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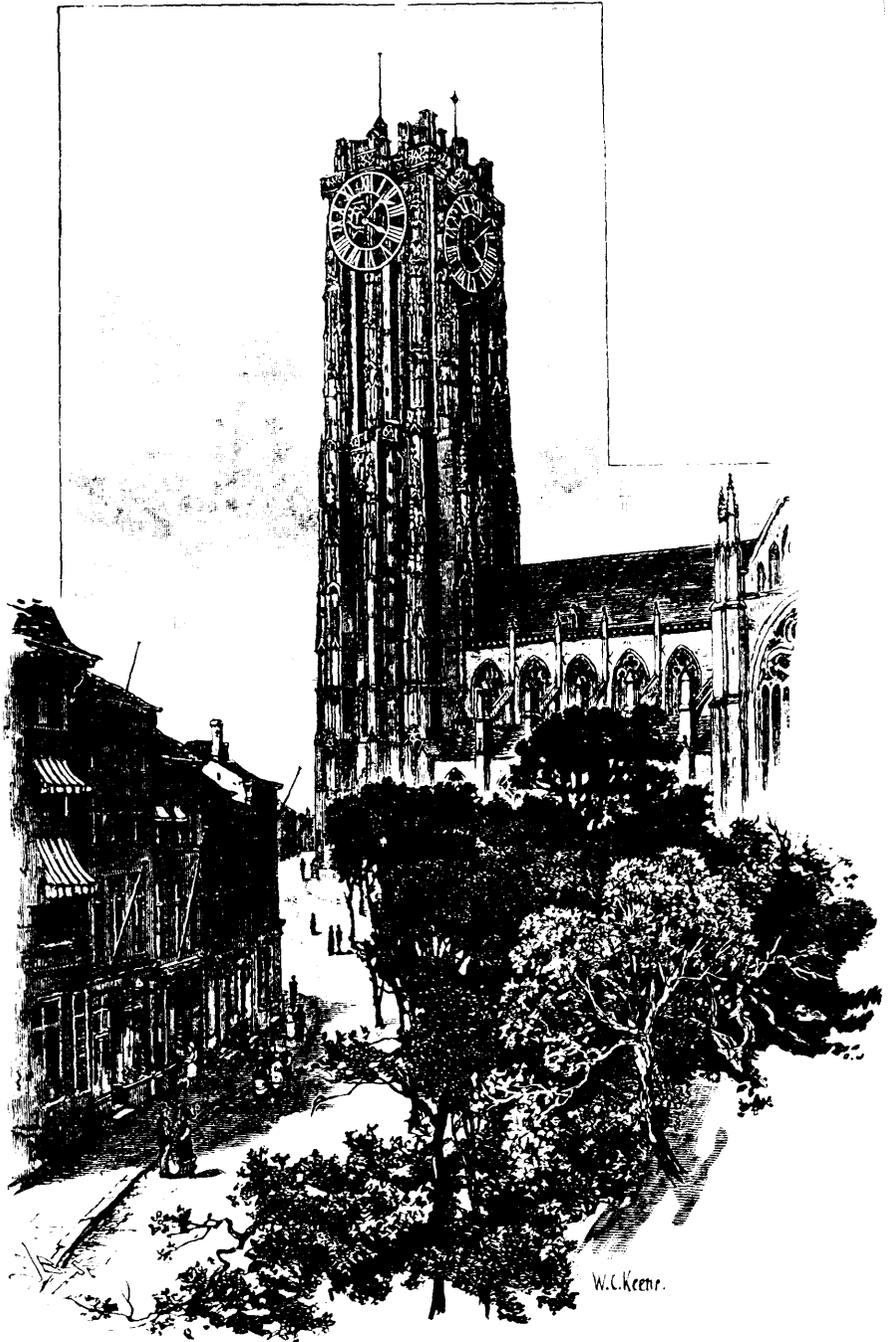
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MECHLIN CATHEDRAL.

THE Methodist Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1889.

FLEMISH PICTURES.

BY THE EDITOR.

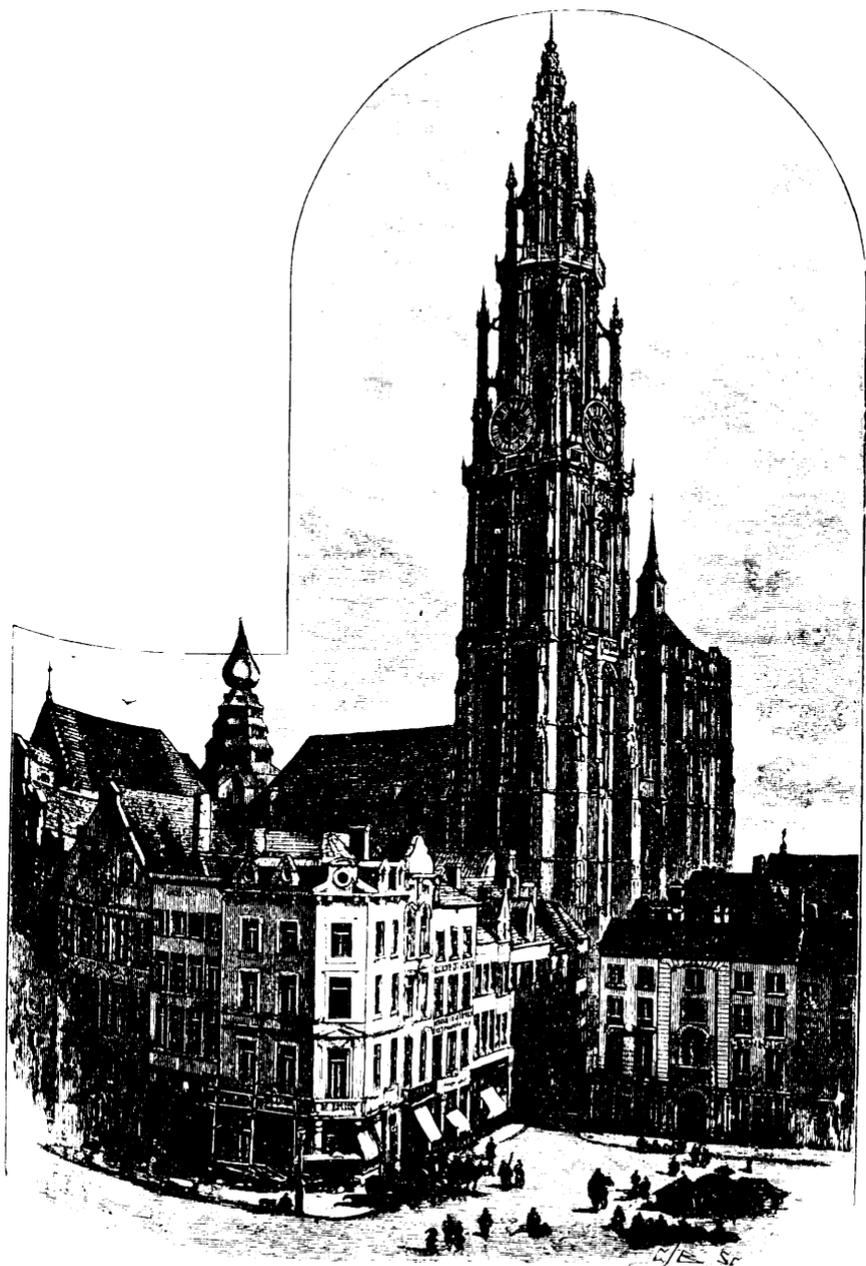
THE Netherlands, though for the most part deficient in picturesque scenery, possesses historic memories unsurpassed in heroic and romantic interest by those of any country in Europe. The Protestant struggle against the despotism of Spain is one of the grandest episodes in the history of mankind. The provinces of Brabant, Flanders, Hainault, and Holland, recall many a storied page of Motley, Prescott, and Robertson. The industries, art and literature of the Walloons, Flemings, and Dutch, both pique and gratify the curiosity of the tourist. Here, as nowhere else, he sees the *chefs d'œuvre* of Rubens, Vandyck, Rembrandt, and other Flemish masters.

Brussels, with a population of nearly 400,000, is another Paris, with its broad boulevards, its palaces, parks and squares, and its cafés and gay out-of-door life. In constructing new streets, the city offered prizes, from \$4,000 down, for the best twenty façades. The result is some of the finest architecture in Europe, characterized largely by the use of the human figure in caryatides and the like. The new Palais de Justice has cost \$1,000,000. Of the new, however, one can see enough in New York and Chicago. My own taste is for the old, and this was amply gratified. The ancient church of St. Gudule is of vast size and venerable majesty—one of the richest I have seen. The singing of the vespers at twilight was exquisitely sweet. The celebrated Hôtel de Ville, recently illustrated in this MAGAZINE, is one of the noblest town halls in Europe. Its flamboyant façade and exquisite open spire, soaring like a fountain 370 feet in the air, once seen can never be forgotten. At the summit the Archangel Michael forever waves his glittering sword as if to guard the city at his feet. The fretted stonework looks like petrified lace.

It is only an hour's ride from Brussels to Antwerp. At Vilvorde, six miles from Brussels, 360 years ago the English Reformer Tindale, for translating the Bible, was burned at the stake. His last words were, "Lord, open the King of England's eyes." The very next year—was it not an answer to his prayer?—the Bible was published in England by royal command, and a copy placed in every church.

Twelve miles from Brussels is the ancient town of Malines or Mechlin, 40,000 inhabitants, situated on the *Dyle*, which flows through the town in numerous arms and is crossed by thirty-five bridges. Notwithstanding its broad and regular streets, handsome squares, and fine buildings, it is a dull place, and totally destitute of the brisk traffic which enlivens most of the principal Belgian towns. The Cathedral of St. Rombold (shown in our frontispiece), begun at the end of the 12th century, completed in 1312, is a cruciform Gothic church with a richly decorated choir and a huge unfinished tower three hundred and twenty-four feet in height. The face of the clock on the tower is forty-nine feet in diameter. The church was almost entirely erected with money paid by the pilgrims who flocked hither in the 14th and 15th centuries to obtain the indulgences issued by Pope Nicholas V.

Antwerp, a busy city on the "lazy Scheldt," was, under Charles V., the most prosperous city in Europe. At that period thousands of vessels are said to have lain in the Scheldt at one time, while a hundred or more arrived and departed daily. Commerce, which luxury and revolution had banished from other Flemish towns, especially Bruges, sought refuge at Antwerp about the close of the 15th century. Under Charles V. Antwerp was perhaps the most prosperous and wealthy city on the continent, surpassing even Venice itself. The great fairs held here attracted merchants from all parts of the civilized world. But Spanish tyranny and the terrors of the Inquisition reduced the population to, at one time, 40,000. Its present population is about 160,000. It is strongly fortified, and has stood many a siege. The glory of the city is its magnificent cathedral. Its lofty open spire Napoleon compared to Mechlin lace, and Charles V. used to say it should be preserved in a glass case. Its interior is unique in this, that it has three aisles on each side of the nave. The perspective of the arches, supported on 125 columns, is very fine. The glory of the church is Rubens' masterpiece—his wonderful "Descent from the Cross." I confess to a lack of appreciation of Rubens. I can see little beauty in his figures, and they often have a vulgar



ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.

coarseness that is offensive to good taste. Of course, the masterful life and rich colouring of his pictures indicate the consummate artist. But there is none of the poetic feeling of Raphael, nor of the seraphic purity of Fra Angelico. Crowded around the venerable cathedral, like mendicants around the feet of a priest, are a lot of squalid old houses, that greatly mar its beauty. Beside the principal portal is an ancient well, covered by an intricate canopy of wrought iron, made in 1529 by Quentin Matsys, whom, as an inscription records, love of an artist's daughter transformed into a painter.—“*Connubialis amor Mulcibre fecit Appellem.*”

The Hôtel de Ville, with a splendid façade 300 feet long, rising to the height of 180 feet, contains some fine historic halls, one with an immense chimney-piece, with famous Bible reliefs.

In a neighbouring church-yard is an artificial Calvary, forty feet high, crowded with statues and saints and angels. Beneath is a grotto in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, and an iron-grated purgatory, in which carved figures in painted flames beseech alms for masses to procure their release. It has all the horror of Dante without any of the poetry.

The picture gallery is wonderfully rich in *chefs d'œuvre* of Flemish art; but none impressed me more than a dead Christ, by Matsys, whose deep pathos brings tears to the eyes. In the public squares are fine monuments of Rubens, Teniers, and Van dyck, and the streets bear the names of famous painters.

My most delightful memory of Antwerp is that of its sweet chimes. There are in all, in the cathedral tower, ninety-nine bells—the largest, at whose baptism Charles V. stood god-father, and gave his own name, weighs eight tons. Every quarter of an hour they ring out a beautiful *carillon*, and at the full hour they proclaim in more elaborate melody the flight of time. My hotel was in the Cathedral Square, and at night I lay awake listening to the exquisite strain and thinking of Longfellow's musical lines:

“As the evening shades descended,
 Low and loud and sweetly blended,
 Low at times and loud at times,
 And changing like a poet's rhymes,
 Rang the beautiful wild chimes.
 Then with deep sonorous clangour
 Calmly answering their sweet anger,
 When the wrangling bells had ended,
 Slowly struck the clock eleven;
 And from out the silent heaven,
 Silence on the town descended.”

Silence, silence everywhere.
On the earth and in the air."

Returning to Brussels, a ride of thirty-six miles, thence to Ghent, the railway traverses a flat and fertile country, cultivated like a garden. The ancient town of Ghent, celebrated in song and story, was the birthplace of our English John of Gaunt, of the Emperor



BELFRY OF GHENT.

Charles V., of the Van Artevelde, and of many another famed in history. In the fifteenth century it was one of the most important free cities of Europe, boasting 80,000 citizens capable of bearing arms. Its chief prosperity arose from its industrial supremacy, its weavers alone numbering 40,000. When the bell was rung that summoned them to work, so great was the living stream that no vessels might pass the drawbridges, nor private

persons enter the public ways. The same bell is still rung, but only to make more striking the contrast between its once surging throng and its now quiet and, in part, grass-grown streets. The old historic city has an air of fallen splendour, and of mouldering decay, that is almost pathetic. So great was its ancient prosperity that Charles V., playing upon the meaning of the name—from which we have the word gauntlet—said to Francis I.: “Je mettrai votre Paris dans mon Gant,”—“I will put Paris into my glove.”

The venerable Church of St. Bavon, unattractive and plain without, is exceedingly magnificent with the armorial bearings of the Knights of the Golden Fleece within. At the summit of its lofty spire is a golden dragon, captured in 1204 from St. Sophia at Constantinople. The chimes of the bells are wonderfully sweet, and ever and anon booms the great bell which bears the legend, “My name is Roland; when I toll there is fire, when I ring there is victory in the land.”* The day on which I visited it was the fête of the Assumption of the Virgin, and the Church was crowded with worshippers. A procession of priests in crimson, purple and gold, accompanied by vergers with crosses, halberds, and maces, and peasants in blue blouses and wooden shoes, passed through the aisles, while the deep-toned organ shook the solid walls. The Hôtel de Ville has an excellent flamboyant façade with a huge and massive tower fronting a square surrounded by Spanish houses, in which, in a conflict of stormy guilds, 500 men were slain 500 years ago. I visited the famous Beguinage, a little suburb surrounded by its own moat and walls, with eighteen convents, containing 1,000 Béguines, an order of nuns of extreme antiquity. In the *salon* is a fine Raphael, and specimens of the exquisite lacework of the nuns, some of which I purchased as souvenirs for dear ones far away.

I stopped at Bruges, chiefly on account of Longfellow's fine poem on its ancient belfry. In the fourteenth century Bruges was the greatest commercial centre of Europe. The ministers of twenty foreign powers dwelt within its walls, and vessels from Venice, Genoa, and Constantinople bore the wealth of the Orient to its wharves. In the Church of Our Lady—*Onze Vrouw*—is the splendid tomb of Charles the Bold and Mary of Burgundy, and many art treasures. The chapel of the “Holy Blood” and a colossal image of “God the Father” attest the sacrilegious super-

* “*Mynen naem is Roland; als ik klop is er brand, and als ik luy is er victorie in het land.*”

stition of the people. Of this I had a further illustration in the procession in honour of the Virgin, which took place on this wise:

In a side chapel of the church a number of young men arrayed



BELFRY OF BRUGES.

themselves in a sort of ecclesiastical dress, with facings of scarlet and gold. After much music and marshalling, the procession was organized—priests, acolytes, choristers, in their most gorgeous robes, carrying crosses and crucifixes and burning tapers; halberdiers in mediæval costumes, bearing battle-axes; young girls in white veils, with gilt palms in their hands, and gilt

wreaths on their heads, six of them carrying a richly adorned image of the Virgin, dressed in gold brocade; a troop of children, all in white and crowned with flowers; young men bearing banners, gilt shrines, and jewelled reliquaries; and a long procession of citizens, and bands of music playing martial airs in the intervals of the chanting of the priests and choir boys, while the continuous clamour of the bells rang through the air. The principal feature was a gorgeous canopy borne by four leading citizens over the "Host," which was enclosed in a jewelled pyx and carried by a splendidly appressed priest. Thurifers swung their censers; young girls strewed flowers, fern leaves, and palm branches before the sacred shrine; and the multitude of spectators fell down on their knees as the Real Presence of the Redeemer, as they imagined, passed by. Although some scowls were directed toward me as I stood erect, no one molested me. Candles were placed in the windows, and the houses were decorated with festoons and evergreens and wreaths of gilt ivy, as the pageant swept through the narrow streets, among mouldering monuments, and over an ancient bridge, in the placid waters beneath which the lilies floated, and stately swans dressed their snowy plumage, and an ivy-covered, ruined wall was reflected. It seemed more like an illuminated picture out of a mediæval missal than like an actual experience. I felt like rubbing my eyes to see whether I was dreaming or whether this strange pageant was a reality.

I then wandered into the Grand Place, a large square, at one side of which rose the celebrated Belfry of Bruges, of which Longfellow sings so pleasantly. I inquired for the Fleur-de-Blé at which he lodged, but found that it had been demolished. I lunched, therefore, at a little table in front of a café, and feasted my eyes meanwhile on the stately tower and listened to the musical chimes, pronounced the sweetest in Belgium; and mused upon the vanished splendours of the mouldering town. Near by was the beautifully carved Gothic Hôtel de Ville, where the Counts of Flanders, on their accession to the throne, used to fling largess to the people and swear to maintain the rights of the city. Longfellow thus recalls the associations of the scene:—

In the market-place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown,
Thrice consumed, and thrice rebuilt, still it watches o'er the town.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapours gay,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round the vast the landscape lay.

At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys, here and there,
Wreaths of snow-white smoke, ascending, vanished, ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in the ancient tower.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times,
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,

Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir :
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the day departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain ;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty Baldwin Bras de Fer,
Lyderick du Bueq and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre.

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old ;
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Fleece of Gold ;

Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies ;
Ministers from twenty nations ; more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground ;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur and Juliers bold,
Marching homeward from the bloody battle of the Spurs of Gold.

And again the whiskered Spaniard all the land with terror smote ;
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat ;

Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er lagoon and dyke of sand,
"I am Roland ! I am Roland ! there is victory in the land !"

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their graves once more.

Bruges had an ancient reputation for the beauty of its maidens
"formosis Brugæ puellis"—but they had an unintelligent ex-
pression that, to me, was less attractive than the bright looks of
our quick-witted Canadian girls. A blight and mildew—the
effect of Romish superstition—seem to have overgrown the place ;
one-third of the population are said to be paupers—and very
homely-looking ones they are—the women in long blue cloaks,
and wearing clumsy wooden shoes.

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

VI.

GOOD-BYE TO EGYPT.



AN EGYPTIAN BOY.

“No one visits Cairo without profit and loss.” So says, and says truly enough, a native proverb. There is so much to see, and so much to be left unseen, so much that must be compressed into a few days’ observation, and so much that needs long and

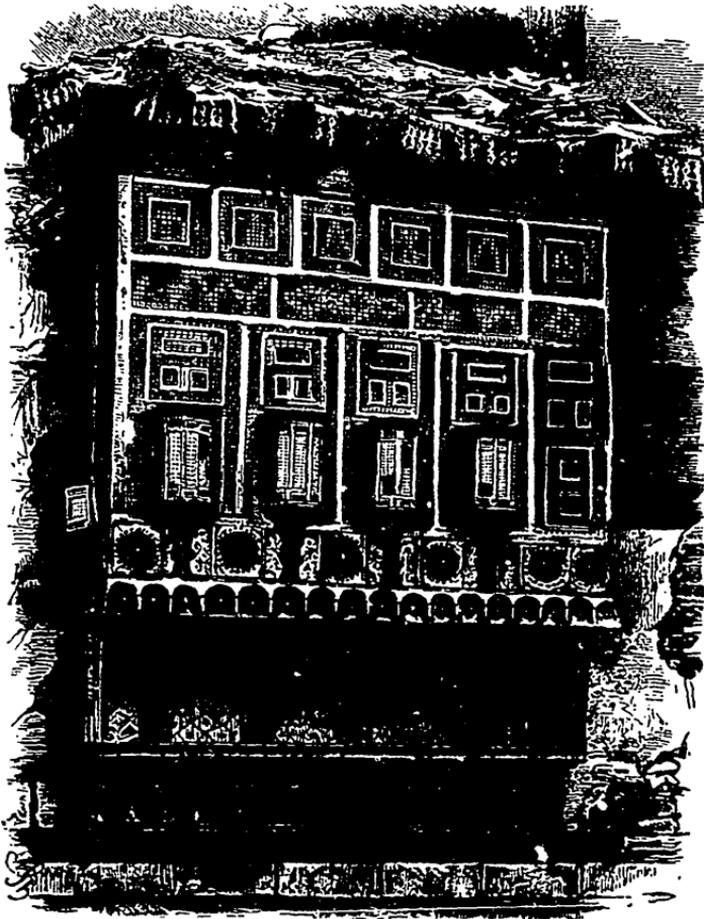
learned leisure for its due appreciation and enjoyment. Profit there is, undoubtedly, for a single drive through the quaint streets of the native town, a single ramble through the bazaars, will



CORNER IN CAIRO.

afford material for unqualified amazement, amusement and delight. A single cursory glimpse at its mediæval and mouldering mosques, at the tombs where its khalifs lie buried, and buried

ever deeper in the gradual decay of the superb buildings which enshrine their graves and their memories, will awaken thought and stimulate imagination and reflection, and fix on the memory most vivid and ineffaceable pictures. But loss there will be, just as unquestionably, for who can hope, in the brief sojourns of tourist travel, to take in a tithe of the manifold marvels of the



LATTICE WINDOW IN CAIRO.

City of the Khaliphs. And who but has regretted, as the train swept him out of the station, or the Nile boat bore him down the river to the sea, that while he has seen so much, so much more remained unseen, unvisited, unknown.

