so," went on the unabashed Semphronius; "but if they did, the dastards were either overpowered, or they all fell asleep while his fellow-knaves stole his body away."

"Come now, Semphronius," said the emperor, "that is too improbable a story about a whole maniple of soldiers. You and I know too well, Naso, the Roman discipline to accept such an absurd story as that."

"Oh, if your divine Majesty thinks it improbable, I fully admit that it is so," the supple sophist eagerly replied. "I am inclined to identify this impostor and a kinsman of his who was beheaded by the divine Herod with the Janus and Jambres whose story is told in the sacred books of the Jews. But it is evident, from the identity of name of one of these with the god Janus, that they merely borrowed the story from the Roman mythology. This execrable superstition, they say, was brought to Rome by two brothers named Paulus and Simon Magus. They both expiated their crimes, one in the Mammertine Prison, the other without the Ostian Gate. They say also that when Simon the magician struck the prison wall, a well of water gushed forth for some of their mystic rites; and that when the head of Paulus was smitten off it bounded three times on the ground, and at each spot where it touched a well of water sprang up. But these are stories that no sane man can believe."†

"I quite agree with you in that," said Adauctus.

"Do you, indeed?" exclaimed the Emperor; "I am glad to know that so brave and trusted an officer can say so."

"I believe, your Majesty, that half the stories told about the Christians are calumnies that no candid man can receive," continued the young officer.

*Strauss and Renan and their rationalizing school rival this pagan sophist in eliminating the miraculous from the sacred record.

†Yet these stories, too incredible for this old pagan, were gravely related to the present writer, on the scene of the alleged miracles, by the credulous Romans of to-day.

"You are a bold man to say so, for they have few friends and many enemies at court," replied Diocletian; "but we will soon extort their secrets by this edict. Will we not, good Naso?"

"It will not be my fault if we do not, your divine Majesty," replied that worthy, with a more hideous leer than usual in his cruel eye.

"Another thing these fools of Christians believe," interjected the garrulous philosopher, "is, that when they die their souls shall live in some blander clime, and breathe some more ethereal air. 'Tis this that makes them seem to covet martyrdom, as they call it, instead of, like all sane men, shunning death."

"But do not your own poets," chimed in the soft voice of Valeria, "speak of the Elysian fields and the asphodel meadows where the spirits of heroes walk, and of the bark of Charon, who ferries them across the fatal Styx?"

"True, your most august Highness," replied the pedant with grimace intended to be polite, "but those fables are intended for the vulgar, and not for the cultured classes, to which your Imperial Highness belongs. Even the priests themselves do not believe in the existence of the gods at whose altars they minister; so that Cicero, you will remember, said that 'he wondered how one augur could look in the face of another without laughing.'"

"I quite admit," remarked Adductus, "that the priests are often impostors, deceiving the people; but our wisest philosophers—the thoughtful Pliny, the profound Tacitus, the sage Seneca, and even the eloquent Cicero whom you have quoted—teach the probability if not the certainty of a future state, where virtue shall be rewarded and wickedness punished."

"What do they know about it any more than any of us?" interrupted the truculent Naso, to whom ethical themes were by no means familiar or welcome. My creed is embodied in the words of that clever fellow, Juvenal, that I used to learn at school—

> 'Esse aliquid manes, et subterranea regna,
> Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.'"*

"What's the use of all this talk?" lisped a languid-looking epicurean fop, who, sated with dissipation, at twenty-five found

* *Sat.* ii. 49. "That the manes are anything, or the nether world anything, not even boys believe, unless those still in the nursery."

life as empty as a sucked orange. "We cannot alter fate. Life is short; let us make the most of it. I'd like to press its nectar into a single draught and have done with it for ever. As the easy-going Horace says, 'The same thing happens to us all. When our name, sooner or later, has issued from the fatal urn, we leave our woods, our villa, our pleasant homes, and enter the bark which is to bear us into eternal exile!" *

Here the Emperor made an impatient gesture, to indicate that he was weary of this philosophic discourse. At the signal the ladies rose and retired. Adauctus also made his official duties an excuse for leaving the table, where Diocletian and his other guests lingered for hours in a drunken symposium.

Thus we find that the very questions which engage the agnostics and skeptics and pessimists of the present age—the Mallocks, and Cliffords, and Harrisons and their tribe—have agitated the world from the very dawn of philosophy. Did space permit, we might cite the theories of Lucretius as a strange anticipation of the development hypothesis. Indeed the writings of Pyrrho, Porphyry and Celsus show us that the universal tendency of human philosophy, unaided by divine inspiration, is to utter skepticism.

ACTION.

WAKE thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest the lost years should haunt thee on the night
When Death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight.
Wake ere the earthly charm unnerve thee quite,
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed.
Do something, do it soon—with all thy might!
An angel's wing would droop if long at rest,
And God Himself, inactive, were no longer blest.

—*Wilcox.*

* See that saddest but most beautiful of the odes of Horace, To Delius, II. 3:

. . . . Et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

Hope and Trust.

BY T. N.

Courage, O brave and much-tried heart;
Although thy way be dark and drear,
Fear not the cloud which lowers, for yet
Its "silver lining" shall appear.

The saints of God in this our day
No longer know the fiery stake,
The rack, the scourge, the lonely cave,
Borne bravely for their Saviour's sake.

Yet still God hath His crucibles
In which His chosen He refines;
Their cup with woe He often fills,
Their furnace heats He "seven times."

While some the martyr's crown now wear
By one short hour of grief and tears,
Others, the harder task to bear
Silent, the gnawing grief of years.