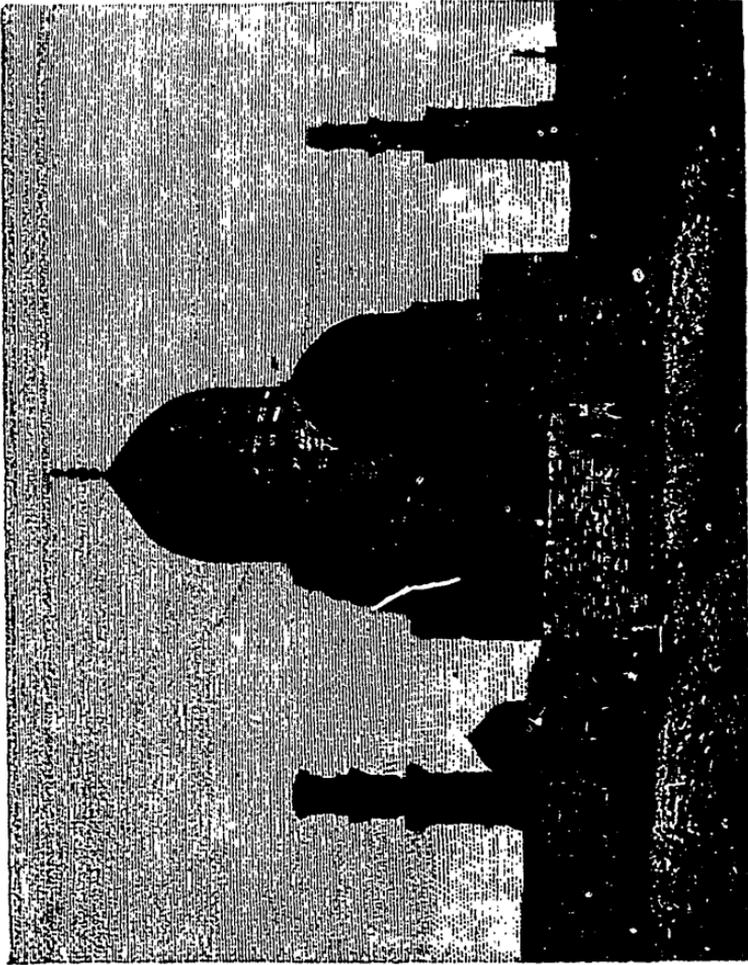
I have referred in a former paper to the sharp contrast everywhere apparent between the old order of things and the new,

between the stagnation and squalor of the purely oriental parts of the city, and the stateliness and splendour of those quarters in which western civilization and modern ideas have paramount influence. Not, indeed, that the Frenchy, fussy and flimsy style which I apprehend to be in the ascendant among a certain portion of the upper classes, is a bit healthier or more vigorous than the uncouth, and antiquated activities of most of the lower masses. But the rapid stream of western ideas and life has met here the sluggish current of orientalism, and it is obvious enough, even to the casual observer, that orientalism must eventually be merged in and swept along with the all-encroaching tide. Already its strength is broken, its power of resistance is gone. Orientalism, by which I mean the ideals, the habits, the stationary and stagnant semi-civilization of the east, has its basis in Mohammedanism. The religion of the east has, for many a century, dominated, directed and defined its every interest and activity, but the religion of the east is *effete*.

I visited three or four of the most famous mosques of Cairo, but, with the exception of the Citadel Mosque, already described, they were in advanced stages of decay. Very lofty and very strong they had been, no doubt, and very picturesque and charming in point of architectural design and detail they were, but all were, more or less, and some very much, out of repair, and no repair had been made or seemed probable. They had seen better days, these mosques, evidently enough; but, just as evidently, those palmy days were over. I think that general out-of-repair condition of the mosques very significant, for the genuine religious interest and principle of people can be very fairly estimated by the condition of their places of worship; and, certainly, judged by this standard, the religion of the Moslem has lost ground immensely. Take the mosque of Sultan Hassan, or the immense El Azhar Mosque, for instance. How eloquently they speak of past glories. Or take those splendid examples of Saracenic architecture, the Tombs of the Khaliphs. It is a vision of beauty that will indeed be a joy for ever, the sight of those exquisitely graceful domes against the clear blue Egyptian sky; but go inside, and the broken floors, the decaying walls, the crumbling mosaics, tell of something more than material disintegration and dilapidation. Mohammedanism doubtless has a strong hold on the narrow minds and superstitious hearts of the poor and the illiterate, but surely its hold must be weak on the principles, or, at all events, on the pockets of the more cultured and wealthy of those who are

counted as its adherents. Not that it is suffering, apparently, from the efforts of missionaries of the Gospel, it is suffering rather from internal disease, presage, let us hope, of speedy, as it certainly is of ultimate, decline.

Apropos of missionaries, I had opportunity of seeing some of



TOMBS OF THE KHALIFHS.

the grand and hopeful work being done in this centre of Moslem fanaticism. Miss Whately bears a name that is famous in her father's right, and not less so in her own; and it was a great joy to see her well-known school, and to chat with her afterwards upon the progress and prospects of her noble work. For years she has toiled in Cairo, scores and scores of girls trained in her schools have gone out, under strong Christian influence, into the

homes of the city, and as wives and mothers to-day they are spreading the leaves quietly but surely. The American Presbyterians have a vigorous mission in Cairo also, and in Egypt as in Palestine, are perseveringly and wisely working for the evangelization of the people so dense in darkness and degradation.

It must be remembered, too, that in Egypt the Coptic Christian Church numbers many adherents, and that these Christians, so true and steadfast to their faith through the persecutions of centuries, have won a great deal of toleration from their fanatical fellow-countrymen. We visited, in old Cairo, a quaint suburb, now of the more modern city, the chief church of the Copts—an extraordinary structure, and somewhere within the dim labyrinth that led to it a Coptic school. Far up the Nile valley are communities of Copts, with their religion and their schools; and though the light is dim in the ancient church, and burns feebly all the more because shrouded in a thousand superstitions, still it is there, and if kindled and brightened might be a focus point of radiance to lighten these dark lands far more quickly and thoroughly than they could be reached by any outside agency. The Copt himself is a lineal descendant of the ancient Egyptians, and he has kept his race-blood pure by refusal to intermarry with other and inferior races. Down-trodden and despised for centuries, it may be that the Coptic race shall yet again make its mark upon the history of the Land of the Pharaohs, and help to lift it to the level it is providentially fitted to occupy.

"Egypt is the gift of the Nile," says the Egyptian proverb; and the far-reaching truth of the saying is very evident to the traveler. The land itself is made up largely of the fertile silt swept down from time immemorial by the beneficent river, and annually the largess of the inundating flood is distributed to keep up and increase the fertility of the soil. On the island of Rhoda, near Cairo, stands the Nilometer, whose graduated shaft of stone shows the anxious watchers the height to which the water rises, and the consequent certainty of good harvest or failure. A few inches above the average means abundance; a few inches below, failure or famine.

Nowhere in the world, I suppose, is irrigation by artificial means so studied and practised. Rain never falls, and the burning sun overhead speedily draws the moisture from the light soil, and constantly must water be given to the fields or they would all become dry and dusty wastes. By the banks of the Nile one hears constantly the creak of the *sakiyehs*—the great water

wheels turned by oxen—drawing up water for the irrigating rivulets that run through the fields, and by the canals the long lever of the *shadoof* swings up and down almost ceaselessly, as the patient and long-suffering fellahin ply their motionless toil.

My last journey in Egypt was interesting in the highest degree. It was by rail from Cairo to Ismailia, and thence by Suez Canal to Port Said. "By rail from Cairo to Ismailia" sounds commonplace enough, but what a wealth of association, ancient and modern, clusters around the trip. For the rail runs through the land of Goshen, and not far from the newly discovered sites of Pithon and Raameses, where the Israelites were toiling when Moses summoned them to freedom and nationality. Close at hand by Zagazig station are the mounds which mark the site of famed Bubastis, where the shovel of the excavator is unearthing such splendid ruins. And Tanis the royal city, the Zoan of Scripture, where the wonders

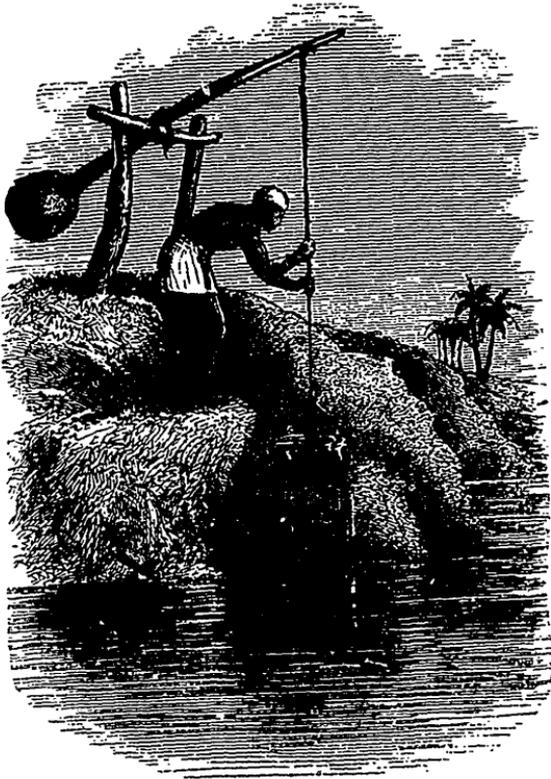


SAKIYEH.

of Jehovah's power at length subdued the self-hardened and haughty Pharaoh, is not far off from where we speed along—the encroaching sand of the desert on one horizon, the grassy swamps and salt pools on the other.

How strangely modern incident mingles with ancient memories. Here is Tel-el-Kebir station, the battle-field beside it, and the railway running close to the cemetery where the gallant British

soldiers sleep their long sleep; and here, at length, tree-shaded Ismailia, and that marvel of modern achievement, the Suez Canal. A steam-launch lies at the wharf, baggage and passengers are soon transferred and, afloat in the deep cutting, with the dim sand banks bounding the view at a few yards on either side, we speed swiftly toward Port Said, once more to take ship on the blue Mediterranean, and exchange the land of Bondage for the land of Promise.



SHADOOF.

What Egypt might become under wise laws, and righteous administration, it is impossible to adequately determine. She has the natural facilities for taking a high and honourable place among the happy and prosperous lands of the earth. But, alas, she is under the wide-spreading upas of Turkish domination, and blighted and blasted of necessity thereby. Her ruler is prince but in name; her aristocracy effeminate, lustful and lazy;

her government a chaos of coercion and corruption; her peasantry crushed and cowed, till hope and spirit are well-nigh exhausted. The ægis of British protection was over her when I saw her; it is over her to-day. Shall it be withdrawn? That is a question which has many sides; it is a question which I shall certainly not presume to answer. But even the most casual observation of life and society in Egypt must show that there are elements in it utterly incompatible with peace and progress, fires quietly

smouldering that need but vent to burst into a blaze. There, is now security for life and property, and business may be carried on and travel indulged with absolute safety. But who would guarantee this security a week after the Union Jack had ceased to fly at the Citadel in Cairo? Not many in Cairo itself, I think.

On the Suez Canal, the steam-launch on which I was passenger ran into and sank a native boat. The boat with her lateen sail filled with wind was approaching from the opposite direction, and utter unwatchfulness or mismanagement on the part of the two Arabs who formed her crew brought her, just as we reached her, across our bows. It was impossible to avoid collision, and next moment we crashed into her and ran her down. The men were saved; our own passengers, though startled, were uninjured, and our launch, leaky through the shock, reached port in safety, but the native boat was hopelessly wrecked, and the last we saw of her



TURKISH OFFICER.

was the big white sail floating on the canal, as in the gathering darkness we sped on toward Port Said. Something similar, I fancy, is sure to happen to Egypt. Her government, hopelessly incapable, unwatchful and mismanaged, will come into inevitable collision with the humanity, the justice, the conscience of Christendom, and will go finally and forever down. The crew saved, and the future unembarrassed; the sooner such an ultimatum comes the better for all concerned.

A man is what his heart is—his faith and hopes and purposes. *These are himself*, both the foundation and the superstructure of his entire personality. As he thinketh in his heart, so is he.—*Dwight.*

THE GREATNESS OF LONDON.*

THE growth of London, even in this age of great cities, is one of the marvels of the nineteenth century. The Great Metropolis, which Guizot once described as "a province covered with houses," has ceased to be a metropolis only—it has become a kingdom. When, in 1871, we first visited "the modern Babylon," the population of what is called Inner, or Registration, London was 3,284,260. Ten years later the aggregate of men, women, and children within the same district had swelled to 3,814,471, showing an increase of over 530,000—a number not far from the population of Liverpool or Chicago. In 1880 the inhabitants of Greater London—that is, the Metropolitan District—numbered 4,790,000; to-day it must be considerably more than five million souls. In other words, the population of the British metropolis is more than half that of Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland united; is three times that of Greece; is a million larger than that of Scotland; equals that of nine Chicagos; and is almost as great as that of the State of New York, with the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse, Buffalo, etc., included. In the six hundred and ninety square miles that lie within a range of fifteen miles of Charing Cross, more people are crowded together than are to be found in all the Queen's dominions in North America. If the great bell of St. Paul's were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin sound, more ears would hear it than could hear the loudest roar of Vesuvius or Etna. Stand in the ball above the dome of that great edifice, and you will gaze upon a panorama of life and industry such as you can gaze upon from no other point on the globe. As all roads led to Rome, so they now lead to London, and the vibrations of life and progress here quiver and tremble from every continent and great island on the globe.

All impulses to trading activity, all outgoings of enterprise and energy that build up markets in the most distant parts of the earth, make their efforts visible and palpable in the metropolis. Like a heart to which blood flows, and from which it pours, money, goods, business arrive thither from the four quarters of the globe, and flow thence to distant poles. No sound of war or

*This paper is in large part taken from the graphic sketches of London by William Mathews, LL.D., in his admirable volume on "Men, Places and Things." Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

peace, no convulsion in state or kingdom, but mingles its echoes with the roar of London. No great bankruptcy or embezzlement, no robbery or assassination, but speeds on lightning wings to this great focus of intelligence. No disaster by fire or flood, by



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, LONDON.

earthquake or landslide, but sobs its story here. No ship goes down in Atlantic or Pacific tempest, in near or distant seas, but the moaning winds whisper of it in this ear of the world. The tick of the clock at the antipodes is audible here, and if a storm blow along the Himalayas it instantly disturbs the London barom-

eter. The population of London comprises more than one hundred thousand foreigners, and more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than all Palestine. Every four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death.

London is not merely the largest and most rapidly spreading city in the world, but it exceeds in opulence and luxury, and probably, too, in chronic destitution and misery, every other city; and every year its wealth and wretchedness increase upon a scale to which history affords no parallel. The area already covered by the mighty town, which adds another big town to its mass each succeeding year, is about 450,000 square acres, and it contains 700,000 houses, of which 26,170 were built in 1881. During the last thirty years whole districts, large as cities, have arisen, as by the wand of an enchanter. In that time the length of the streets has been increased by over fifteen hundred miles, of which eighty-six miles were constructed in 1881. London stands in four counties, and is striding on to a fifth. In its march it has swallowed up hundreds of suburban villages, and it threatens to engulf many more. In one direction it has devoured Bow, Blackwall, and Stratford, and licks its lips for Ilford and Barking; in another it has nearly reached Hammersmith, and menaces Chiswick and Turnham Green. Hampstead and Highgate are almost overtaken by it on the north, and on the south its antennæ nearly touch Dulwich and Balham.

"When a man is tired of London," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." Charles Lamb used to shed tears in the motley and crowded Strand from fulness of joy at the sight of so much life. In contemplating this "tuberosity of civilization" (as Carlyle terms the modern Babylon), now more than twice the size of Paris, who can realize that it was once confined to the hill above the Walbrook; that an estuary filled what is now St. James's Park; and that Camberwell and Peckham, if on dry ground at all, were on the margin of a vast shallow lake, interspersed with marshes and dotted with islets? Yet we are told by Mr. Loftie, in his recent History of London, that there was a prehistoric time when elephants roamed on the banks of the Thames, when Westminster was a haunt of stags, and when the men who slew them slew them with weapons of stone.

It is said that there are more churches and chapels in London than in all Italy. London has nearly thirteen thousand policemen, twelve thousand cabmen, and twelve thousand post-office

employés. It has over six hundred railway stations, and it is said that nearly fifteen hundred passenger-trains pass Clapham Junction daily. The London omnibus Company have over six hundred omnibuses, which carry more than fifty-six millions of passengers a year, and the Underground Railway transports fifty millions more. In 1881, 157,886 foot-passengers and 21,460 vehicles passed in one day over London Bridge alone. No fewer than eight hundred thousand business men enter the city in the morning, and leave it in the evening for suburban residences. London has eighty-five thousand paupers to relieve, besides the insane; and for their relief it has a thousand and one charitable



“POET'S CORNER,” WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

societies, whose income in 1881 was £4,453,000 sterling, or upwards of twenty-two and a quarter millions of dollars—a sum greater than the whole revenue of Sweden, double that of Denmark, and treble that of Switzerland. During the same year the increase of this income was itself £331,356. Of these societies ninety-two home and foreign missions receive £1,481,600; eighty-nine hospitals receive £528,277; one hundred and twelve dispensaries and nursing institutions receive £102,489; and one hundred and sixty-

two pensions for the aged receive £431,770. Half a million sterling is consumed by ninety-three institutions for general relief, and eleven for food and money gifts; and a million and a half more is divided among ninety-four voluntary homes, fifty-four orphanages, twenty protective societies, sixty-nine reformatories, a hundred and one educational charities, and thirty-five social improvement homes. Of this prodigious charity revenue, it is said (we know not with how much truth) that a large portion is spent in red tape. There are six hundred and thirteen

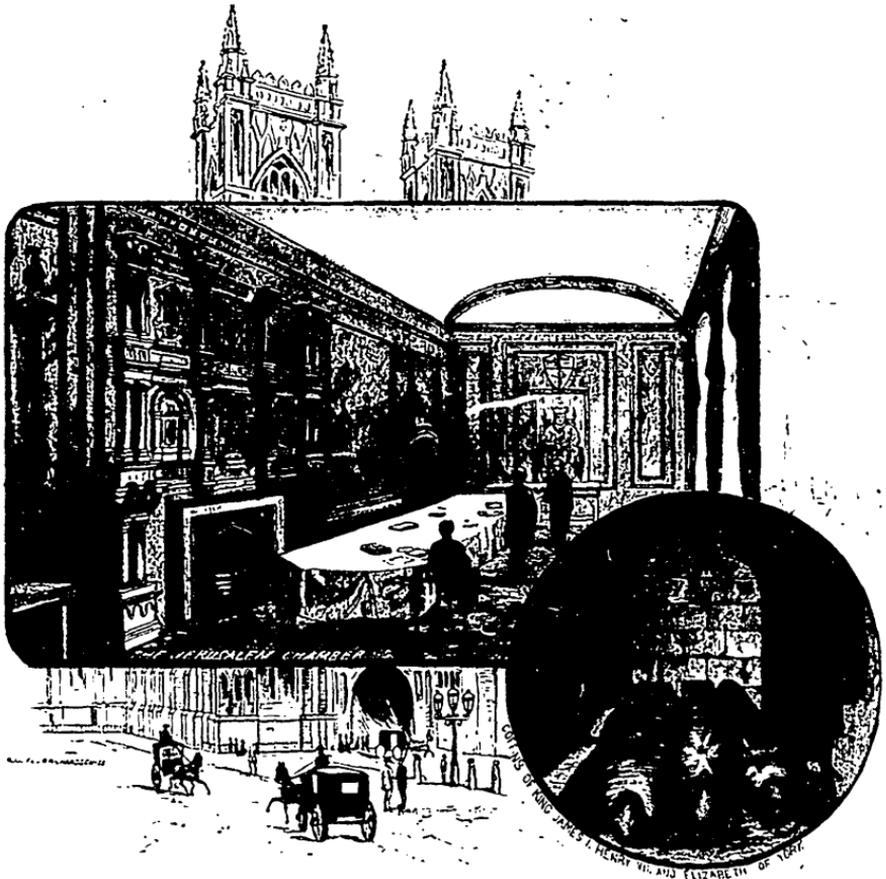
pawnbrokers in London, with whom from thirty to forty millions of pledges are deposited annually. It is estimated by an able writer in the *Quarterly Review* for January, 1883, that each of three hundred thousand families in London is constrained by dire necessity to resort to the pawnbroker one hundred times in the course of every year.

London consumes forty thousand tons of coal every winter's day in its domestic fireplaces alone; it consumes thirteen million dollars' worth of gas every year; and the water-supply is over one hundred million of gallons a day. One hundred and thirty thousand tons of fish are required by London every year; it consumes six hundred thousand quarts of milk every day, or two hundred and nineteen million quarts a year, at an expense of four and a half million pounds per annum; and to distribute this milk in small quantities over the enormous area of the metropolis five thousand persons are required (without counting managers, clerks, shopmen, and shopwomen), assisted by more than fifteen hundred horses and mules. It has been estimated that if the fronts of the beer-shops and gin-palaces in London were placed in a row they would stretch from Charing Cross to Chichester,—a distance of sixty-two miles; and, again, it was estimated twenty-five years ago that if all the ale, beer, and porter drunk during a year in London were put in barrels, and these barrels were piled up in Hyde Park, they would form a thousand columns, not less than a mile in perpendicular height.

Thirty-four hundred persons were maimed and otherwise injured, and two hundred and fifty-two persons were run over and killed in the streets in 1881,—being three times as many killed, and ten times as many wounded, as it cost to storm Arabi's position at Tel-el-Kebir, and a greater number, omitting the employés of the roads, than the annual total of the killed and injured on all the railways of England. Twenty-two thousand felonies are committed, on an average, every year in London; and the acts of house-breaking and burglaries amount to fourteen hundred and thirty-one. One hundred and seventy-seven persons mysteriously disappeared in 1881; seven hundred attempted suicides; 27,228 were apprehended for drunkenness and disorderly conduct; and three thousand persons were arrested for beggary, and having no visible means of support.

The Cook tourist who "does" other cities in two or three days, finds himself appalled by the stupendous magnitude of London. Adequately to see Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or any other great Con-

tinental capital, demands much time, patience, and strength; but to acquaint oneself with that colossal emporium of men, wealth, arts, and intellectual power,—the world's capital, which covers an area of so many square miles, on the banks of the Thames, one needs the feet of a centipede, the eyes of Argus, a brain with four lobes, the will of a Cromwell, and “the final perseverance of the



JERUSALEM CHAMBER—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

saints.” London is infinitely vaster and more complex in its development than any other city on the globe. It is the visible embodiment in brick and stone of the country as a whole, and is not so much a city as a congeries of cities, an aggression of towns, of ever-changing hue. In this harlequin town you will find streets extending for miles in length, and streets hardly a hundred feet long; streets with houses built after the same pattern,

and streets with hardly two houses alike; streets crossing each other at all angles, streets ending with a park, and streets ending with a wall; streets running under lofty arches, and streets running over viaducts of granite and iron; streets narrowing, widening, and crooking in their course; here lined with magnificent edifices, and there with the abodes of poverty and vice; streets paved with granite, streets paved with asphaltum, and streets paved with wood. From every street diverge innumerable alleys, lanes, byways, short-cuts, and arched passages, some straight and some oblique, leading to courts, squares, markets, churches, schools, colleges, or to other streets again. Railroads greet you everywhere, with trains thundering over the houses, trains crossing stone bridges, and trains rumbling underground. At every point of the compass you see lofty church-spires, monuments towering in the sky, and tall chimneys of innumerable factories pouring out columns of smoke that hang like a gloomy pall over the town.