Then courage take and still endure,
For truth and right have hidden power;
God's promises are firm and sure,
Before the dawn's the darkest hour.

When dangers in the pathway lurk,
And friends and foes prove false alike,
Then "patience hath her perfect work;"
"At eventide it shall be light."

Niagara, *Ont.*

Separation from the World.

Salvation is all of grace. Yet these things are required: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity," "Whosoever would be my disciple, let him take up his cross, deny himself daily, and follow me." "Ye cannot," says our Lord, "serve God and Mammon." Shrink not from the pain these sacrifices must cost. It is not so great as many fancy. The joy of the Lord is His people's strength. Love has so swallowed up all sense of pain, and sorrow been so lost in ravish-

ment, that men of old took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and martyrs went to the burning stake with beaming countenances, and sang high death-songs amid the roaring flames. Let us by faith rise above the world, and it will shrink into littleness and insignificance compared with Christ. Some while ago two aeronauts, hanging in mid-air, looked down to the earth from their balloon, and wondered to see how small great things had grown—ample fields were contracted into little patches, the lake was no larger than a looking-glass, the broad river, with ships floating on its bosom, seemed like a silver thread, the widespread city was reduced to the dimensions of a village, the long, rapid, flying train appeared but a black caterpillar slowly creeping over the surface of the ground. And such changes the world undergoes to the eyes of him who, rising to hold communion with God and anticipating the joys of heaven, lives above it and looks beyond it. This makes it easy, and even joyful, to part with all for Christ—"this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—*Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*

God's Perfected Plan.

Full salvation is not a way to be opened up by our own efforts, but a way cleared for us already by virtue of Christ's death upon the cross. We have but to step out in the obedience of faith, like Peter in the prison. God sent unto Peter, by the angel, a complete deliverance. The whole way, from the innermost cell to the iron gate which led into the city, was all cleared for Peter by the Lord Himself. Peter may not have realized it. But as soon as the chains had fallen off, and he was ready to walk, he had then simply to obey the command, "Follow me," and he found as he went forward the way was all open and plain—everything gave way to the angel whom he followed. Just so it is with the believer. God has sent us a full salvation. Christ has wrought out a complete deliverance. The path is open, and the Holy Ghost reveals it to us. We have but to follow Him who goes before and prepares the way.—*The Rev. E. H. Hopkins, in "Life of Faith."*

—Religion is not the specialty of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them. It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well-ranked faculties, all beating time and keeping time.

Quietness Before God.

Quietness before God, especially in hours of trial, is one of the most rare and difficult of graces. Yet when it is gained, it proves one of the most wholesome in its influence. None pleases God more; none renders religion more beautiful in the eyes of men. We shudder at the sight of that surgical knife which God employs upon us. Our self-love rebels against the excruciating "operation;" but when God—who wounds in order to heal—is engaged in His providential process of amputating a darling lust, or cutting out an ulcer of besetting sin, our "strength is to *sit still.*" "Keep still, my friend; be quiet," says the army surgeon to the writhing soldier under his keen knife. "Restlessness only endangers a false cut of the knife, and only aggravates the wound." So, when God is operating on the heart by sharp trials, the first duty of His child is perfect, submissive, unquestionable quietness. A score of Christians can pray and give and work for God, where one can can be found ready to sit down and *suffer.* To go into battle with the bugles sounding, and the very blood leaping to the fingers' end under the impetuous charge, is full of thrilling exhilaration; but to be picked up bloody and mangled, and borne back among pitying comrades to the rear; to be laid down helpless in the hospital, and await your slow turn for the surgeon's probe; to be transferred from his knife (with one limb the less) into the nurse's silent "ward" of sufferers—to do and bear all this calls out the loftiest qualities of heroism. The battle-field costs less than the hospital. So in the spiritual conflict God puts especial honour on the grace of passive submission. He commends the "strength to sit still;" He approves that patient quietness which "behaves itself like a child which is weaned of its mother." And the loftiest saints in the Bible are those who have become the most "perfect through suffering."

—To walk with God is not only the secret of joy and fellowship; it is the condition of all acceptable service, of all real usefulness. The value of what we *do* depends upon what we *are;* and what we are depends upon our intimate fellowship with God.

—Pleasure is the mere accident of our being, and work its natural and most holy necessity.

THE VALUE OF THE BIBLE.

BY H. E. CLARKE, ESQ.

If we were to judge by appearances we would often put it down as of no particular value to certain of its possessors. It lies unused on the parlour table, or it has a conspicuous and an undisturbed place in the family library. But it is a mistake to suppose that the value of an article is measured by the care we bestow upon it, or by the joy with which we treasure it. Long possession, with immunity from accident or risk of loss, brings with it a carelessness of holding which is too frequently mistaken for indifference. If we would know the value of what is held with such seeming indifference an attempt must be made to deprive us of it; then it is that we understand "how blessings brighten as they take their flight."

Life itself is not properly valued until it becomes endangered. Men make light of the first attacks of disease, but let it continue to creep stealthily through the system until it is felt to be nearing some vital part, and soon that health which was lightly held becomes of inestimable value. "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."