Go to the river-bank, and you will see both sides of the Thames lined with huge buildings crowded with merchandise from every clime; you will see a thousand acres of docks stretching far inland, in which six thousand ships are lying every day in the year from all quarters of the globe,—docks, one of which alone is said to employ over three thousand men in loading and unloading the vessels in the basin, where one hundred million tons of produce have been stored at a time, and of which the West India alone are capable of holding one hundred and eighty thousand tons of goods. You will see there all the types of humanity, and hear all the principal languages spoken under the sun; you will see the blue-eyed Norwegian elbowing the sandy-haired Scotchman, and the Milesian, the bronzed African; the yellow Chinese, with his small almond-shaped eyes, sallow skin, and long pig-tail, jostling the hatchet-faced, raw-boned Yankee; the Russian, the German, the Malay rushing about, knocking against one another and exchanging jests,—perhaps oaths and fist-cuffs. You will see on the Thames innumerable passenger-steamers shooting under the arches of the dozen magnificent bridges, and steam-ships, ships, brigs, barques, schooners, war-vessels, barges, propellers, tugs, scows, mud-boats, dredging-machines, canal boats, and floating hospitals and prisons, sailing about or lying at anchor on the eternally vexed stream. Gorgeous shops, mammoth hotels, galleries of paintings, museums crammed with priceless treasures; libraries with millions of vol-

umes; countless theatres, palaces and houses decorated with exquisite taste; numerous gambling-hells, churches cheek-by-jowl with gin-palaces and other haunts of vice; gardens, clubs, restaurants, chop-houses, coffee-houses, markets, lecture-rooms in gloomy alleys; great banks, book-stores, and publishing-houses in narrow lanes; great schools behind grimy brick walls; tenement-houses where women in fireless rooms make collars for five cents a dozen, or a gross of match-boxes for five cents. These are some of the individuals that make up the great aggregate of this monster town, which has no parallel in ancient or modern times.



EMIGRANT SHIP. LEAVING LONDON.

In no other city in the world does a stranger, left to himself for the first time in the streets, especially at night, experience such a sense of desertion and loneliness as in this vast metropolis. De Quincy, writing half a century ago, when London had swollen to only one-third its present size, vividly describes the feeling with which a man finds himself a poor shivering unit in this great aggregate of humanity, but one wave in a total Atlantic. one plant (and a parasitic plant besides, needing alien props) in an American forest :

“No loneliness,” he observes, “can be like that which weighs upon the heart in the centre of faces never ending, without voice or utterance for him; eyes innumerable, that have no speculation in their orbs which he

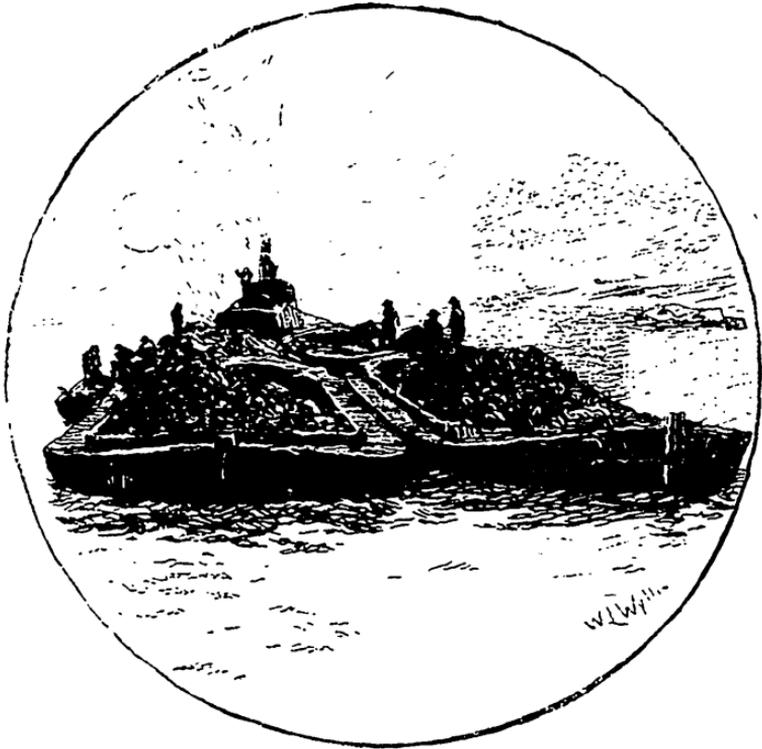
can understand; and hurrying figures of men and women weaving to and fro, with no apparent purpose intelligible to a stranger, seeming like a mass of maniacs, or oftentimes, like a pageant of phantoms. The great length of the streets in many quarters of London; the continual opening of transient glimpses into other vistas equally far-stretching, going off at right angles to the one which you are traversing; and the murky atmosphere, which, settling upon the remoter end of every long avenue, wraps its termination in gloom and uncertainty—all these are circumstances aiding that sense of vastness and illimitable proportions which forever broods over the aspect of London in its interior."

It is a consequence of the vast size of London that there can be no intimacy, no unity of interest, among its different parts. It has been said that Ezekiel might be preaching in Smithfield, or Camberwell be swallowed up by an earthquake, and the people of St. John's Wood know nothing of it till they saw it announced in the newspapers next morning. Corporate life in London, such as we see in other even great cities, is an impossibility; for a hundred years, or since the Gordon riots, it has never, except perhaps lately, been agitated simultaneously in all its parts.

The great physical curse of "the modern Babylon" is its smoke and fog, which are becoming every year more and more intolerable, poisoning the citizens to such a degree that it is said that a Londoner may be known in any part of the world where he may die, if his lungs be examined, their colour is so sooty. During the fogs of 1879-80 asthma increased 220 per cent., and bronchitis 331 per cent.; and in the week ending February 13th, 1882, the dense fogs sent up the death-rate from 27.1 in the previous week to 35.3. Yet, strange to say, thanks to its scores of parks, London, in which, in the reign of George II., the deaths exceeded the births by nearly eleven thousand a year, is now, with its mortality of only twenty-one in a thousand, one of the healthiest cities on the globe. These parks, which are the lungs of the great metropolis, are probably larger and more numerous than in any other great city in the world. Some of them are the greens of the villages which the giant city has devoured in its progress; but the great majority, and especially the more extensive ones, are the gift of the Crown. What other great towns in England have owed to the munificence of rich citizens or to the self-imposed taxation of the people, London has owed to the wise liberality of the English kings, whose ancestors luckily, through love of sport, had provided themselves with ample parks for that purpose, close by the palaces in or near London. Of what inestimable value these

parks, given up by the Crown or bought out of Imperial funds, and maintained by annual votes of Parliament, are to the metropolis, may be judged by the fact that they comprise, altogether, nearly six thousand acres, and that their maintenance costs the public about £100,000 a year.

We will now refer briefly to the cuts which illustrate this article. We will begin with the Houses of Parliament. This stately pile is probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world,



COAL BARGES ON THE THAMES.

and in its symmetry and composition no less than in its imposing proportions is a not unworthy home of the Mother-Parliament of the world. It covers an area of nearly nine acres, presenting to the Thames a frontage of almost one thousand feet, and containing between five and six hundred distinct apartments, with two miles of corridors. About three millions sterling have been expended upon it; and the most rigid economist will hardly allege that the sum, vast as it is, has been ill spent.

One of the finest features of the pile is the Victoria Tower—the loftiest and largest square tower in the world, being seventy-five

feet square, and having a height of three hundred and thirty-six feet to the top of the pinnacle. Small as it may look from below, the flag-staff at the top is one hundred and ten feet high, and at



WATERLOO BRIDGE, LONDON.

the base three feet in diameter, and the flag which it on occasion flaunts is sixty feet by forty feet. Adjacent to the Parliament Houses is the venerable Abbey of Westminster, described in previous numbers of this MAGAZINE.

Our second cut shows a part of the "Poet's Corner," with its monuments of many of England's uncrowned kings who "still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns."

The cut on page 119 shows the Jerusalem Chamber, a large hall in the deanery attached to Westminster Abbey. It possesses a remarkable historic interest, as being the place of meeting of the Westminster Assembly of divines in 1643, and also the place of meeting of the translators of the Authorized Version of the Bible of 1611, and of the Revised Version of our own day.

Here, too, died Henry IV. (1413) when on the eve of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whereby was fulfilled, in a sense, the prediction that he should die at Jerusalem. The scene is thus described by Shakespeare :

King Henry.—Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon !

Warwick.—'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord,

King Henry.—Laud be to God ! Even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :—
But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

In the vaults of the Abbey are contained the tombs of many of the kings and queens of England. In one of these lay for four hundred years the remains of Queen Katharine of Valois, wife of



OLD TEMPLE BAR, LONDON.

Henry V.—the “Bonny Kate” of Shakespeare. Though the daughter of a king and the mother of Henry VI., and grandmother of Henry VII., her remains were so exposed that Dean Stanley procured their re-interment. Of all her beauty and bravery naught was found but a handful of dust and some remnants of the cerecloth in which she was wrapped.

One of the most striking features of the great city is, of course, the storied Thames, the scene of many a stately historic pageant, and to-day the most crowded pathway of commerce in the world. Below London Bridge it is a perfect forest of masts, where ships from every port do congregate—from the petty Dutch trawler to

the giant vessel which will carry two thousand troops or emigrants. Above the bridges only the little penny steamers ply, whose smoke pipes seem to snap right off every time they pass under the arches of the many bridges. One of the most common features is the group of dull-looking coal-barges, rendered necessary by the enormous consumption of the soot-producing chimneys of the world-metropolis.

The cut on page 124 shows Waterloo Bridge, one of the finest in the world. It was completed over seventy years ago and cost \$5,000,000. It is one thousand two hundred and sixty yards long, and rests on nine arches, each of one hundred and twenty-foot span, and thirty-five feet high. Many of the relics of Old London are being removed to make way for what some antiquarian has called "the deadly march of improvement." One of these was old Temple Bar; it marked the entrance to the "city" proper, and even the sovereign had to stop and obtain from the Lord Mayor leave to pass through. It was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1670. The heads of many State criminals have been barbarously exhibited on iron spikes on the top of the gate.

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

OUT of the bosom of the air,
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
 Silent and soft and slow,
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
 Suddenly shape in some divine expression,
 Even as the troubled heart doth make
 In the white countenance confession,
 The troubled sky reveals
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
 This is the secret of despair,
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
 Now whispered and revealed
 To wood and field.

THE PROPERTY OF
 BOARDMAN MECHANICAL
 INSTITUTE.

ON SOME SUPPOSED CONSEQUENCES OF THE DOCTRINE
OF HISTORICAL PROGRESS.*

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D.

II.

CAST your eyes over the human characters of history, and observe to how great an extent the most soaring and eccentric of them are the creatures of their country and their age. Examine the most poetic of human visions, and mark how closely they are connected, either by way of direct emanation or of reaction, with the political and social circumstances amidst which they were conceived; how manifestly the Utopia of Plato is an emanation from the Spartan commonwealth; how manifestly the Utopia of Rousseau is a reaction against the artificial society of Paris. What likelihood, then, was there that the imagination of a peasant of Galilee would spring at a bound beyond place and time, and create a type of character perfectly distinct in its personality, yet entirely free from all that entered into the special personalities of the age; a type which satisfies us as entirely as it satisfied him, and which, as far as we can see or imagine, will satisfy all men to the end of time.

The character of Mahomet, and the character which is represented by the name of Buddha, were no doubt great improvements in their day on anything which had preceded them among the races out of which they arose. But the character of Mahomet was deeply tainted with fierce Arab enterprise, that of Buddha with languid Eastern resignation: and all progress among the nations by which these types were consecrated has long since come to an end.

M. Comte has constructed for his sect a whimsical Calendar of historic characters, in imitation of the Roman Catholic Calendar of Saints. Each month and each day is given to the historic representative of some great achievement of humanity. Theocracy is there, represented by Moses, ancient poetry by Homer,

*Through the courtesy of Professor Goldwin Smith, we are permitted to reproduce this admirable lecture, delivered at the University of Oxford—one of the noblest demonstrations, it seems to us, ever written of the divine origin of Christianity, and of the guiding hand of God in the history of the race.—ED.

ancient philosophy by Aristotle, Roman Civilization by Cæsar, Feudal Civilization by Charlemagne, and so forth; the ancient saints having their modern counterparts, and each having a crowd of minor saints belonging to the same department of historical progress in his train. Catholicism is there, represented somewhat strangely by St. Paul instead of St. Peter. Christianity is not there: neither is Christ. It cannot be asserted that a person circumstantially mentioned by Tacitus is less historical than Prometheus, Orpheus, and Numa, who all appear in this Calendar; and the allegation that there is no Christianity but Catholicism, and that St. Paul, not Christ, was its real founder, is too plainly opposed to facts to need discussion. The real reason, I apprehend, is that Christianity and its Author, though unquestionably historical, have no peculiar historical characteristics, and no limited place in history. And are we to believe that men whose culture was so small, and whose range of vision was necessarily so limited as those of the first Christians, produced a character which a French atheist philosopher of the nineteenth century finds himself unable to treat as human, and place, in historical relations, among the human benefactors of the race? Do you imagine that it is from respect for the feelings of Christian society that M. Comte hesitates to put this name into his Calendar, beside the names of Cæsar and Frederick the Great? The treatise in which the Calendar is given opens with an announcement that M. Comte, by a decisive proclamation, made at what he is pleased to style the memorable conclusion of his course of lectures, has inaugurated the reign of Humanity and put an end to the reign of God.

The essence of man's moral nature, clothed with a personality so vivid and intense as to excite through all ages the most intense affection, yet divested of all those peculiar characteristics, the accidents of place and time, by which human personalities are marked—what other notion than this can philosophy form of Divinity manifest on earth?

The acute and candid author of "The Soul" and the "Phases of Faith" has felt, though he has not clearly expressed, the critical importance of this question. He has felt that a perfect type of character was the essence of a practical religion, and that if the Christian type was perfect it would be hopeless to set up a new religion beside it. Accordingly he tries to point out imperfections in the character of Christ; and the imperfections which he points out are two in number. The first is the exhibition of indignation against the hypocritical and soul-murdering tyranny

of the Pharisees. This is surely a strange exception to be taken by one who is himself a generous denouncer of tyranny and oppression. I have little doubt that had no indignation against sanctimonious crime been exhibited, its absence would have been seized upon as a proof of imperfect humanity. The second defect alleged is the absence of mirth, and of laughter as its natural and genial manifestation. This objection, though it grates strangely on our ears, is not unreasonable. Mirth is a real part of our moral nature, significant as well as the rest. The great ministers of pure and genial mirth, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Molière, have fulfilled a mission of mercy and justice as well as of pleasure to mankind, and have their place of honour in history with the other great benefactors of the race. And, on the other hand, the attempts to expel mirth from human life and character made by certain austere sects, have resulted not only in moroseness, but in actual depravity. If this element of good in history is really alien to the Christian type, the Christian type is imperfect; we shall have a moral type beside it and beyond it, and at a certain point we shall become aware of its imperfection, and our absolute allegiance to it will cease.

But before determining this question, the objector would have done well to inquire what mirth really was; whether it was a radically distinct feeling, or only a phase of feeling; and whether laughter was of its essence or only an accident? Mirth, pity and contempt seem to be three emotions which are all excited by human weakness. To weakness add suffering, and mirth is turned to pity; add vice, and mirth is turned to contempt. Mirth itself is excited by weakness alone, which it discriminates alike from the weakness of vice on the one hand, and from weakness attended by suffering on the other. The expression of contempt is a sarcastic laughter, akin to the laughter of mirth, and the milder form of pity betrays itself in a smile. There is, moreover, evidently a close connection between laughter and tears. Pity, not mirth, would be the characteristic emotion of one who was brought habitually into contact with the weakness of humanity in the form of suffering; but the same power of sympathy would render him capable of genial mirth if brought into contact with weakness in a merely grotesque and comic form. According as the one or the other was his lot, his character would take a brighter or a sadder hue; but we cannot help feeling that the lot of man here, having more in it of the painful than of the laughable, the sadder character is the more sympathetic, the more human, and

the deeper of the two. That a feeling for human weakness is wanting in the type of Character presented to us by the Gospels, will hardly be affirmed; though the feeling takes the sadder and deeper form; the gayer and brighter form being obviously excluded by the circumstances of the case, as the Gospel history sets it forth. Perhaps, indeed, the exclusion is not so absolute but that a trace of the happier emotion may be discerned. Just at that where human mirth passes into pity there is a shade of tender irony, which forms the good element of the whole school of sentimental humorists, such as Sterne and Carlyle, and which has, for its exciting cause, the littleness and frailty of man's estate. This shade of irony is perhaps just perceptible in such passages as that which compares the laborious glory of Solomon with the unlaboured beauty of the lilies of the field; a passage by which Mr. Carlyle is strongly attracted, and in which he evidently recognizes the root of that which is true in his own view of the world. It would seem then that mirth and humour, the great masters of mirth and humour, and the whole of that element in the estate and history of man, are not beyond the Christian type of character, but within it.

Mr. Newman has attempted to deny not only that the Christian type of Character is perfect, but that it is unique. What character then in history is its equal? If a rival can be found, the allegiance of humanity may be divided or transferred. Mr. Newman fixes, evidently with some misgiving, and without caring accurately to verify a youthful recollection, on the character of Fletcher of Madeley. Fletcher's character was no doubt one of remarkable beauty, and certainly not wanting in righteous indignation against Pharisees. But being that of an Evangelical Divine, it was produced, not independently, but by a constant imitation of the character of Christ. Mr. Newman should have gone elsewhere for an independent instance; to the School of Socrates, to the School of Roman Stoicism, to the Court and Camp of Bonaparte. He knows history too well.

History will trace a moral connection, where it really exists, through all intellectual divisions and under all eclipses of intellectual faith. In her eyes Christendom remains morally one, though divided, ecclesiastically, by a thousand accidents, by a thousand infirmities, by a thousand faults.

It is said that Voltaire and Rousseau were great contributors to human progress; and that they were not Christians, but enemies to Christianity and outcasts from the Christian pale. I admit

that Voltaire and Rousseau, in spite of the fearful mischief which every rational man must admit them to have done, were contributors to human progress, but I deny that so far as they were contributors to human progress they were enemies to Christianity, or outcasts from the Christian pale. Voltaire contributed to human progress in spite of his unchristian levity, mockery, vanity and obscenity, by preaching Christian beneficence, Christian toleration, Christian humanity, Christian hatred of Pharisaical oppression. Rousseau contributed to human progress in spite of his unchristian impurity, and the egotistical madness from which practical Christianity would have saved him, by preaching Christian brotherhood and Christian simplicity of life. Rousseau's writings are full of the Gospel. His theory of the world is couched in distinctly Gospel language, and put into the mouth of a Christian minister. Voltaire raged against what he imagined was Christianity, but you see in a moment it was not the real Christianity; it was the Christianity of the false, corrupt, and persecuting State Church of France, the Christianity which recalled the Edict of Nantes, which inspired the Dragonades, which, in the abused name of the religion of love, murdered Calas and La Barre. Whom did Voltaire call the best of men? Of whom did he say, with an earnestness to which his nature was a stranger, that he loved them, and that, if he could, he would pass the rest of his life among them in a distant land? It was not the philosophers of Paris or Berlin of whom he spoke thus, but the Quakers, with whose sect, then in its happiest hour, he had come into contact during his residence in England, and whose benevolence, tolerance, and gentle virtues he recognizes as identical at once with those of the Primitive Christians and with his own.

The French Revolution again, with all its crimes and follies, must, up to a certain point in its course, be accepted as a step, though a sinister and equivocal step, in the progress of mankind. But we have brought all that was good in the French Revolution—its aspirations after universal brotherhood, and a universal reign of liberty and justice—into the pale of moral Christianity with Rousseau and Voltaire. From no other source than Christianity was derived the genuine spirit of self-devotion which, it is vain to doubt, sent forth on a crusade for the freedom and happiness of man, the best soldiers of the Revolutionary armies—those of whom Hoche and Marceau were the gentle, brave, and chivalrous types. On the other hand, it was not from Christianity, but from a dark depravation of Christianity, abhorred by all in whom the graces

of the Christian character are seen, that the Montagnards derived that lust of persecution which reproduced the Inquisition and its butcheries in the Committee of Public Safety and the Reign of Terror. There are men, neither mad nor wicked, to whom the enthusiasts of the Jacobin Club are still objects of reverent admiration. Such a feeling is strange, but not unaccountable. The account of it is to be found in the faint tradition of Christian fraternity which passed from the Gospel through Rousseau to Robespierre and St. Just, and which has redeemed even these sinister names from the utter execration of history. Deep as the abyss of crime into which those fanatics fell, there was a deeper abyss beyond. All influence of Christianity was indeed gone when the lives of millions and the hopes of a world were sacrificed, not to any political or social visions, however chimerical, but to the utterly selfish and utterly atheistic ambition of Napoleon. The worship of that conqueror by the nation which gave the blood of its children to his evil deity for the sake of sharing his domination, was under the forms of a civilized age, the worship of Moloch and the worship of Cæsar, the old antagonists of Jehovah and of Christ. Comte is at least an impartial witness in this matter; and Comte sees progress in Jacobinism, where Christianity was still faintly present, while he most justly pronounces the domination of Napoleon to have been utterly retrograde.

Does Christianity, then, interfere with progress of any particular kind, intellectual or industrial?

Does it interfere with the progress of science? As a matter of fact, science has not only been advanced, but for the most part created by Christians. A bigoted or cowardly theology has indeed created some confusion in the relations between science and religion, by attempting to dominate beyond its proper sphere; but the highest scientific minds have found no difficulty in keeping their own course clear, and preserving religious and moral Christianity, in spite of any imperfections in the scientific ideas of its teachers caused by their having lived in an unscientific age. That religious persecution has fearfully interfered with science, and every other kind of intellectual progress, both by its direct and indirect effects, may be easily granted. But the tendency to persecution has historically been limited to countries in which certain vicious relations existed between religion and political power. If it has been found beyond these limits, it was as a lingering habit and in an expiring state.

Is it the Christian conception of God that is likely to conflict with the progress of science, or of moral philosophy? We see at once that Polytheism, subjecting the different parts of nature to the sway of different Powers, conflicts with the unity of creation which the progress of science displays. Let it be shown that Christian Monotheism does the same. There is indeed--and it is a momentous fact in historical philosophy what Hume calls a Natural History of Religion. All nations have been endowed with the same germ or religious sentiment; but they have made to themselves different images of God, according to the peculiar aspects of nature with which they were brought into contact, and the state of their own civilization. The tendency is not yet extinct. Narrow-minded men of science, accustomed to only one sphere of thought, still create for themselves what they think a grander Deity in their own image, rob the Divine Nature of its moral part, and set up a scientific God. If the Christian conception of the Deity were tainted by one of these historical accidents, even in the slightest degree, the time would come, in the course of human inquiry, when history would acknowledge the grandeur of such a conception, record its temporary beneficence, and number it with the past. But it is tainted with no historical accident whatever. It is Pure Paternity. What discoveries respecting man or the world, what progress of science or philosophy, can be imagined, with which the simple conception of God as the Father of All could possibly conflict?