So it is with our Bible. If we want to know how much it is valued, even where it is but little used, we must try to imagine what the world would be without it. And to do this we must take man, not when in fancied security he is sporting on the banks of life's river enjoying the rich scenes that are spread out before him, but when the storms of life are lifting the tide until it threatens to cover the banks and sweep everything into the blackness of an eternal destruction. Then it is that men in their helpessness look round for some encouragement or support; and where are they to look when the Bible is gone? Nature has no comfort or upport to offer. No answer comes from the heavens above or the earth beneath. Nature follows a man to the grave, and as it leaves him there, the old, old cry seems to be forced from the very depths of every yearning heart, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And all humanity listens for the answer, but listens in vain, for the grave has no answer to give. It can only say, "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"

What a strange substitute this would be for the assurances of the Christian's Bible. Who would consent to part with a book that has power to throw a clear light beyond the grave, and accept the chilling philosophy that would blot the future out of existence, and leave humanity but the few short years of a troubled life, and then the utter blankness and darkness of nonentity?

Let us, however, enter some of the abodes of men, and test the real value of the Bible by an attempt to take it away and substitute some of the newer philosophies. Here is a home where the ripple of laughter flows from room to room from morning until night, as its members feel the glow of health tingling through their veins. But the time comes, as sooner or later the time must come with all, when the hand of disease is allowed to lay its wasting finger on some member of that joyous household. Then what a change takes place. The buoyant step becomes heavy with anxiety. The voice of joy is hushed, and the whole household is stricken to the heart, for they know that the shadow of a coming event has reached out towards them, and that soon it will fill their hearts with gloom. How quietly now do the inmates move about, listening with hushed breath to the sounds that fall on their quickening senses from the room

where a loved one is preparing for a last farewell.

Gather the family now around the dying bed, and substitute the consolations of philosophy for the grand old Bible that has carried hope and light to the best, the wisest, and the greatest of earth's sons and daughters in this supreme moment. Who, in that stricken circle, is ready to stand forward and say, "Farewell, beloved; your race is run, henceforth you will be as though you had never been. The grave will close over you, and for a time your memory will be preserved in sorrowing hearts, but we part to meet no more. There is no reunion on the other side the grave. There is no future for you. Your life is rounding up, and soon you will pass into an absolute nothingness. But do not grieve; this is the common lot of humanity. By-and-by we shall all pass away, and the world shall silently revolve as it did at the beginning, while as yet no germ of life had sprung into being."

Does this bring comfort in the hour of dissolution? Nay, verily. Nature must be recast before the instinctive longing that reaches into futurity can be thrown aside, and trembling humanity be enabled to rest with stoical indifference on the chilling thought of annihilation; and there breathes not a man on earth, however hardened in thought, who would care to approach a loved one in the hour of dissolution with such a hopeless consolation. But the dying never feel the stroke of death, as do the living who are left. How then would it comfort the mourners in their distress?

Fold the arms lovingly and close the eyes of the fair form that once held a priceless jewel. See that the shutters are closed. Fasten the insignia of death to the door until the funeral procession winds its way slowly to the city of the dead. And as the dull thud of the clay on the coffin lid falls like the knell of doom on the mourner's ear, and he watches the unfeeling sexton shovel in the earth that seems to be falling on his heart until it lies crushed, buried and sodded over with the depth of his woe, then draw near and ask him if he will give up the hope of the Bible for all the discoveries of philosophy, and learn for the first time the priceless value of that volume, that can bridge even the chasms of the grave, and open up communications between the living and the dead. Earth has no treasure then that humanity would accept for the simple teachings of that book.

But, says the skeptic, these hopes that are so highly valued are built upon a false foundation, and the superstructure must fall, for the Bible may not be true, and where there is uncertainty there is no substantial value in the security.

It is not intended in this brief article to go into the evidences for or against the truth of the Bible. It is quite sufficient to meet the skeptic on his own grounds, and for the sake of argument admit that the evidences are uncertain: the Bible may be true: the Bible may not be true. Here is a choice between two uncertainties, and who is the wiser man, Cleon or I, if he choose the latter and shape his life in accordance therewith, while I choose the former and shape my life according to its teachings?

If the Bible be not true, what advantage has Cleon over me? He can eat, drink, and be merry. So can I. He is not restrained in the indulgence of any desire by a fear of future retribution, but he is restrained by fear of the penalties inflicted for the violation of laws, physical or human. I am restrained as he is; but in having a double restraint, I have double safety. What is there then that Cleon may have in his uncertainty of disbelief that I may not have in my uncertainty of belief? Nothing whatever. Whether his creed be true or false its advantages are all mine. I can enjoy the pleasures of life; and if death ends all, I end as he ends. But can Cleon say as much for his choice? If my creed be true, are its advantages all his? I can enjoy the pleasures of life. So can he. But if death does not end all; if the Bible be true, what then? He

is the miserable spendthrift that has wasted his substance with riotous living; I the prudent man who foreseeth the evil and provideth a remedy. My greatest advantages begin where his have ended, in irretrievable ruin. If the argument then is put upon this lowest ground of selfish interest, who is the wise man, Cleon or I?

In the ordinary affairs of life if two charts were offered to a traveller, each accurately marking the course to a certain point where a broad river spread out into a sea, no man of sense would hesitate for a moment in his choice if one of the two had what purported to be a chart of the sea itself, with the course of the vessel accurately marked out to the landing place on the other side.

And no man of ordinary common sense, however strongly he may be inclined to doubt the truths of the Bible, will rashly or recklessly give up that chart for one that can only bring him down the river of life and leave him without a guide to cross the dark ocean of death or perish in its surging waves.