It is true that Christianity has something of a mysterious character. But that, on this account, it must interfere with intellectual freedom, or anything for which intellectual freedom is requisite, can hardly be said, when Hume himself emphatically speaks of the world as a mystery, and when the acutest writers of the same school at the present day find it necessary to gratify a true intellectual instinct by reminding us that, after all, beyond that which science makes known to us there lies the mysterious Unknown.*

The moral source and support of great scientific inquiries, as of other great undertakings for the good of mankind, is self-devotion; and self-devotion is the Christian virtue.

Does Christianity interfere with political progress? The great instrument of political progress is generally allowed to be liberty. It is allowed to be so ultimately even by those who wish to sup-

* See Mr. Herbert Spencer's work on "First Principles." p. 223.

press it provisionally, and to inaugurate for the present a despotic dictatorship of their own ideas. And Christianity, by first proclaiming the equality and brotherhood of men, became the parent of just and enduring liberty. What spiritual power presided over the birth of our free institutions? Was it not the earnest though narrow and distorted Christianity of the Middle Ages, which still, though its hour is past, shows its ancient spirit in Montalembert? What power was it that directly consecrated the principle of local self-government, the foundation of all true liberty, in the religious association of the parish? Cast your eyes over the map of nations, and see whether sincere Christianity and political freedom are unsuited to dwell together. Name, if you can, any great Christian philosopher who has been an enemy to freedom. On the other hand, Hobbes, Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, were Imperialists; they all belonged, though in different degrees, to the school which takes a sensual and animal view of man, mistrusts all moral and spiritual restraints, and desires a strong despotism to preserve tranquillity, refinement, and the enjoyments and conveniences of life. It need not be added that the most fanatical enemies of Christianity at the present are also fanatical Imperialists. We have almost a decisive instance of the two opposite tendencies in the case of Rousseau and Voltaire. Rousseau had far more of the Gospel in his philosophy than Voltaire: and while the political Utopia of Voltaire inclined on the whole to Imperialism, being, in fact, a visionary China, and his sympathies were with those whom he imagined to be the beneficent despots of his age, the political Utopia of Rousseau inclined to an exaggeration of liberty, being a visionary State of Nature, and his sympathies were entirely with the people.

What are the elements external to itself which Christianity has found most cognate, and of which it has taken up most into its own system? They are the two free nations of antiquity,—nations whose freedom indeed was a narrow, and therefore a short-lived one, compared with that of Christendom, but whose thoughts and works were those of the free. The game of freedom is a bold game; those who play it, unlike the Imperialist, must be prepared to face present turbulence, extravagance, and waywardness, and much besides that is disappointing and repulsive, for the sake of results which are often distant; while the Imperialist proposes, by a beneficent dictatorship, to keep all calm and rational for at least one life. And this bold game Christianity, by the force of her spiritual elevation, and of her cardinal virtue

of hope, has always shown herself able and ready to play. By mere force of spiritual elevation, with no philosophic chart of the future to guide and assure her, she turned with a victorious steadiness of conviction, such as science itself could scarcely have imparted, from the dying civilization of Rome to the fierce, coarse, destroying barbarism out of which, through her training, was to spring a higher civilization, a gentler as well as a better world. If Christianity has ever seemed to be the ally of despotism, it was because she was herself corrupted and disguised either by delirious asceticism, confounding self-degradation with humility, or by ecclesiastical Jesuitism intriguing with political power. The second of these agencies has indeed been at work on a great and terrible scale; on such a scale that those who saw no other form of Christianity around them may well be pardoned for having taken Christianity to be an enemy of liberty as well as of the truth. But the facts of history point the other way. The seriousness of Christianity and its deep sense of individual responsibility opposed themselves, though in a stern and harsh form, to Stuart despotism, with its Buckingham, its "Book of Sports," and its disregard of morality and truth. The spiritual energy and hopefulness of Christianity opposed themselves to the old Imperialism of Hobbes and the Sensualists, who would have sacrificed the hopes of humanity to material convenience.

Does political progress depend on theory? Why should they study that theory less earnestly, with a mind less free from the disturbance of interest and ambition, or in any way less successfully, whose actuating principle is the love of their neighbour, while they are raised by their spiritual life above the selfish motives which are the great obstacles to the attainment and reception of political truth? Does political progress depend upon action? Political action requires a fixed aim, a cool head, and a firm hand. And why should not these be found for the future, as throughout past history they have been found, in statesmen whose objects are disinterested, and whose treasure is not here? Desperate anxiety for the issue is not necessary, or even conducive to success. A man might play a match at chess more eagerly, but he would not play it better, if his life were staked on the game. It was not supposed that Tell's aim would be steadier when the apple was placed on the head of his child.

If it is philanthropic enterprise that is to regenerate society, with this, again, Christianity has, to say the least, no inherent tendency to interfere. I ventured to challenge the Positivists,

who condemn the Christian view of the world for giving the Negro races no part in the historical development of humanity, to show what part in the historical development of humanity these races had really played. It is Christianity alone, I submit, which assigns them a place in history, by making them the subjects of those great missionary and philanthropic enterprises which form so important a part of the life of Christendom. As the subject of such enterprises they do indeed contribute to the development of humanity by developing the religious sympathies and affections. Positive Science requires that these races, like the rest, should pass, by a spontaneous movement, from Fetichism into Polytheism, and so, through Monotheism into Atheism, with the corresponding series of social and political phases. Christianity, disregarding Positive Science, sets to work to turn them into civilized Christians.

Again, it is insinuated that the progress of enlightened views respecting the duties of nations toward each other, must be retarded by the dark lust of conquest which is inspired by the popular religion, with its gloomy worship of the God of Battles. I am unable to discern any historical foundation for this notion. Christianity is not committed to the conduct of the State Priests who sang *Te Deums* for the successful rapine of Louis XIV.; a rapine which, it may be remarked by the way, was at least equalled, when the last restraints of religion had been removed by the atheist Emperor who afterwards sat on the same throne. Neither is Christianity committed to the excesses of fanatical sectaries who took the Old Testament for their Gospel instead of the New. The uncritical Puritan could not so clearly see what we by the light of historical criticism most clearly see, that the Jews were not a miracle but a nation; and that, like all other nations, they had their primitive epoch of conquest and of narrow nationality, with moral views correspondingly narrow; though the whole of this national history of the Jewish race was instinct with, and, as it were, transmuted by, a moral and religious spirit, to which it is idle to say a parallel can be found in the history of any other nation. The character of David, for example, by its beauty, its chivalry, and its childlike and passionate devotion, has sunk deep into the affections of humanity, and justified the sentence that he was the man after God's own heart; but he could not be expected, any more than a prince of any other primitive nation, to anticipate modern enlightenment and humanity by observing the laws of civilized war, and giving quarter to the garrison and inhabitants of a conquered town.

This error of the Puritans, however, after all, has not left so very deep a stain on history. They were not so very ignorant of the real relations between the Old Testament and the New. The notion of their having regarded their enemies as Canaanites, and smitten them hip and thigh, is mainly due to the imagination of loose historical writers. No civil war in history had ever been conducted with half so much humanity, or with half so much self-restraint, as that which they conducted in the spirit of their mixed Hebrew and Christian religion. Fanciful or cynical writers may picture Cromwell as feeling a stern satisfaction at the carnage of Drogheda and Wexford: but Cromwell's own despatches excuse it, on the ground that it would save more blood in the end. You have only to turn to the civil war of the French Revolution carried on, as it was, in the meridian light of modern civilization and with an entire freedom from superstitious influences, to know that even the stern spirit of the Old Testament has not been the most cruel power in history. There has been, in truth, a good deal of exaggeration, and even some cant upon this subject. Men who weep over the blood which was shed by Jewish hands in the name of morality, are not indisposed, if we may judge by their historical sympathies, to take pretty strong measures for an idea. They can embrace, with something like rapture, the butcherly vagrancy laws of a Tudor King, his brutal uxoricides, his persecutions, his judicial murders perpetrated on blameless and illustrious men, because he belongs to a class of violent and unscrupulous characters in history whom their school are pleased to style heroes. I see that, according to a kindred school of philosophers, Titus performed an unavoidable duty in exterminating the Jews for rebelling against the idea of Imperialism, which they could scarcely, without a miracle, be expected to apprehend. Cæsar is becoming an object of adoration, evidently as a supposed type of certain great qualities in which the Christian type is supposed to be wanting. He stands as one of the great historical Saints of the Comtist Calendar, a month being called after his name. Yet this beneficent demigod put to the sword a million of Gauls, and sold another million into slavery, partly in the spirit of Roman conquest, but principally to create for himself a military reputation.

Then it is intimated that the political economy of Christianity is bad, and that it has interfered with the enjoyment, and therefore with the production, of wealth. There can be no doubt that Christianity, so far as it has had an influence in history, has always tended to the employment of productive rather than

unproductive labour, and to the promotion of art rather than of luxury. But these are not yet alleged to be economical evils. Wealth has been just as much enjoyed, and the production of wealth just as much stimulated, by the building of splendid churches, by the employment of great artists, and by a munificent expenditure for the common benefit, as by the indulgence of personal luxury and pride. It is in Christian states, in states really Christian, that Commerce has appeared in its most energetic and prosperous, as well as in its noblest, form; the greatest maritime discoveries have been made under the banner of the Cross; and he who says that the life of Gresham or Columbus was alien to Christianity, says what is historically absurd. Capital and credit are the life of commercial enterprise. The Gospel inculcates the self-denial which is necessary to the accumulation of capital; and, to say the least, it does not discourage the honesty which is the foundation of credit. Honest labour and activity in business will hardly be said to be condemned by St. Paul; and if the anxious and covetous overstraining of labour is opposed to Christianity, it is equally opposed to economical wisdom. Of course, the first authors of Christianity did not teach political economy before its hour. They took these, like the other political and social arrangements of the world, as they found them, and relieved poverty in the way in which it was then relieved. The science of Political Economy, since it left the hands of its great founder, has fallen to a great extent into the hands of men of less comprehensive minds, under whose treatment it has gone near to erecting hardness of heart into a social virtue. No doubt there would speedily be a divorce between Christianity and the progress of such a science as this. But this is not the science of Adam Smith. Adam Smith understood the value, moral as well as material, of property; but he also understood the relative value of property and affection.

If the community of goods among the early Christians is cited as a proof that Christianity must be opposed to economical progress, the answer is, that Christianity has never erected, or tended to erect, this natural expression of new-born love and zeal into a normal condition of society. Whenever a great religious movement has taken place in history, the spirit of humanity has beaten in this way against its earthly bars, and struggled to realize at once that which cannot be realized within any calculable time, if it is destined ever to be realized here. Christian philosophers have pronounced the judgment of rational Christianity on Socialism in

no ambiguous terms. Yet surely political economists are too well satisfied with their science if they feel confident that its laws, or supposed laws, have yet been harmonized with a sound social morality, and with the rational aspirations of social man. Surely they must see further into the future course of history than any one else can see, if they are able to assure us that the social motives to industry can never prevail over the personal motives; or even that the arrangements in which all reasonable men at present acquiesce are certainly nearer than those of primitive Christianity to the ultimate social ideal.

The Christian character has, of course, been treated of here in its moral and social aspect alone, because in that character alone it is manifested in history, and brought into direct relations with historical progress. But it is inconceivable that the Love of God should ever conflict with the Love of our Neighbour. It is inconceivable that the one should ever fail to be supported and intensified by the other. The Comtists may preserve their love of Humanity, in all its fervour; they will find it equally fervent in those who add to it the love of God.

It has been objected that Christianity, from the mere fact of its being an historical religion, opposes progress by compelling the world always to look backward. I scarcely apprehend the force of this objection, though those who make it evidently feel it to be of great force. If a type of character was to be set up for the imitation of mankind, it was necessary that it should be set up at some point in history, and that the eye of humanity should always be turned to that point, wherever it might be. But the fixity of the point in history at which the guiding light was revealed no more interferes with historical progress than the fixity of the pole-star interferes with the progress of a ship.

There is, indeed, another objection, of a much graver kind, to the sufficiency of a merely historical religion. Historical evidence, being the evidence of witnesses who are dead, and who may possibly, however improbably, have been mistaken, cannot rise beyond a high probability. It cannot amount to such absolute certainty as we derive from the evidence of our senses, or from that of our moral perceptions. And probability, however high, though a sufficient ground for our practical decisions, is not a sufficient ground for our religious faith and feelings. Butler has imported the rules of worldly prudence into a sphere where they have no place. We may wisely stake our worldly interests on a probable, or even, if the prize be great, on a merely

possible event; but we cannot worship and commune with a Being on a probability even of ten thousand to one that he is God.

But here again history, taking a broad view of the facts, finds a sufficient answer to the question whether Christendom is likely to perish under mere historical objections. In all that has really created and sustained Christendom there is nothing which rests on historical evidence alone. That which has created and sustained Christendom has been the Christian idea of God as the Father of all, the spiritual life supported by that idea, the Character of Christ always present as the object of Christian affection and the model for Christian imitation, and the Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The fact of the Resurrection itself, like the immortality of the soul, of which it is the pledge, rests on other than mere historical evidence. It rests in part on the doctrine, cognizable by reason, independently of historical evidence, that, from the intimate connection between death and sin, a perfectly sinless nature, such as that of Him who overcame the grave, could not be holden of death.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

BY SAXE HOLM.

LIKE a cradle, rocking, rocking.
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below,
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning.
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow,
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be, nor crossed,
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost;
Love divine! of such great loving
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BRITISH WESLEYANISM IN TORONTO, FROM 1842 TO THE UNION WITH THE CANADIAN METHODISTS IN 1848, AND OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN), FROM 1840 TO THE DISRUPTION.

BY THE HON. SENATOR MACDONALD.

I.

THE Rev. Dr. Gregg, in his admirable History of the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion of Canada, writes, page 481: "Messrs. Gordon and Leach were, on the 22nd of April, 1833, selected by the Glasgow Society as Missionaries whom the Synod of Canada's Mission Committee undertook to support. Both were ordained before leaving Scotland." "After six months' missionary labour, the health of Mr. Leach was so impaired that he had to return to Scotland to recruit; but, before returning, he received a call to St. Andrew's Church, the former minister, Mr. Rintoul, having accepted the office of Missionary Secretary. On his return, he was inducted to the charge of St. Andrew's, July 15th, 1835. Mr. Gordon, after labouring for some time as a missionary, settled as pastor at Newmarket and King, where he laboured till 1837, when he was translated to Gananoque, where the rest of his life was spent." By a strange coincidence I was brought into such close relationship with both these worthy men as to beget in me admiration for their many excellent qualities, and to leave with me the kindest remembrances of their goodness.

It was in April, 1840, that the Rev. Mr. Leach took me into the place of business of Mr. John Thompson, the father of Mr. Wm. Thompson, of this city, a member of his congregation, to see if he could find an opening for me. This was in Jarvis Street, then Nelson Street, west side, about two doors north of King. Here Mr. Leach was unsuccessful. From that we went to the business house of Walter Macfarlane, the Victoria House, on the corner of King Street and Market Place (still standing). Mr. Macfarlane was also a member of his congregation. Here also Mr. Leach failed, neither of these gentlemen at the time having any opening for a lad of fifteen. He then, without my knowledge, corresponded with the house of C. & J. Macdonald & Co., Gananoque, then one of the most important concerns in Canada, and arranged for my entrance into the house; neither member of the firm ever

having seen me, or having heard from me, taking me entirely upon his recommendation.

Thus it came to pass that at the very threshold of my business life I was placed under obligation to these two early missionaries of the Church of Scotland. To the first I was entirely indebted for the situation which determined my subsequent course. This position brought me into the pastoral oversight of the second, and thus began a friendship which extended throughout their lives. The men were strangely different. Mr. Leach was thin, spare, and delicate-looking, had the reputation of being an excellent Latin scholar, and was a man of great vivacity. Little promise did he give at that time of attaining the age he reached, for he had had (I understand) one or more hemorrhages of the lungs, but these he outlived, and died two or three years ago in Montreal, as Archdeacon, in his 83rd year.

The Rev. H. Gordon had studied law in Edinburgh and had been admitted to the position of Writer to the Signet, but having resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel, was sent out to Canada. His character cannot be better described than in the obituary notice in the minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, 1881:

"Mr. Gordon was a man of superior attainments and culture, and was an earnest and fluent speaker. He was an unselfish and laborious minister and a heavenly-minded Christian. He was beloved by all who knew him. The respect by which he was held by his brethren in the ministry was indicated by his election, in 1854, as Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. His name will long be held in remembrance as that of one of Canada's most earnest and devoted ministers." He died on the 13th of December, 1880, in his 90th year.

If there is one thing of greater importance than another to a young man entering upon life, it is that he should do so under such conditions as would furnish him with the best illustrations of all that is implied in upright and honourable transactions. Under just such conditions was it my rare good fortune to begin my business life in the business firm to which reference has been made, where during my two years' residence not one transaction, I venture to say, ever took place which would not bear the closest scrutiny. The partners in the firm being the Honourable John Macdonald, and his nephew William S. Macdonald. The friend to whom I have stated I was indebted for this good beginning was the Rev. W. J. Leach. A stay of two years in

the village of Gananoque brought me back to Toronto in 1842, to benefit again by the kindness of Mr. Leach, and through his former introduction, to which reference has been already made, to enter the house of Mr. Walter Macfarlane, known as the Victoria House.

Here one of those incidents, which so often occur in one's life, too trifling to excite attention at the time, and yet as one sees afterwards, big with results, destined to change the whole of one's after life, befell me. The establishment I was entering was the most extensive retail dry goods concern in Upper Canada, drawing its trade, not from the city only, but from London, Woodstock, Hamilton, Amherstburg, Barrie, Peterboro', Cobourg, and other places. My home was to be under the roof of my employer, and I had assigned to me a room large and lofty, about, say at least, 20 by 24 feet, in which there was a young man who was to be my room-mate. It was not long before I found, very greatly to my own surprise, that he was a Methodist. I say surprise, for had it been possible for me to have had anything to say in the matter I would have willed it otherwise; not that I had anything against the young man, nor was there any reason that I should think of him other than kindly, but hitherto I had never been associated with any other than Presbyterians, and had always looked upon Methodists with a kind of mistrust; indeed, I had always regarded Methodism and hypocrisy as synonymous terms, and I cannot well describe my disappointment when I found myself associated with a room-mate who was my senior by some two or three years and a Methodist.

Each in church matters went his own way; he to the old rough-cast church on George Street, where worshipped the British Wesleyans. I to the St. Andrew's Church on Church Street. As to the structures, the churches externally and internally were as different as they well could be. The St. Andrew's Church for these days might with great propriety be said to be a pretentious building. It was built of brick and plastered to imitate stone. It had a handsome spire, and had altogether an ecclesiastical appearance, moreover, the location was central and commanding. The arrangements inside were good, the pews and the aisles roomy, the woodwork of the building nicely grained, a suitable vestry for the minister, good accommodation for the choir, imposing gasaliers, a pulpit with the orthodox sounding-board, the building calculated to hold about nine hundred or a thousand persons.

The other was as unpretentious as a church building could well be; size about 35 by 60 feet, rough-cast, gable toward the street, with wooden buildings on either side, aisles and pews narrow, the backs of the pews perfectly straight, with one-inch coping, building inside painted drab, stairs to the gallery straight and narrow; no vestry, no arrangement for choir, lighted with oil-lamps of the plainest character, the whole structure worth, probably, from \$2,000 to \$2,500, as plain as wood and rough-cast could make it, and would accommodate from three hundred to four hundred people. Anything which I have to say of the Toronto Methodism of that period grew out of my connection with the Presbyterian Church, humble as that connection was, the reference, therefore, to the one necessarily implies a reference to the other, as my own surroundings embraced both.

The Rev. W. J. Leach was, at the time of which I write, the pastor of St. Andrew's Church. The Superintendent of the Sunday-school (of which I was a teacher) was the late Honourable John McMurrieh, who, with the greater part of the company of teachers who aided him in his good work, have gone to their rest. The church, which has not long since been taken down, stood upon the corner of Church and Newgate Streets, the latter now known as Adelaide Street. I very well remember hearing the Rev. Mr. Leach speak of the relative merits of the spires of St. Andrew's and that of the Cathedral, from an architectural standpoint, and of his saying that many persons regarded the St. Andrew's, notwithstanding the greater height of that of the Cathedral, as being the finer of the two. It was by this greater loftiness of the spire that the destruction of the Cathedral was brought about in the great fire of 1848 or 1849, by which the whole of the north side of King Street, from near the corner of George Street to the Cathedral, and the City Hall and market buildings on the south side, were destroyed.

A spark carried by the wind was borne to the wood lattice-work which formed part of the spire's ornamentation. So small was the flame at first that a cupful of water would have sufficed to have extinguished it, but it was beyond the reach of ladders, and vastly beyond the height at which the feeble hand fire-engines of those days could be of any service. Nothing remained, therefore, but to allow the fire to do its work, and but for the open space between the Cathedral and the buildings on the north-west corner of Church and King Streets, nothing could have pre-

vented the fire from sweeping the whole of the northern portion of King Street, until it had exhausted itself from lack of material to feed upon.

The spire of the St. Andrew's Church, which Rev. Mr. Leach admired so much, would make no great figure, I fear, among the many imposing church edifices which adorn our city to-day despite the enormous Scotch thistle which formed its finial. But of St. Andrew's Church. Here it was in those days that each Sunday afternoon at two o'clock, that fine regiment, the 93rd Highlanders, with their commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel Sparks, might be seen marching to service with that steady step and martial bearing for which they were celebrated, each soldier having his Bible in his hand, the full band with their instruments accompanying them, but only to assist in the service at the church—Devizes, St. David's, Gainsboro', New Cambridge, being some of the tunes I remember them rendering. A few there may still be who can remember the splendid appearance of this fine regiment, as in heavy marching order they were accustomed to march through our streets to the music of the band, as they kept step to the sound of "Away, Away to the Mountain Brow," "The Boatie Rows," and "Rory O'More." But when marching to God's house they went "without sound of music."

This practice had been adopted, many years before, by their Colonel Duncan, afterwards Sir Duncan, Macgregor; although he had ceased to command the regiment, in order that he might carry out the work which had been assigned to him, viz., the formation of the Irish Constabulary (which magnificent body of men owes its splendid reputation to the wisdom and care which he displayed in its formation, and for which service Her Majesty bestowed on him the honour of knighthood). The order in this connection which he had issued was, at the time of which I write, strictly carried out by his successor, Col. Robt. Sparks.

The former it was who, as major of the 31st Regiment, superintended the removal of that regiment from the *Kent*, East Indiaman, having on board 641 persons, when on fire in the Bay of Biscay, to the brig *Cambria*, a small vessel of 200 tons bound to Vera Cruz. He has recorded the facts of that incident in a tract entitled, "The Loss of the *Kent*, East Indiaman, in a manner so interesting that one never tires of reading it; it is not to be wondered, therefore, that it has been published in the French, Spanish, Swedish, Italian, German and Russian languages.

Sir Duncan writes in the preface to the last edition: "The

older I grow, and I am now in my ninety-fourth year, I am the more convinced of the special interposition of Divine Providence in the events recorded in the following tract."

While upon this subject I feel that I must mention, in connection with the burning ship, a circumstance so remarkable that, were it not substantiated with indubitable proof, it would be held to be incredible. When all were looking for death--that is, before the *Cambria* hove in sight--Sir Duncan, then Major, Macgregor wrote on a slip of paper, on which was his father's address, as follows:

"The ship, the *Kent*, East Indiaman, is on fire. Elizabeth, Joanna and myself commit our spirits into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. His grace enables us to be quite composed in the awful prospect of entering eternity.

"DUNCAN MACGREGOR.

"1st March, 1825, BAY OF BISCAY."

Now for the history of this bottle. Left in the cabin, it was cast into the sea by the explosion that destroyed the *Kent*. About nineteen months afterwards the following notice appeared in a Barbadoes (West India) newspaper:

"A bottle was picked up on Saturday, 30th September, at Bathsheba (a bathing-place on the west of Barbadoes), by a gentleman who was bathing there: who, on breaking it, found the melancholy account of the fate of the ship *Kent* contained in a folded paper, written with pencil, but scarcely legible."*

The letter itself, taken from the bottle, thickly encrusted with shells and seaweed, was returned to its writer when he arrived, shortly after its discovery, at Barbadoes, as Lieut.-Colonel of the 93rd Highlanders. This paper, now in possession of his son, Mr. John Macgregor, widely known as "Rob Roy," through his book, "One Thousand Miles in the *Rob Roy* Canoe," and "The *Rob Roy* on the Jordan," I saw in his Chambers in the Temple, London. He it was who, when a child of a few weeks old, was the first human being to find refuge in the little craft, the *Cambria*, having been caught from his mother's arms by Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate of the *Kent*. Two months after this wonderful adventure baby Macgregor came under the notice of the late Hannah More, then a venerable authoress of more than eighty

*Since the above was written I visited the Island of Barbadoes and sent to *Rob Roy* a photograph of the very spot where the bottle was found, and of Culpepper House, the residence of the gentlemen who found it.

years, who appears to have been so fascinated by his baby ways as to prompt her making a graceful presentation ode: "To Master John Macgregor, with a pair of shoes of my own knitting:

"Sweet babe, twice rescued from the yawning grave,
The flames tremendous and the furious wave:
May a third better life thy spirit meet.
Even life eternal at thy Saviour's feet."

The shoes thus referred to, and also the shawl, in which his mother wrapped him, when the two left the burning *Kent*, are carefully preserved, to go down as heirlooms to future generations.

Mr. Macgregor has long been identified with Christian work: is the originator of the Shoe-Black Brigade in London, has been closely identified with the Pure Literature Society and the Open Air Mission from their inception. When in Toronto, in 1851, he addressed a large gathering in the Richmond Street Methodist Church on the subject of "Christian Work in England," upon which occasion I have a distinct recollection of his saying that "probably he had met in open discussion a greater number of infidels than any man in England; that in order to meet these men, many of whom were men of subtle intellect, he had been compelled to read ancient manuscripts. (He is a wrangler at Cambridge.) He had to decipher hieroglyphics, and in the British Museum to read the story of the rocks, and the result was that the deeper down he went in his investigations, each step but strengthened his belief in the Word of God. It had been his happiness to see several infidel halls (some five or six, I think, closed as the result of these discussions."

His younger brother, Douglas, was the friend and brother officer of Hedley Vicars, of the 97th, was associated with him in his Bible work among the soldiers of the regiment, took up his work when he fell, and followed him very speedily, having died a soldier's death in the attack on the Redan before Sebastopol. Sir Duncan died but three or four years ago, in his ninety-fifth year, holding the rank of general.

Of the men of the regiment who were accustomed to attend church service in the old St. Andrew's, one became a legislative councillor in Prince Edward Island, the Honourable Kenneth Henderson; one became the representative in the old Parliament of Canada, of the eastern division of this city, Mr. A. M. Smith; one became a lieutenant-colonel of one of our Provincial regiments, Mr. Wm. Allan; one rose to the command of the regiment, Mr.

William McBean, who, at the time of which we write, was a private soldier, and died as a major-general, his funeral being attended at Woolwich by representatives from almost every regiment in the service. Others laid them down to die on the heights of the Alma, some before Sebastopol; others rest near Balaclava, with which place, as the "thin red line," their name is imperishably associated; others found their resting-place in the Black Sea; others at Lucknow; others at Cawnpore.

But this has reference to the military gatherings at St. Andrew's Church only. I trust the extended reference to this splendid regiment, its colonel, Sir Duncan Macgregor, and to his sons, will not be deemed irrelevant to my subject. The history of the regiment is indelibly associated with St. Andrew's Church, and everything in connection with Sir Duncan is worth treasuring. What of the stated congregations? What might be deemed the aristocratic portion of the city attended the Cathedral. Several of the important offices of those days were of Imperial appointment, such, for example, as that of the Receiver-General, which office was filled by the Honourable John Henry Dunn, who with his family attended the Cathedral. There also were to be found the chief justice, the judges, with few exceptions, bankers, the members of the legal and medical professions, merchants, government officers; in fact, it was the fashionable congregation of the city.

The congregation of St. Andrew's Church might be said to be made up of well-to-do people, men of push, energy and substance, who had made their influence felt in giving direction to many of the enterprises of the young city. There Judge McLean, with his fine, manly bearing, could be seen with his handsome family. Nearly the whole of the prominent business men of the day were to be seen at St. Andrew's: Isaac Buchanan; Mr. Ross, of Ross & McLeod, afterwards Ross, Mitchell, Leslie & McGlashan; John Roberston, Isaac Gilmour, and others, who were the leaders in the wholesale dry goods trade of that day. And then as to the retail dry goods trade, all the great houses of the day were there represented: Walter McFarlane, of the Victoria House; Bryce & McMurrich, Shaw & Turnbull. Of bankers, there were John Cameron, Peter Patterson, of the Commercial Bank; Mr. Wilson, of the Bank of Montreal, Dr. Telfer and Dr. Primrose. Leading physicians; old Mr. Campbell, of the North American, the Carfreys, the Arthurs; with the leading builders and mechanics of the city—a good gathering of that substantial element which goes to make up all that is implied in a prosperous and well-ordered

city. The leading grocers of the city were there also. The Sutherlands, Duncan McDonell, the McKays, Badenach; Ogilvie and Mackie, McIntosh, Cameron, John Thompson, Joseph Rogers, the latter; the Holts; Hugh Seobie, the editor of the *British Colonist*, and John Balfour. Of lawyers, R. P. Crooks, Angus Morrison, and Joseph (afterward Hon. Judge) Morrison; John Bell, Oliver Mowat, now Honourable Attorney-General; also Captain Dick, Robert Hay, John Sproule. There, too, could be seen occasionally the McNabb, dressed in the fashion of his clan; there, too, was John Ross, the undertaker, who could be seen taking off his spectacles and closing his psalm book so soon as a paraphrase was announced; Colonel E. Thomson, Professor Murray, with old Mr. McLean as the minister's man, with many others who have faded from my memory, constituting a congregation not surpassed in the city for a combination of intelligence, substance, energy and worth. They were, however, clannish to a fault; this was strikingly illustrated in the case of a gentleman, then a very young man, an Englishman, who had emigrated to this country, and had returned to the Old Country to get a small stock of goods, with a view of commencing business. The goods were lost, and the young man sought the assistance of a member of St. Andrew's Church, in order that he might find employment. In this he failed, his friends assuring him that there would have been no difficulty "if he had been a Scotchman." While this wonderfully illustrates the state of things at the time, it is needless to say that such a reason could not possibly be urged to-day.

The congregation of the George Street Methodist Church was somewhat different from either of these. No professional man, either physician or lawyer, was found among its worshippers. It had several who were engaged in business, but none whose business was large enough to be remarkable. While the St. Andrew's congregation was largely, if not altogether, composed of Scotch people, the George Street congregation contained not one worshipper of that nationality.

The George Street congregation had a monopoly of the merchant tailors and master shoemakers of the city, among the former of these was George Bilton, Richard Score, Charles and William Walker; among the latter, John Sterling, Nixon, Simpson, Sheppard, Duyrea, Morgan, not to forget an old coloured man, whose name was Truss and whose place of business was on the north side of King Street, about six doors west of George Street, of whom more hereafter. Then of builders there were

Richard Woodsworth, Thomas Storm, Mr. Harborn, James Price, old Mr. Purkiss, the boatbuilder, straight and true as the keels of the vessels which he laid; Alexander Hamilton the painter, Samuel Shaw the cutler; John Bowes, afterwards mayor of the city, its representative in parliament and one of its leading wholesale merchants; John Eastwood in the dry goods trade, now one of the substantial merchants of the city, still actively engaged in business; old Mr. Brown, the bookbinder, the father of Brown Brothers, book manufacturers, King Street; Mr. Mason, the father of William Mason, who more than any other man, after Dr. Punshon, was the soul of the movement connected with the building of the Metropolitan Church; Herbert, Thomas, and Alfred, are also his sons; Mr. Mathews, father of the Messrs. Mathews, the picture-dealers, Yonge Street; John Rogers, commonly called Johnny Rogers, who kept a second-hand book stall in the market, around whose stall the clergymen of the city might often be found; William Hill, the father of Alderman Hill of this city; Mr. Morphy and his sons, John and Edward; Mr. Watson, a tinsmith; Charles Ramm, commonly called Charley Ramm; the Edwards Brothers, Tamblyn, Parry, and others.

None of these were men of large means, yet all were men highly respected. They were all men who took positions, and exerted an influence greater than could have been expected from their opportunities. In fact they were all men greater than their opportunities. Whatever else they were, they were intensely British, and as between themselves and the Canadian Methodists worshipping in the Newgate Street Church there were no intercourse, I fear there was no friendly feeling. Certain "it is that they had no more to do with each other than had the Jews with the Samaritans."

Nothing can give a better insight into the character of those men than the position of Methodism to day, not in this city only, but in this Dominion; for while I do not desire to take from any other agency one hair's breadth of what it may be entitled to claim in bringing about this development, yet greater far than that of any other was the power and influence that was exerted in the old George Street Church.

It was to the George Street Church that every other church in the Connexion looked; its action determined the action of the others. The best men in the body filled its pulpit and ministered to its people; it was from George Street that the church removed to the Richmond Street Church, the Cathedral of Methodism,

which, more than any other church of its day, was the centre of great evangelistic gatherings, and which, having outlived its usefulness, has recently passed into the hands of the Pook Room Committee, to be used for Connexional purposes.

What of the services in connection with these churches?

First of St. Andrew's. After the removal of the Highlanders, the services stood thus:—Worship on Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock; Sabbath-school at 2 p.m.; this, so far as I remember, was the beginning and the end of all the services for the week. I do not mention this for the purpose of drawing any unfavourable comparison between the one congregation and the other; I name it to give a correct record of matters as they existed at the time.

About this period Rev. W. J. Leach connected himself with the Church of England, and became the incumbent of the Church of England at Hogg's Hollow. He was succeeded by the Rev. John Barclay. Very well do I remember his first appearance in the pulpit. He was then a young man just having, I think, completed his studies. The text with which he began his ministry, in the month of November, 1842, was "Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross."—Col. ii. 14. I also find the following texts marked in my Bible, which he appears to have preached from about that period:

"And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, How old art thou? And Jacob said unto Pharaoh," etc.—Gen. xlvii. 8.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."—Ps. xxiii. 6.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there? why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?"—Jer. viii. 22.

"But one thing is needful."—Luke x. 42.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John iii. 16.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

"Christ in you the hope of glory."—Col. i. 27.

"And one of the elders answered," etc.—Rev. vii. 13-17.

The first child baptized after Rev. Mr. Barclay had assumed the pastorate was Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Q.C., of this city, and was, in consequence, called after the pastor, Barclay McMurrich;

The Rev. Mr. Barclay organized a Bible-class in connection with the congregation, which he conducted for some time at his lodgings in Bay Street, immediately north of the *Mail* buildings. The class met at 7 p.m., and was continued but for a short period. After its discontinuance by Mr. Barclay, it took the form of a debating society, its meetings being held in the old Mechanics' Institute room, in Court Street, where now stands the Police Court. The society did the writer the honour of electing him the first president; and there at its first anniversary the late Judge Sullivan delivered a very able address. All the members were Presbyterians; but of the large company of those who were then young men, I am able only to place the names of three whom I know to be alive, as the Honourable Wm. McDougall, Mr. Bain, the King Street bookseller, and Mr. McDougall, the Registrar of Berlin.

The Rev. Dr. Barclay had, as is well known, retired from the pastorate of St. Andrew's Church, and lived in comparative seclusion for many years before his death. Knowing, as I did, less about him in the after years of his connection with St. Andrew's, to my boyish mind he struck me as a modest, retiring man, logical, not poetical, and although his sermons seemed to have been prepared with care, and to have cost him some labour, so wedded was he to his manuscript that he was never impassioned, though always clear. The texts which I have given will give an insight into the direction of his thoughts in the discharge of his pulpit ministrations.

A FEBRUARY SIMILE.

Across the hills the drifting snow-cloud sweeps,
 And soft warm flakes fall on the frozen ground;
 Anon fierce winds pass o'er with sullen sound,
 And whirl the snow on high in glittering beads;
 And then the west wind, tender with good deeds,
 Touches the streams' great storehouses and rills
 Laugh downward to the plains, till 'neath the hills
 A waking river warbles 'mongst its reeds.

So wakes the God-gift Conscience in a man!
 Oft through a dreary winter of his life
 It sleeps frost-bound—dead for a little span;
 Then roused by sleet of sorrow and by strife
 Of varying winds of anguish and of pain,
 It leaps to fulness of spring-strength again.

—George Weatherly, in *The Quicer*.

ETCHINGS OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

II. A PERSONALITY IN SOLUTION.

“Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.”

Othello, v. 2.

“His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man !’”

Julius Cæsar, . 5.

Shakespeare reflects the great age in which he lived, and thereby reflects himself. He is a singular instance of his own lines :

“There is a history in all men's lives
Figuring the nature of the times deceased.”

The England of Shakespeare's day was passing through the throes of a national *renaissance*. Its population was a little more than four millions—about equal to the population of the Dominion of Canada. Modern England had just been born, and was beginning to feel the stirrings of a new life. “A noble and puissant nation,” as Milton phrases it, “was rousing herself after a long sleep and shaking her invincible locks.” During the preceding century, anarchy, confusion, lethargy, had given rise to intellectual and moral stupor. But the fifteenth century is remarkable for an ever-broadening dawn of enlightenment. The feudal system had died out; the popes had resigned their claim to universal empire; Spain had made her splendid conquest of Granada; the mariners of Portugal had doubled the Cape of Good Hope and sighted India; Columbus had brought to light the shores of the New World; and Cabot had stood in wonder before the skin-clad Esquimaux. “This sudden contact,” says Green, the historian. “with new lands, new faiths, new races of men, quickened the slumbering intelligence of Europe into a strange curiosity.”

Nowhere was this “strange curiosity” felt more than in England. The spirit of enterprise was abroad, and greatness seemed stamped upon every department of human activity in the land. A rising national patriotism had rolled back the tide of foreign tyranny, culminating in the destruction of the Spanish Armada; while the national genius began to throw off her trammels, and to flow forth like the “free waters of a fountain,” that “shakes its

loosening silver in the sun." But the old had not entirely passed away, and the new had not entirely come in, when our great bard makes his advent to unite in himself reverence for the past and sympathy with the dawning future. This it is that makes him pre-eminently an English growth, and at once the creation and the reflection of the times in which he lived, gathering up in himself the impulses and feelings of his age and country, and constituting him the first really national poet of England.

The question next occurs, Is Shakespeare hidden behind his dramas? Are these the hot, glowing ashes of his own life, from which, Phoenix-like, we may call up the living man? Does he virtually say in any one of them:

“I

Have given you here a thread of mine own life?”

Or is the total of his character to be found in any one of his immortal impersonations? Is he Duke Prospero? Is he Henry V.? Have we in his William Fenton and “Sweet Anne Page” personal delineations of himself and wife? All scrutiny in this direction is baffled. We have no enchanter’s wand with which to compel our Apparition to put off his disguise and declare himself to the world.

“Others abide our question ; thou art free :

We ask, and ask ; thou smilest and art still—

Out-topping knowledge.”

In this complete self-repression Shakespeare has “sounded the very base-string of humility.” He makes one of his characters say,

“I have unclasp’d

To thee the book even of my secret soul ;”

but he makes no “blushing ’cital of himself.” In this respect “the secrets of nature have not more gift in taciturnity.” He paints with an artist’s pencil “the visage of the times,” and records with a historian’s pen “the memorials and the things of fame;” but he nowhere paints his own visage, nor records the memorials and the things of his own life. His matchless genius creates a world peopled with men and women who live and move and have their being before us; whom we are made to love and hate, according to their character; but the creator of this ideal world, the man, the great equable spirit whom we covet to see more than these, stands aside in the shadow, refusing to disclose himself. The language of Prospero would seem to be his own, in which our Apparition conjures his own personality :

"Now come, my Ariel, bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and *perthly*—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent."

And yet, do not Shakespeare's dramas hold in solution, not only the qualities of that great historic age, but also the distinctive elements of his own great character? Of Shakespeare as a historical personage, we may know but little; but of Shakespeare as a personality, thinking, feeling, interpreting the mysteries of "this wide and universal theatre" of life, and sweeping with prophetic vision the immensities of the world beyond, we know more than of any other name in our literature We have scarcely asked:

"Give me the spirit, Master Shallow;"

when our bard himself responds:

"My spirit is thine, the better part of me;"

for he does indeed "wide unclasp the tables of his thoughts." He makes us see his "visage in his mind." Hear him in one of his sonnets:

"Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Shewing their birth and where they did proceed?"

And thus it is that Shakespeare's "muse of fire," is a mirror of his inner self—a solution of his mighty mind.

Is it possible, then, by some chemistry, to precipitate, as it were, the qualities here held in solution? Do not "signs of nobleness, like stars, shine" down upon us from the infinite firmament of the Shakespearian drama? His life, evidently, was a true life; and his character, if not angelic, which we could hardly expect in an age when angels seldom assumed human forms, was a really grand one.

Charles Dickens, in one of his hasty letters, writes: "The life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery, and I tremble every day lest something should come up." Happily there is small reason for such a fear; for it so happens that the more things come up about our bard, instead of dimming his good name and breaking the enchantment that envelops him, the brighter his reputation becomes. It is found, upon careful research, that the deer-stealing

adventure with which his name is associated, is apocryphal, and that the foul Davenant story is a pure fabrication.

"Best men," it is said, "are moulded out of faults," and Shakespeare, doubtless, had his frailties.

" We are all men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh ; few are angels."

And if Shakespeare is not an angel, neither is he "a man who is the abstract of all faults." Whatever the errors of his youth—

" My riots past and wild societies"—

there came a time when

" his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him."

And, therefore, in "anatomizing him as he is," we need, for the most part, neither blush nor weep, neither pale nor wonder.

An obvious feature about the Shakespearian mind is its largeness. Dryden expresses what every one must have felt, when he says: "Shakespeare was the man who, of all modern, and, perhaps, ancient, poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul." The largeness of his nature sweeps a wider horizon than even that of his own age, or than the narrow limits of any one school of thought. Hence we find, for instance, few traces in his works of the age's many and bitter controversies. In religious expression he is simple, spontaneous, and entirely free from anything conventional; while he is always reverent, because recognizing the Divine immanence.

Akin to this comprehensiveness of soul is a warmth and width of generous sympathy.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Shakespeare feels that touch as few have ever felt it. His nature is full of "the milk of human kindness." In proof, see how his heart, refusing to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined" to his own narrow body, roams at large, inhabiting the whole of humanity, entering the hearts of all mankind, so as to feel and understand, from the king to the clown, all their virtues and all their frailties, meanwhile impartially and lovingly giving them living embodiment. His benevolence of nature runs like a Gulf Stream through the "vasty deep" of his muse. So far do his sympathies reach

out, especially toward the lowly and unfortunate, that they touch the very verge of excess. As Whipple puts it: "Milton could do justice to the devil, but not, like Shakespeare, to 'poor devils.'"

A modest humility is equally conspicuous.

"He felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little."

If nothing else, the deliberate suppression of the personal element from his works rescues his name from the reproach of pride and ambition. He says in effect:

"I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes."

Seldom does he lay himself open to the imputation of a love of fame, or even of conscious merit. Once he trips:

"To times in hope my verse shall stand ;"

and once again:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

But these are only rare and momentary perturbations of our planet. The rule is his "genius is a secret to itself," never setting himself to produce "a work which the world will not willingly let die;" taking on no airs for writing Hamlet; but, on the contrary, appearing in the midst of his sublimest triumphs of genius unconscious that he is doing anything surprising.

Fielding, in his "Journey from this World to the Next," has a remarkable piece of imaginative word painting, which puts this element of our bard's character in a striking point of view: Two commentators meet the shade of Shakespeare in the other world, and immediately question him as to the meaning of a disputed passage, to which the ghost majestically replies that he has forgotten; that possibly he had not written anything like either emendation; and that he did not care a pin about the matter! There, he might have said, with Prospero, as his creations vanish from his mental view, dissipated by his modest humility:

"Be cheerful, Sir :
Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air :
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind."

A crown-jewel in Shakespeare's genius reflected from his personal character, is his cheerfulness. In happy sprightliness and serene benignity he is without a peer. Like Orlando, he has "a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels." Now it ripples in laughter, anon rollicks in boisterous merriment. You hear him sing with Amiens:

" Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Under the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough we. ther."

Whatever others may do, Shakespeare never "sucks melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs." On the contrary, when his spirit is heaviest, it invariably maintains its buoyancy; "and, indeed," as he makes Jaques say, "the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness." Still, viewed in the round, Shakespeare's is a sober cheerfulness or a cheerful sobriety—a seriousness full of the sunshine of good temper and of undying hope.

But without waiting to specify any other separate precipitate of personality, the character of our bard is best painted with colours already mixed by his own hand. It were possible to collocate descriptive touches from his own creations so as to present a full and life-like etching of himself. See him! "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

" A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

" He's gentle ; never schooled, and yet learned ; full of noble device ; of all sorts enchantingly beloved."

" And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

" He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

METHODISM IN GREAT BRITAIN -ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

BY THE REV. DR. STEWART,
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I.

BRITISH Methodism is on the eve of completing a century and a half of its existence. It was in the year 1739 that the spiritual awakening under the preaching of the Wesleys enshrined itself in an organized form. Some "eight or ten persons who," Mr. John Wesley informs us, "appeared to be deeply convinced of sin," applied to him for specific instructions in regard to personal salvation; and to these, and as many as desired to meet with them—for their numbers increased daily—he gave suitable advices weekly, and always concluded their meetings with prayer suited to their several necessities. "This was the rise of the United Societies, first in Europe and then in America."