Hope for the living—lost. Consolation for the dying—lost. Comfort for the mourner—lost. Beacon lights put out. Charts all gone. What remains in the world with the Bible given up? The reign of might over right. A reversal or an emendation of the poet's beautiful thought:

> Truth, forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong, forever on the throne,
> Where the scaffold sways *no* future,
> And behind the dim unknown
> Stands *no* Being in the shadow
> Keeping watch above His own.

All the evil passions of men, now held in check by the dread of a retribution which looms dimly through the mists of unbelief, broken loose. War, murder, rapine, theft, every form of crime that is known to society breaking like a flood over the world, to be stayed or stemmed as best they may by the feeble rules and laws of expediency.

This is what the world would gain by the loss of the Bible. Take away the book that throws a light over the valley of death. Take away the chart upon which the soul relies in the moment of supreme peril. Take away the hope that sustains the spirit in its flight over the dark abysses of the tomb. Take away the mourner's consolation. Take away the Bible, and you take the sun out of the heavens and leave all nature mourning an immeasurable loss that simply marks the immeasurable value of this book of books.

TORONTO, *Dec. 1881.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE TYNDALE MEMORIAL.

It is peculiarly fitting that the year which witnesses the completion of the Revised Translation of the New Testament, which will shortly be published, should be signalized by erecting a memorial to the translator of the first printed English edition of the Holy Scripture. The translation of Wyckliffe, made five hundred years ago, was of course circulated only in MS., and was therefore much more limited in its influence. The language, moreover, was undergoing such rapid change that even in Tyndale's time that of Wyckliffe's translation was almost obsolete, and is now almost unintelligible, whereas Tyndale's translation is the basis, with slight change, of every version from his time to the present day.

Some three years ago a committee was formed, and a site obtained on the Thames Embankment, for the martyr's memorial, and the eminent artist, Mr. E. Boehm, was selected as the sculptor. The Sunday-school

Centenary of last year, however, and erection of the Raikes statues in London and Gloucester, so largely occupied public attention that it was thought best to wait till that movement was accomplished.

The project is now revived. An influential committee has been formed, and an appeal is made to all the English-speaking race to take part in the enterprise. Mr. J. Macgregor, the gentleman who explored the Jordan, as well as many of the rivers of Europe, in the "Rob Roy" canoe, is one of the secretaries, and he, with six other gentlemen, have contributed to this object one hundred pounds each. Mr. John Macdonald, the Missionary Treasurer of our Church, who has himself, with his usual liberality, given generously to this object, will be happy to receive contributions to the Tyndale Memorial Fund. It is particularly desirable that Canada, the noblest colony of the British Empire, should largely share the privilege and honour of contributing to this fund. Let no one be deterred because he cannot give much. It is desirable that the contributions be general, however small, that we may feel as a people and as individuals that we, too, with the rest of the great Anglo-Saxon family throughout the world who rejoice in the rich possession of the Holy Scriptures in our own mother tongue, substantially the same version as that given by Tyndale to our race, have a share in the Martyr's Memorial on the banks of the Thames. Address contributions to John Macdonald, Esq., Wellington Street, Toronto.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

The conspiracy against law and order in Ireland is becoming daily more and more tyrannous, and is extending its ramifications throughout Great Britain as well. Society in Ireland is utterly disorganized. Terrorism stalks like a dread spectre through the land. No man who is obnoxious to the Land League, when he leaves home, knows if he shall return alive. Nay, he is not safe under his own roof, for midnight assassins and incendiaries lie in wait to fulfil the fell behests of a secret society as cruel and as cowardly as Vehmgerecht, or the Council of Blood. No land laws, however oppressive; no grievances, however great, are any excuse for such outrages as have been wreaked upon helpless women and innocent children, by depriving them of their natural protectors, their husbands or fathers, by cowardly assassination. This secret conspiracy has not even the courage of open revolt. It is not war, it is midnight murder. And the poor peasants themselves are coerced into these outrages—from which their generous hearts would naturally recoil—by the commands of a secret conclave, which they are bound under the most dreadful oaths to obey, and they are mulcted of their scanty means to maintain that very conspiracy of which they are the victims.

And while idleness, anarchy, and distress are thus filling the island, the arch conspirators in the great council of the nation are seeking to harass and paralyse the Government by frivolous and vexatious delays; by organized and systematic obstruction; by endless speeches and amendments, insulting to the Queen's authority, and inquiries "whether the Sultan of Turkey has intervened on behalf of Ireland," and others equally grotesque. Never were the privileges of discussion more perverted and abused. The patience of the nation is becoming exhausted, and the outrages perpetrated by so-called Irish patriots makes it more and more difficult for Ireland's best friends to redress her real grievances and remove her real wrongs.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. JOBSON.

To many men in many lands who never saw his face, Dr. Jobson has been familiar by reputation as the efficient agent of the Wesleyan Book Room at City Road, London, England. Under his able administration that institution reached a remarkable development and very great success. His life-story is highly instructive. He was educated in an architect's office in his

native city, Lincoln, and manifested a high degree of artistic taste. But when called of God to preach the Gospel, he gave up his prospects of eminence in that vocation to encounter the unknown trials and difficulties of a Methodist itinerant. Of these, however, he has had less than many men, as his commanding abilities soon placed him in the forefront of his brethren, and caused his services to be in demand in the best circuits of the connexion. For nine years he occupied the pulpit of Old City Road Chapel. His chief work, however, was in connection with the Book Room. He so kept pace with the improvements in the manufacture of books, that of late years those bearing the imprint of the Wesleyan House compared favourably with any in the market. He was also a book-writer himself. His work on church architecture is said to have almost revolutionized the construction of Methodist "Chapels." He was an honoured deputation to the Methodist Churches of the United States and Australia, and the books he published on his travels in those countries, in Palestine and Ceylon, were largely illustrated by his own hand. But his best record is that of his blameless character, his saintly life, and happy death. To his efforts it is chiefly due that Methodism has received the fitting recognition of the erection of a monument to the memory of its honoured founders within the walls of Westminster Abbey. The London *Methodist* thus concludes a notice of his labours: "Few holier, happier, or more useful lives have been spent on earth than Dr. Jobson's. During his last illness the grace of God abundantly sustained him; and the joy which had been his in life was his also in death."

Our Premium Book.

The special Canadian edition of "Matthew Mellowdew," offered as a premium with this Magazine, has been printed, and is being mailed to those who ordered it. It gives the greatest satisfaction, and even exceeds expectation as to its mechanical execution and literary excellence. We hope our friends who have received it will kindly show it to their neighbours, and will point out the strong inducement it offers to take the Magazine, which all, we think, will admit to be in itself remarkably good value for the subscription price. A little effort of our friends and agents *now* will greatly swell our subscription list, which has so far come in remarkably well—considerably ahead of this time last year. So soon as the increased list will warrant, we purpose still further to improve the character of the Magazine.

The slave melody on the last page of this number is that to which the Jubilee Singers sang their exquisite "Steal Away to Jesus," which brought tears to the eyes of Her Majesty the Queen, and so profoundly affected their audiences everywhere. The words are as follows, the refrain repeating after each verse:—

REFRAIN.

Steal away, steal away,
Steal away to Jesus;
Steal away, steal away home,
I haint got long to stay here.

1. My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the thunder;
The Trumpet sounds it in my soul,
I haint got long to stay here.

2. Green trees are bending,
Poor sinners stand trembling,
The Trumpet, etc.

3. My Lord calls me,
He calls me by the lightning, etc.

4. Tombstones are bursting,
Poor sinners are trembling, etc.

The numerous friends of the Rev. Lachlan Taylor, D.D., will be glad to learn that his health is sufficiently restored to enable him to resume the lecture platform, in which he has won such distinguished success. We observe from a New York paper that he recently delivered his admirable lecture on "The City of the Great King," before a large audience, at the Hedding M. E. Church, in Jersey City. The paper speaks in high terms of the masterly character of the lecture.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

An Italian translation of the life of John Wesley has been sent to many of the public men of Italy, who have made hearty acknowledgments of the pleasure they had in reading it. Signor Minghetti wrote that it seemed to him that the example of a life so noble and pure might be usefully proposed to the admiration and imitation of the Italians. Others also spoke in high terms of Wesley's life and work.

The Rev. Mr. Baker, Missionary in the Friendly Islands, who was appointed by Government to organize educational institutions in Tonga, has alse been appointed by the King as his Prime Minister.

The Wesleyans of Ireland have already secured promises for nearly half the amount of the Thanksgiving Fund that they propose to raise.

Wesley College, Dublin, increasingly prospers; 200 boys are day pupils and 75 boarders.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Superintendent Harwood writes from New Mexico: "I have travelled during the past year nearly 5,000 miles. I bought a team, for which I paid $150. A trip to Silver Creek, 500 miles, would have cost by stage that amount. 250 miles of the journey was through the Indian war country. Bro. Brooks accompanied me. The journey was dangerous. A stage driver had been killed, and the mail and the stage had stopped running for a while. On the second day of our journey we met twenty-five soldiers, and marched with them more than twenty miles. We saw the place where the stage driver was killed, and the mail was scattered about. We picked up a few drafts and forwarded them to the people who gave them. On leaving Las Cruces we had another exposed track of 200 miles. We passed a place where a number of Mexicans and Americans had been killed, eleven of whom had been buried in one grave by the side of the road. After leaving the Missionary, Bro. Brooks, I returned, and being alone I travelled by night and rested during the day, as I deemed this the safest course."

Bishop Keener, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is planning a missionary tour to Mexico in the near future.

A gentleman lately gave a subscription to the Board of Church Extension, in one of Chaplain McCabe's meetings, of $250, to be used to build a church in a community where every communicant in the church at its organization would sign the total abstinence pledge and promise to vote for prohibition. The place, however, must be west of Kansas. A prominent Iowa gentleman says: "Draw on me for a church every month." He holds the Board, however, to the following conditions: The churches to be dedicated free from debt, and his contribution to be one-tenth of the cost. The Board of Church Extension is adding one church a day, and are desirous this year to add two every day in the year.

Bishop Simpson has so set his heart on the work of paying off church debts, that he gives the preference in whatever time and strength he can afford to labours in this behalf. He is heard from every Sabbath at some point, near or remote, encouraging the people by his presence to free their houses from all disabilities of this kind.

Rev. C. P. Hard, in his recent missionary sermon preached before the Genesee Conference, said that the Methodist Church owns one-half of our national wealth. Surely then

the Methodists should keep the treasury of the Church well replenished.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Salt Lake City, large as it is, was not built in vain. Twenty-one times the spacious auditorium, during the Moody and Sankey meetings, was taxed to its fullest capacity, and each Sunday evening not less than one thousand persons were turned away for want of room.

The debt of the Southern Methodist Publishing House has been refunded in 4 per cent. bonds, and during the present year $25,000 of the debt has been paid in cash, besides the interest on the whole.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Sunday-school children of Montreal always assemble in Great St. James Street Church on New Year's Day, and return their juvenile Missionary offerings. The season is invariably one of great interest, especially to the little folks. This year the occasion was one of hallowed enjoyment, and the total receipts amounted to $3,120. A noble offering. Montreal sets an example worthy of imitation to all the other cities and towns in the Dominion.