In 1839 the Centenary of Methodism was celebrated. Some of us still remember the devout gratitude of that occasion. The older men, a few of whom had been companions of our venerable founder, retraced the way in which the Lord had led His people and joyfully set up their Ebenezer, while the people at large took up the strain of thanksgiving, and in the spirit of consecration and of hope laid their costliest gifts upon the altar. From that day, too, the command went forth afresh to bless, and often since then suitable guidance in perplexity, and imparted strength for patience in the fiery trial, or for labour in the burden and heat of the day, have compelled anew the utterance of Mr. Wesley's dying words, "The best of all is, God is with us."

The review of another half-century serves but to awaken a deeper sense of obligation for the past, and to inspire a stronger confidence for the future. Boasting must now, as ever, be excluded, and all unhallowed ambition be repressed; but may we not, once more, be permitted to use the language so often upon the lips of the first and leading instrument in this movement. "According to this time it shall be said, What hath God wrought?" In like manner, any solid expectation in regard to the future must rest not on human wisdom or power, but on the direction and working of the Spirit of the Lord. But, this assumed, what

are the grounds on which it may be hoped that Methodism will continue to be a chief factor in the religious life of Great Britain, till the bicentenary of its origin shall be commemorated and in the period beyond?

I. Its present position as a distinct branch of the Church of Christ, or rather as embracing several such distinct branches, must be taken into account. This fact exists, and neither the despising and ignoring of it on the one hand, nor the but partial recognition of its responsibilities on the other, can in the smallest degree lessen the significance of that fact. At the first, Mr. Wesley had no thought of leaving the Established Church of England. Once and again, when the suggestion was forced upon him, he refused to countenance it. Even to the last he could not bear the thought of being personally separated from that communion; and he was fain to cherish the hope that some way might be opened for the union of his societies with that fold. But he could not alter the logic of events. He and his ministerial coadjutors were driven from the pulpits, and his followers from the sacraments of the Episcopal Church. Most reluctantly, therefore, was he compelled to take steps for the provision of a suitable ecclesiastical organization for his people. He ordained Dr. Coke as Superintendent for the American Societies; and others of his preachers as elders in the Church of God. By the enrolment of a deed in Chancery he settled the doctrinal basis of the commencing Church, and gave a definite position to its pastorate. Here, then, may be traced the hand of Providence. Mr. Wesley was raised above his own sentiments, and led deliberately to take action contrary to his earlier convictions. With a keen sense of his obligations to the Lord Jesus Christ, as the supreme Head of the Church, and to the souls redeemed by His precious blood, he felt that in the extremity which was forced upon him he might not dare to do less than he did.

The answer, then, to those who question the right of the Methodist people to a separate church existence, and who urge Mr. Wesley's own words as a reason for returning to the Church of England is this: Our fathers were banished from their home and had to make another for themselves, but Providence has overruled the injury done for the furtherance of the Gospel, and that, therefore, it behoves us to stand fast in this liberty wherewith Christ has made us free. Nor can it be supposed for a moment that if the Methodists were to return to the Episcopal Church, but still imbued with the spirit of John Wesley and as little disposed to

submit to the authority of that Church as he and their fathers were a hundred years ago, when it came into conflict with their principles, that they would be welcomed or could be tolerated in it.

It must also be borne in mind that Methodism to-day includes much more than the Connexion which bears the name of the founder. The history of this people is not without its gloomy epochs. In more ways than one must the overruling hand of the Lord be acknowledged. Even here there have been divisive elements at work. For what have been deemed good and sufficient reasons, other Churches bearing the name of Methodist have come into being. Some of them came out of the old body, others grew up under its shadow. They differ not only from the original stock, they differ also from one another. But there they are. Of any central authority they are wholly independent. They are simply responsible to themselves, and to the great Head of the Church. They claim to be in their present position by reason of the best light they can obtain from the Word of God, and that to their own Master they stand or fall. And who can deny them this claim? For good or for evil, therefore, as friends or foes may believe, British Methodism stands forth in manifold church life, strong in the affections of its adherents, bulwarked by the laws of the empire, and sustained by Him who holdeth the seven stars in His right hand. No earthly power can put it out of existence.

II. But it is, what it has been from the beginning, a witness for the truth and the power of the Gospel. Here is a principal guarantee for its continued usefulness. It did not spring up from human ambition. It made no profession of having discovered new truths, either in the sphere of Christian doctrine or of Church government. It has never leaned on the arm of secular authority for support. What then has been its essential reason? Simply this, to emphasize the power of experimental godliness. This is the key to its history. It proclaims the attainableness of peace with God, and of freedom from the thralldom and defilement of sin. It shows that holiness of heart and life are not only possible, but that they are obligatory upon every child of man. To make known these truths, to urge them upon the consciences of all men, and to afford all Scriptural aid toward their possession and their exemplification, constitute the very basis and origin of this system. If such a testimony be not required, or if Methodism no longer lives to afford it, then may it be dispensed with, but not otherwise. It is true that certain doctrines are tenaciously maintained and certain usages characteristic of all forms of Methodism are inflexibly pre-

served, but this is so only because of their value as Christian principles and as the best means to the highest ends. Right opinion by itself is nothing. But there is "the sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord." (Heb. xii. 14, R. V.)

It may be thankfully conceded that the England of to-day is very much better than the England of a hundred and fifty years ago. The testimony of the best informed and the most disinterested men of that age, confirmed by such works as the "History of the Four Georges," reveals such a state of profanity and immorality as then existing in all classes of society, and such indifference and infidelity as permeating the Church itself, that we cannot but rejoice in the vast improvement in our own times.* Nevertheless, any one acquainted with the present condition of English society, must know that it is very far below the ideal of a Christian people. We have but to look at the great cities and larger towns to see that a new and most difficult problem is confronting the Church of Christ, and that it will require the wisdom and zeal, much more the wealth and personal consecration of all disciples of the Lord Jesus, to stay and, drive back the mighty forces of evil which are at work there for "wickedness burneth as the fire."

The use of intoxicating drinks and the traffic in them; the prevalence of such sins as brought down the wrath of God on ancient empires and civilizations, and swept them away; the profanation of the holy Sabbath, and specially among the upper classes; the alienation of by far the largest part of the working population from the ordinances of Divine worship, and in many cases from the spirit of Christianity altogether; the unhallowed haste by any means to be rich; the ambition for political distinction which overrides true patriotism, yet fosters under its sacred name the basest passions; together with those manifestations of a scarcely concealed savagism underlying the surface of society, all indicate how vast and complicated is the work which lies before the several Churches of God in the British Isles to-day.

Both in the Establishment and among the Nonconforming bodies there has been a great awakening on this subject, and an enthusiasm has been kindled, and efforts of an ameliorative and evangelistic character put forth quite unexampled in the annals

* For the statements of Bishops Burnet, Gibson, and Butler, and of Archbishop Seckerson, of the Episcopal Church, and of some of the leading Nonconformists, see the "Centenary of Wesleyan Methodism," London, 1839.

of Christian faith. But we cannot suppose, as some profess to do, that there is no need, or even less need, of the work of Methodism on that account. If it has most largely contributed to the great spiritual awakening of the present time, we need not conclude that its special work is accomplished. It is not a spent force by any means, and it may still be reckoned on for assistance in every movement having for its end the salvation of men and the glory of God. But more than this, it must still be regarded as a distinct and indispensable power both for conservative influence and for aggressive action.

It cannot be denied that within and beyond the bounds of the National Church there is much zeal which is not according to Scriptural knowledge. Many of the most active of both laity and clergy in the Episcopal Church disown the name of Protestant, and seek to bring their people and the nation back to a yoke of spiritual bondage which neither we nor our fathers were able to bear. Much talk, too, is held of the evils of division in the body of Christ, and of the pressing need of ecclesiastical unity. But the efforts put forth in this direction have reference to the corrupt Churches of Christendom, while communions bearing the most unequivocal marks of the Divine approval are denied the simple acknowledgment of Christian discipleship. Two facts have occurred during the present year which have given a painful prominence to these subjects. In the great Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, an elaborate Reredos—hitherto characteristic of Romish worship—has been erected at the cost of several thousands of pounds, and this in opposition not only to the Protestant character of the nation, but to the remonstrances of many of the worshippers there, and the voice of some of the leading dignitaries of the Church.

A representative Missionary Conference was held in London in June last. It was remarkable no less for the men of whom it was composed, and the churches it represented, than for the topics it discussed, and the interests of our common Christianity involved in the proceedings. "But perhaps the most pleasing of all the features of the Conference was the remarkable unity of faith and feeling shown by the members. Only one Protestant Missionary Society declined the honour of representation in the assembly—that, of course, was the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—a Society which, notwithstanding the great work it has done, is committed to the foolish, unscriptural, and, in the end, suicidal policy of separating the Church of England

not only from its nonconforming brethren, but even from its own evangelical members. It is a humiliating fact that only one English Bishop—Dr. Bickersteth, of Exeter—appears in the list of members, or showed himself upon the platform. The Archbishop of Canterbury, however, did, at the close of the Conference, send a sympathetic greeting.”*

As to those outside that Church, the recent discussion on the “Down Grade” movement is sufficiently monitory. Themselves being judges, the prominent men of the other denominations recognize a state of things among their ministry, and among their churches, too, which is adapted to excite serious apprehensions. It is not a matter of little importance that such a man as Charles H. Spurgeon should find himself obliged to withdraw from the Baptist Union, as a protest against perilous errors and offensive practices. And, therefore, granting, as we most thankfully do, that both in the Establishment and out of it there is a marvellous power for good, broadening, deepening, and strengthening from day to day, we deem that no auxiliary force can be dispensed with, when these baneful tendencies are known to exist.

Here, then, comes in the advantage, not to say the necessity, of the work of British Methodism. It is, as of old, “the friend of all, the enemy of none,” and extends the right hand of fellowship to those of every name who are endeavouring to do the Master’s work. It is not a proselyting agency, neither does it become a busybody in other men’s matters. Mr. Wesley was accustomed to say, “Others begin with condemning those who differ from them in opinion, we begin with condemning ourselves.” And Methodism still, in all its forms, is constrained to look to itself. It is nothing if it is not a soul-saving power. It must maintain the purity of its agents, the simplicity of its aims, and its direct labour for immediate spiritual results. If this be done, it must inevitably strengthen the hands of all who are engaged in similar work. There is a fine passage in Mr. Wesley’s sermon on “Salvation by Faith”—the first of the fifty-two which constitute the basis of the doctrinal system of Methodism—which illustrates the bent and bias of this work, and shows how fidelity to it must ensure success :

“For this reason the adversary so rages whenever salvation by faith is declared to the world; for this reason did he stir up earth and hell to destroy those who first preached it. And for the same reason, knowing

*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine for September, 1888, p. 681.

that faith alone could overturn the foundations of his kingdom, did he call forth all his forces, and employ all his arts of lies and calumny to affright that champion of the Lord of Hosts, Martin Luther, from reviving it. Nor can we wonder thereat, for as that man of God observes, 'How would it enrage a proud, strong man armed, to be stopped and set at naught by a little child coming against him with a reed in his hand! Especially when he knew that little child would surely overthrow him, and tread him under foot.' Even so, Lord Jesus! thus hath Thy strength been ever made perfect in weakness! Go forth, then, thou little child that believest in Him, and His right hand shall teach thee terrible things! Though thou art weak and helpless as an infant of days, the strong man shall not be able to stand before thee. Thou shalt prevail over him, and subdue him, and overthrow him, and trample him under thy feet. Thou shalt march on, under the great Captain of thy salvation, 'conquering and to conquer,' until all thy enemies are destroyed, and death is swallowed up in victory."

Wonderfully well has the little child kept to its reed, "Salvation by faith," through its past history, and by its faithful use of this weapon in the time to come, the whole force and army of Satan—popery, and unbelief, and formality—shall be put to flight.

III. British Methodism is increasingly alive to the importance of adapting its agencies to the ever-changing necessities of the times.

A somewhat attentive observation of the spirit and aims of modern Methodism in the parent land, during the present year, has produced the conviction that for honest hard work, and, above all, for dependence upon the promised grace of the Holy Spirit, as the author and giver of life, it will not be found wanting when tested by the side of other Churches, or even by its own primitive history. The question of the hour in all the Conferences, whether of the larger or smaller bodies, seemed to be, How may the means of the Church be best economized, and most persistently and successfully employed to bring about the measured increase of spiritual results? And closely connected with this there appeared to be another, How may the ministry be best prepared for the arduous and difficult task of meeting present day responsibilities? It is little to say that drones and pedants are not wanted, and can find no place in the pulpits of these Churches. Much has been done of late for the education of the rising ministry. Much more is contemplated in the future. But that education aims directly at a fitness for service. It simply means for the preacher and pastor what drill means for the soldier—to put him at his best for the work which he is appointed to do. On this subject the

ministry and the laity of Methodism are in perfect accord; and every one of the Churches—the Old Connexion and the New, the Primitive Methodists and the Bible Christians, the English and the Irish alike—have spoken and acted with perfect unanimity of sentiment. The movement on behalf of Home Missions—whether in London and the large centres of population, or in the villages—has greatly intensified the desire to secure only first-class men, not, indeed, for show, but for downright self-denying toil, after the manner of the pioneers.

Complaint is made that the better class of the people has left the old places of worship, and that as the lower classes do not attend, large and commodious churches are often all but forsaken. The men, therefore, who are wanted, and who must be forthcoming, are those who can fill these sanctuaries, bring down the converting power within them, and turn them into sources of strength and blessing to the multitudes who surround them. Distinguished triumphs in this direction have been already achieved, and nothing but a steady increase of them all round will meet the just and reasonable expectation of the people. Those who enter the ministry of any of the Methodist Churches can have no hope of sinecures, of heavy emoluments, or of the honour which cometh of this world. But they must submit to having their competency for the work tested in no fastidious manner. It is very gratifying to find how firmly the respective Conferences adhere to their early principles on this matter. They have imbibed the spirit of John Wesley's maxim, "You have nothing to do but to save souls," and they seem determined not only to work earnestly on this rule themselves, but to ensure that those who come after them shall "go and do likewise." If, indeed, there is more sensitiveness on this point with some than with others, it is specially with the smaller bodies, with whom worldly recompense is most out of the question. Possibly the Wesleyan Church might not look with complacency upon the Circuit Quarterly Meeting discussing from year to year the Christian and pastoral character of the probationers for the ministry, in order to report to the District Meetings and the Conference; but this is what is done in the other bodies, and with unsparing fidelity too. The thoroughness of this ordeal will impress one as deeply as anything that he may witness in any one of these Conferences.

DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

BY SAXE HOLM.

I.

WHEN Draxy Miller's father was a boy, he read a tale in which the heroine was a Polish girl, named Darachsa. The name stamped itself indelibly upon his imagination; and when, at the age of thirty-five, he took his first-born daughter in his arms, his first words were, "I want her called Darachsa."

The whole village was soon in a state of excitement. Poor Reuben Miller had never before been the object of half so much interest. He was a reticent man; he loved books, and had hungered for them all his life; and so it had slowly come about that in the village where his father had lived and died, and where he himself had grown up, and seemed likely to live and die, Reuben Miller was a lonely man. His wife was one of those clinging, tender, unselfish, will-less women, who make pleasant, and affectionate, and sunny wives enough for rich, prosperous, unsentimental husbands, but who are millstones about the necks of sensitive, impressionable, unsuccessful men. If Jane Miller had been a strong, determined woman, Reuben would not have been a failure. But when he was discouraged, baffled, Jane clasped her hands, sat down, and looked into his face with streaming eyes. So the twelve years of their married life had gone on slowly, very slowly, but still surely, from bad to worse; nothing prospered in Reuben's hands. The farm which he had inherited from his father was large, but not profitable. He sunk a great portion of his little capital in a flour-mill, which promised to be a great success, paid well for a couple of years, and then burnt down, uninsured. Then he opened a little store; here, also, he failed. He was too honest, too sympathizing, too inert. His day-book was a curiosity; he had a vein of humour which no amount of misfortune could quench; and he used to enter under the head of "given" all the purchases which he knew were not likely to be paid for. It was at sight of this book, one day, that Jane Miller, for the first and only time in her life, lost her temper with Reuben.

"Well, I must say, Reuben Miller," said she, "I haven't had so much as a pound of white sugar nor a single lemon in my house for two years, and I do think it's a burnin' shame for you to go on sellin' 'em to them shiftless Green's, that'll never pay you a cent, and you know it!"

"Why, mother, what's come over you?" he said. "You know poor little Eph's dyin' of that white swellin'. You wouldn't have me refuse his mother anything we've got, would you?"

Jane Miller walked back to the house with tears in her eyes, but her homely sallow face was transfigured by love as she went about her work, thinking to herself, --

"There never was such a man's Reuben, anyhow. I guess he'll get interest one o' these days for all he's lent the Lord, first and last, without anybody's knowing it."

But the Lord has His own system of reckoning compound interest, and His ways of paying are not our ways. He gave no visible sign of recognition of indebtedness to Reuben.

Before Draxy was ten years old she had become her father's inseparable companion, confidant, and helper. He wondered, sometimes almost in terror, what it meant, that he could say to this little child what he could not say to her mother; that he often detected himself in a desire to ask of this babe advice or suggestions which he never dreamed of asking from his wife.

She was a wonderful child. Her physical health was perfect. The first ten years of her life were spent either out of doors, or in her father's lap. He would not allow her to attend the district school; all she knew she learned from him. Reuben Miller had never looked into an English grammar or a history, but he knew Shakespeare by heart, and much of Homer; a few odd volumes of Walter Scott, some old voyages, a big family Bible, and a copy of Byron, were the only other books in his house. As Draxy grew older, Reuben now and then borrowed from the minister books which he thought would do her good; but the child and he both loved Homer and the Bible so much better than any later books, that they soon drifted back to them. It was a little sad, except that it was so beautiful, to see the isolated life these two led in the family.

And so the years went on. There was much discomfort, much deprivation in Reuben Miller's house. Food was not scarce; the farm yielded enough, such as it was, very coarse and without variety; but money was hard to get; the store seemed to be absolutely unremunerative, though customers were not wanting; and the store and the farm were all that Reuben Miller had in the world. But in spite of the poor food; in spite of the lack of most which money buys; in spite of the loyal, tender, passionate despair of her devotion to her father, Draxy grew fairer and fairer, stronger and stronger. At fourteen her physique was that of superb womanhood. She had inherited her body wholly from her father. For generations back, the Millers had been marked for their fine frames. The men were all over six feet tall; and

the women were much above the average size and strength. Reuben Miller's eyes filled with tears often as he watched his daughter, and said to himself, "Oh, what is to be her fate? What man is worthy of the wife she will be?" But the village people saw only a healthy, handsome girl, "overgrown," they thought, and "as queer as her father before her," they said, for Draxy, very early in life, had withdrawn herself somewhat from the companionship of the young people of the town.

As for Jane, she loved and revered Draxy, very much as she did Reuben, with touching devotion, but without any real comprehension of her nature. If she sometimes felt a pang in seeing how much more Reuben talked with Draxy than with her, how much more he sought to be with Draxy than with her, she stifled it, and, reproaching herself for disloyalty to each, set herself to work for them harder than before.

In Draxy's sixteenth year the final blow of misfortune fell upon Reuben Miller's head.

A brother of Jane's, for whom, in an hour of foolish generosity, Reuben had indorsed a note of a considerable amount, failed. Reuben's farm was already heavily mortgaged. There was nothing to be done but to sell it. Purchasers were not plenty nor eager; everybody knew that the farm must be sold for whatever it would bring, and each man who thought of buying hoped to profit somewhat, in a legitimate and Christian way, by Reuben's extremity.

Reuben's courage would have utterly forsaken him now, except for Draxy's calmness. Jane was utterly unnerved; wept silently from morning till night, and implored Reuben to see her brother's creditors, and beg them to release him from his obligation. But Draxy, usually so gentle, grew almost stern when such suggestions were made.

"You don't understand, ma," she said, with flushing cheeks. "It is a promise. Father must pay it. He cannot ask to have it given back to him."

But with all Draxy's inflexibility of resolve, she could not help being disheartened. She could not see how they were to live; the three rooms over the store could easily be fitted up into an enduring dwelling-place; but what was to supply the food which the farm had hitherto given them? There was literally no way open for a man or a woman to earn money in that little farming village. Each family took care of itself and hired no service, except in the short season of haying. Draxy was an excellent seamstress, but she knew very well that the price of all the sewing hired in the village in a year would not keep them from starving. The

store must be given up, because her father would have no money with which to buy goods. Still Draxy never wavered, and because she did not waver Reuben did not die. The farm was sold at auction, with the stock, the utensils, and all the house-furniture which was not needed to make the store chambers habitable. The buyer boasted in the village that he had not given more than two-thirds of the real value of the place. After Reuben's debts were all paid, there remained just one thousand dollars to be put into the bank.

"Why, father! That is a fortune," said Draxy, when he told her. "I did not suppose we should have anything, and it is glorious not to owe any man a cent."

It was early in April when the Millers moved into the "store chambers." The buyer of their farm was a hard-hearted, penurious man. He had never been known to give a penny. His wife and children had never received at his hands the smallest gift. But even his heart was touched by Draxy's cheerful acquiescence in the hard change, and her pathetic attempts to make the new home pleasant. The next morning after Deacon White took possession, he called out over the fence to poor Reuben, who stood listlessly on the store steps, trying not to look across at the house which had been his.

"I say, Miller, that gal o' your'n is what I call the right sort o' woman, up an' down. I hain't said much to her, but I've noticed that she set a heap by this garding; an' I expect she'll miss the flowers more'n anything; now my womenfclks they won't have anythin' to do with such truck; an' if she's a mind to take care on't jest's she used ter, I'm willin'; I guess we shall be the gainers on't."

"Thank you, Deacon White; Draxy 'll be very glad," was all Reuben could reply. Something in his tone touched the man's flinty heart still more; and before he half knew what he was going to say, he had added—

"An' there's the vegetable part on't, too, Miller. I never was no hand to putter with garden sass. If you'll jest keep that up and go halves, fair and reg'lar, you're welcome."

This was tangible help. Reuben's face lighted up.

"I thank you with all my heart," he replied. "That'll be a great help to me; and I reckon you'll like our vegetables, too," he said, half smiling, for he knew very well that nothing but potatoes and turnips had been seen on Deacon White's table for years.

Then Reuben went to find Draxy; when he told her, the colour came into her face, and she shut both her hands with a quick, nervous motion, which was habitual to her under excitement.

"Oh, father, we can almost live off the garden," said she. "I told you we should not starve."

But still new sorrows, and still greater changes were in store for the poor, disheartened family. In June a malignant fever broke out in the village, and in one short month Reuben and Jane had laid their two youngest boys in the grave-yard. There was a dogged look, which was not all sorrow, on Reuben's face as he watched the sexton fill up the last grave. Sam and Jamie, at any rate, would not know any more of the discouragement and hardship of life.