"A Friend in the West" has also set an example worthy of imitation, having given $1,000 to the Missionary Society as a Donation on Annuity. The same friend has acted in a similar manner on former occasions. Cannot some others of our readers be induced to become their own executors?

The Rev. L. N. Beaudry, of the French Mission, Montreal, has received from the executors to the estate of the late Miss Catherine Heck, of Prescott, Ont., a communication informing him that Miss Heck had bequeathed $1,600 towards liquidating the debt of the French church, which amounts to $8,000.

The Rev. J. A. Dorion, Missionary at Oka, writes that there are now two day schools in good working order on his Mission—one in the village of Oka, with 65 scholars in attendance, taught by a graduate of the McGill Normal School of Montreal; and the other school in the country, about four miles from the village, with 23 scholars in attendance, taught by an Indian woman, who has been educated in the Mission school at Oka. The English is the only language taught in the schools. There is also a very good Sunday-school in connection with the Mission.

The Missionary labouring on the Labrador Mission is in great need of a boat. A few donations have been made for this noble object. The Rev. S. B. Dunn is acting as treasurer of the Boat Fund, and it is thought that the Sunday-schools might all contribute towards this noble object. Who will respond?

The Crosby Girls' Home, Port Simpson, B.C., is a deserving object, as it is designed to save poor Indian girls from a life which is worse than death. The Rev. John Douse, Lefroy, Ont., acknowledges the receipt of a few small sums for the school. May he have many offerings presented.

Rev. Henry Steinhauer, for many years a Missionary in the North-West, is doing good service by attending Missionary meetings in the various Conferences. His visit to the Lower Provinces will be hailed with much pleasure.

Since our last issue we have heard of the death of the venerable William E. Shenstone, Newfoundland. He entered the ministry in 1828, and besides labouring on several Circuits in Canada, he was also stationed in Bermuda and Newfoundland, and was deservedly esteemed as a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Some of our Missionaries are labouring in places where they frequently witness much suffering among their people. The Rev. J. G. Brick, of Gaspe, beheld so much destitution among some of his flock, both in respect to food and clothing, that he was compelled to make an appeal on their behalf. A few friends responded, and if others could do so they would mitigate much suffering.

The Rev. W. Halstead, Missionary in the North-West, has lately been itinerating among the labourers on the Canada Pacific Railway. He distributed tracts, held various meet-

ings, and preached as he had opportunity. The men, though consisting of various nationalities and creeds, received him cordially.

Mrs. Lathrop, of Jackson, Michigan, has laboured for several weeks in Bloor Street Church, Yorkville. The novelty of a lady preacher doubtless drew many to the church. The services were held every night, and also during the day—all of which were well attended, and in the evenings were often crowded. Much good resulted.

It is gratifying to hear that in several Circuits the special services of the winter have yielded much fruit. In one Circuit sixty persons have been received on trial; at another scores are reported as having found the Saviour; while at another whole families have been saved. In one Circuit in Montreal Conference, forty-three persons have recently united with the Church. On the Waterdown Circuit a very gracious revival of religion has taken place.

BOOK NOTICES.

Elizabeth Christine, Wife of Frederick the Great. By CATHERINE E. HURST; pp. 253. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Illustrated; price $1 25.

CARLYLE has made the world familiar with the minutest details of the life of the Great Frederick, the founder of the Russian monarchy. The picture of his early youth and of his irascible sire, who used to throw the dinner plates at his daughters' heads, and beat his son and his councillors with his cane, are not very attractive. But in the life-story of his pious consort, the amiable Christine, the memory of whose virtues is still cherished by the German people, we have a more agreeable theme. This glimpse of palace life, however, reveals the skeleton in the closet—the spectre at the feast. The marriage between young Frederick and the Princess Christine was, after the frequent manner of court marriages, one of political interest, and not of personal affection—one of fortunes, not of hearts. "I wish her no evil, but I shall never be able to love her," he said before marriage; and years afterwards he confessed that he never loved, although her virtues commanded respect. Alas! his own youth had been stained with vice which had petrified his better feelings, and rendered him incapable of virtuous love. "He was not the stuff of which good husbands were made," he confessed, and he often basely deserted his devoted wife for profligate favourites.

Nevertheless, she bore her part in state pageants and military reviews when her heart was aching with loneliness and sorrow. Two brothers were slain in the cruel wars which desolated the country, and alternate victory and defeat by turns exalted the fortunes of her house, or compelled her to fly from palace to palace. To beguile her loneliness she devoted herself to study. In such severe reading as the works of Tacitus, and other classic authors, in translating devotional books, and, above all, in the study of the Bible, she found relief and consolation. And now, in his old age, after he had defied and conquered, nearly all Europe combined against him, she sought to console and cheer the soured and saddened Frederick. At the close of the Seven Years' War he wrote, "Peace causes universal joy. As for me, I return a grey-headed old man into a city where endless toil awaits me, and where, in a short time, I shall lay my weary bones to rest where there is no more trouble, no war, no misery, and no deceit among men."

Again he wrote, "I am old, and sad, and full of trouble. I doubt if there be a Sans-Souci in the world"—

for so he had named his royal palace —"free from care"—but a bitter mockery it proved. "You would see a gray old man, who has lost half his teeth, without joyfulness, without animation, without imagination. I alone have outlived this generation, and wish to lay my old bones in peace in the grave"—and this was the hero of twelve great battles, the conqueror of Europe, the founder of the Prussian monarchy.

After describing the slovenly old king, with his snuffy coat, old cocked hat, and crab tree stick, Carlyle remarks: "Not what is called a beautiful man, nor yet by all appearance a happy man. On the contrary, his face bears evidence of many sorrows, of much hard labour done in the world, and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming." How it reminds one of the exclamation of the Moorish King of Granada, that amid all his splendour he had known only fourteen happy days; or of the bitter experience of the wise king of Israel, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

For ten years after her husband's death Queen Christine survived and then ended her long and weary pilgrimage of over eighty years. The stirring deeds of her husband fill historic tomes. The nobler virtues of his wife are almost forgotten. This volume dispels much of the glamour of palaces and thrones, and shows that the only source of true happiness is a heart rejoicing in the smile of God.

The Golden Dawn; or, Light on the Great Future. By the Rev. J. H. POTTS. 8vo. pp. 608. Illustrated. Philadelphia and Chicago: P. W. Ziegler & Co.

The subject of this volume is one of infinite moment to us all. "It is appointed unto all men once to die." Upon this solemn event depend the most tremendous issues. Only the hope of the Gospel can dispel the shadows of the tomb.

In this volume the author has collected the best matured thoughts of over three hundred writers, many of them of the greatest eminence in the world of letters. The great doctrines of Eschatology have never, so far as we know, been so adequately presented in a single volume. The subject is treated under the following heads: Death, The Dying, The Dead, Immortality, The Millennium and Second Advent, The Resurrection, The General Judgment, The Punishment of the Wicked and the Reward of the Righteous. Among the authors quoted are most of the great writers and thinkers, from Plato to Joseph Cook, and many of lesser fame. Not the least important of the contributions are those of the accomplished editor himself. His successful editorship of the Detroit *Christian Advocate*, and authorship of "Pastor and People," one of the most admirable of the recent issues of the press, have especially qualified him for the work he has here undertaken and accomplished. Every Christian minister will find here an ample store-house of thoughts, reflections, and dying testimonies for the illustration and enforcement of the august theme which he must so often treat. Every private Christian may derive comfort, edification, and instruction from these pages. We account it no slight honour that the editor has seen fit to enrol us in the goodly fellowship here marshalled, by quoting our testimony as to the views and feelings of the primitive Christians in the presence of the solemn mystery of death.

"Bide a Wee," and other Poems. By MARY J. MACCOLL. Small 4to, pp. 103. Buffalo: Peter Paul & Bro.

"The Coming of the Princess." By KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN. 12mo, pp. 175. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

We have here two charming volumes of Canadian poetry, for though Miss MacColl is not at present living in this country, we claim her as Canadian born and bred. Her dainty little volume has won the commendation of such masters of the lyre as Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes. There is a pensive tone about most of her poems, which

better accords with her genius than the humorous ones, though many of these are marked by much sprightliness, and all are characterized by much verbal felicity.

Mrs. Maclean's poems have a somewhat wider range, and exhibit much poetic feeling. The poem which gives its name to the volume is a loyal welcome to "The Daughter of Empires, the Lady of Lorne"—one of those outbursts of generous enthusiasm which stir the patriotic pulses in every heart. A deep religious feeling breathes through many of these poems, which not unfrequently rise to a very high plane of thought. The fine poem on the November Meteors reaches the sublime. The accomplished author has overcome many difficulties of rhythm and rhyme. In her hands our somewhat rugged English speech becomes as flexible as an osier wand; she so deftly weaves it into forms of varied grace. The most difficult rhythms of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning and Swinburne are here successfully employed; but through them is poured a stream of thought and feeling instinct with the strong individuality of the writer. "The Coming of the King," a noble free paraphrase of the prophetic burden of Isaiah liv. 11-13, has the subtle cadence, the apt alliteration, the lyrical rapture of some of Swinburne's best "Songs before Sunrise;" but is instinct with a loftier ethical spirit. In the "Ballad of the Mad Ladye," the quaint old refrain and objective symbolism of much of our early English poetry is admirably caught. The accomplished author of the *Canadian Monthly*, G. Mercer Adam, Esq., contributes a graceful introduction, with the following sentiments of which all, we think, will agree: "In an age so bustling and heedless as this, it were well sometimes to stop and listen to the voice [of true poetry]. In its fine spiritualizations we shall at least be soothed and may be bettered. . . May it be its mission to cultivate the poetic sentiment amongst us. May it do more—nourish in some degree the heart of the nation—and, in the range of its influence, that of humanity."

William, Prince of Orange. By the Rev. T. M. MERRIMAN, M.A. Boston: Hy. Hoyt; and Wm. Brigg, Toronto. pp. 450; price $1.00.

The heroic story of William the Silent, the heroic defender, confessor, and martyr of Protestantism in Holland, is one of the grandest in all history. The great authority in English on this epoch is, of course, Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," on which this book is based. We by all means recommend Motley's three noble volumes to those who have the time for their study. They are every way superior to this second-hand compendium. Those who have not the time for Motley, however, will find here the story told in sufficient detail to give a tolerably definite conception of the this important period; and the fascinating interest of the theme cannot be disguised even by the faults of style of the writer of this book. Motley's volume, author's edition, cost about $9. But Strachan & Co. publish the same in one handsome volume of 930 pp., for about $2; and Jas. G. Robbers, a Rotterdam publisher, reprints the four 8vo volumes of Motley's "United Netherlands" in one volume of 1346 pp., for about $3. Both of these can be ordered through our Book Rooms. In our next number we shall condense all we know about William the Silent into one article, based on these books.

Intemperance the Greatest Evil of the Age. By the Rev. ROBERT WALLACE, Toronto.

We are glad that the subject of intemperance is attracting such notice from the pulpit. By a concert of the Toronto Ministerial Association, sermons on this subject were preached last December in many of the city pulpits. That by the Rev. Robert Wallace lies before us. It is one of the most vivid exposures of the appalling evils of intemperance we have ever seen. The author exhibits the enormous extent and vast expense of the traffic. He shows that it is prejudicial to health, and is the greatest hindrance to the work of

God, and is opposed to the teachings of His Word. Such sermons cannot fail to cultivate a temperance conscience in the community, and we are glad that this one has received a wide circulation through the press.

Drifting and Anchored. By Mrs. E. J. RICHMOND. pp. 253. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1. Illustrated.

This is a story of school-girl days and early married life, describing the contrast between drifting, the prey of skepticism, and being firmly anchored by a living faith in God. For these times, when unbelief pervades the very air, and especially assails the young, it will prove an admirable safeguard to any thoughtful girl who will read it.

The Immortality of the Human Soul. By the Rev. H. POPE, D.D.; and

Christ, the Christian Model. By the Rev. W. H. Heartz.

Only within the last month have the above-named admirable lecture and sermon, delivered before the Theological Union of the Mount Allison Wesleyan College, reached our table. The treatment of the subjects are every way worthy of the august themes and accomplished writers. We are glad that the Union is calling forth such high-class denominational literature.

The Minor Arts. By CHARLES G. LELAND. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. pp. 146; illustrated; $1.10.

One of the popular manias of the time is household decoration. The "keramic craze" has invaded every hamlet. This volume is designed to turn to good account this ruling fashion. It gives plain and simple instructions, illustrated by copious engravings in porcelain painting, wood-carving, stencilling, modelling, mosaic work, etc. By its aid, not only may home be made more beautiful, but a correct art taste will be cultivated.

Ultima Thule. By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. pp. 61. Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Price $1.

This is a tiny book, but pure gold all through. It contains eighteen new poems—the latest songs of the sweetest singer of his time, now in his seventy-second year—but they are as musical to the ear, and as full-freighted with thought, as any of his earliest prime. There is pensive tone about many of them befitting the golden twilight—may it linger long—of life's setting sun.

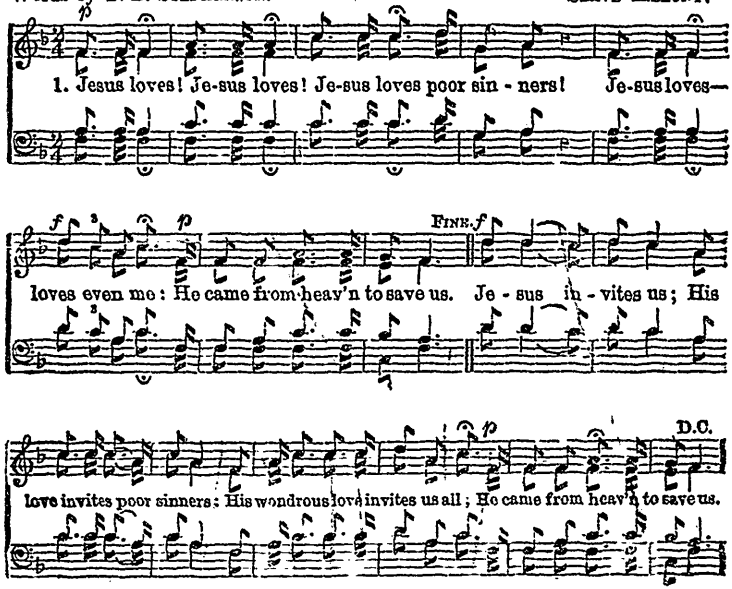
The Missionary Outlook. Edited by the Rev. Dr. SUTHERLAND. 4to. pp. 16; 50 cents per year.

The able and energetic Missionary Secretary of our Church has brought out this "Monthly Advocate, Record, and Review," with the aim to "keep its readers abreast of the great missionary work of the Church, and to kindle a stronger faith and more fervent zeal for the spiritual conquest of the world." It contains a portrait and sketch of the Rev. H. B. Steinhaur, vigorous articles by the Editor, and valuable selections and communications. We bespeak for it a cordial reception.

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

JESUS LOVES POOR SINNERS.

Words by T. B. Stephenson. Slave Melody.



2 Jesus died! Jesus died! Jesus died for sinners!
Jesus died—died on the tree: He shed His blood to save us.
Now Jesus calls us: from Calvary He calls us;
His blood calls loudly from the tree;
His blood He shed to save us.

3 Jesus lives! Jesus lives! Jesus lives for ever!
Jesus lives—lives now a King: He lives a King to save us
Jesus can keep us—from all our foes can keep us:
Can keep us even unto death,
He lives a King to save us!

4 Jesus comes! Jesus comes! Jesus comes in glory!
Jesus comes—comes on the throne: He's coming soon to judge us.
Jesus is coming: He'll come, the heavens rending:
The Crucified will come to judge;
He's coming soon to judge us.

5 Weary soul, weary soul, come at once to Jesus;
Come at once—come now to Him: come while He waits to save you.
The Saviour loves you: He's coming soon to judge you:
He lives to set you free from sin;
He shed His blood to save you.