Jane, too, mourned her boys not as mothers mourn whose sons have a birthright of gladness. Jane was very tired of the world.

On the evening after Sam's funeral, as Reuben was sitting on the steps, with his head buried in his hands, a neighbour drove up and threw him a letter.

"It's been lyin' in the office a week or more, Merrill said, and reckoned I'd better bring it up to you," he called out, as he drove on.

"It might lie there forever, for all my goin' after it," thought Reuben to himself, as he picked it up from the dust; "it's no good news, I'll be bound."

But it was good news. The letter was from Jane's oldest sister, who had married only a few years before, and gone to live in a seaport town on the New England coast. Her husband was an old captain, who had retired from his seafaring life with just money enough to live on, in a humble way, in an old house which had belonged to his grandfather.

Emma Melville wrote, offering the Millers a home; their last misfortune had just come to her knowledge, for Jane had been for months too much out of heart to write to her relatives. Emma wrote:—

"We are very poor, too; we haven't anything but the house, and a little money each year to buy what we need to eat and wear, the plainest sort. But the house is large; Captain Melville and me never so much as set foot upstairs. If you can manage to live on the upper floor, you're more than welcome, we both say; and we hope you won't let any pride stand in the way of your coming. It will do us good to have more folks in the house, and it ain't as if it cost us anything, for we shouldn't never be willing, neither me nor Captain Melville, to rent the room to strangers, not while we've got enough to live on without."

There was silence for some minutes between Reuben and Jane and Draxy after this letter had been read. Jane looked steadily away from Reuben. There was deep down in the patient woman's

heart a latent pride, which was grievously touched. Reuben turned to Draxy; her lips were parted; her cheeks were flushed; her eyes glowed. "Oh, father, how kind, how good of Aunt Emma's husband!"

"Would you like to go, my daughter?" said Reuben, earnestly.

"Why, I thought of course we should go!" exclaimed Draxy, turning a bewildered look to her mother, who was still silent. "What else is the letter sent for? It means that we must go."

Her beautiful simplicity was utterly removed from any false sense of obligation. She accepted help as naturally from a human hand as from the sunshine; she would give it herself, so far as she had power, just as naturally and just as unconsciously.

There was very little discussion about the plan. Draxy's instinct overbore all her father's misgiving and all her mother's unwillingness.

"Oh, how can you feel so, Ma," she exclaimed more than once. "If I had a sister I could not. I love Aunt Emma already next to you and father; and you don't know how much we can do for her after we get there, either. I can earn money there, I know I can; all we need."

Mrs. Melville had written that there were many strangers in the town in the summer, and that she presumed Draxy could soon find all the work she wished as seamstress; also that there were many chances of work for a man who was accustomed to gardening, as, of course, Reuben must be.

Draxy's sanguine cheerfulness was infectious; even Jane began to look forward with interest to the new home; and Reuben smiled when Draxy sang.

The store was sold, the furniture packed, and Reuben Miller, with his wife and child, set his face eastward to begin life anew. Draxy could not speak for delight; tears stood in her eyes, and she took hold of her father's hand. But Reuben and Jane saw only the desolate rocks, and treeless, shrubless, almost—it seemed to them—grassless fields, and an unutterable sense of gloom came over them.

Captain Melville lived in the older part of the town, near the water. The houses were all wooden, weather-beaten, and gray, and had great patches of yellow lichen on their walls and roofs; thin rims of starved-looking grass edged the streets, and stray blades stood up here and there among the old sunken cobblestones which made the pavements.

They had some difficulty in finding the house. The lanes and streets seemed inextricably tangled; the little party was shy of asking direction, and they were all disappointed and grieved, more

than they owned to themselves, that they had not been met at the station. At last they found the nouse. Timidly Draxy lifted the great brass knocker. It looked to her like splendour, and made her afraid. It fell more heavily than she supposed it would, and the clang sounded to her over-wrought nerves as if it filled the whole street. No one came. They looked at the windows. The curtains were all down. There were no signs of life about the place. Tears came into Jane's eyes. She was worn out with the fatigue of the journey.

"Oh dear, oh dear," she said, "I wish we hadn't come."

"Pshaw, mother," said Reuben, with a voice cheerier than his heart, "very likely they never got our last letter, and don't know we were to be here to-day," and he knocked again.

Instantly a window opened in the opposite house, and a jolly voice said, "My gracious!" and in the twinkling of an eye the jolly owner of the jolly voice had opened her front door and run bareheaded across the street, and was shaking hands with Reuben and Jane and Draxy, all three at once, and talking so fast that they could hardly understand her.

"My gracious! my gracious! Won't Mrs. Melville be beat! Of course, you're her folks she was expecting from the West, ain't you? I mistrusted it, somehow, as soon as I heard the big knock. Now I'll just let you in the back door. Oh my, Mis' Melville 'll never get over this; to think of her be'n' away, an' she's been lookin' an' lookin', and worryin' for two weeks, because she didn't hear from you; and only last night Captain Melville he said 'he'd write to-day if they didn't hear.'"

"We wrote," said Draxy, in her sweet, low voice, "we wrote to Aunt Emma that we'd come to-day."

"Now did you!" said the jolly voice. "Well, that's jest the way. You see your letter's gone somewhere else, and now Mis' Melville she's gone to"—the rest of the sentence was lost, for the breathless little woman was running around the house to the back door.

"Well, well, you're just all tired out with your journey, an' a cup o' tea's the thing you want, an' none o' my talk; but you see Mis' Melville 'n me's so intimate that I feel's if I'd known you always, 'n I'm real glad to see you here, real glad; 'n I'll bring the tea right over; the kettle was a boilin' when I run out, 'n I'll send Jim right down town for Captain Melville; he's sure to be to the library. Oh, but won't Mis' Melville be beat."

Reuben and Jane and Draxy sat down with as bewildered a feeling as if they had been transported to another world. Presently they observed the bare, wooden floors, the flag-bottomed

chairs, and faded chintz cushions, the row of old tin utensils, and plain, cheap crockery in the glass-doored cupboard, and felt more at home.

"You know Aunt Emma said they were poor, too," said Draxy, answering her own unspoken thought, as well as her father's and mother's.

Reuben pushed his hair off his warm forehead, and sighed.

"I suppose we might go upstairs, mother," he said; "that's to be our house, as I understand it."

Draxy bounded at the words. With flying steps she ascended the stairs and opened the first door. She stood still on the threshold, unable to move from astonishment. It was still light enough to see the room.

"Oh, father, it's all fixed for a sitting-room! Father, dear, I told you!"

This was something they had not dreamed of. They had understood the offer to be merely of rooms in which they could live rent-free.

In a minute the door burst open, and a red-faced, white-haired old man, utterly out of breath, bounced into the room, and seizing Reuben by the hand gasped out, puffing between the words like a steam-engine:

"Wreck me, if this isn't a hard way to make port. Why, man, we've been looking for some hail from you for two weeks, till we began to think you'd given us the go-by altogether. Welcome to Melville Harbour, I say, welcome!" and he had shaken Reuben's hand, and kissed Jane and turned to Draxy all in a breath. At the first full sight of Draxy's face he started and felt dumb. He had never seen so beautiful a girl. He pulled out a red silk handkerchief and wiped his face nervously as she said, "Kiss me, too, uncle." Then Reuben began to say something about gratitude, and the old sailor exclaimed: "Now, wreck me if I have a word o' that. We're glad enough to get you all here; and as for the few things in the rooms, they're of no account anyhow."

Captain Melville and Reuben were friends before bed-time. Reuben's gentle simplicity and unworldliness, and patient demeanour, roused in the rough sailor a sympathy like that he had always felt for women. And to Reuben the hearty good cheer, and brisk, bluff sailor ways were infinitely winning and stimulating.

The next day Mrs. Melville came home. In a short time the little household had adjusted itself, and settled down into its routine of living. When, in a few days, the great car-load of the Millers' furniture arrived, Captain Melville insisted upon its all

going to the auction-rooms excepting the kitchen furniture, and a few things for which Jane had an especial attachment. It brought two hundred dollars, which, in addition to the price of the farm, and the store and its stock, gave Reuben just nineteen hundred dollars to put in the Savings Bank.

"And I am to be counted at least two thousand more, father, dear, so you are not such a very poor man after all," said Draxy, laughing and dancing around him.

Now Draxy Miller's real life began. Only a few years before, a free library had been founded in this town. Every week hundreds of volumes circulated among the families where books were prized, and could not be owned. When Draxy's uncle first took her into this library, and explained to her its purpose and regulations, she stood motionless for a few moments, looking at him and at the books; then, with tears in her eyes, and saying, "Don't follow me, uncle, dear; don't mind me. I can't bear it," she ran swiftly into the street, and never stopped until she had reached home and found her father. An hour later she entered the library again, leading her father by the hand. She had told him the story on the way. Reuben's thin cheeks were flushed. It was almost more than he, too, could bear. Silently the father and daughter walked up and down the room, looking into the alcoves. Then they sat down together, and studied the catalogue. Then they rose and went out, hand-in-hand as they had entered, speaking no word, taking no book. For one day the consciousness of this wealth filled their hearts beyond the possibility of one added desire. After that, Draxy and her father were to be seen every night seated at the long table in the reading-room. They read always together, Draxy's arm being over the back of her father's chair. Many a man and many a woman stopped and looked long at the picture. But neither Draxy nor her father knew it.

ACCEPTED TIMES.

THERE are immortal moments in each life:

They come and go—

One scarce may of their presence know.

Yet in them there is struck a chord.

It may be loud it may be low,

Of peace or strife.

Of love or hate.

Which will vibrate.

Like circles from a pebble's throw,

Unto the coming of the Lord.

—A. E. Hamilton.

The Higher Life.

“HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?”

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

THE story of those Ephesian disciples to whom this question was proposed is at once interesting and instructive. It shows that then, as now, the truth had found its way into places where the voice of the Christian preacher had not been heard. From whom these people learned what they knew of Christianity we know not, but that they had not learned it from any of the apostles or any of their co-labourers is evident. If an apostle or any, who had been specially trained and commissioned by the apostles had preached the Gospel to them, they would have been more perfectly instructed. And yet, without the ministry of such, they had learned enough of Christ to induce them to accept Him as the Messiah and to become His disciples. They had not only taken their place at His feet as learners, but, as the word imports, they had submitted themselves to His discipline and government. They were members of the Kingdom of God, subjects of the Mediatorial King.

And yet these people belonged to an inferior stage in the development of the Kingdom of God, they had not yet attained to the full enjoyment of the privileges of the new dispensation, the dispensation of the Gospel, which is the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. The doctrine of the Spirit was unknown to them. They had not so much as heard that there was any Holy Spirit, or, as it is in the Revised Version, dropping out the italicised word which the revisionists have supplied, but the equivalent of which is not in the Greek text, “We have not so much as heard that the Holy Ghost was.” Evidently, so far as they were concerned, the evolution of the doctrine of the Trinity was not complete. They knew the Father and the Son, but the fact of the Holy Spirit being one of the persons of the Godhead, co-essential with these, was a truth which had not yet been apprehended by them. They had passed beyond the Jewish dispensation, but they had not reached the Christian; they were yet in the compound intermediate dispensation of John; and their apprehension of the truth rose no higher than that stage of development.

And as their knowledge was defective so was their experience.

They had not received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The promise of the Father had not been fulfilled in them. That they had felt, to some extent, the influence of the Spirit, there is no reason to doubt. No man calleth Jesus Christ Lord but by Him; and the fact that they had accepted the Divine Redeemer as Lord is proof that they had been moved by Him. They had believed—and we have no reason to doubt that they had believed with the heart unto righteousness—to the saving of their souls. They were, to use the phraseology of our time, Christians—imperfectly instructed Christians, it is true, but, nevertheless, Christians. And yet they had not the full measure of power and blessing which it was their privilege as Christians to enjoy. The characteristic gift of the new dispensation they had not received. That of which John spake when he said of his Divine Master, “He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire,” and of which Jesus Himself spake immediately before His ascension, when He said, “Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence,” had not been realized by them in their own personal experience. They had not received their pentecost.

This story teaches us, too, that without this baptism of the Holy Ghost the believer, though he be a disciple, is not complete. He has not yet entered into the power and privilege which properly belongs to the new dispensation. He has not come up to the standard of measurement which belongs to the Christian age. He does not enjoy what it is the privilege of the New Testament saint to enjoy; he is not prepared to do all that the New Testament saint, when fully equipped for his work, may do. There is no complaint made in respect to the consistency of these disciples' lives. For aught that we can learn from the narrative, their morals were correct, their deportment irreproachable. Nor is there any complaints made of their habits of devotion. For aught that we know, they did justly, loved mercy, and walked humbly with God. Their knowledge, it is true, was defective, but this defect could have been easily remedied by appropriate instruction. Under the instruction of such a teacher as Paul, they would have soon been put right, so far as this was concerned. It may be assumed, therefore, that however well instructed they might have been, and however faultless might have been their external life, according to the apostolic standard they would have been defective Christians until, in some further sense, they had received the Holy Ghost.

It is evident, too, that this reception of the Spirit is not something that ought to be insisted on as a condition of membership in the Christian Church. I heard an estimable Baptist minister,

preaching on this very subject a short time ago, complaining of what appears to him to be the almost criminal carelessness of some of his brethren in examining persons on this point as to whether they had received the Holy Ghost, before admitting them to baptism. But Paul baptized these people knowing that they had not received the Holy Ghost. Evidently he did not expect them to receive the Holy Ghost until after baptism. The gift of the Holy Ghost is nowhere in the New Testament offered to sinners outside of the Church, but invariably this offer is made to believers inside of it. It was on the Church in the upper room, not upon the multitude in the street, upon which the spirit was poured out and on whose heads the tongues of flame sat on the day of Pentecost. The only instance in which the baptism of the Holy Ghost preceded the baptism of water was that of Cornelius and his household, and this being the opening of the Gospel dispensation to the Gentiles, was clearly an exception to what may be generally regarded as the Divine order.

The history of Pentecost is instructive. It was the first instance in which what our Lord calls "the promise of the Father" was fulfilled. Whatever may be said of Judas, perhaps no Christian will be disposed to call in question the genuine discipleship of the other eleven who were associated with him in the apostolate. There can be as little doubt in respect to the character of those devoted women who were last at the cross and first at the sepulchre. Probably not one of the one hundred and twenty who composed the infant Church which our Lord Himself had gathered, would have any difficulty in passing the scrutiny of the strictest examining committee that ever guarded the way into the Church of God. Nay, even before they became the disciples of Christ in the New Testament sense, the probability is that the bulk of them were such as would be recognized in any community as good people. Deplorably low as the Israelitish nation had fallen into unspirituality and formalism, the light had not altogether gone out nor the glory utterly departed. The nation that still had its Simeons and its Annas, its Zacharias and Elizabeths, and its Josephs and Marys, was not without its saints, though they had indeed, unhappily, become a minished few.

And it must be remembered that those whom our Lord gathered around Him during His own personal ministry were the spiritually *elite* of the nation. The promptness, too, with which some of them, as soon as they saw and heard Him, left all and followed Him, shows that even in the comparative darkness of Judaism they had believed in Him whom they had not seen, that they were patiently waiting for His coming, and that they had such a

measure of spiritual enlightenment as enabled them to recognize Him as soon as He appeared, even though His appearance must have been strangely out of harmony with their preconceived notions of Him. They had, moreover, the courage of their convictions, such a measure of self-abnegation and devotion to what they believed to be right and true, as led them to voluntarily share the obloquy which was heaped upon Him, and the danger which threatened Him, and which increased at every step taken by Him during His public life.

What progress these people must have made in the religious life during the three or four years that they were brought into close, personal, daily contact with their Divine Master! What progress we know, as a matter of fact, they made during these years of unique privilege, during which they daily heard the words of Jesus, witnessed His example and shared His spirit. What a discipline, what a training was that through which they had passed. If they had not been converted, in our sense of that term, if they had not been spiritually quickened and renewed at the time that they first became His followers, one of two things must have inevitably taken place, either they would have become the subjects of this divine change, or else scandalized and discouraged by the deep spirituality which masked His unique and marvellous character, the strange, unearthly sentiments which ever and anon fell from His lips, and the opposition and obloquy which He was constantly bringing upon Himself by putting Himself in direct conflict with the passions and prejudices of the people, they would have gone back and followed no more with Him.

We do see now and again, no doubt, enough of the old Jewish character and spirit in them to perceive that, with all the privileges which they had enjoyed, they had not got entirely free from the low and comparatively worldly notions of the Kingdom of God which were peculiar to their time; but, after all, the more closely we study the character of these people, taking into account the spirit of the age in which they lived and the circumstances in which they were placed, the more will we, probably, be impressed with their moral excellence and even their saintly character. On them their risen Lord had breathed, saying, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and I cannot believe that this act was altogether symbolical. I think it beyond question that there was a real communication of spiritual influence and power which accompanied that act, although very likely it was prophetic, too, pointing forward to the larger gift which was to be bestowed upon them after His personal presence had been withdrawn from them.

These were the people to whom the Lord Jesus Christ said immediately before the final withdrawal of His visible presence from them, "Behold I send the promise of My Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses for Me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." And it was upon these that, after ten days of patient waiting, the Holy Ghost actually did come down, in the manner, and attended by the signs and wonders which are described in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. They were persons who had so far come under the influence of the Holy Spirit that, though not with the clearness of vision, perhaps, which belongs to this spiritual dispensation, they had been led through repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ to reconciliation with God; by the same Divine energy they had been quickened into newness of life, made conscious of the love of God, and of the power of the world to come. And yet they were not fully prepared for their life-work without that for which they were instructed to tarry in the city of Jerusalem, and which was realized in that which took place when "the day of Pentecost was fully come."

It will, however, be necessary to return to this subject in another number, and as the space allotted to this article is already full, this will be a convenient point at which to pause.

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far Thy beauteous light,
Daily I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

O, hide this self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me, may live;
My vile affections crucify.
Nor let one darling lust survive!
In all things nothing may I see.
Nothing desire or seek but Thee!

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

"PUT on thy beautiful garments." Beautiful garments were bought for Christians whether they wore them or not, and the will

of God was that they should be worn. The speaker said he should not like to see his children in rags if he had provided for them good clothes; but God was obliged to put up with such a state of things. Some ill-dressed Christians got a patch or two at holiness conventions, but he wished them all to have a suit each. He had heard preachers discourse on the beautiful garments most lucidly, and yet they were but poorly dressed themselves, and he could say the same of some class-leaders. It was possible to have a good deal of religion and only a little piety. It was thus with the priest and the Levite in the parable, who might have been going to a holiness conventicle for aught he knew; but that gentleman whom he should ask to see before he had been long in heaven—the good Samaritan—had got the beautiful garments on, and that was the sort of holiness he believed in. If they meant to help others they must let others ride on their own beast while they walked. They would find these garments convenient for walking purposes, for walking in, for example, on the Lord's Day, instead of setting engine-drivers, stokers, and guards to work for them. The commandments would have to be kept, including the fourth. But if they did not pull off the old garments before putting on the new, the dirt would show through. Did they understand what he meant? It was no use putting a surplice on a sweep. If they asked him whether it was possible for a man to be perfect, he answered, "Yes, perfect enough for God to call him perfect." He had some pansies in his garden which would not take a prize at a show, but they were as good as they could be, considering what they were. Yet they would be better if the Lord would let it rain. So it was with Christians; if they would strip off the old garments God would put on the new ones. But the stripping off was costly work. It was not to be done at death—he was not thinking of a shroud; it was to be done now. These garments would help them to get up in the morning to their work without being called twice or thrice, and they would prevent masters from reducing wages on the first opportunity. Suitable for all ages. They might wear them, too, and never be charged with dressing too young. Nor would they be liable to the charge of dressing too expensively for their station in life. They would be clothed with humility. As for confessing holiness, he did not take exactly the same view as some of the brethren. He did not think they would lose it just because they did not confess it. That doctrine was not in the Book, and before he believed it they would have to prove it from the Book. No, that holiness was dyed in the wool. He wished to encourage the young to put these garments on, for the garments would grow with them, as did the lamb's fleece,

which fitted it just as well when it became a sheep. So these beautiful garments would fit the young like that little coat fitted Samuel which his mother made for him, and which besecmed him as much as the finest garments besecmed Eli.—*Rev. Thomas Champness, in The Methodist Times.*

THIS YEAR.

MAY this be a year of great spirituality. As the holy Joseph Alleine wrote from Ilchester prison to his flock at Taunton: "Beloved Christians, live like yourselves; let the world see that the promises of God and the privileges of the Gospel are not empty sounds. Let the heavenly cheerfulness, and the restless diligence, and the holy raisedness of your conversations prove the reality and excellence and beauty of your religion to the world." Aim at an elevated life. Seek to live so near God that you shall not be overwhelmed by those amazing sorrows which you may soon encounter, nor surprised by that decease which may come upon you in a moment suddenly. Let prayer never be a form. Always realize it as an approach to the living God for some specific purpose, and learn to watch for the returns of prayer. Let the Word of God dwell in you richly. That sleep will be sweet, and that awaking hallowed, where a text of Scripture, or a stanza of a spiritual song, imbues the last thoughts of consciousness. See that you make progress. Happy then the New Year if its paths were so bright that in a future retrospect your eye could fix on many a Bethel and Peniel along its track, and your grateful memory could say: "Yonder is the grave where I buried a long-be-setting sin; and that stone of memorial marks where God made me triumph over a fierce temptation, through Jesus Christ. Yon Sabbath was the top of the hill where I clasped the Cross and the burden fell off my back; and that Communion was the land of Beulah, where I saw the far-off land and the King in His beauty."

PRAYING FOR HOLINESS.

MEN pray for holiness as if it were something apart from their every-day life—something that had nothing at all to do with their conduct in their domestic, social, and business relations. They sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee" with glowing fervour, but never think that the prayer can be answered only by the uplifting of their own lives to the plane of God's requirements. Holiness is not a mere sentiment, not a vague vision of glory overhanging us like a heavenly cloud, not a rapture or an ecstasy, not something that God sends down to wrap us like a garment in its

radiant folds. If being holy means anything at all, it means being true, honest, upright, pure, gentle, patient, kind and unselfish. We really have no more religion than we get into our everyday practice. Wherein our devotion is higher than our living, it counts for nothing.—*Morning Star.*

COMPENSATION.

No law of God is more sure in its operation than His law of compensation. It is illustrated in the natural world on every hand; in the realm of human experience it is sometimes obscure, to be sure, but it works no less surely. It must be so, since "God is love." Any human heart that loves needs no argument to prove this, for love's intention is that good gifts must be impartial. So, when we are puzzled by the fact that some of God's own children, ready to serve Him, and fitted to do so in broad lines of usefulness, are yet shut in by painful limitations—circumstances that to human sight seem all awry—we may be sure that somehow, in His good time, God will gloriously make up for the seeming loss. We were once inclined to feel sorry for the boys who are obliged to make their own way in the world, through difficulties that seem sufficient to crush the spirit out of them. But longer observation has shown us that the law of compensation makes them rather to be congratulated than pitied. If true to principle, they develop mental and moral fibre through their very difficulties which their apparently more forward comrades fail to gain. The unselfish member of the household who is always setting aside her own convenience for everybody else, is not, after all, consoled with. If she makes her position one of choice and not of necessity, she will grow rich in treasures of character which the self-indulgent people around her will never gather for themselves.

So here is a crumb of comfort, rather a generous slice, for God's people who seemed hindered, hampered, "distressed on every side." "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of good and not of evil, to give you an expected end." Not a haphazard, disappointing outcome of this seeming tangle of life, but a planned result of all "working together for good." For "God is love," and love "thinketh no evil" of His own.

THE most comforting of David's psalms were pressed out of him by suffering; and if Paul had not had his thorn in the flesh, we had missed much of that tenderness which quivers in so many of his letters. — *W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

A Soldiers' Home has been opened at Bangalore, India, for the benefit of the men belonging to the army and navy who may be stationed there. Innocent amusements and various comforts will be provided, to allure the men from the temptations by which they are assailed. Similar Homes have previously been provided at Aldershot, Shorncliffe, Malta, Cairo, and Mandalay, all of which have been productive of much good.

A Church Extension Society has been formed at Leeds. In fourteen years \$100,000 had been raised to extinguish debts on various places of worship, and plans have now been laid to erect new churches in various suburbs. The population of the town has increased since 1841 from 152,000 to 350,000 in 1888, and yet strange to say, Methodists have now 700 fewer members than in 1841.

Temperance Sunday has been very generally observed this Conference year. There were few, if any, Wesleyan Methodist churches in England in which temperance was not the theme of discourse on that day, and in some instances public meetings were held supplementary to the Sabbath services.

Adult Bible Classes have been very successful in Bristol, West-bromwich, London, and other places. In some instances more than a thousand persons attend these services, and much good has followed.

The Rev. Thomas Champness finds his present Home inadequate to the wants of his increasing family, which now numbers fifty more evangelists than when the Home was taken. He has been compelled to secure a larger house, and he rejoices in the fact that means increase in proportion to his wants. Mr. and Mrs.

Mewburn recently sent him \$2,500, which is the second donation of a similar amount they have sent. One of the "Joyful News" evangelists has gone to India to labour in the villages under the direction of the Rev. Makenzie Cobban. Another party will be sent to India next May, and additions will also be made to the staff of agents labouring in Africa and China.

In the town of Barrow-in-Furness, where Mr. Champness' agents had been labouring, among others who were converted were two railway men who, since the mission closed, had led eighteen of their comrades to Christ.

A new mission has been established at Newcastle-on-Tyne, costing \$20,000. It includes a hall, several large vestries, a mother's meeting, a gymnasium, and coffee-room. A lay agent has also been appointed to labour in the neighbourhood. Brunswick Chapel, in the same city, is utilized for Sunday Afternoons for a service of a novel character, in which bands of music are utilized. The attendance of the working classes has been very gratifying. A collection is always taken, and one Sunday there were no less than 1,675 separate coins in the collection.

The Rev. H. J. Pope states that in thirty years the Wesleyans of England have expended eight millions of pounds sterling on church property, not a cent of which was borrowed.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The Wesleyan ministers of Manchester were recently entertained at tea by the ministers of the New Connexion, the Primitive Methodist, and the United Methodist Free Churches. A pleasant season was enjoyed and various suggestions were made as to how Methodists

should co-operate so that they might have their proper share of representation in the Town Councils and on the School Board of the country.

A mission has been established in East London under the management of certain elect ladies who have laboured with great zeal among the poor. Workmen's tools have been redeemed from pawnbrokers; rents have been paid for poor people; costermongers have been supplied with stocks of good, mangles and sewing machines have been bought for women, and other forms of help provided. Children's free dinners have also been served. Soup was served during the winter at a nominal price. The missionary who superintends the mission is greatly encouraged.

A new Sunday-school has been built in Huddersfield, the cost of which is \$16,500.

Seven districts have imitated Mr. Champness' Joyful News Mission, and have lay agents employed, four are employed at Leeds.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

A committee of gentlemen at Tientsin, China, has proposed to erect a Medical Mission hospital, in which there will be twenty-four beds. Dr. Shrubshall appeals for special gifts of \$40 each, and suggests that the beds shall be called after the names of the churches or individuals who subscribe for them.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Bishop Taylor has returned to Africa, by way of London, where he expected a band of missionaries to join him. Recently a lady who had known the Bishop in Calcutta gave him 500 rupees, which he immediately gave to the Memorial Orphanage at Pakour, India.

The Church Extension Society received for the year ending October 31, 1888, \$125,448 from Conference collections, and \$38,209 from other sources. The donations to churches amounted to \$117,255, and \$99,225 was granted on loans.

Boston will soon have a Methodist hospital.

Idaho Conference is 400 miles long by 200 broad.

Old John Street Church, New York, has during the year been the scene of gracious revivals. At a recent administration of the Lord's Supper a great-great granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck was present.

A mission has been established at Battery Park, where over 200 conversions are reported, and hundreds of immigrants have been assisted in various ways. A mission to the Chinese has been established, and another to the Italians at Five Points, a French mission has also been inaugurated. An enterprise has been established at Central Assembly Hall, after the manner of the McAll Missions in Paris, by the Rev. J. S. Stone, a returned missionary from India, who with his wife declare that they have met no such heathen as the men and boys, mostly foreigners, who crowd this Assembly Hall. Other missions will soon be established in various parts of New York City.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Bishop and Mrs. Wilson have been holding the Conferences in Japan and China. These Episcopal visits give great encouragement to the missionaries and their families, and afford the Church at large better opportunities to know the state of the Missions.

The following trumpet note has been sounded in Nashville *Christian Advocate*, of which the Editor says. It is a good Note.

"I give \$15,000 to the Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. And I appoint Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson trustee to receive the said fund, and also use the same for the missionary work of the said church." Last will and testament of the late Thomas Branch, Esq., Richmond, Va.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

There have been some unusually large collections lately made at various places. In Victoria, British

Columbia, in response to an appeal from the pastor, the Rev. J. E. Starr, \$4,250 were placed on the plate toward liquidating the debt on the church.

A church was dedicated at Columbus, Ontario, and in response to an appeal of the Rev. Dr. Stone, "the Ives of Canada," \$400 more than the required amount of the debt was subscribed.

Still another, Rev. J. Philp, of St. Paul's, Brampton, Ontario, appealed one Sabbath to his people to reduce the debt on the church, which exceeded \$20,000, when, to the delight of all, \$14,000 in cash was laid on the plates at the Sabbath services.

ITEMS.

Rev. James Currie, Canadian Congregational Missionary in Africa will soon be joined by a student from the College in Montreal.

A movement toward Church Union in mission fields is being made in China as well as in Japan. A Conference toward this end will be held in Shanghai in 1890.

About sixty missionaries belonging to various denominations recently landed at Shanghai, to labour at various points in China.

Tidings were recently received that Great Britain had formally annexed the Cook or Hervey group of islands in the South Pacific, with the glad consent of the natives. Here John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, laboured more than sixty years ago. The people are industrious and happy, and are now thoroughly christianised. They have adopted the European dress, live in well-furnished stone houses, and many of them have attained a high state of civilization.

The Salvation Army by its Self-denial Fund, hoped four months ago to raise \$25,000; but \$40,000 has been raised in England alone. To this \$20,000 has been added by outside friends and \$10,000 is expected from abroad. A total of \$70,000 is a respectable sum, which will pay off old scores, and leave the Army at liberty to prosecute new mission work.

At the jubilee of the Rev. Dr. Bonar, Glasgow, he was presented with a silver salver and 4,000 sovereigns. He also received an illuminated address.

RECENT DEATHS.

The Rev. W. D. Brown, Montreal Conference died December 6th, in the 80th year of his age. The present writer knew him more than forty years. Few men were better read in Biblical and Theological literature. We have often heard him described as "The Cyclopædia." His last illness was short, and his death was triumphant.

The Venerable Dr. O'Meara, of the Episcopal Church, died suddenly at Port Hope, December 17th. He performed his duties in church the day preceding and was about to take the train to Toronto, but instead of proceeding on his journey, the Master called him to his heavenly home. A few months ago he celebrated the jubilee of his ministry. He was formerly an Indian missionary, and was well acquainted with the Aborigines of Canada. The Board of Wycliffe College have resolved to establish a chair bearing his name.

The Rev. W. B. Luddington, with his heroic wife, spent three brief terms in Western Africa. They both suffered severely from the African fever, and were compelled to return to England early in 1888, and now they have both finished their course, as they died within a few weeks of each other. He was only forty-five years of age.

There has recently been called away from us an elect lady, known and loved by many throughout Canadian Methodism, the wife of the venerable Dr. Rose, and the mother of Judge and Rev. S. P. Rose. Like a ripe sheaf she was garnered home. After a long and useful life, surrounded by loving friends, she sweetly "fell asleep." Dr. Rose will have in his loneliness the sympathy and prayers of very many to whom his long-continued work of faith and labour of love is known.

Book Notices.

The Republic of God: An Institute of Theology. By ELISHA MULFORD, LL.D. Cr. 8vo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

The title of this book seems to us in some degree a misnomer. The great theme of the author is the being and personality of God, the revelation of God in Jesus Christ and the redemption of the world. The thought of the Divine sovereignty—of the kingdom of God and righteousness—is the supreme conception of the book. Only in a very accommodated sense can the spiritual kingdom for whose coming we pray every day—the true Christian Commonwealth—be spoken of as “The Republic of God.” By whatever name it may be called, however, this great work is worthy of a place beside such epoch-marking books as Augustine’s “City of God” and Hooker’s “Ecclesiastical Polity.” There is in it a sustained elevation of thought, a clearness of conception, and a cogency of argument rarely equalled. The volume contains a philosophy of religion, based alike upon reason and revelation, that, it seems to us, should carry conviction to every mind open to the reception of the truth.

The being of God, says our author, is a primal truth. It is primitive in human thought: there is nothing before it nor apart from it, from which it is to be derived. It is not derived from the notion of causality. Causality in the “cosmological argument” is the transference of force, and the law of causality itself forbids a stop at a “first cause,” itself having no precedent. And if it could, there is in that “first cause” no intellectual or moral quality which is not in the effect. Neither does the teleological argument lead us to God. It gives us still no moral quality. “There is no discovery of God in the furthest researches into the elements of the suns, no traces of Him in the strata

of the rocks, there is no finding of Him in the roots of the trees nor in the dust of the stars.” The thought of God is an absolute condition of our intellectual and moral being.

The author proceeds in a series of noble chapters to discuss the personality and attributes of God, and the relations of religion and philosophy to the revelation of God in His Son Jesus Christ. The chapter on the conviction of the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, points out the true nature of sin as the alienation of the soul of man from God, which carries with it its own inseparable punishment here and hereafter; so also the kingdom of heaven is not a pagan elysium in the far future, it is here and now. It is within. It is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. The world is redeemed—redeemed from the slavery of sin to the freedom of God. The life which we now live is the life of the Spirit under whose special dispensation the Church now exists.

But no outline can convey the noble spirit of this book. We dwell while reading it as in the pure serene air of some mountain-top, and, like the disciples, see the Master transfigured before us.

As a specimen of the beautiful style and tone take the following example:—

“The sacrament is the witness of that communion in which the limits of time and space and the separations of death are overcome. It is with an unseen host. It is ‘with angels and archangels and all the company of heaven.’ The sacrifice has been made once for all, but it is the ground of an eternal union. It has been made that men may be united with Him who has passed through death, who has entered within the veil, and who is presenting His finished sacrifice continually before the Father. It becomes the testament of a perpetually renewed life. . . . It bears us on toward the time when

all the revelations and sacraments of God shall close in the coming world, 'the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'"

The Training of the Twelve; or, Passages out of the Gospels exhibiting the Twelve Disciples under Discipline for the Apostleship. By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D., Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. 8vo., pp. xii.-552. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

We have had the pleasure of reviewing with high commendation in this MAGAZINE the previous volumes of Dr. Bruce on the "Humiliation of Christ," and the "Miraculous Element in the Gospels." The present volume has already achieved success in earlier editions, and is now issued revised and improved. It discusses with great ability some most important considerations. The Tübingen school of critics, as Dr. Bruce well remarks, maintain that Catholic Christianity was the result of a compromise or reconciliation between two radically opposed tendencies, represented respectively by the original apostles and by St. Paul; the two tendencies being Judaistic exclusiveness on the one hand, and Pauline universalism on the other. It will, therefore, be apparent that the discussion of the "Training of the Twelve" will have a very important bearing on this matter. The consideration of the question, What was to be expected of the men who were with Jesus? finds, to a large degree, an answer in this volume, although it is not written ostensibly in controversy of the Tübingen hypothesis.

Our author treats first the circumstances attending the call of the disciples, then our Lord's mode of teaching, and His lessons on prayer, on religious liberty and the nature of true holiness, discussing fasting, ritual ablutions and Sabbath observance; then the first attempt at evangelism, the gradual unfolding of the doctrine of the Cross which the

disciples were so slow to accept, the teachings on temper and the inculcation of humility, the doctrine of self-sacrifice, the doctrine of last things, the dying charge and intercessory prayer of our Lord, the smiting of the Shepherd and scattering of the sheep, the last counsel to the under-shepherds and the power from on high. These are the headings of some of the chapters of this important volume. These august themes Dr. Bruce discusses with profound spiritual insight and with rare exegetic skill. The book is a valuable addition to theological literature, and has much wider applications than the mere teaching of theology as a science.

Through David's Realm. By EDWARD STAATS DEGROTE TOMKINS, with two hundred illustrations, by the Author. Pp. 363. Troy, N. Y.: Nims & Knight. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

There is a perennial interest about the Holy Land. For ages it has been the scene of devout pilgrimage from all parts of both Islam and Christendom. The stay-at-home world will never grow weary of following the footsteps of those who have made the sacred pilgrimage. Books of travel in Palestine have been written from every point of view, from that of the laborious, dry-as-dust archaeologist to the light and trivial humorist. This book belongs to neither of those classes. It records graphically the experiences of an intelligent and cultured tourist, and the vivid impressions made upon his mind by every-day scenes in the Holy Land—the strange mingling of the present and the past, the jostling of the sacred and the secular. We confess to have derived a more clear-cut conception of many scenes in the East from this than from very many more pretentious books. Our author followed the beaten track from Jaffa to Jerusalem, Hebron, the Dead Sea, through Samaria to Galilee and on to Damascus, Baalbek, and Beirut. But there is a freshness about his style and a personal element in his narra-

tive that makes his readers in an unusual sense his companions in travel. What gives special value to the book, however, is the two hundred engravings from drawings specially made by the author for that purpose. The mechanical appearance is worthy of very high commendation—the broad margin, artistic arrangement of the text and cuts, the gilt top, and unique binding, demonstrate that one need no longer go to New-York or Boston for first-class publishing.

Eclectic Physical Geography. By RUSSELL HINMAN. Pp. 382. Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati and New York. Price \$1.00.

Physical geography is one of the most delightful of studies. The examination of the forces which have brought the earth to its present condition, and of the causes of the phenomena of the universe cannot fail to be in the highest degree interesting and instructive. The book before us gives in concise form the results of the latest investigations on this science—a science which is always extending its boundaries. Yet the book is sufficiently lucid in its explanations to be easily understood by any intelligent reader.

The author has availed himself of the aid of the ablest professors of the United States Signal Service and Geological Surveys, and of Harvard and other Universities. He discusses first, the relations of the earth as a planet to the solar system, its movements and their effects on the atmosphere, as the potent cause of so many of the changes of both sea and land. The nature, movements and effects of "the great and wide sea," and the story of the land as told in the phenomena upon and beneath its surface, are then clearly and forcibly treated; then the effects of weather and climate and the various forms and distribution of life. One thing we note with special approval is the devout and reverent spirit in which the book is written. It is prefaced with the motto, "Show me Thy ways, O Lord: teach me

Thy paths," and each chapter is headed by an exceedingly appropriate passage of Scripture. The scientific value of the work is attested by the endorsement of some of the highest authorities in the world, as the Royal Geographical Societies of London and Edinburgh. The book is copiously illustrated, and has a number of excellently coloured maps.

Faith Made Easy; What to Believe and Why. A popular statement of the doctrine and evidence of Christianity in the light of modern research and sound Biblical interpretation. By JAMES H. POTTS, M.A., D.D. 8vo, pp. 546. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Toronto: William Briggs.

In these days when the very foundations of the faith are audaciously attacked, it is well to examine the evidences of those eternal verities "which are most surely believed among us." Dr. Potts brings to his task an unflinching faith in the oracles of God, a broad acquaintance with both apologetic and sceptical literature, a lucid mode of dividing and illustrating his subject, and great cogency of argument and felicity of illustration. The book might well be called, like Dr. Mulford's, reviewed in another page, "an institute of theology." It will be to many a bulwark against the assaults of unbelief and a confirmation of "all that Jesus began both to do and to teach."

Dr. Potts discusses, first, what to believe concerning Christianity and the Bible; then what to believe concerning God and redemption, concerning prayer and the Sabbath, concerning the Church and Christian duties, and graces, and the future state. It will be seen how comprehensive is the scope of his argument. Scarce a phase of Christian thought is omitted. The treatment is as broad and catholic as the sweep of the subject. Dr. Potts would be the last to admit that the study of such a large and exhaustive volume was necessary to a saving faith; but to meet objections and defend the truth against

gainsayers and cavillers, is often as necessary as to preach in briefest and simplest form the gospel of salvation.

The Epistles of St. Paul, written after he became a prisoner, arranged in probable Chronological Order, with Explanatory Notes. By JOHN R. BOISE, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 62-192. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.75.

The Epistles, of which the Greek text is here given are Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon, Philippians, 1 Timothy, Titus, 2 Timothy. Dr. Boise has followed the text of Tischendorf, with a constant comparison of the text of Tregelles, and of Westcott and Hort. This book will be of great service to ministers and theological students who will make a careful use of it. Dr. Boise wisely says: "Let nothing cheat us out of the careful, critical, thorough, prayerful study of the Word itself. Nothing should take the place of this." The study of the Greek text at first hand will do more to give one air insight into its meaning than the reading of many commentaries upon the sacred text. The grammatical, critical and exegetical notes here given, will do much to remove all difficulties out of the way. Dr. Boise recommends highly the Greek grammars of Winer and Buttmann, and especially Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon of the New Testament. "To every student of New Testament Greek," he says, "who aims at anything like thoroughness, it is indispensable." The Greek text in this volume is beautifully printed, and the notes are models of concise helpfulness.

Hazel & Sons, Brewers. By ANNIE SWAN. 12mo. Pp. 250. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Price 90 cents.

This is a stirring temperance story, by the accomplished author of "Aldersyde." With a blending of pathos and tragedy it shows the curse that accompanies the liquor traffic, entailing misery, and sorrow, and often

sin on all who are connected with it, even on those themselves innocent of complicity with its maleficent work. Like all the issues of this house, the book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

Miss Baxter's Bequest — same author and publisher—price 30 cts. —teaches the spell of kindness and Christian love in melting down the barriers of selfishness and hate.

One False Step. By ANDREW STEWART. Edinburgh: Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier. Pp. 318. Price \$1.50.

The false step was the opening of a registered letter by a young girl employed in the post-office moved thereto, not by avarice, but by unconquerable jealousy. The blame falls on an innocent girl, who will not betray her friend, but is tried and imprisoned for the offence. The strongly written story records her triumphant vindication. The scene is laid chiefly in Edinburgh, and the rich Lowland dialect of part of the story is admirably managed.

Noel Chetwynd's Fall. By MRS. J. H. NUDELL. Edinburgh: Oliphant Anderson & Ferrier. Price \$1.50.

This is a well-told story of artist life, its trials and triumphs, its opportunities for heroism, and the unflinching reward of fidelity to truth and righteousness. Like all the books of this house it is handsomely printed and illustrated, and elegantly bound.

Famous Women of the Old Testament. A series of lectures comprising faithful Delineations and Pen Pictures of the most attractive Characters in all History. By REV. M. B. WHARTON, D.D. Pp. 318. New York: E. B. Treat. Price \$1.75.

Dr. Wharton was one of the most brilliant speakers at the International Sunday-school Convention, and fairly carried away his audience with his remarkable eloquence. He exhibits in this volume the same characteristics, and what grander

theme could he have than those noble heroines of the Old Testament? Among the characters treated are: Eve, the mother of the human family; Sarah, the mother of the faithful in every age; Rebekah, the beautiful but deceptive wife; Rachel, the lovely wife of Jacob; Miriam, the grand, patriotic, old maid; Ruth, the lovely, young and honoured widow; Deborah, the strong-minded woman; Hannah, the praying and devoted mother; Abigail, the wife of the shepherd king; Esther, The Deliverer, etc. Dr. Wharton's vein of humour and his application of the old-world lessons to the affairs of daily life, adds not a little to the interest and value of his book.

We have received from the same publisher his "Don't Forget It Calendar," which has been deservedly popular among professional and business men. Ministers may secure a copy by forwarding six cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 771 Broadway, New York.

John Bodwin's Testimony. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. Montreal: J. Theo. Robinson. Price 30 cents.

This noteworthy story was followed with much interest as it appeared in the *Century Magazine*. Having borne that test of merit, it here appears as a cheap, well-printed volume.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Magazine of Art* for February is a notable number. Its frontispiece is, probably, the best portrait of Mr. Gladstone that has ever been published. The original is Millais' painting, and this has been reproduced by the photogravure process with remarkable accuracy. A paper

on "Mr. Gladstone and His Portrait," by T. Wemyss Reid, is illustrated with capital engravings from various portraits and 36 caricature pictures, a full page being devoted to the portrait made by Watts in 1858. Cassell & Co., New York. 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.

The *Andover Review* maintains its high character for literary merit and vigorous treatment of current themes. The January number opens well, with papers on Public Instruction in Religion, Prof. A. Marsh; Is the West Secularized, Dr. Duryea; The Moral Purpose of Howell's Novels; Devotional Reading; The Bible a Gospel of Events. Papers on social economies and literature and religion will be of much interest.

The Storm of '92—A Grandfather's Tale told in 1932. Sheppard Publishing Co., Toronto. Price 25 cents. This is a graphic and, in parts, eloquent account of certain episodes in a war supposed to break out between Canada and the United States in 1892. But we greatly deprecate even the imagining of such a crime against humanity.

The *Canada Presbyterian*—one of the most valued of our exchanges—appears in a new dress and in an enlarged form. The editorials and "Knoxonian" articles are particularly racy.

The *Week*, issued by the same house—the leading literary organ of Canada—is also much enlarged and improved.

Professor Ashley's inaugural lecture on Political Economy, is a masterly production.

Dr. Daniel Clark's lecture on Social Topics is a thoughtful discussion of a subject on which he speaks with authority.

EXCURSION TO EUROPE.

Dr. WITHROW'S "PROGRAMME" of his seven weeks' excursion to London and Paris and return, and of an extended tour through Switzerland, Germany, etc., the Rhine and Belgium, covering eleven weeks, is now ready, and will be sent, post free, to any address. Ten days will be spent in London, and ten days in Paris, where the World's Exposition will be a great attraction. For particulars write to Dr. Withrow, at his residence, 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto.