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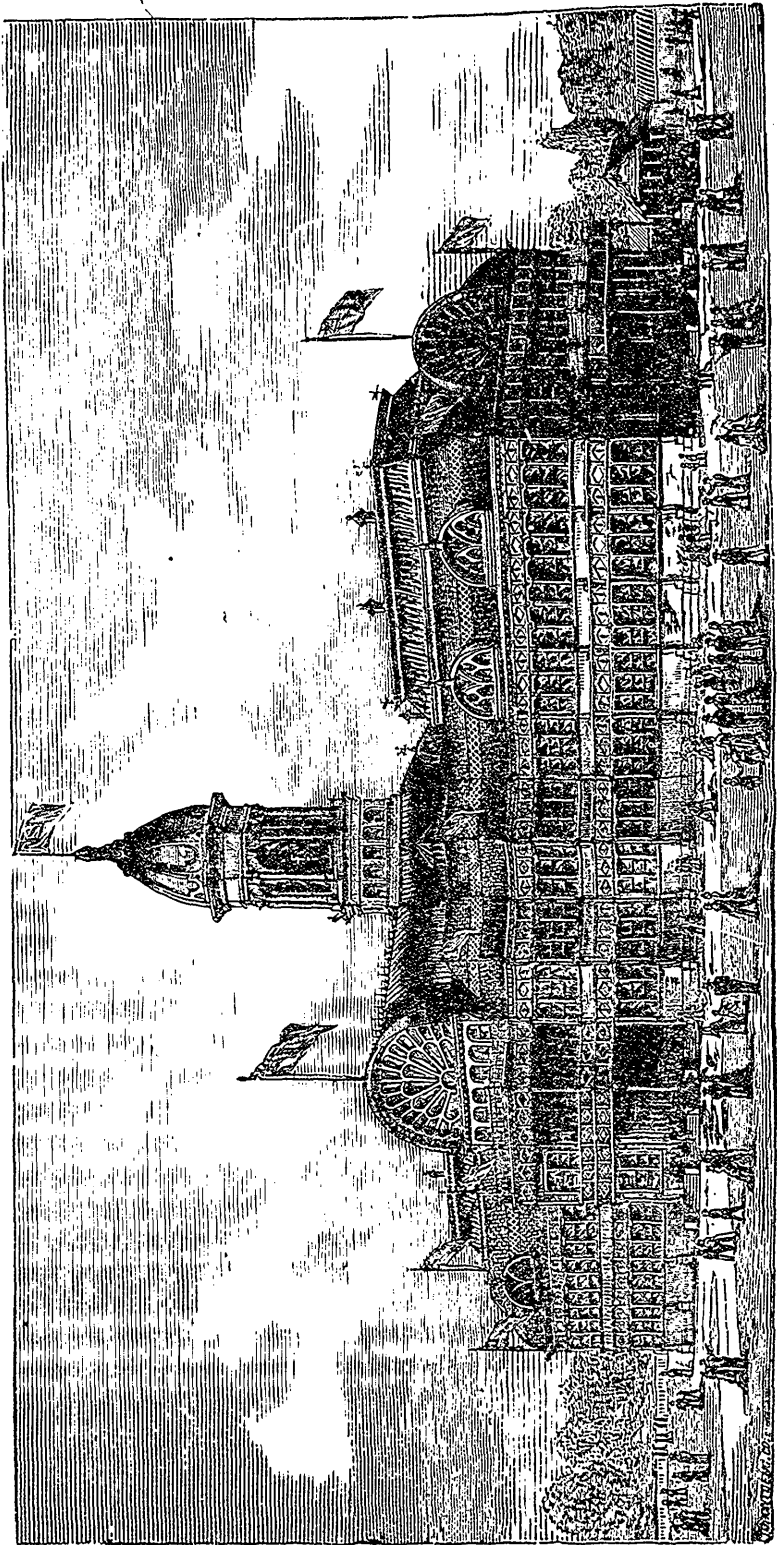
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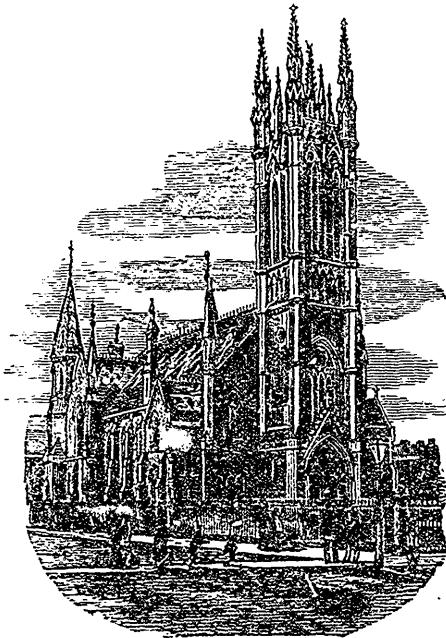
EXHIBITION BUILDING, TORONTO.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1878.

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## TORONTO AND THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION.

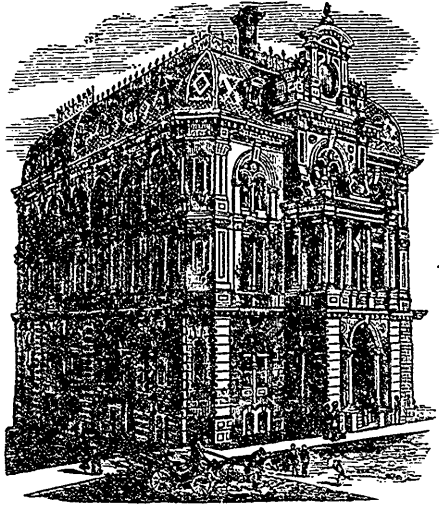


METROPOLITAN CHURCH.

WITHIN the lifetime of men still living, Toronto has grown from the small stockaded fort, described in Dr. Scadding's interesting article in this Magazine, to be a noble and beautiful city of seventy thousand inhabitants. In commercial enterprise, in stately architecture, and in admirable institutions it is surpassed by no city in the Dominion. Situated on an excellent harbour, it has communication by water with all the ports of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and its commercial prosperity is fostered by the

rich agricultural country by which it is surrounded, and by seven railroads and the great highways by which the remoter settlements are made tributary to its growth.

In the year 1795 Governor Simcoe removed from Newark (Niagara), the first capital of Upper Canada, to York, which he had selected as the seat of government before a single house was erected in the latter place. He lodged temporarily in a canvas tent or pavilion, pitched on the plateau overlooking the western end of the bay. It is a matter of historic interest that this tent had been originally constructed for the distinguished navigator, Captain James Cook, and was by him used in his explorations. In 1797 the provincial legislature of Upper Canada was opened in a wooden building near the river Don, whose site is still commemorated by the name of Parliament Street. Before this event, however, the founder of Toronto was transferred to



CUSTOM HOUSE.

the government of San Domingo. He had employed the King's Rangers to construct the great northern artery of commerce, Yonge Street, leading from the city toward the lake which bears his name, and had projected a comprehensive policy for the establishment of a provincial university and for the development of the resources of the country. On his removal, however, most of these wise schemes either fell through or were indefinitely postponed. Land designed for settlement, especially near the infant capital, was seized by speculators, and the growth and prosperity of the town of York was thereby greatly retarded.

During the disastrous war of 1812-14, York was twice captured by the Americans, and many of its public and private buildings were destroyed by fire. After the war the town experienced a revival of prosperity, and as the seat of government and the principal courts of law became the centre of a somewhat aristocratic society. The unfortunate political disaffection of the

years 1837 and 1838 seriously interfered with the progress of the city of Toronto, as it was now called—it had become incorporated and elected its first mayor, the celebrated William Lyon Mackenzie, in 1834.

Nothing gave a greater impulse to the material prosperity of Toronto than the construction of the railway system, by means of which the back country became tributary to its markets and manufactories. The first of these roads was the Northern Railway, the first sod of which was turned in 1851, amid imposing ceremonies, by Lady Elgin, the amiable consort of one of the ablest Governors whom Canada ever possessed. In course of time the Great Western and Grand Trunk Railways were constructed, largely through the efforts of Sir Allan McNab and Sir Francis Hincks. However unprofitable these roads may have been to the English shareholders, they have increased the value of every acre of land and of every bushel of grain in the region which they traverse, and, by the increased facilities of traffic and travel which they furnish, have contributed in no small degree to make Toronto the great commercial emporium of Upper Canada.

The recent rapid commercial development of the city of Toronto may be seen in the construction of large blocks of wholesale stores, consequent upon the growth of the railway system of the province and the ex-



UNION STATION.

tension of trade with the interior. To accommodate the increasing business of the city, the large and handsome new Custom House, which would challenge admiration in any capital in Europe, was.

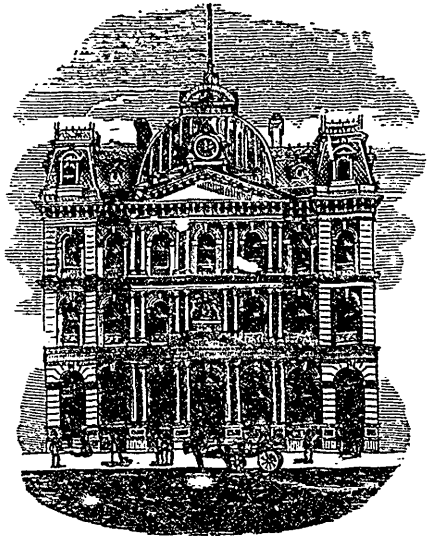
erected. It is adorned by artistically executed medallion busts, in high relief, of distinguished navigators, and the internal decoration is exceedingly costly and ornate.

To grant the requisite facilities for increasing passenger traffic the Grand Trunk Railway Company built their capacious and elegant Union Station, shown in the engraving, which is the handsomest and most commodious structure of the sort in the Dominion. Increased postal facilities have also been furnished by the new Post Office building and by the more frequent mail service and free letter delivery.

The Osgoode Hall, of which we give an engraving, commemorates by its name the first Chief Justice, and one of the ablest jurists of Upper Canada.

The building has undergone remarkable vicissitudes of fortune, having been at one time employed as barracks for soldiers,—and the sharp challenge of the sentry and loud word of command of the drill sergeant were heard in the precincts where now learned barristers plead and begowned judges dispense justice. The building, however, has undergone such changes that its *quondam* military occupants would no longer recognize it. The magnificent library of the Law Society, and the central court, surrounded by a peristyle of beautifully carved Caen stone, with its exquisite pavement of tessalated tile, are among the architectural *chefs d'œuvre* of the continent.

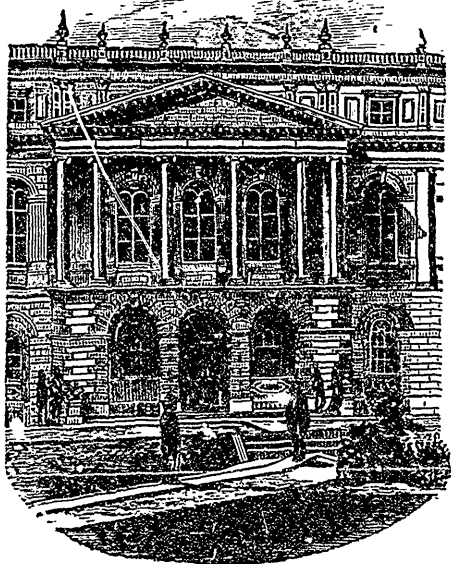
Few cities of its size will compare with Toronto for the number and beauty of its churches. Of some of the more conspicuous of these we give illustrations. The Metropolitan Church, shown in our initial cut is a monument of the residence in Canada of



NEW POST OFFICE.

the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., to whose faith in the future of Methodism in this country, and zeal for its prosperity, it largely owes its existence. It is both externally and internally one of the most elegant and commodious Methodist churches in the world, and is unequalled by any of which we are aware in the spacious and beautiful grounds by which it is surrounded.

St. James's Cathedral, may, in like manner, be said to be a memorial of the energy and religious zeal of the Rev. Dr. Strachan, the first and most indefatigable bishop whom the Anglican Church in Canada has ever possessed. It is one of the finest specimens of perpendicular Gothic architecture in America. The spire, rising to the height of 306 feet, is gracefully proportioned, and the most lofty on the continent, exceeding that of Trinity Church, New York, by twenty-one feet. The tower contains a chime of bells and the celebrated clock manufactured by Benson, of London, and which obtained the highest prize at the Vienna Exhibition.



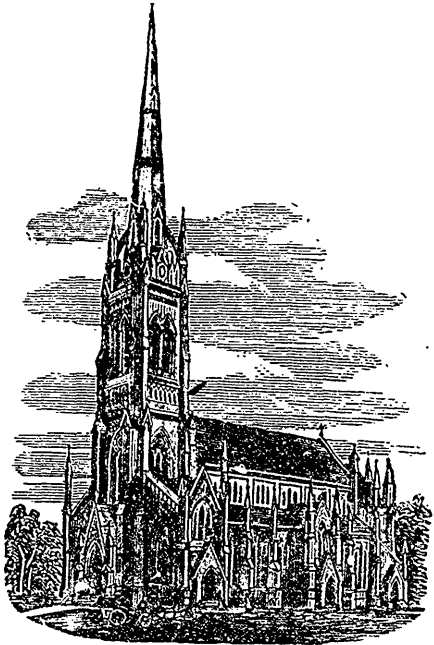
OSGOODE HALL.

In the interior, the apse, surrounded by fine traceried windows, is finely decorated in carved oak, and contains a monument to Bishop Strachan. The tower and spire can be ascended; and in addition to seeing the works of the clock, a wide range of view can be had of the city, the harbour, and surrounding country.

The Jarvis Street Baptist Church is an imposing structure of Queenston and Ohio stone, with columns of New Brunswick granite and roof of Canadian slates in bands of varied colours. The interior is amphitheatrical in form, and presents very superior

facilities for hearing, seeing, and speaking,—in which respect many churches are very defective.

Of the University and Colleges of Toronto we shall give an account, with illustrations, in an article on the progress of Education in Canada, in a future number. We shall devote the remainder of this paper to a brief sketch of the very successful Provincial Exhibition, held in this city during the last week of September. The large engraving which serves as frontispiece of this number\* will give a very excellent idea of the Main Building. This is a structure of glass and iron, and of cruciform shape. It is two hundred and ninety-



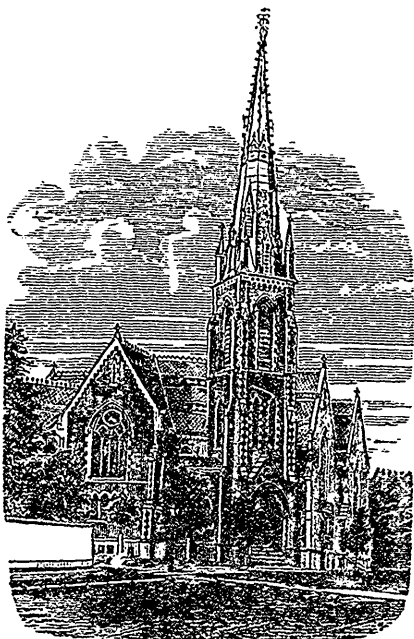
ST. JAMES'S CATHEDRAL

two hundred and ninety-two feet in length from east to west, and two hundred and thirteen feet in depth. The width of the east and west wings is sixty-four feet. The *coup d'œil* of the interior during the progress of the Exhibition, as seen from the second or third gallery, was very imposing. The four radiating arms of the huge cross were crowded with industrial exhibits of endless variety, beauty, and utility. Gay bannerets fluttered in the bright sunlight, streaming through the transparent walls; a highly ornate fountain in the centre threw up its silver columns in the air, and a moving multitude swarmed in and out of the vast structure "like bees about a their straw-built citadel."

\* For the engraving we are indebted to the courtesy of Robert Walker & Sons, of the "Golden Lion," whose handsome premises on King Street are one of the attractions of our city, and are scarce surpassed in elegance in any city on the continent.



Outside of the Main Building the scene was no less animated. Machinery Hall, with its whirr of shafts and belts and revolving wheels, with its complex machinery all at work with tireless sinews and nimble fingers, and apparently almost conscious intelligence, was a centre of much attraction. The Agricultural and Horticultural Halls were overflowing with the bountiful gifts of Providence to our favoured country. The exhibit of live stock was immense, and of unsurpassed excellence of quality. We have pleasure in stating that the exhibits of our own Methodist Book Room—placard and book printing, electrotyping, etc.—won two first class and one second class prizes, and four special commendations. These industrial exhibitions are a great national education of the people, and give new conceptions of the material wealth of our country and of the mechanical ingenuity and business energy of our countrymen. The most remarkable feature of the Exhibition was the provision made for its reception—the numerous, elegant, and extensive buildings, all of which had risen upon a barren plain in the short space of only three months. This result is admitted, by those cognizant of the facts, to be due, more than to the efforts of any other man, to the indefatigable energy of Alderman Withrow, Chairman of the Exhibition Committee.



JARVIS ST. BAPTIST CHURCH.

The interest of the Exhibition was greatly enhanced by the presence of His Excellency the Governor General, and by his admirable addresses given at its inauguration and on other public occasions. It was a most auspicious close of an unprecedentedly popular administration.

Certainly no Canadian Governor ever so "won golden opinions from all sorts of people" as Lord Dufferin, or so endeared himself to the heart of every Canadian. With consummate tact he has guided the affairs of state during an important period in the history of our country. As a constitutional Governor he has held the balance between political parties with an even hand. He has made himself intimately acquainted with every portion of our wide Dominion, from the sea-girt peninsula of Nova Scotia to the far western province of British Columbia. He has exhibited the warmest interest in the material prosperity, the educational progress, the moral well-being, and the social happiness of every class of the community. By his admirable addresses on public occasions, sparkling with wit, racy with humour, yet weighty with wisdom—as, for instance, his speeches at Victoria, at Winnipeg, and among the Icelanders of Manitoba; at Chicago, at the Toronto Club, at Harvard University, at the Montreal banquet of last winter, and on other important occasions—he has helped to appease local jealousies, to promote international good feeling, and to make known to the British and American public, by whom his speeches are widely read, the vast resources, the almost boundless extent and the brilliant prospects of our country. And after he shall have left our shores, we shall have no warmer friend, no heartier well-wisher than Lord Dufferin.

We had the pleasure of enjoying, by appointment, a personal interview with His Excellency, and of presenting him a copy of our *History of Canada*. His lordship manifested much interest in the book, pronounced the steel portrait of himself an excellent likeness, and was pleased to say that we could not have done him a greater service than by the dedication of the volume to himself.

The accompanying farewell verses, by Mr. John Macdonald, our Missionary Co-Treasurer, who, having had frequent opportunities of personally forming an estimate of His Excellency's worth, are an appropriate parting tribute to his noble character. They were called forth by Lord Dufferin's most happy reply to the address presented to him by the House of Commons, April 22nd, 1878.

FAREWELL TO LORD AND LADY DUFFERIN ON  
THEIR LEAVING CANADA.

BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

To rule a nation and not make a foe,  
To govern wisely, yet to give none pain,  
Needs wisdom such as rulers seldom show,  
Are "highest triumphs" and a lasting gain.

To do one's duty and to do it well,  
To do it honestly whate'er betide,  
Is what must make a nation's history tell ;—  
A story, which her sons may read with pride.

Of such a nation, "its good-will to win,"  
Is an achievement open but to few ;  
Of all our rulers none have borne away  
So fair a chaplet as we give to you.

'Twere strange indeed did we not wish you well  
When you have left us for the motherland,  
And stranger still did we forget the spell  
So oft begotten by your heart and hand.

And well we know that you will think of us  
In golden autumn, when the maples red  
Their leafy mantles o'er the forests throw,  
Making all loveliness though they be dead.

And when the "widowed earth" is clad in white,  
When fleecy snow caps hills and landscape o'er,  
Your thoughts will dwell on pleasant wintry days  
You spent with us beyond the ocean's roar.

And oft in springtime, oft in summer fair,  
When laughing childhood romps 'mid grass and flowers,  
You'll live these happy, joyous seasons o'er,  
So gladly spent in this bright land of ours.

Farewell ; and to your Countess dear, farewell ;  
Yours be a future bright, without alloy ;  
And happy as have been the years spent here,  
Let happier wait you both in Clondeboye.

And we shall round the thistle, shamrock, rose,  
A wreath of our own maple proudly twine  
A pledge of closer bonds with England dear,  
And tell our children how the work was thine.

## TORONTO'S FIRST GERM.

BY HENRY SCADDING, D.D.,

AUTHOR OF "TORONTO OF OLD."

THERE is, in the heart of Switzerland, a famous lake, always visited by tourists, known as the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons. It is remarkable, not only for its great beauty and the sublime magnificence of its mountainous surroundings, but also for being the centre, so to speak, from which the Switzerland of to-day has been developed. Within view of its waters is Schwyz, the primitive settlement from which the whole country has taken its name; and the four cantons which were the first to enter into a confederacy against the feudal claims of Albert of Hapsburg, line its shores. Now it seems to me that our Lake Simcoe possesses for Canadians—for Canadians of Ontario, at all events—an interest somewhat similar to that which invests the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, in Switzerland; while for the inhabitants of Toronto, in particular, so far as the name and initial germ of their city are concerned, it is, as it were, the very "hole of the pit whence they were digged." Our Lake Simcoe is not, of course, for one moment to be compared with the Swiss lake in point of natural scenery; but it is curiously connected with the first beginnings of Canadian history: it even happens to have been in its day a "Lake of Four Cantons," having been anciently encircled, and, in a sense, possessed, by the Hurons or Wyandots, a remarkable people, that consisted of four confederated nations or cantons, as the French expressed it. These associated "savages" appear to have adopted the habits of a sedentary people to a degree beyond what was usual with the northern aborigines generally. Populous villages were to be met with everywhere throughout their domain, rudely fortified in some instances, and surrounded by fields of maize. "The people of the Huron language," writes Charlevoix (*Historical Journal of Travel in North America*, i. 166), "have always applied themselves more than others to cultivating the land. They have also extended themselves much less. Hence, first, they are better settled,

better lodged, and better fortified; and there has always been among them more policy and a more distinguished form of government; and, second, their country was more peopled, though they never allowed polygamy." Old clearings, traces of cultivation, fragments of earthenware, stone hatchets, chisels, pipes, arrow-heads, frequently exhumed to this day, and especially the numerous extensive ossuaries, or burying-places, all attest the quondam populousness of the Huron country round Lake Simcoe, and the comparative civilization of its occupants at some period in the past. Neighbouring tribes, west, east, and north, were allies of the Huron confederacy, and acted on occasion with it. (One allied nation in the vicinity cultivated and traded in tobacco, and hence was known as the Tobacco Tribe—*gens de petun*); and in what is now the township of Sunnidale, near the Nottawasaga River, there are the tangible remains of an extensive Huron earthenware manufactory.

The enemies dreaded by the Hurons were the Iroquois, five confederated nations known among the French by that name, and chiefly occupying at the time what is now the State of New York. "They come like foxes, they attack like lions, and fly away like birds:" so it was commonly said of the Iroquois, Charlevoix reports (*ut supra*, i. 170). These were the plague of the Hurons. Ever and anon they made their raid, plundering and burning villages; slaughtering the inhabitants; robbing the traders, *en route* to Montreal by the Ottawa waters, of their packs of furs. In the year 1648-9, they succeeded in reducing the region round Lake Simcoe to the condition of a desert; and from the blow then inflicted, the country, as an Indian country, never recovered.

So early as 1615 twenty-two soldiers were sent up by Champlain from Quebec, for the protection of French interests, and to give confidence to the friendly Hurons. At the same time a mission began to be organized in this locality; first, by the Recollets, or reformed Franciscans; and, then, by the Jesuits; and here some of the members of the latter society underwent dreadful sufferings and, in several instances, a most cruel death, in their heroic effort to Christianize, in their peculiar way, the native population. After shifting its head-quarters from place

to place on the mainland, and thence at length to the neighbouring island of St. Joseph—known to the passing tourist now as Christian Island—the mission was withdrawn in 1650; and some hundreds of the converts followed their spiritual instructors to the vicinity of Quebec, where their descendants still inhabit the villages of Lorette. With profound regret the missionaries abandoned a country which they rightly regarded as the key to a vast heathendom beyond. The residue of the confederacy dispersed far and wide. “We have seen with astonishment,” exclaims Charlevoix (i. 170), “one of the most numerous nations and the most warlike of the continent, and the most esteemed of all for their wisdom and understanding, disappear almost entirely in a few years.”

The early history of the region which surrounds Lake Simcoe is thus, we see, associated with the annals of the city of Quebec and its environs. The villages of Old and New Lorette still tell of the Hurons of these parts. But the Lake Simcoe region is much more intimately connected with the history of the city of Toronto. The name “Toronto” did not spring from any matter or thing appertaining to the locality on which the city of Toronto now stands. That name is wholly due to the circumstances of the Lake Simcoe region at the time of the existence of the Franciscan or Jesuit Mission in that quarter. If we look at a map of Canada and observe the triangular area shut in by the waters of the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing, and French River on the east and north; by the waters of the St. Lawrence and Lakes Ontario and Erie on the south; and by the waters of Lakes St. Clair and Huron and Georgian Bay on the west,—we shall see that Lake Simcoe occupies the position of a centre or focus within it. In accordance with this physical fact we find Lake Simcoe had become, in the year 1615, a marked rallying-point, a grand rendezvous, a distinguished “place of meeting” for the Huron tribes and their allies; and hence arose the expression which came at length to be applied to it geographically, namely, TORONTO—a word explained by Gabriel Sagard, the Franciscan, in his *Dictionary of the Huron Tongue* (Paris, 1632), to mean, in French, *Beaucoup*, much or plenty. Under the form *Toronton* it is applied by him to persons as well as things: as in the phrase,

"He has killed a number of S." (say Sonnontouans or Senecas), *Toronton S. ahouyo*. So that, taken as an appellation of the Lake Simcoe region, it probably denoted in French, *Lieu ou il y a beaucoup de gens*—a place where there is a numerous population. (In another connection Sagard gives the word as *O-toronton*. In Lahontan's *Quelques Mots Hurons* (see his *Nouveaux Voyages*, ii. 220), it is *A-toronton*).

Other waters besides those of Lake Simcoe sometimes had the term "Toronto" applied to them. Thus in some old maps the lakes leading to the River Trent and Bay of Quinté, are called the Toronto Lakes, doubtless because one of the highways to the Toronto region from the south-east lay through them. Sometimes the River Humber was spoken of as the Toronto River, its valley and that of the Holland River containing a well-beaten trail to the great Huron rendezvous. The intricate, island-studded inlet of the Georgian Bay, at the mouth of the Severn River, now known as Gloucester and Matchedash Bay, was styled the "Bay of Toronto," its waters penetrating far into the Toronto region. This extensive estuary of Lake Huron, drawn, however, with only an approximation to its real shape, figures conspicuously as "The Bay of Toronto" on Herman Moll's map of 1720, a copy of which I possess—a map constructed from authorities of a much earlier date. Lahontan, in 1692, says, "It was called the Bay of Toronto because it received a river which ran out of a small lake of the same name" (*Nouveaux Voyages*, ii. 19); so that if we chose to press the point, it might be maintained that Lake Couchiching is Lake Toronto proper. But our present distinction between Lake Couchiching and Lake Simcoe is not observed in the old maps, and the whole of Lake Simcoe is, in them, unmistakably "Lake Toronto." I will not now enter at any length upon the subject of the slight variations in the form of the word "Toronto," observable in some old documents and maps. It might easily be shown that the substitution of an *a* or an *e* for the *o*, arose sometimes from a defective ear in the reporter, and sometimes from his illiteracy; and in the maps, from a misreading of the engraver. Happily, in the now firmly-established and familiar household word TORONTO, we have secured for ever the exact literal form of the term which was

most current with the highest French authorities during the French regime, and must be regarded as its true normal form, so far as such a thing can be said of any aboriginal and anciently unwritten term.\* In some maps Lake Simcoe appears as *Ouentaronk*, probably the same term as Toronto, with a nasal prefix common in Indian words, but which in other names besides Toronto disappeared in the lapse of time; as in Niagara for Onyakara, Choueguen for Ochoueguen (Oswego), Alaska for Onalaska. It is to be remarked, too, that in *Ouentaronk*, the nasal sound of the final syllable of Toronto, or rather Toronton, is represented. In the small map prefixed by Parkman to his *Jesuits in America*, the word is *Wentaron*, that is, Ouentaron, and in La Creux's map, 1660, reproduced in Bressani's *Abridgment of the Relations*, wherein the names are given in Latin, Lake Simcoe appears as *Lacus Ouentaronius*, still plainly the same name in Latinized form.

It will thus be seen that there can be little doubt that "Place of Meeting," place of concourse, place where unusual numbers congregate, is the true interpretation of "Toronto." It is, as we gather from Sagard's dictionary, a Huron or Wyandot expression, not an Iroquois word. It originated in the Huron country, the Lake Simcoe region, and not in the locality where the City of Toronto stands. So that "Trees rising out of the water," or "Log floating on the water," as conjectured by Mohawk or Seneca etymologists (see Lewis H. Morgan, *League of the Iroquois*, p. 74, and Lossing's *Field Book of the War of 1812*, p. 587), from resemblance in sound to an Iroquois word having some such meaning, is illusory.

It was by a popular misuse of terms that the word Toronto

\* The mis-spelt form "Taranto" occurs in the deposition of one Stephen Coffen, a New Englander, and evidently an illiterate man, p. 835, vi., who accompanied an expedition to the Ohio. he was a prisoner among the French, and was equipped as a soldier, and volunteered to go with a detachment of 300 men to Montreal, under the command of Mons. Babeer (he says), "who set off immediately with said command, by land and ice, for Lake Erie" (it was in Sept., 1762). "They, on their way, stopped a couple of days to refresh themselves at Cataraqi Fort; also at Taranto, on the north shore of Lake Ontario; then at Niagara Fort, sixteen days; from thence set off by water, being April, and arrived at Chadakoin (Chautauque Co., Portland), on Lake Erie."



came to be applied to the small trading-post or "fort," established in 1749, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, not far from the mouth of the Humber.\* The proper and official name of this erection was Fort Rouillé, so called in compliment to Antoine Louis Rouillé, the Colonial minister of the day. But traders and *coureurs du bois* preferred to speak of Fort Rouillé as Fort Toronto, because it stood at the landing-place of the southern terminus of the trail which conducted up to the well-known "Toronto," the place of concourse, the great Huron rendezvous sixty miles to the north; and the popular phraseology ultimately prevailed. In 1752, in a despatch to Rouillé himself, still Colonial minister, given at length in 'Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York,' x. 246, published at Albany in 1858, the Baron de Longueuil, successor to La Jonquiere in the governor-generalship, refers to the post under both names; first as Fort Rouillé, and then, falling into the customary way of speaking, as "Toronto."

The establishment of this new depot of trade with the Indians was due to the policy recommended by the enlightened Count de la Galissoniere, who was appointed *ad interim* Governor of New France during the absence of the Marquis de la Jonquiere, taken prisoner by the English, *i.e.*, 1747-49. (To obtain a lively idea of Galissoniere and his times, let the reader peruse with attention Mr. Kirby's carefully-worked-out historical tale, entitled, *Le Chien d'Or*.)

Materials for the erection of Fort Toronto had already been collected during Galissoniere's brief reign; and La Jonquiere,

\* Documents relating to the Colonial History of the State of New York, (Paris Documents) x. 201. "From Abstract of Despatches from Canada," [kept at Paris or Versailles.] (Date of Abstract, 30th April, 1749.)

"Fort built at Toronto. On being informed that the northern Indians ordinarily went to Choueguen with their peltries, by way of Toronto [*i.e.*, by the trail leading up the valley of the Humber], on the north-west side of Lake Ontario, twenty-five leagues from Niagara, [*i.e.*, going round the head of the lake] and seventy-five from Fort Frontenac, they [*i.e.*, the Governor and intendant at Quebec] thought it advisable to establish a post at that place, and to send thither an officer, fifteen soldiers, and some workmen, to construct a small stockaded fort there. Its expense will not be great; the timber is transported there, and the remainder will be conveyed by the barks belonging to Fort Frontenac."

on his liberation and assumption of the Government in 1749, was authorized to complete the work begun, and to furnish the post with goods suited for traffic with the Indians, who were thereby to be induced not to take their furs to the British trading of Choueguen, *i.e.*, Oswego. (See Documents, etc., as above, x. 246.) Some pieces of cloth, which had been recently sent out from France as a sample of the goods to be offered to the Indians, were instantly condemned at Quebec, and ordered to be sent back. "The article is frightful," Governor La Jonquiere and the Intendant Bigot both declare; "the red cloth is brown," they say, "and unpressed, and the blue is a very inferior quality to that of England, and, as long as such ventures are sent, they will not become favourites with the Indians." (x. 200.) At p. 202 it appears that a fear had been expressed by M. Bigot that the opening of the new trading-post at Toronto would injure the trade at Forts Niagara and Frontenac. But then, it is added, if there be less trade at these two last-mentioned posts, there will be less transportation of merchandize, so that what will be lost on the one side will be gained on the other, and it will amount to nearly the same in the end. Bigot also had proposed "to oblige those who will farm (*exploiter*) Toronto, to sell their goods at a reasonable price."

Garneau, in his History of Canada, ii. 116 (Andrew Bell's translation), says that the fort built at Toronto was of stone; but this was certainly not the case, as is proved by the remains of the structure itself, and also by the language of the official "Abstract of Despatches," kept at Paris or Versailles (see Documents as above), which speaks only of the transport of *timber* to the spot. Fort Toronto was nothing more than a stockaded storehouse, with quarters for a keeper and a few soldiers, after the fashion of a small Hudson's Bay trading-post. A large portion of the site which, fifty years ago, used commonly to be visited as that of the "Old French Fort," is now fallen into the lake; but depressions, marking the situation of cellars and portions of some ancient foundations connected with out-buildings are still discernible, as also indications of the line of the stockade on the north side. Formerly there were conspicuous remains of flagged flooring and the basement of chimneys. The cleared

space in which the fort stood is marked in an old plan in the Crown Lands Office, and shown also (without being designated in terms) on Sandford Fleming's Topographical Plan of Toronto, 1851. It extended westward a little beyond the present Dufferin Avenue. This cleared space is to be seen also plainly marked on the plan illustrating "the battle of York," April 27, 1813, given by Auchinleck in his *History of the War of 1812-13-14*, p. 146, and also in that given, p. 590, in *Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812*. The sketch of the remains of the Old French Fort, engraved in the latter work, p. 593, is based on a wrong supposition: the artist evidently mistook some of the "butts," put up of late years for rifle practice, as relics of the fort. The spot, however, on which the sketcher represents himself as sitting, is really a portion of the site of which he was in quest.

It was the intention of General Dearborn, the United States commander of the expedition against York (Toronto) in 1813, to land his forces at the clearing round the Old French Fort, but "an easterly wind, blowing with violence, drove the small boats in which the troops left the fleet full half a mile farther westward, and beyond an effectual covering by the guns of the navy."

The site of the trading establishment which was thus, as we have seen, destined to be the initial germ of the present city of Toronto, is now enclosed within the bounds of the park appertaining to the Exhibition Buildings of the city. The spot where the post stood is exactly in the south-west angle of the enclosure, overlooking the lake; and here a cairn or mound, commemorative of the fact, has been erected by the Corporation (1878). On its top rests a massive granite boulder, bearing the following inscription: "This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouillé, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian Trading-post and Stockade, established A.D. 1749 by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendations of the Count de la Galissoniere, Administrator of New France, 1747-1749. Erected by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, A.D. 1878."

The boulder which bears the inscription has been allowed to retain its natural features. It was dredged up out of the navigable channel which leads into the adjoining harbour.

It may be subjoined as a rather curious circumstance that,

while descendants of the ancient allies of the French, the Hurons of our classic Lake Simcoe region, are still to be seen in the Province of Quebec, namely, at the village of Old and New Lorette, in the neighbourhood of the city of Quebec,—descendants equally, if not more numerous, of their sworn foes, the Iroquois,—the allies, on the whole, of England, are to be seen in our own Province of Ontario, namely, on the Grand River, in the neighbourhood of Brantford.

It should be added, too, perhaps, that among the legends collected by Schoolcraft in his "American Indians," Rochester, 1851, there is one, p. 130, entitled Aingodon and Naywadaha, in which the scene of the story is Toronto, meaning, thereby, the Toronto region of Lake Simcoe. A kind of aboriginal Joan of Arc figures in it, who has strange visions, and is the means of accomplishing for her tribe and its associates a great deliverance.

Finally, the present opportunity should not be missed of clearing up one more mystery connected with the employment of the term "Toronto." It has been discovered from certain title deeds of property in Port Hope that that place, at the outset of its history, bore for awhile the name of "Toronto." This, without doubt, arose from a suggestion on the part of Mr. Charles Fothergill, a resident in that quarter at the time. Mr. Fothergill was a man of taste, and desired the revival and perpetuation of a beautiful appellation; and so he contrived to have it attached to the newly-projected village. It had already been affixed to a township and "gore" in the Home District, and its inappropriateness as the name of a village in the township of Hope must soon have become apparent. It is curious to observe that, before Mr. Fothergill's day, confusion had occurred between the sites of Port Hope and Toronto. Some have asserted that to the locality on which Toronto now stands the name of Teiaigon or Teyaogen was once applied, whilst others have maintained that Teiaigon or Teyaogen denoted the site of the present Port Hope. In Documents, etc., as above, ix. 218, we have the following note by the editor: "In Coronelli's map of 1688, this Indian village, Teiaigon, is laid down about the present site of Port Hope, Canada West; but on Charlevoix and later maps it

occupies what is now Toronto. Possibly they moved," the writer adds, "from the former to the latter point."

The truth, however, appears to be that Teiaiaagon or Teyaogen was a term applied, in Iroquois dialects, to any place where *royageurs* had to leave their canoes and undertake a tramp over-land to some distance. So that the landing-place near the mouth of the Humber, and that near the mouth of Smith's Creek (the river at Port Hope), would each of them be a Teiaiaagon or Teyaogen; the former for traders or Indian bands going to the Toronto region round Lake Simcoe, and the latter for parties on their way to Rice Lake and the back lakes generally. In "Documents," etc, as above, vii. 110, we are informed that Teyaogen, in Iroquois, is "an interval, or anything in the middle of or between two other things. Hence Teihohogen, the Forks of a river."

The first Gazetteer of Upper Canada, 1799, unhesitatingly says: "Teyaogen, on the north side of Lake Ontario, lies about half-way between York (Toronto) and the head of the Bay of Quinte." This would indicate the site of the present Port Hope. It is to be observed that the maps of all the parts of this continent were, of course, in the first instance very rudely and inartistically drawn. The contour of lakes, the course and length of rivers, the sites and relative positions of places, were jotted down, under every disadvantage, by transient explorers of limited experience and views, and from the mere verbal reports of canoe-men and Indians. Hence misconceptions and confusions, of the kind alluded to, were quite likely to occur.

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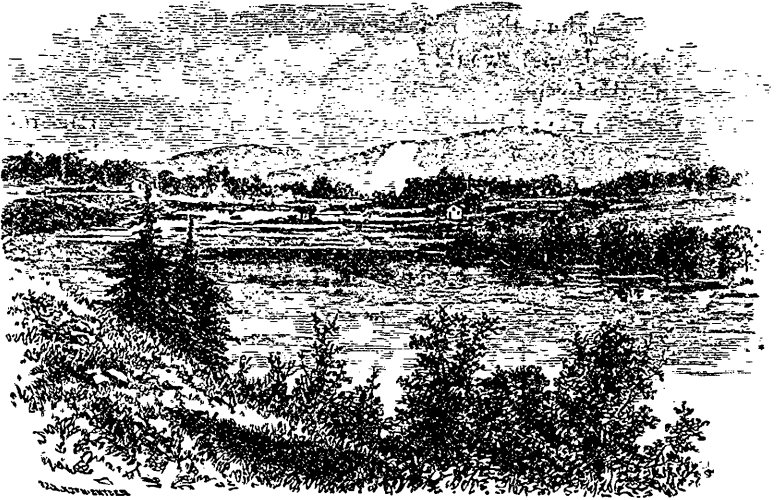
## EXTENT OF LAW.

THAT very law which moulds a tear,  
 And bids it trickle from its source,  
 That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
 And guides the planets in their course.

—Samuel Rogers.

## PLEASURE TRAVEL ON THE READING RAILWAY.

BY JOHN B. BACHFELDER.

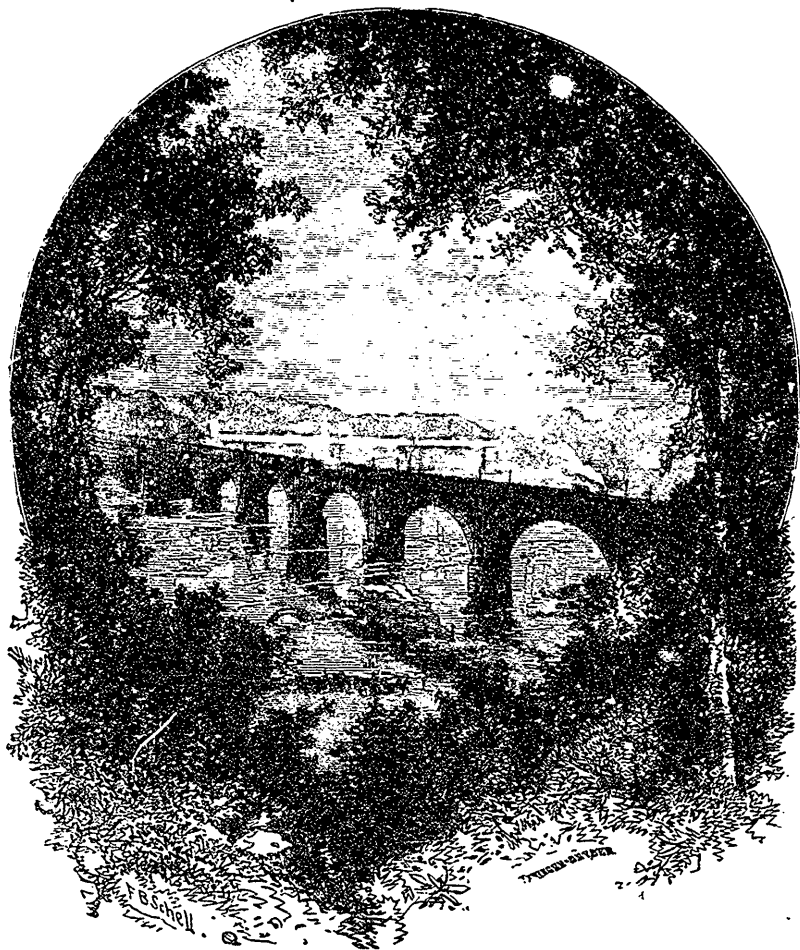


ON THE SCHUYLKILL.

LEAVING the fair city of Brotherly Love by the Philadelphia and Reading Railway, we run through built-up portions of the city for a half-mile to Fairmount Park. Skirting this, our course is taken along the beautiful Schuylkill River, which we cross at Columbia Bridge, and pass Belmont Glen, which is justly known as one of the finest features of Philadelphia's great park. Just beyond the Glen lie the grounds on which were erected the buildings for the Centennial Exposition. We are now fairly on the banks of the Schuylkill, the river of which the poet Moore sang and wrote; on whose banks he found that rest, though slight, which he had elsewhere sought in vain;\* but while we fain would quote at length from the writings of one who, it

\*Along by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,  
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;  
 But far, very far were the friends that he loved,  
 And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh!

might be said, immortalized this beautiful stream, yet, as we have not reached a distance of five miles from our starting-place, with a passing look at Tom Moore's cottage, an admiring glance at Fairmount Park with Laurel Hill Cemetery enfolded in its

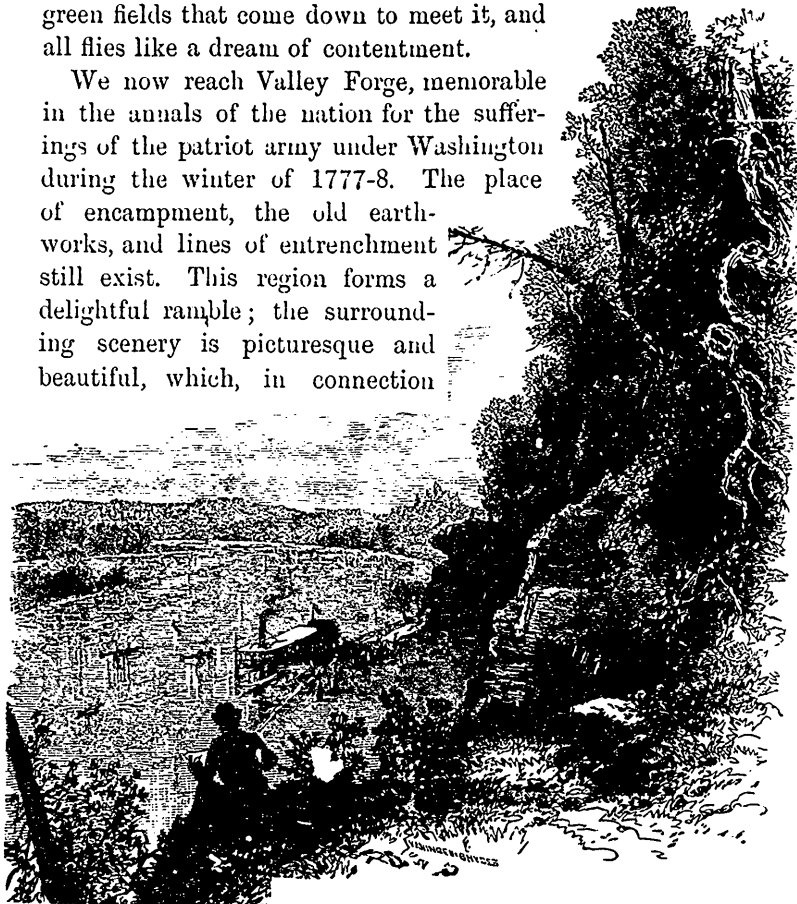


FALLS VILLA E BRIDGE.

embrace, we glide along through other scenes of picturesque loveliness. Our route follows the windings of the river through Falls Village to Bridgeport. From Bridgeport the route continues along the river bank, each turn opening up new attractions.

and fresh charms of scenery, and each hamlet and village, as we speed along, displaying evidences of the gigantic industry for which this valley is famous. We still follow closely the banks of the Schuylkill, which glides quietly and gracefully along the green fields that come down to meet it, and all flies like a dream of contentment.

We now reach Valley Forge, memorable in the annals of the nation for the sufferings of the patriot army under Washington during the winter of 1777-8. The place of encampment, the old earthworks, and lines of entrenchment still exist. This region forms a delightful ramble; the surrounding scenery is picturesque and beautiful, which, in connection



THE SCHUYLKILL FROM COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

with the historical associations, makes Valley Forge a place of great interest to all classes. Many an interesting story, handed down from generation to generation, can be told to a ready listener.

Just above Valley Forge, Perkiomen Creek empties into the





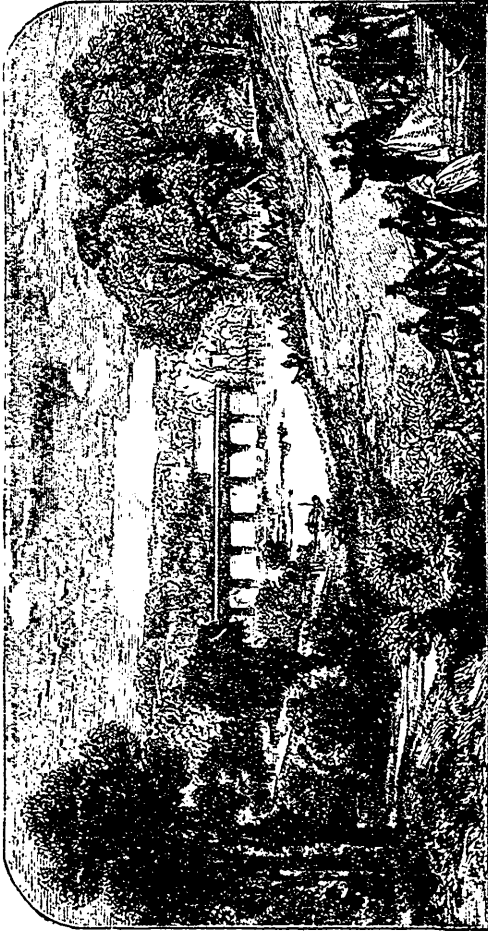
VALLEY FORGE.

Schuylkill. The valley through which this stream flows is noted for the quiet beauty of its scenery, its mineral and agricultural resources. It was for many years the abode of Audubon, the great naturalist, in whose works reference is made to many rare birds that seek shelter there.

We next pass Birdsboro', a small but quite pretty village. Our route is still on the banks of the Schuylkill. Its current grows more rapid as we near the mountains, which rise threateningly in our front: the scenery changes with each mile of advance. Still following the valley which nature has formed for the river, we suddenly glide around the curves, and find ourselves at the city of Reading, surrounded and overlooked by hills,—

Mount Penn, Mount Gibraltar, and Neversink,—which converge to shelter this beautiful town, lying within their embrace.

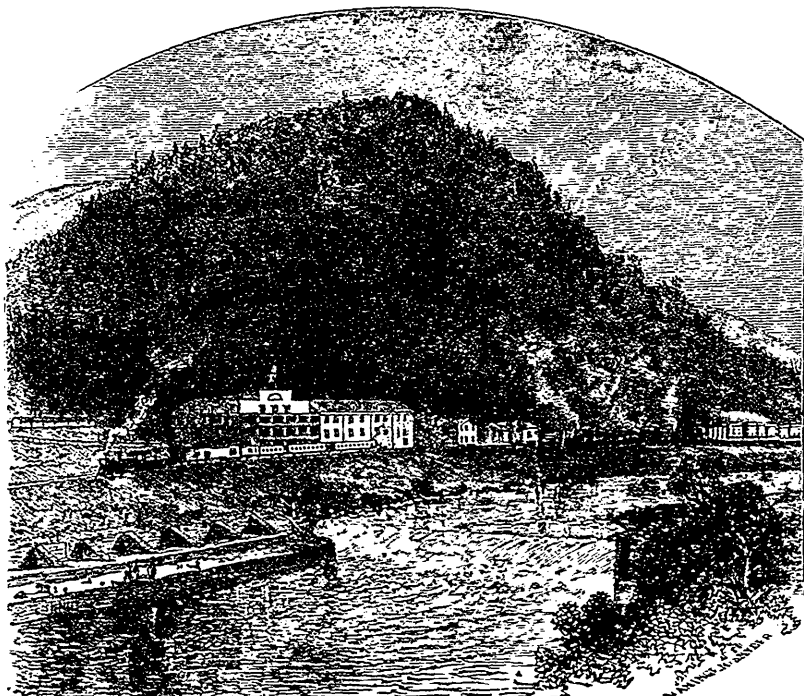
Passing north from Reading, the low land begins gradually to struggle with the mountains, the latter getting the final victory, giving an advantage in favour of the picturesque. Penetrating



COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

the recesses of the highlands, the road emerges at Port Clinton, the junction of the Schuylkill and Little Schuylkill Rivers. The scenery here is wild in the extreme, and especially fine and romantic. The tourist should be thankful that the pursuit of

anthracite coal and the love of gain has caused railroads to be built through ravines and valleys which, under other circumstances, would hardly have been attempted.

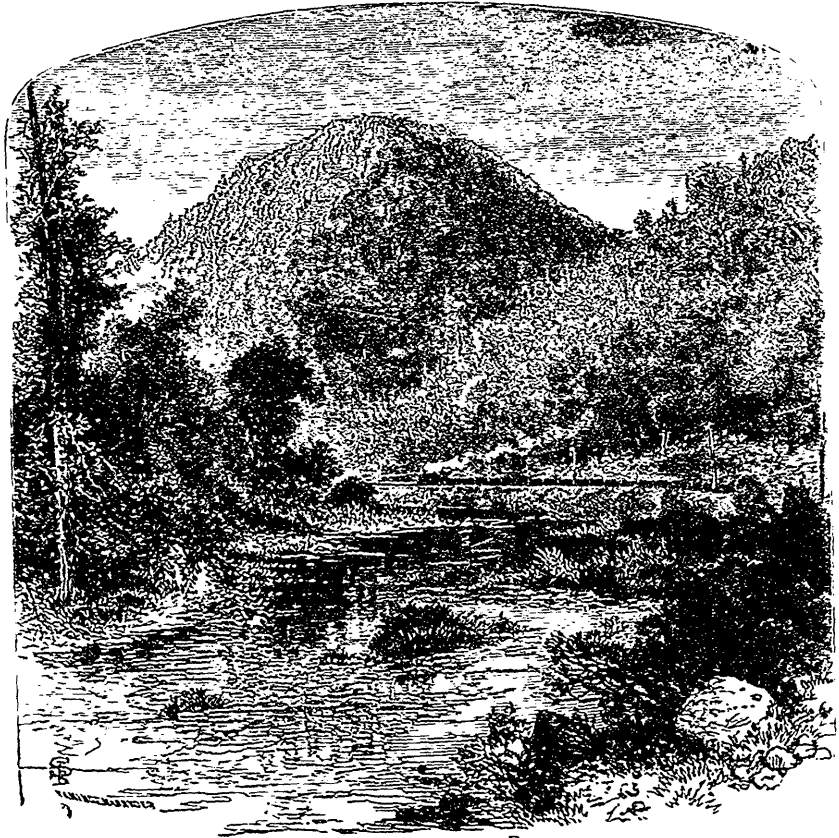


MOUNT CARBON.

We are now in the centre of the coal interests. At Mahanoy Plane, as its name implies, is an inclined plane for raising coal-cars from the valley to the top of the mountain, from which they run by continuous down-grade to Mount Carbon. This plane is 2,410 feet long, rising in perpendicular height 354 feet. We soon reach Gordon, at the foot of the Gordon Planes. The lower plane has a length of 4,755 feet, and a rise of 404, placing you 1,206 feet above tide; the upper is somewhat shorter though steeper. From the top, or head, of this plane, coal-cars are run down nineteen miles to Schuylkill Haven.

The tourist will not only pass through exceedingly interesting geological regions, but will meet continually scenes of great

scenic interest, culminating at Brookside,—a spot which cannot fail to please the lover of Nature in her wildest moods. The view which here awaits the gaze of the visitor is one of singular combination. Artificial hillocks, the dust and *debris* of mines, rise thick and high about you; coal-breakers, like enormous

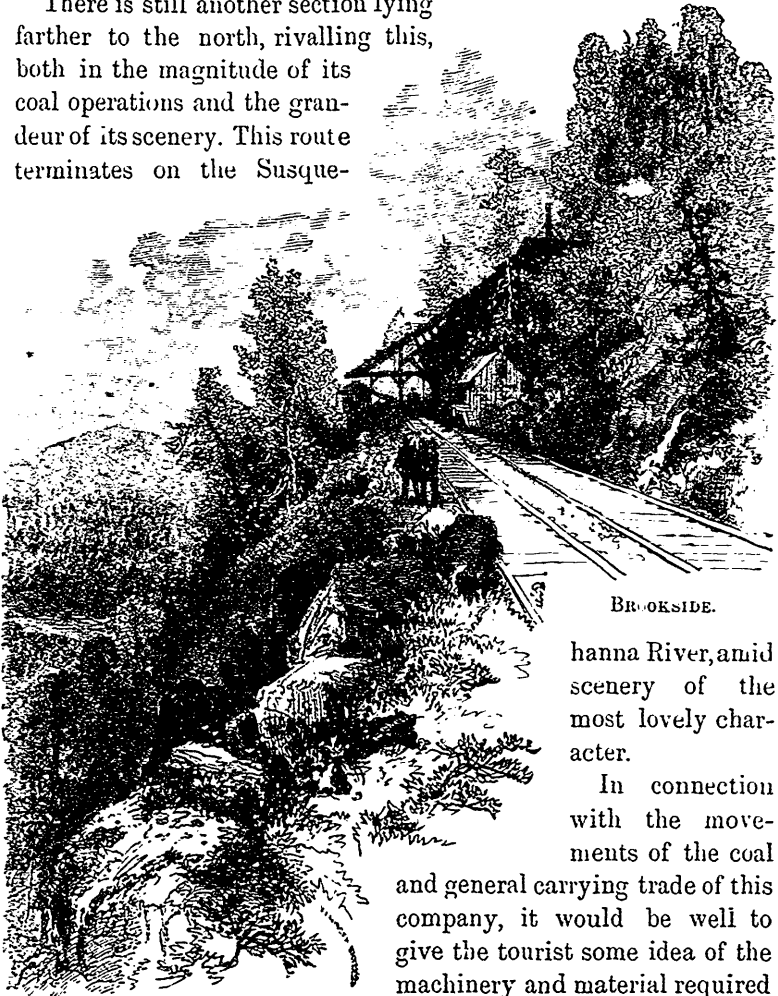


LITTLE SCHUYLKILL RIVER.

black spectres, rear their dizzy heights, to the very top of which the dull mule clammers with his freight of coal. The oddity of the scene is attractive to the stranger; and this is in the midst of, and surrounded by, the most striking landscapes. As you gaze straight down the perspective of the valley, and mile beyond mile fades in blue distance, you feel that here is the artist's

opportunity for toil and pleasure : the practical and the ideal are most completely and artistically blended.

There is still another section lying farther to the north, rivalling this, both in the magnitude of its coal operations and the grandeur of its scenery. This route terminates on the Susque-



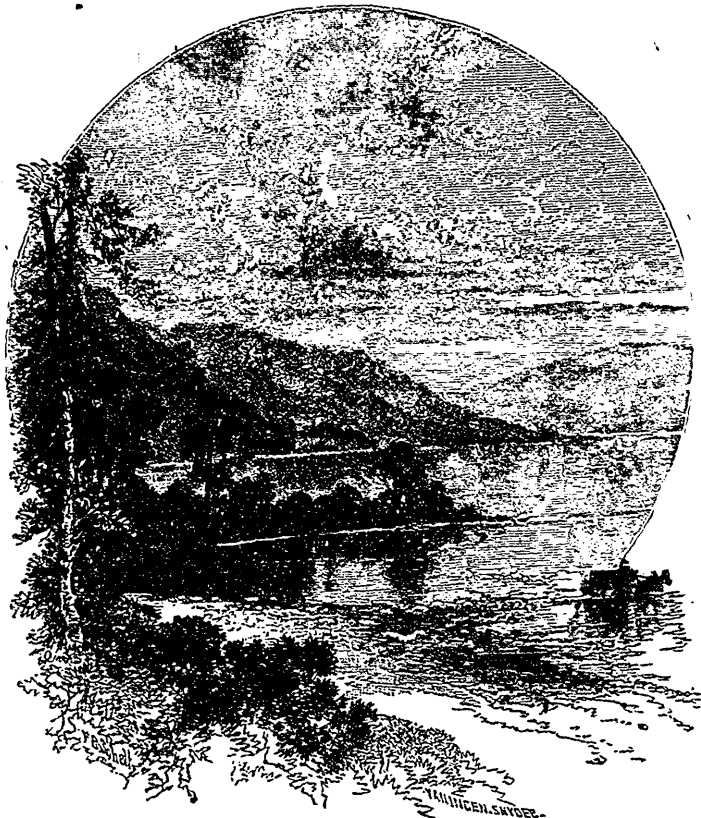
BROOKSIDE.

hanna River, amid scenery of the most lovely character.

In connection with the movements of the coal

and general carrying trade of this company, it would be well to give the tourist some idea of the machinery and material required

for this enormous traffic. There are in use 405 locomotives, 15,073 coal-cars, 3,819 freight, and 279 passenger cars ; and, during a single year, the tonnage of the road was, in coal, over six million tons, while that of merchandise was 3,088,000 tons. The number of passengers carried amounted to 6,965,000.



ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

We now return to the main line, feeling that our time has been well spent in our peregrinations in the wilds of Pennsylvania, in viewing its wonderful scenery, and studying its mighty coal interests. In this frame of mind we are in good condition to appreciate the startling grandeur of the scenes through which runs the Catawissa Branch Road. In place of running along the valleys, we are getting up among the mountain tops, passing through tunnels, winding around curves, on some of which it appears as if the rear of the train was chasing the engine, and in danger of making a collision. In the original survey of this road, it was located on the highlands, while in later years it would have taken the valleys; thus it required deep cuts, heavy

piles, and tunnels. Here may be seen an American forest preserved in all its wildness; and as we wind 'round the hills, climbing higher and still higher, the landscape widens, and objects in the valleys 'below grow small in the distance. Still upward and onward goes the train, twisting around the curves, and darting through the tunnels, until the summit is reached,



CATAWISSA

with which comes a feeling of relief, for we have unconsciously been labouring and straining to help the engine up the mountain side. Every puff seemed to find a corresponding echo within us, an inclination to push or help in some way; but now we are at rest, and drink in the wide-spread view before us.



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Some of the towering hills, completely cleared to their summits, have been cultivated; others, in all their natural loveliness, are covered with forest verdure. The valleys look deep, dark, and lonesome, with here and there a cultivated spot, with a snug little farmhouse nestled under the hillside, sheltered from the cold blasts of winter. The blue smoke that so gracefully curls from the chimney shows that, although in the midst of coal, wood still holds sway as fuel, and promises to do so for years to come.

We here get the first good view of Catawissa Creek, as it meanders through the valley far below us at our right. The scene is wild and picturesque. The creek seems but a narrow thread winding along the base of the mountains,—here and there lost to sight, and again widening to a pleasant vista. It is a subject for the artist's pencil; indeed, for many miles we watched with pleasure the changing views, unfolded like a vast panorama of selected scenes.

We are now approaching Mainville Water Gap; although less grand than those of the Delaware and Lehigh, it still forms a bold and enjoyable landscape. The valley is highly cultivated,



but is shut in by bold hills, among which the creek winds until lost in their shadows. We seem completely hemmed in; and, while wondering which way the train will find egress, we suddenly glide around the mountain, and emerge to the open country beyond, while the scene fades from view. We cross another trestle, obtaining a fine view of the McAuley and Nescopee Mountains in the distance. A few miles beyond, Catawissa is reached. Nature has done much for this quaint old town,—



COAL TRANSPORT.

all, in fact, that an artist could ask in combining the beautiful with the grand for a painting: bold mountain bluffs, deep wooded valleys, a brawling stream, a noble river spanned by bridges, everything, indeed. But the town exhibits a want of thrift and energy that is painful to the stranger, who looks with pity upon a community upon which such fine natural advantages and artificial improvements are thrown away.

The great corporation, over whose track we have passed

through so many scenes of industry, wealth, and landscape beauty, has many other interests than those described in this article. It owns or controls one hundred and fifty-three miles of canal, has an immense coal shipping depot in the northern or Richmond District of Philadelphia; it owns fourteen steam colliers, having an aggregate carrying capacity of 15,500 tons, in which it transports, together with canal barges, large quantities of coal to the eastern markets. It has its own shipyard for building and repairing the colliers, and within itself manufactures nearly all of the principal material used in the operation of a railroad.

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### PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

THERE is no heart, however free and lightsome,  
 But has its bitterness ;  
 No earthly hopes, however bright and lithesome,  
 But ring of emptiness.

The world is full of suffering and sorrow,  
 Of anguish and despair ;  
 Its brightest promises are of to-morrow,  
 Its mockeries everywhere.

Our weary hearts, with slow and sad pulsation,  
 Beat to the march of years ;  
 Their days are given to toil without cessation,  
 Their gloomy nights to tears.

But let us wait in patience and submission  
 The will of our great King—  
 Remembering this—all through our earthly mission,  
 Perfect through suffering.

What seemeth now a dark and dreary vision  
 Unto our tear-dimmed eyes,  
 Shall burst in glory into scenes elysian,  
 A blooming paradise.

Then cease, O foolish heart, cease thy repining ;  
 Hope lift thy drooping wing :  
 The plan is one of God's all-wise designing—  
 Perfect through suffering.

THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

—  
*A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.*  
—

CHAPTER XXII.—A BACKWOODS OASIS.

Wide was his parish, and houses fer asonder,  
But he ne left nought for no rain ne thonder,  
In sicknesse and in mischief to visite  
The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,  
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.

CHAUCER—*Canterbury Pilgrims.*

ONE of Lawrence's week-night appointments was some twenty miles up the shores of the lovely Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau. During the summer he went in Father Hawkins's boat, and greatly enjoyed the trip. The pure air, bright sky, and swift motion of the boat bounding over the waves, before a brisk breeze, seemed to exhilarate like wine. The picturesque scenery, bold rocky shores, cool-grey lichen-covered crags, and innumerable islets of every size and shape and of surpassing loveliness, gratified his fine taste for beauty of landscape. His welcome from the simple settlers was of the warmest character, although his accommodation was often of the scantiest.

Almost everywhere a log schoolhouse was available for worship; for in this favoured land of ours the schoolmaster and the missionary are the twin pioneers of civilization, and the remotest hamlets have their temple of learning, which is also frequently the temple of God. The veteran hero of the conflicts of early Methodism in this land for the equal rights and privileges which it now enjoys, by giving his ripest years to the upbuilding of a comprehensive common school system, has erected for himself a monument more lasting than brass, and has conferred upon his country a boon more precious than gold. In this remote region the strong pulsations of the vigorous personal influence of DR. RYERSON,—a name never to be men-

tioned in Canada without loving reverence,—made itself strongly felt in diffusing the elements of that intellectual and moral education which alone can make a nation wise and strong and great.

Lawrence visited the school on the first day of his visit to Owen's Corners, as the neighbourhood was called, and was warmly greeted by the teacher, an exceedingly intelligent gentleman. On the walls were maps and charts, and all the essential apparatus for conquering that glorious kingdom of knowledge, which, like the kingdom of Heaven, is entered only by becoming as a little child.\* The key of all knowledge was placed in each of those little hands. On the seats were a number of bright-eyed, bare-footed boys and girls, as quick-witted as any that will be found in our most favoured cities. Lawrence, at the invitation of the teacher, talked for a few minutes to the "village Hampdens," and, as yet, "mute, inglorious Miltons" of the school, in a way that made their eyes snap and sparkle.

"Now, boys," he said, "I want you to play with all your might when you are at it." Cunning fellow! he knew the way to a boy's heart. He had their ears at once, and they thought him an exceedingly orthodox preacher.

"But," he went on, infixing the barbed truth he had so deftly winged, "when you study I want you to study with all your might, too; as if you would bore a hole through the book with your eyes, you know." With this intense figure a lesson was burnt in, as it were, into the minds of these boys,—a lesson of incomparable importance for winning the victory in the battle of life.

Mr. Norris, the teacher, insisted on making Lawrence his guest. His abode was humble, but bore evidence of refinement. Flowers without and within, snowy curtains, spirited pencil and crayon sketches on the wall, and the thousand nameless indications of female taste—felt rather than seen—made the little cottage seem to Lawrence like an oasis in the wilderness.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," said the schoolmaster's kind, motherly wife, when Lawrence was intro-

\* This expression, or one something like it, occurs somewhere in Lord Bacon's writings; we think in his *Instauratio Scientiarum*.

duced. His daughter, tall, graceful, with soft brown eyes and a wealth of clustering curls, received the stranger with a dignified courtesy that, thought Lawrence, would have become a duchess. Books, comprising the best English classics and poetry, a volume of Corneille and Dante in the original, music, a cabinet organ, and drawing materials, indicated the cultivated tastes of the inmates of that backwoods shanty, as it might almost be called.

"You must make this your home," said Mrs. Norris, "whenever you are at Owen's Corners," an invitation which Lawrence very gladly accepted.

"I feel as if you belonged to us," said her hospitable husband.—Was it an unconscious prophecy? "My father was a Wesleyan minister in England, and I was an old Woodhouse Grove boy, so that I almost belong to the fraternity myself."

Very pleasant was the evening talk about Dr. Dixon, Dr. Bunting, Dr. Beaumont, and other great lights of the English pulpit; of Francis Budgett, that merchant prince of Methodism, in whose great establishment Mr. Norris had been a confidential clerk; and of boyish pranks and school-day adventures at Woodhouse Grove,—*"the original,"* said Mr. Norris, *"it is claimed, of Dickens's Dotheboys Hall, but travestied by his exaggerations."* Pleasant was the converse with the hostess about the lovely scenery of the winding Avon and the Mendip Hills; of the courtly society of those ancient cities, Bath and Wells; of the strange, sad story of Chatterton, *"the marvellous boy;"* and of the forged poems, *"wroten by the gode prieste Thomas Rowley, of Bristowe."* But more pleasant still was the time spent over the cabinet organ with the fair Edith, and in sympathetic converse on music and the recent poetry of Tennyson and Longfellow, which lay upon the table.

This refined family, apparently buried in the woods, seemed yet content. The father was able to procure farms for his boys, —an Englishman's ambition, but scarce possible to gratify in the crowded old country; and he could raise and educate his large family cheaper in Canada than at "home," as he still called the dear old land. He was fond of gunning and fishing, and here he had it of the finest at his door. Home is woman's kingdom, and the house-mother found ample employment therein. And Edith,

assisting her father in the school, was saved from the *ennui* and aching vacuity that curses an idle life; and developed and strengthened both intellectual and moral character by enthusiastic zeal in teaching and in study. The visits of Lawrence were a mutual pleasure. He was always cordially welcomed, and it may be surmised that he did not neglect to visit regularly his appointment at "The Corners."

One night at the close of the service in the schoolhouse a sturdy figure strode forward from the shadow, concealed by which it had been unnoticed, and grasped Lawrence warmly by both hands, as if it had laid hold on the handles of a plough.

"But I be dreadful glad to see ye," exclaimed our old friend Jim Dowler, for it was no other than he, as he vigorously shook Lawrence's hands. "I knowed it must be you from the description, though they couldn't tell your name. I'd a-walked fifty miles to hear ye."

"However did you get here?" asked Lawrence, warmly returning his greeting.

"Didn't ye know that I'd tuk up land on the Seguin. Two hunnerd acres, half of it on the intervale by the river, as good land as ever ye see, an' the rest will make capital stun pastur. An' I've got a house an' wife, an' two cows an' a hoss—rid him over to see ye—it's only 'bout a dozen miles north of this—blazed path most o' the way—an' I've got jest the cheekiest young un ye ever did see," and with each clause of the enumeration he gave Lawrence a poke in the ribs of a very emphatic character, as he fairly chuckled, like a schoolboy, with delight. "An' I owes it all to you, as I may say."

"How is that?" asked Lawrence.

"Why, I owe to you an' Methodism all I am an' all I've got. Ef you hadn't tuk hold o' me, I'd 'a' been a poor drunken sot hangin' round Slocum's tavern. An' now, bless the Lord, I'm happy as the day is long." And he looked like it, his ruddy countenance beaming with joy.

"You must come an' see me," he said, "an' give us a preach. They's some Millerites got in thar, an' they kind o' stumbles some folks as aint got the root o' the matter in 'em. They don't stumble me, hows'ever, though I don't understand all 'bout the

number o' the beast, an' the seven heads, an' ten horns, an' all the rest o' it. *I* don't b'lieve, fer my part, that the world's agoin' to everlastin' smash, jes' as things is a-gettin' fairly into gear an' good runnin' order. Its gettin' better every day, *I* b'lieve," said this happy optimist philosopher. "Leastways," he devoutly added, "its better for me, I know, than afore I know'd you, an' it may be better for every one if they likes."

Shortly after, Lawrence started to visit Dowler's Neighbourhood, as it was called. He took a bark canoe, with which, in this land of lakes and streams, one can go almost anywhere, and, after paddling through a couple of lakes and crossing as many portages with his light canoe, not more than thirty pounds' weight, on his back, he struck the head-waters of the Seguin. Down the swift current and arrowy rapids of that river he glided, and soon came to a small clearing and log-house. Warmer welcome man never had than he received from his kind host.

"Mary, here's Brother Temple, as ye've often hearn me tell on—my spiritoool father, God bless 'im. Yes, sir, this is my Mary, as I tell'd ye about; aint she jes' as handsome as a pictur, now? An' what d'ye think o' that fer a boy?" rattled on the happy man, as he snatched a chubby baby, like one of Perugino's rosy cherubs, from his cradle—a sap trough on rockers, with a pillow in it—and tossed it as high as the rafters of the ceiling.

"We call 'im Lawrence, ye know fer who; an' who knows but the Lord 'il make a preacher of 'im yet. He's got voice enough when he cries, hasn't he, mother?" he said, addressing the blushing young matron, who laughed assent.

While the hired boy was sent to summon the neighbours far and near to preaching, "at early candlelight," Lawrence walked over the farm with his host, and admired the growing crops in the tiny clearing.

"Are you not rather far from market here?" he asked very naturally. "What do you do with your crops?"

"What do we do with 'em! Why, we eat 'em, of course. Got market near enough for that, I 'low. I takes the wheat down in a scow to Beattie's Mill, down the river 'bout eighteen miles, and gets it ground, an' dickers some at the store for tea an' sugar an' boots an' stuff for clothes. Dreffle smart fellows

them Beatties is. They runs the hull consarn at the Sound—Parry Sound, ye know—theirselves jes' about. An' they won't 'low no liquor sold in the village, neither. Boun' to be a big place, that. Thar wuz a great camp-meetin' down thar, too, an' hunnerds of Injuns—the purtiest place ye ever see—a reg'lar wall o' rock all around, a'most like the mountains round about Jerusalem, ye know."

"You never heard anything of O'Neal or Evans, or any of the lumbermen, I suppose?" asked Lawrence, as they talked of old times and camp life.

"Didn't I, though?" replied Jim. "I wuz into Beattie's store when I wuz down the river with a grist last week, when who should I see thar a-buyin' a sou'-wester an' an oil-cloth pea jacket, but Dennis' O'Neal!"

"'Is it meself I am, or am I dramin'?' says he.

"'This is me, anyhow,' says I, an' with that he shuk me fist as if he'd got hold o' the boat's tiller. An' I walked down to see his vessel—the *Betsy Jane*—loadin' at Beattie's mill for Oswego, an' he showed me his Bible, an' he tell'd me he had a Bible class in the fo'cas'l' every Sunday."

"That's good news," said Lawrence, "I wish I could know how Evans got on."

"Small joy ther'd be in that," said Dowler, with a sigh. "Dennis, he tel'd me all about it, an' a sad story it is. Soon as he got his wages at Quebec, he got on the biggest kind o' spree, an' dranked an' dranked, as if to make up for the time he'd lost in the camp, when he couldn't get none. An' Dennis, he tried to look after him, but when he wuz drunk he wuz awful 'busive—larned to box at Oxford, ye know—don't think he larned much else, tho'—an' the crimps and land-sharks got him into one of the low taverns on Champlain Street and robbed him, and then they wuz a-shippin' him as a hand on a vessel bound fer Jamaica, an' he wuz so drunk that he slipped between the wharf an' the boat; an' the tide wuz runnin' fast, an' he got drownded afore they could get hold of him.

"Next day the river p'lice got his body on the ebb tide, and the crowner found his right name sewed inside his vest—Fitz de somethin'—a mighty aristocratic name,—an' the port chaplain



writ to his folks at some Park or other in Sussex, an' he wuz burried in the strangers' graveyard at the cost o' the city—him that wuz a lord's son an' had the chance o' sich good eddication at that old Brasenose he talked on."

Lawrence felt profoundly sad over the tragic ending of this misspent life. He could not help contrasting its utter shipwreck of all its advantages with the manly usefulness of the humbly born and utterly neglected Jim Dowler. The latter, he learned, in the absence of the circuit preacher at "Dowler's Appointment," sometimes read one of Wesley's sermons, with comments of his own, the rude vernacular and shrewd sense of which blended without any suggestion of incongruity in the miuds of his hearers with the plain and nervous English of the learned Fellow of Oxford. Thus does Methodism, with marvellous adaptation, employ the humblest as well as the highest abilities for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

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CHAPTER XXIII.—THE FOREST FIRE—FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,  
That first he wrought and afterwards he taught.  
Out of the Gospel he the wordes caught.

CHAUCER—*Canterbury Pilgrims.*

As Lawrence sailed homeward on the lake in the soft light of a September day, he became aware of a pungent odour in the air, and soon after of a dense smoke drifting from the land. He thought nothing of it, however, but next morning Mr. Perkins remarked:

"The fire's a-gettin' nearer; I wish the wind 'ud change—been burnin' in the woods north there better'n a week."

All day the smoke grew denser, darkening the sun and irritating the eyes. During the night the flames could be seen leaping from tree to tree in the forest that engirdled the little clearing, and running rapidly along the ground in the dry brushwood. The tall pines could be seen burning like gigantic torches in the darkness, and then toppling over with a crash, scattering the sparks in a brilliant shower far and wide, to extend the work

of destruction. Great tongues of flame hissed and crackled like fiery serpents enfolding their prey.

No human effort could avail aught to withstand or avert this fiery plague. Only the good providence of God, by sending rain or turning the wind, could stay its progress. The next day was intensely hot. The earth seemed as iron and the heavens as brass.

All in a hot and copper sky  
The bloody sun at noon  
Right up above the *trees* did stand  
No bigger than the moon.

It seemed like the terrors that followed the trumpet of the fifth angel in the Apocalypse: "There arose a smoke out of the pit like the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit."

On came the flames, roaring like a hurricane. The heat became unendurable, the smoke almost stifling. The cattle fled to the streams and stood in the deepest pools, sniffing the heated air. The water became gradually warm as it flowed over the heated rock and through the burning woods; and the fish that were in it floated on the surface in a dead or dying state. Fences were torn down, and broad spaces of earth were turned up by the plough, to break the progress of the deluge of fire—before which stacks of hay and straw were licked up like tinder.

Many of the villagers stored their little valuables, and as much of their grain as they could, in the underground root-houses, and banked them up with earth. Many had abandoned everything and fled to the islands. Lawrence, with most of the men, remained to fight the flames till the last moment. When compelled to fly, they sought the shore, where they had moored a boat as a means of escape at the last moment. But, O horror! the lapping of the waves and the fierce wind created by the fire had loosened the boat, but insecurely fastened, and it was rapidly drifting away. All hope of escape seemed cut off—the men were about to plunge into the water, as preferring death by drowning to death by fire.

"Let us die like brave men, if die we must," said Lawrence,

"trusting in God. He will be with us as He was with His servants in the fiery furnace."

"Father," cried Tom Perkins, a boy of thirteen, "I know a cave where we can hide."

"Quick, my son, show us the way," was the eager reply.

"This way, up the stream a bit,—near that cedar root. The bears used to live in it;" and he pointed out a concealed entrance, through which they crawled into a small grotto, caused by a dislocation of the strata.

"God hath opened for us a cleft in the rock. He will keep us as in the hollow of His hand," said Lawrence, with a feeling of religious exaltation he had never felt in moments of safety.

On came the flames, roaring louder and louder. The crackling of fagots and falling of trees were like the rattle of musketry and firing of cannon in a battle. The smoke and heat penetrated the grotto. They were almost perishing with thirst.

"I hear the trickling of water," said Lawrence. "I will try to find it. Lie low on your faces so as not to inhale the smoke. Here is the water," he cried, as he found it; "now wet your handkerchiefs and tie them over your heads," he said, as he did the same himself, and they all found the greatest relief therefrom.

At last the fiery wave seemed to have passed away. They crawled forth from their refuge to view the desolation the fire had wrought. The ground was still hot and smoking, many of the trees were still burning, and everything was scathed and scarred and blackened with the flames. Perkins's house was burned, but his barn, which he prized more, was, with its contents, spared—saved by the adjacent clearing and fallow.

By a special providence, as it seemed to these simple-minded men, unversed in the skeptical objections to the efficacy of prayer, the wind had veered so as to blow the flames away from the village. This they devoutly attributed to their prayers in the cave. That night a copious rain fell, and further danger was averted.

Mr. Perkins's neighbours made a "bee" to help him rebuild his house, and turned out in full force on that important occasion. Lawrence, a fine athletic specimen of muscular Christianity,

turned to with a will, and swung his axe and rolled his logs with the best of them, as "to the manner born." He won thereby the profound respect of several of the young men, who were more impressed with his prowess with the axe than by his eloquence in the pulpit.

Soon a larger and better house than the one destroyed was erected, so that Hophni said "the fire wuz a sort o' blessin' in disguise." He "feared he wuz a-takin' better keer o' his crops and beasts than of his wife and chil'en, so the Lord jes' gin 'im a hint to make them kind o' comfortable, too."

Lawrence was very anxious to have a church built at Centreville, the head of the circuit, for the purpose of holding quarterly meetings and the like, as well as to accommodate the growing congregation. Some of the wise men of the village gravely shook their heads and said it was impossible after the fire. But the zealous young preacher was determined to try. He therefore went round with his subscription book for contributions. These were mostly in "kind" or in labour.

Squire Hill gave a lot in the village, which did not count for much, as land was plenty and real estate, even on the front street of Centreville, was not worth much more than that three miles distant. But he promised, moreover, all the nails, glass, and putty required, which counted for a great deal, as these articles were not so plenty as land in Muskoka.

Hophni Perkins gave all the pine wanted for the frame, as a "thank offerin'" to the Lord for sparing his barn and crops, and a liberal subscription besides. His brother Phinehas, who owned a sawmill on the creek, gave all the sawn lumber required.

Father Hawkins could not give anything else, so he promised to make the shingles during the winter. The village painter promised to do the painting if the materials were provided, which was soon done by subscription.

A grand "bee" was accordingly made to get out the material. Axemen felled the tallest, straightest trees for sills, frame, plates, joists, rafters, purlines, and all the appurtenances thereof.

"It reminded him," said Father Hawkins, "of Hiram and his workmen getting out the timbers for the house of God at Jerusalem." Teams of oxen and horses dragged them to the site of

the building. Others drew stone for the foundation, sand for the plaster, and boards to enclose the building.

Lawrence was the moving spirit of all these activities—the wheel within the wheel—the mainspring of the whole. He it was who drew the plan, got out the estimates, made all the calculations, and was a whole building committee in himself. Nor was he content with directing. He worked with the strongest and most diligent. He morticed sills and plates, and tenoned studs and beams; and another great “bee” was made for putting together and raising the frame.

It was like magic. In the morning the ground was strewn with beams and timbers—the *disjecta membra* of a house. In the evening they were all in their places, and the complete skeleton of the building stood erect in its gaunt proportions, the admiration of not only the village but the entire country-side. Almost, thought Lawrence, might be applied the words of Milton, descriptive of a structure of far other character :

“Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation.”

But this was only the bony framework. It had yet to be indued with the flesh and skin, so to speak. Everybody who was skilled in carpentry—and in the bush almost everybody learns to be so skilled—gave one, two, or more weeks' work, and before winter the church was covered in, and by spring it was nearly finished. Although not of very elaborate architecture, it was an object of great complacency to the entire community, and especially to those who had wrought upon it. Among these were several who had never previously shown any interest in Church matters, but who now became quite zealous in its secular concerns. They soon became more interested, also, in its religious worship, and were brought at last more immediately under the influence of the Gospel. Get a man to give or work for any object and you have quickened his interest in that object forever.

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## THE PLAGUE.\*

THE hearse—the hush—the bated breath—  
 Knells throbbing in the tainted air—  
 The shadow of the angel, Death—  
 Deep wail, low sob, and solemn sound of prayer!  
 No dream is this whereof we are aware.  
 Be pitiful, O God.

The song is hushed, and broke the lute,  
 In servile hut and lordly hall,  
 No feast is there, but mirth is mute,  
 And only Fate holds carnival,  
 Trailing in dance her filthy train over all.  
 Be pitiful, O God.

Hark : “Thousands smitten, thousands dead !  
 Few hands to break the graveyard sod,  
 Or soothe the grim Anguish on its bed,  
 The Plague is on us—Heaven’s rod.”  
 Think why Thy Son the Garden wine-press trod.  
 Be pitiful, O God.

Death’s ploughshare scars a thousand hills,  
 And rolls his wains a thousand ways ;  
 The dusty garner fast he fills,  
 While Pity weeps in sore amaze,  
 And Faith exclaims, “The last, predicted days !”  
 Be pitiful, O God.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.”  
 Nor pride, nor strength, nor beauty’s bloom,  
 The sage, the witty, nor the just  
 Can glut the all-devouring tomb ;  
 The very skies distill the dews of doom.  
 Be pitiful, O God.

Pour, Great Physician, pour Thy balm ;  
 They shrink, pine, perish. O, restore !  
 Turn this vast sighing into psalm.  
 Renew the miracles of yore,  
 Dost thou not love thine evermore ?  
 Be pitiful, O God.

O thou eternal Eye and Ear  
 And Hand that never rests aweary,  
 Their anguish see, their moanings hear,  
 Cut short, cut short their trial dreary.  
 To glad *Te Deums* change their *Miserere*.  
 Be pitiful, O God,

\* All hearts will join in the prayer of this poem from the *Rochester Chronicle*, on behalf of the plague-smitten cities of the neighbouring Republic.—ED.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.\*

BY W. H. WITHRGW, M.A.

## II.

THE religious revival under the Wesleys and Whitefield, which proved the great moral antiseptic to the social corruption of England, Mr. Lecky treats in one hundred and thirty closely-printed pages. "Although the career," he says, "of the elder Pitt and the splendid victories by land and sea that were won under his ministry form unquestionably the most dazzling episodes in the reign of George II., they must yield, I think, to that religious revolution which shortly before had begun in England by the preaching of the Wesleys and of Whitefield. The creation of a large, powerful, and active sect, extending over both hemispheres and numbering many millions of souls, was but one of its consequences. It also exercised a profound and lasting influence upon the spirit of the Established Church, upon the amount and distribution of the moral forces of the nation, and even upon the course of its political history."

Referring to that memorable evening when, while listening to Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans in the little Moravian assembly, Wesley felt his heart "strangely warmed" and received the assurance of the forgiveness of sins, our author remarks, "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the scene which took place in that humble meeting in Aldergate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism." He also attributes it to the influence of Methodism that England was saved from a political convulsion and "reign of terror" similar to that of the French Revolution.

The opinion of the literary world has greatly changed since

\* England in the 18th Century. By W. E. H. Lecky, 2 vols., pp. 626, 699. Price, \$5. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

early in the century the witty but often unreverend Sydney Smith wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* of the Methodists thus:—

“If the choice rested with us, we should say—give us back our wolves again—restore our Danish invaders—curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded, and Methodistical populace.” Again the unvenerable prebend of St. Paul’s so far forgets his dignity as to use the expressions “the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism,” “a nest of consecrated cobblers,” “men despicable from their ignorance and formidable from their madness.” “It is scarcely possible,” he adds, “to reduce the drunken declamations of Methodism to a point, to grasp the wriggling lubricity of these cunning animals, and to fix them in one position.” “To the learning, the moderation, and the rational piety of the Establishment we most earnestly wish a decided victory over the nonsense, the melancholy, and the madness of the tabernacle. God grant,” he piously adds, “that our wishes be not in vain.”\* Yet we doubt not that this clerical scurrile jester would have vied with the large-minded Dean of Westminster, had he lived till this day, in paying reverence to the memory of the founders of Methodism by placing their busts in that mausoleum of England’s mighty dead, Westminster Abbey.

The state of religion previous to the Wesleyan revival was deplorable. Even of professed theologians, but few were faithful to their sacred trust, and these bemoaned, with a feeling akin to that of Nehemiah and the exiled Jews, that the house of the Lord was laid waste. One of these, the venerable Archbishop Leighton, of pious memory, in pathetic terms, laments over the national Church as “a fair carcass without spirit.” A sneering skepticism pervaded the writings of Bolingbroke and Hobbes, of Hume and Gibbon. The principles of French philosophy were affecting English thought. In the universities a mediæval scholasticism prevailed. Even the candidates for holy orders were often ignorant of the Gospels. A hireling priesthood often dispensed the ordinances of the Church, attaching more importance to mere forms than to the spirit of the Gospel—to the wearing of a surplice than to the adorning of the inner man. Many of them were

\* These extracts are all from the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1808 and April, 1809, reprinted in the collected essays of Sydney Smith.



more at home at the races, at a cock-pit, at a hunting or a drinking party, than in their study or their closet. It must not, however, be supposed that there were no redeeming features to this dark picture. The names of Butler, Lowth, Watts, and Doddridge would cast a lustre over any age. But they, alas, only made the surrounding darkness seem more dark.

At this time the Wesleys entered upon their sacred mission. They carried the tidings of salvation to regions where it was unknown before. Amid moor-fields, fair-grounds, and coal-pits, they boldly proclaimed their message. On the mountains of Wales, among the tin mines of Cornwall, on the chalk downs of Surrey, in the hop-fields of Kent, on the fen lands of Lincolnshire, in the cornfields of Huntingdon, on the wilds of Wiltshire, and among the lakes of Cumberland they proclaimed the joyful tidings to assembled thousands. They adapted themselves to the capacity of miners and pitmen, of uncouth rustics and rude fishermen. They recognized in the ignorant and embruted the awful dignity of manhood. With tireless energy they laboured on. From the ranks of those who were rescued from degradation and sin, arose a noble band of fellow-workmen—earnest-souled and fiery-hearted men: men who feared not death or danger, the love of Christ constraining them. Nor was this new apostolate without confessors unto blood and martyrs unto death. They were stoned, they were beaten with cudgels, they were dragged through the kennels, and some died under their wounds. They were everywhere spoken against. Even bishops, as Warburton and Lavington, assailed them with the coarsest and most scurrilous invective. But like the rosemary and thyme, which “the more they be incensed,” to use the words of Bacon, “the more they give forth their sweetest odours;” so those holy lives, under the heel of persecution, sent forth a sacred incense unto God, whose perfume is fragrant throughout the world to-day. Thus the influence spread till its great originator ceased at once to work and live. At that period this despised sect numbered in England 77,000, and in America 55,000 of people called Methodists.

The lofty and lowly were alike brought under the influence of Divine truth. The trembling plumes of the weeping court-dame in the *salons* of the Countess of Huntingdon, equally with the

tear-washed furrows on the dusky faces of the Cornish miners, alike attested the power of the message. Whitefield especially gained wonderful influence over many persons of noble rank. The Duchess of Suffolk winced under his burning words and thought them highly improper as applied to sinners of elevated position. "I shall not say to you what I shall say to others," said the patronizing popinjay, Chesterfield, "how much I approve you." Much the fiery preacher valued his "approval"—as much as Paul did that of Felix. Hume, though one of the coldest and most skeptical of men, said it was worth going twenty miles to hear him. The philosopher, Franklin, as he tells us, listening to a charity sermon, resolved to give nothing; but under the power of the preacher's appeals he "emptied his pocket wholly in the collector's plate—gold, silver, and all."

This great movement was not without its alloy of human imperfection, to which our author, with honest criticism, refers. One manifestation of this was the unhappy controversy and temporary alienation that, fomented by over-zealous followers, took place between the leaders of the great revival. But they loved each other too well for permanent estrangement. Whitefield to the last spoke of Wesley with a touching affection. On one occasion when a censorious Calvinist asked him whether he thought they would see John Wesley in heaven, "I fear not," said the great preacher, "he will be so near the throne, and we shall be at such a distance, that we shall hardly get a sight of him." He remembered him warmly in his will, and it was in obedience to the expressed wish of Whitefield that Wesley preached his funeral sermon.

The penal code of England a hundred years ago was of savage ferocity. Its laws, like those of Draco were written in blood. The death penalty was inflicted not only for murder, but also for treason, forgery, theft, and smuggling; and it was often inflicted with aggravated terrors. Amongst the causes of the increase of robbers, Fielding enumerates and lays much stress on the frequency of executions, their publicity, and their habitual association in the popular mind with notions of pride and vanity, instead of guilt, degradation, or shame. "The day appointed by law for the thief's shame is the day of glory in his own opinion.

His procession to Tyburn, and his last moments there, are all triumphant; attended with the compassion of the meek and tender-hearted, and with the applause, admiration, and envy of all the bold and hardened." The turnkeys of Newgate were said to have made £200 by showing Sheppard; and Dr. Dodd was exhibited for two hours in the press-room at a shilling a head before he was led to the gallows. The criminal sentenced to death was encouraged and aided to put a brave face on the matter, and act on the maxim, *carpe diem*—"Live and be merry, for to-morrow we die." Boys under twelve were sentenced to death and (we believe) hanged for participation in the Gordon riots of 1780. Mentioning the circumstance to Rogers, Mr. Grenville rather naively added: "I never in my life saw boys cry so." When Blackstone wrote, says Mr. Lecky, "there were no less than one hundred and sixty offences in England punishable with death, and it was a very ordinary occurrence for ten or twelve culprits to be hung on a single occasion, for forty or fifty to be condemned at a single assize." Many persons now living can remember the gibbeting of murderers till the ravens devoured their flesh and their bones rattled in the wind. Political offenders were still more harshly dealt with. Men then alive had seen the gory heads of knights and peers impaled on Temple Bar, and their dismembered limbs on London Bridge. The very contemplation of the subject excites loathing and abhorrence. In a hundred years posterity may look back with similar feelings on the executions of to-day.

Suicides were thrown into dishonoured wayside graves, trans-fixed with stakes and crushed with stones. The pillory and stocks still stood on the village green. Flogging was publicly inflicted by the beadle of the parish. The number of executions was enormous. In 1785, in London alone, it was ninety-seven. After a jail-delivery at Newgate, scores of miserable wretches were dragged on hurdles up Tyburn Hill, amid the shouts and jeers of a ribald mob, who either mocked the mortal agonies of the culprits, or exhorted their favourites to "die game," as the phrase was. The state of opinion touching executions in 1783 may be inferred from Dr. Johnson's protest against the discontinuance of the procession to Tyburn. It having been argued, says Boswell, that this was an improvement, "No, sir," said he eagerly, "it is not an

improvement ; they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators. Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties : the public was gratified by a procession ; *the criminal was supported by it.* Why is all this to be swept away ?" So far were those exhibitions from deterring vice, they actually promoted it. Mountebanks, gamblers, and jugglers plied their nefarious callings under the very shadow of the gallows and in the awful presence of death. On the outskirts of the throng, John Wesley, or one of his "helpers," probably exhorted the multitude to prepare for the great assize and the final Judgment.

The condition of the prisons was infamous. Prisoners for debt were even worse lodged than condemned felons, and all were exposed to the cupidity and cruelty of a brutal jailor. Ninety-three years ago John Howard was appointed sheriff of Bedford. The horrible state of the prison pierced his soul. He forthwith burrowed in all the dungeons in Europe, and dragged their abominations to light. They were the lairs of pestilence and plague. Men were sentenced not to prison only, but also to rheumatism and typhus. He bearded the fever demon in his den, and fell a victim to his philanthropy. But through his efforts, and those of Mrs. Fry, Fowell Buxton, and others, a great reform in the state of prisons has taken place. Methodism did much for the prisoners. The Wesleys sedulously visited them, and Silas Told, a sailor convert of John Wesley's, gave himself exclusively to the work.

The slave trade was rapidly rising into that monstrous blot upon humanity upon which we now look back with a mixture of surprise and shame that it was permitted to assume such appalling dimensions without a check.

After thirty-four long years of conflict with the prejudices of the House of Lords, and with the interests of the shipmasters and merchants of London and Bristol, and of the planters of Jamaica, the foul stain of the slave trade and of slavery itself was wiped forever from the escutcheon of Great Britain. In this work John Wesley deeply sympathized. The last letter he ever wrote was one to Wilberforce on the enormity of the slave trade.

A hundred years ago the elective franchise was much more restricted than at present. The parliamentary seat for the counties was generally the hereditary perquisite of the Knight of the Shire. The pocket boroughs were the private property of the Lord of the Manor. Some landed proprietors held several of these boroughs. A few ruined huts on Salisbury Plain, where not a soul dwelt, returned a member to Parliament, while important centres of population, like Manchester and Leeds, had no voice in the councils of the country. A parliamentary majority could be secured by the combination of a few score of private landlords. Hence, nearly all the legislation was for their exclusive benefit. The Reform Bill of 1832 removed this strange anomaly.

Although the great classics of the English language are all more than a century old, the galaxy of poets to whom modern literature owes so much of its glory had not yet appeared. Cowper was resting under the cloud of insanity, which continued to brood over him during the greater part of his life. Samuel Johnson, the veteran moralist, continued yet to wield his vigorous pen. Burns was a schoolboy in Ayr. Wordsworth and Southey, Coleridge and Campbell, Rogers and Landor, Croly and Crabbe, Byron and Scott, Shelley and Keats, Hemans and Landon, had not yet appeared. Robertson and Hume were writing their histories. Gibbon was meditating his magnificent prose epic by the beautiful Lake of Geneva. Warburton and Louth wore the cassock. Adam Smith and Reid wore the professors' gown. William Pitt held the House entranced till dawn. Franklin was coquetting with the lightning, and making those magnificent discoveries that have led to a terrestrial and oceanic telegraphy. Washington was acquiring in the colonial service that experience and skill that enabled him afterward to secure colonial independence.

The most glorious revolutions of science have been compressed into the last few years. The rocky tablets of the earth have been deciphered and its mystery wrested from the immemorial past. The arcana of nature have been explored, and their secrets discovered. The science of electricity is almost entirely the growth of the past century. Those of chemistry and of medicine have received immense improvement. Some of the most devastating diseases have been rendered almost innocuous. Small-pox, that

scourge of the last century, has been shorn of its terrors by the universal practice of inoculation, brought from Turkey to England by Lady Wortley Montague, and introduced to America by Cotton Mather. The sanitary condition of towns and cities has been greatly improved, and the duration of human life considerably extended. The population, of America especially, has increased beyond all precedent. At the close of the revolutionary war it was three millions, it is now over forty millions. That of Canada in 1763 was 70,000; it is now nearly four millions. The sites of most of its towns and cities were swamps or forests. At Niagara, indeed, was a wooden fort, and at Frontenac, one of stone. Quebec and Montreal were well fortified. Of the Jesuit mission existing on the shores of Lake Simcoe two hundred years ago, every vestige has disappeared, and its very memory is forgotten by the occupants of its site.

The progress of American Methodism, has been astonishing. Its dozen members of 1766 are now two millions. Its two itinerants are now fifteen thousand. Its first educational institution of 1787 has multiplied to two hundred, with thirty-two thousand pupils. Its first Sabbath-school of 1786 has been followed by twenty thousand, with two hundred thousand teachers and a million and a half of scholars. Its first church of 1768 has increased to twenty thousand, or, including rebuildings and renewals, one for every day in the past hundred years. And how many millions of redeemed ones have during that time gone up on high to join the Church triumphant in the skies!

I cannot close this retrospect of the world's progress without casting a thought into the future, as men drop pebbles into deep wells to hear what echo they return. I behold in imagination a grand confederation of States, stretching from ocean to ocean, watered by the grandest lake and river system in the world, and presided over, it may be, by a descendant of the august lady who to-day graces the proudest throne on earth! At the rate of increase of the past century, a hundred millions of inhabitants shall in 1988 fill the watershed of the great lakes, and the valleys of the St. Lawrence, the Red River, and the Saskatchewan. I behold a new England, built up by British enterprise and industry, and washed by the Pacific Sea, rejuvenating the effete old nations of China and Japan. A ceaseless stream of traffic flowing along the

iron arteries of commerce that throb across the continent shall realize the dream of Columbus of a western passage to the "gorgeous Inde and far Cathay." Great cities, renowned as marts of trade throughout the world, stand thick along this highway of the nation.

Amid this material prosperity I discern the truer elements of national greatness. Schools and colleges spring up through all the land. Graceful spires point evermore toward heaven, and seem to intercede for the cities at their feet. And not least among the thousands of Israel I behold our beloved Methodism, equally adapted to the most advanced civilization and the highest degree of refinement as to the lowly miners and fishermen among whom its earliest trophies were won. I behold it utilizing the increased facilities for good, sanctifying a national literature, consecrating wealth and power to the glory of God, writing upon every enterprise and industry of the age, "Holiness to the Lord."

Is this bright future to be the inheritance of our children? If so, out of our present must it grow. The buried centuries are but the root, of which the present is the leafy bloom, of which the future promiseth the golden fruit. We may add to its fruitfulness or wither the sources of its strength. The fathers who planted this goodly tree have fallen asleep. They rest from their labour and their works do follow them. Their graves, green and holy, around us are lying. Reverently let us mention their names, lightly let us tread upon their ashes. May their mantles fall upon children worthy of such sires. Let us gird up the loins of our mind and essay the duties of the present. The times demand heroic action, not ignoble ease. Already the battle is set, the final issue of which shall be fought out upon the plains of Armageddon. We are called to play the man therein. A conflict of opinion is waging in every department of thought. Everything is questioned. The world of mind is in a tumult—wave meeting wave of thought in ceaseless shock. But the issue of the conflict is not doubtful. A glorious day is dawning on the world. Its freshness breathes around us now. The clouds of ignorance and superstition are rolling away. Old hoary systems of wrong and of injustice are crumbling to the earth. The chains are falling from the bodies and souls of men. God by His providence is reconciling the world unto Himself.

WINDS AND WAVES.

BY REV. MATTHEW R. KNIGHT, A.B.

A TROUBLED life—the trouble springs  
Beyond our mean imaginings ;  
We hear the rush of formless wings.

The wind is wailing woefully ;  
We hear it, but we cannot see  
Aught save the bending of a tree.

The waves are rising on the deep ;  
On rock and sand they wildly leap.  
Did sudden danger frighten sleep ?

We dreamed a dream—we thought not then  
'Twould have a being among men ;  
And now it lives to mock our ken.

Are life and wind and wave and dream  
Presences other than they seem,  
Or random rays upon a stream

Of influence, which is dark and dim,  
Whose source is in the mind of Him  
Who hides Him from the Cherubim ?

Pleasure and grief are things unseen ;  
We cannot tell what sorrows mean ;  
Of gladness we but know the sheen.

The Pnuma where it listeth blows ;  
Felt but unseen it comes and goes,  
And whence and whither no man knows.

'Tis wise and well—we could not grow  
In knowledge did we all things know.  
'Tis wise and well—'tis better so.

One reigns who knows—and we will trust,  
And He will raise us from the dust  
That blinds,—for He is kind and just.



## THE EARTH'S INFANCY.

BY S. H. JANES, M.A.

## II.

BEGINNING with the globe in a state of true vapour, the process of radiation of heat into space would commence ; and the consequent contraction of the mass, as gravitation with Herculean force drew the particles closer and closer together. Chemical union would take place, while " frost performed the part of fire." The denser and less volatile substances would be gathered towards the centre as a fluid globe, the nucleus of the future earth. At the same time, at the outside radiation would produce a state of superficial cooling, permitting the formation of solid and liquid particles, which would fall in metallic showers into the heated mass, either again to be vapourized or to be absorbed into the nucleus. Light is a result of molecular activity, and, therefore, there would be a faint shining of the nebulous matter. But as solid particles were formed in the outer layers of the atmosphere, the earth would assume a new brilliancy, and she would become a *sun* as regards emitting both light and heat. If, at that date the moon could have been the abode of life, our earth would have been to the moonites the source of life and gladness, as our sun is now to us.

It has been pretty generally supposed that solidification would take place from the surface ; that a thin crust was first formed, which has been gradually thickening to the present time, and that the whole interior of the globe is now in a molten condition. Such a conclusion seemed to have obtained from our familiarity with the freezing of water. Ice is formed on the surface, and protects the fluid below, so that the process of adding to the thickness of the ice proceeds very slowly indeed. It has been forgotten that water offers an exception to almost all the liquids, inasmuch as it is denser in the liquid than in the solid form. It follows the general law of becoming denser, as it parts with its heat till it reaches nearly  $39^{\circ}$ , when it begins to get lighter till it assumes the solid mass at  $32^{\circ}$ . Were it not for this apparent

exception to a general law, particles of ice, formed at the surface, would immediately sink, and would accumulate from the bottom upwards. The heat of the following summer would have little or no effect in melting the ice, and, in a few years, all our seas, lakes, and rivers would become frozen throughout, and our globe would become uninhabitable. The cause of this apparent exception to a law, fraught with such beneficent results to us, is very simple and very beautiful. There is no doubt, the individual molecules of water are denser in the solid than in the liquid condition; but in the former, they exist as minute crystals, and are united to one another at special points, determined by their polarity. These little angular particles, therefore, require more space; and the ice is full of minute interstices, and, hence, lighter than water. This is not the case with mineral and earthy compounds. They become denser as they give off their heat, and would, therefore, sink towards the centre of the earth. They would ultimately collect at the centre, whose temperature would then be the congealing point of these liquids, and it must not be forgotten that pressure would greatly augment the melting point. They would arrange themselves according to their specific gravity; and no doubt, as Dr. Hunt shows, there are metallic compounds now existing at the centre of the earth far more dense than any known to us. This may account for the fact that the earth as a whole is about twice as dense as the mean density of the materials of the surface.

After the solid nucleus had attained very considerable size, the matter about it would become sufficiently stiff to prevent the ready sinking of the cooled and heavier particles, when the rapid radiation of heat from the surface would cause a crust to begin to form. It would, no doubt, first exist as scattered islands of slag and cinder, tossed to and fro on the heaving ocean of fire. Broken again and again by the surgings of the seething mass, the islands would become more numerous, and would receive constant additions of solid matter, till they would ultimately unite to form a superficial crust, from which solidification would proceed downwards. There would thus be enclosed between the inner and outer solid parts a zone of molten matter, a condition supposed by many, to some extent, to

be still existing. A writer in the *Geological Magazine* says, "The earth consists of an immense solid nucleus, a hardened outer crust, and an intermediate region of comparatively slight depth in an imperfect state of igneous fusion." The astronomer Halley was led to a somewhat similar view by the study of terrestrial magnetism. The magnetic poles of the earth vary in a manner which led him to suppose that there must exist "two magnetic poles, situated in the earth's outer crust; and two others, in an interior mass, separated from the solid envelope by a fluid medium, and revolving by a very small degree slower than the outer crust." Dr. Hunt, however, who is an acknowledged authority, does not think that the congelation of the surface would take place when the remaining liquid envelope was yet so deep that refrigeration from that time to the present has not been sufficient for its entire solidification. He concludes that there is still a layer of partially fluid matter, but which "consists of the outer part of the congealed, primitive mass, disintegrated and modified by chemical and mechanical agencies, impregnated with water, and in a state of igneo-aqueous fusion."

The atmosphere would long before this have lost its brilliancy, and must have been of enormous depth and density, and of an exceedingly complex constitution. All the waters of the globe must have been vapourized and suspended in the atmosphere, for no water could for a moment rest on her surface, raging with intensest heat. Vast quantities of other materials must also have been mingled with the air, such as carbonic, chloric, and sulphurous gases, and an excess of oxygen, altogether constituting a pall of darkness which no ray of light could penetrate. The temperature of this strangely-mixed and dense atmosphere would decrease from the earth's surface outwards towards the cold of space. The waters of the ocean would therefore assume the form of mingled vapour and cloud. Outermost would be the *cirrus*, or feathery cloud-layers; next, the *cumulus*; and below these the *nimbus*, or rain-clouds, from which a sheet of water would be constantly falling, only to be vapourized before reaching the earth's surface, and thrust back with great rapidity, to be again condensed into cirrus clouds in the colder regions of the upper air. We know how rapidly heated air rises, and, as the vapour of water

is much lighter than air, and especially the dense air of those periods, the ascent would be exceedingly rapid. These columns of vapour would receive another motion, backwards from the direction of the earth's rotation. At the present time matter at the equator has a motion due to rotation of about a thousand miles per hour, while at the height of a hundred miles the air is carried around at a rate twenty-five miles greater. If a mass of vapour at the equator were suddenly shot upwards to the height of a hundred miles, it would, for a time, retain its original velocity; and would, therefore, lag behind, or appear to travel in an opposite direction at the rate of about twenty-five miles per hour. As then, in the distant past the vapour reached the upper regions of the air, and was condensed into white, fleecy clouds, they would present a trailing appearance, or, as seen from a distant planet, our earth would seem to be surrounded by a whitish band, parallel with the equator.

Enormous amounts of heat are developed by the condensation of aqueous vapour into cloud, and corresponding quantities of heat are withdrawn in changing water into vapour. From these causes, greatly intensified as we must conceive them to have been in those remote epochs, and from the rushing upwards of newly-formed vapour, tremendous atmospheric disturbances would result, of the violence of which we can form no conception whatever, and in comparison with which the hurricanes, tornadoes, and cyclones, with which we are familiar, are mere child's play.

The heavenly bodies pass through different stages of development; infancy, youth, maturity, as well as old age and decrepitude. Supposing all the orbs of our system were simultaneously started on their career of independent being, may we not, even in such a case, expect to have all these several stages of development now actually existing? At the age of ten years, one animal may be young, another matured, while a third may be extremely old. Take two globes of iron, respectively of one and two inches in diameter, and let them be heated to the same temperature, and then set them to cool under similar conditions. Common experience teaches us that when one can be readily handled the other will still be very hot. This must be so from the fact that they can only part with their heat from their surfaces; and, although

the larger has four times as much surface as the smaller, it has, also, eight times as much matter, and will, therefore, only cool half as fast. Other things being equal, it is the *mass* of matter that determines the length of time required for cooling. Apply this law to the sun and his planets, and we will expect to find many stages of development now existing in the solar system, and so telescope and spectroscope teach.

The sun's mass is 318,000 times that of the earth. He is, therefore, in a very early stage of his existence, probably in a mingled gaseous, molten, and solid condition. Accordingly, we find his volume exceeds that of the earth, not 318,000 times, but 1,250,000 times, showing how greatly he is expanded. Jupiter contains vastly less matter than the sun, but many times more than our globe; and, consequently, while very much older in the development than the one, is still very much younger than the other. His mass exceeds that of the earth 340 times. At the same density, his diameter would be seven times as great. According to the law under consideration, he would only cool one-seventh as fast. Supposing the earth has been a hundred millions of years in cooling to her present condition, and that her development were divided into seven distinct epochs of equal duration; if Jupiter commenced his existence about the same time, he would only now have completed a stage corresponding to the first period, and will require six hundred millions of years more before he will arrive at a state of development similar to the present condition of our globe. Mars, being only about one-eighth as large as the earth, must be much older in development, probably passing the condition when life is possible. Our moon has become decrepit with age. We must, therefore, turn to Jupiter or Saturn to receive confirmation of the views we have been considering with regard to our globe's early history. We find the density of these giant orbs is greatly less than that of the earth; whereas, if no other cause operated, it would be greater, because of their greater power of gravity, which is always in proportion to the mass. This difference in density can only be explained by the supposition that they still retain a high state of temperature; and, consequently, are greatly expanded. For the same reason, the waters of their oceans must be vapourised, and suspended in

their atmosphere ; and the planets must be surrounded by a dense, cloud-laden envelope, so that we do not see their surfaces, but only the exterior of their cloud-layers. This explanation is manifestly sufficient. Astronomers tell us these planets do present just such phenomena, and they are similar to what we have been considering in the earth's early history. We can see their whitish belts about their equators. At times, bright spots appear on these belts, as would be produced by immense columns of vapour suddenly rising to the higher and cooler regions, and there quickly condensing into clouds. Again, dark spots are to be seen, more or less of a circular form, and of great magnitude. They suddenly change in size and shape, as if a great cyclone or whirlwind were in progress ; and, thus, the outer clouds were opened, so that we could see the darker layers underneath. We might expect the clouds at certain times and places to bulge out ; and, again, to be depressed, or to quickly vanish, under the direct rays of the sun. These changes would affect the apparent outline of the planets ; and, hence, the "square-shouldered" aspect which Saturn, in particular, so often presents.

But let us return to the contemplation of the earth's surface. Age after age the radiation of heat would continue. At length, the water, perpetually falling in vast sheets of rain from over-laden clouds, would not be thrust back in the form of vapour, but would reach the earth's solidified crust, and rest upon it—nay, not rest, but boil, and hiss, and foam, with terrible agitation, in comparison with which the most tempest-tossed ocean, or the seething abyss of Niagara, sink into insignificance. At the same time, this raging sea would be swept with mighty hurricanes, fierce tornadoes, whirling cyclones,—tortured, from beneath, with awful convulsions, yawning earthquakes, vomiting volcanoes, uttering voices of hoarse muttering, deep-seated rumblings, mighty thunderings.

"The vast immeasurable abyss  
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,  
Up from the bottom turned by furious heat  
And surging waves as mountains to assault  
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole."

What a scene ! The earth is covered with an universal ocean of boiling water, not clear and pellucid, but thick and murky, hold-

ing in solution vast quantities of materials, destined to enter largely into the composition of the future sedimentary rocks; huge islands of red-hot and semi-molten matter rise and sink amid the seething waters; the bursting clouds haste to deposit their contents in perpetual torrents of rain; the air is filled with pestilential gases, steam, and mist, while more than Egyptian darkness prevails. From such a chaos what prophet would ever dare to predict there would come an Eden.

When the earth's crust had become well cooled and firmly set, its contraction would comparatively cease; but underneath matter would still retain a high state of temperature. As radiation continued its rate of contraction would be considerably greater, and would, therefore, shrink away from the solid shell. The explosion of gases, collected in the cavities thus formed, would crack the crust; and gravitation would cause it to follow closely the shrinking interior. By this means would be produced enormous tiltings, contortions, and foldings. A wilting apple affords a familiar illustration of the process. The pulp of the apple contracts rapidly, while the skin is subject to little contraction; and, adhering closely to the pulp, has to accommodate itself in overlappings or ridges. The oldest wrinkles of the globe's crust appear to have taken the direction of great circles of the earth, tangent to the polar circle, forming lines running north-east and south-west, and north-west and south-east; and to have produced the general frame-work of our continents. These primeval and skeleton continents are probably now nowhere visible, having been buried beneath their own ruins; for immediately the various climatic agencies would begin to wear down the exposed parts and the copious rains would carry the disintegrated materials down to the sea, there to be deposited in stratified beds, and afterwards to be hardened into rock. These ancient continents would, however, determine the locality of these deposits, as they would be laid down in successive layers along their shores, exactly as is now being done along our coasts. The oldest rocks, known to us, are the Laurentian series, stretching along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River from Labrador to Lake Superior, in a south-westerly direction, turning almost a right angle: they thence run north-westward. The remaining exposures

are parallel with these lines. The series appear to constitute the nucleus of the North American Continent. These rocks are strangely waved and contorted, and highly crystalline, showing clearly that they have been fused and baked by enormous heat.

The stratified rocks are estimated at 70,000 feet in thickness. The materials forming them, except such as existed as gases of the atmosphere, must have been disintegrated from the original crust and deposited by water. The materials thus worked over are so vast, and the processes of breaking down with which we are familiar are so slow in their operation, that it has been difficult to conceive how such results could have been reached, even in the enormous duration of time allowed for the probable age of the earth. Dr. Hunt has thrown great light on this perplexing problem. He shows that the composition of the atmosphere was, at an early age, entirely different from what it is now; and, other conditions being also different, the various climatic agencies would be vastly more destructive. He tells us that carbon, chlorine, and sulphur, in the form of acid gases, with nitrogen, watery vapour, and a probable excess of oxygen, formed the dense primeval atmosphere. Under the pressure of a high barometric column, condensation would take place at a temperature much above the present boiling point of water, and the depressed portions of the half-cooled crust would be flooded with a highly-heated solution of hydrochloric and sulphuric acids. Later, carbonic acid would be an important constituent of the atmosphere, and would operate on the exposed parts of the primitive crust. These are some of the strongest known solvents, and their action, under such favourable conditions, would be exceedingly rapid, and we cannot wonder at the prodigious results.

How the sea became salt has also been a problem of great difficulty. The saline matter, held in solution by the waters of the oceans, is estimated at about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of their mass; and, supposing the average depth of the sea to be two miles, it would be equal to a bed of salt 1,000 feet thick, covering the whole area of dry land. It is not reasonable to suppose that these salts, so enormous in quantity, could have been washed down from the land by any agents with which we are familiar. For the present brine of the ocean, we must look to those active solvents which we have



been considering in the distant past. Dr. Hunt shows that they would be a natural and manifestly sufficient cause. While the various chemical processes would be going on, he tells us, "the separated lime, magnesia, and alkalis, being converted into bicarbonates, would be carried down to the sea in a state of solution. The first effect of these dissolved carbonates would be to precipitate the dissolved alumina and the heavy metals, after which would be effected a decomposition of the chloride of calcium of the seawater, resulting in the production of carbonate of lime or limestone, and the chloride of sodium or common salt."

We have now reached a time in the earth's history, when the scene is diversified by land, river, and ocean; when the various climatic agencies are in full operation, wearing down the rocks, and depositing the sediment in stratified beds at the mouths of rivers and along the shores of the waters; when the noxious gases of the atmosphere are largely withdrawn to form chemical unions; and when the era of perpetual darkness is passed, for already the mists are sufficiently cleared to allow the rays of the sun to penetrate, and to shed their mild radiance on land and sea, though the sun himself, the moon, and the stars are still invisible, being hidden behind the yet thick canopy of cloud. The earth's infancy is past, and already she is entering on the full vigour of her youth. Thus does science teach us how she rose out of chaos and was fitted for the appearance of that mysterious and subtle phenomenon which we call *life*. What life is, or whence it came, science cannot answer. For, after all that has been said and written on the subject, we must acknowledge that between the inorganic and the organic there exists a chasm which she, as yet, at least, is unable to bridge.

TORONTO, Ont.

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ALAS! the breast that inly bleeds  
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:  
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
Cares little into what abyss.

—Byron.

## FATHER TAYLOR, THE SAILOR PREACHER.\*

BY MISS M. R. JOHNSON.

A STRANGER passing through North Square, in the city of Boston, early in April, 1878, might have noticed with some curiosity the little groups entering and emerging from a large, plain edifice surmounted by a blue flag. He would have observed that these persons belonged to no particular class, men, women, and children there were, rich and poor, the educated and the ignorant, all apparently united in one common sorrow. Entering in through the open door, he would have beheld, lying in state, the remains of one of Nature's grandest noblemen; a man richly endowed with talents, and possessing a heart which embraced all the world in its expansive sympathy. This was "Father Taylor, the sailor preacher," the "pet of Boston," idolised by the sailors, whose father he was in the truest, sublimest sense, for whose salvation he continually yearned, and for whom the service of forty-two of the best years of his life was gladly rendered; beloved and honoured by the most cultured citizens of Boston and of foreign lands, who hung on his eloquent utterances with wonder and delight. His funeral, which took place on Good Friday, was attended by large numbers of his admirers and friends, clergy, Freemasons, Oddfellows, sailors, managers of the Port Society, etc. He was laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery, in Ocean Avenue, a lovely spot where noble trees wave their tops skyward and a tiny lake nestles in an adjacent hollow.

Edward T. Taylor was born in Richmond, Virginia, December 25th, 1793. From the age of seven until about twenty, he followed the sea. Being in Boston in one of the intervals between his voyages, he was converted in a Methodist church, the Church which then received and encouraged the stray, homeless, uncultured lad, and in which he remained to the end of his life.

.His preparation for his life-work was very remarkable. A

\* "Father Taylor, the Sailor Preacher," by the Rev. Gilbert Haven. London: R. D. Dickinson, 73 Farringdon Street.

short time after his conversion he embarked in a privateer, in which he, with his shipmates, was captured by a British man-of-war and confined in Dartmoor prison. It was during his captivity that he preached his first sermon, and to his fellow-captives, who weary of the formal utterances of the regular chaplain, and having often observed young Taylor at his devotions, entreated him to do the praying and preaching for them. Although unable to read, his natural talent and ready wit supplied all deficiencies in his education, and his companions unanimously voted him their chaplain.

On being released from captivity, he returned to New England, where his talent and fervour were recognized by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and, encouraged by them, he soon began holding prayer-meetings, preaching and labouring with great success. By dint of study and mingling with men of culture and education, aided by a natural refinement which made him quick to acquire that polish which marks the gentleman, he soon overcame many of the disadvantages of his want of early education, and lost much of the uncouthness which at first characterized his efforts, though the nautical terms to which he had so long been accustomed were never dropped by him, and added greatly to the effectiveness of his sermons to the seamen, making the grand truths of the gospel seem more real and practical to them than more refined phrases could have done.

In 1839 he entered upon the great work of his life—the pastorate of the Bethel.

Charles Dickens, who visited Boston in 1842, and heard Father Taylor, thus describes him :—

“The only preacher I heard in Boston was Mr. Taylor, who addresses himself peculiarly to seamen, and who was once a mariner himself. I found his chapel down among the shipping, in one of the narrow old waterside streets, with a gay blue flag waving freely from its roof. In the gallery opposite to the pulpit were a little choir of male and female singers, a violoncello and a violin. The preacher already sat in the pulpit, which was raised on pillars and ornamented behind him with painted drapery of a lively and somewhat theatrical appearance. He looked a weather-beaten, hard-featured man of about six or eight-and-

fifty, with deep lines graven, as it were, into his face, dark hair, and a stern keen eye. Yet the general character of his countenance was pleasant and agreeable."

Miss Martineau and Miss Bremer also heard this remarkable man, and wrote of him with much enthusiasm. Miss Martineau says :—

"The most striking discourse I heard from him was on the text, 'That we, through the comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope.' A crew from among his hearers were going to sail in the course of a week. He gave me a totally new view of the great trial of the seaman's life—pining for rest. Never, among the poets of the earth, was there finer discourse of the necessity of hope to man, and never a more tremendous picture of the state of the hopeless. Father Taylor is no reader, except of his Bible, and, probably, never heard of any poem on the subject on which he was speaking, and he therefore went unhesitatingly into a picture of what hope is to the mariner in his midnight watches and amidst the tossing of the storm ; and if Campbell had been there he would have joyfully owned himself outdone."

The centre seats in the Bethel were always devoted to the sailors : strangers, ladies, and gentlemen were ranged on each side. Father Taylor's influence upon the seamen was patent for good not only while they listened to the burning words he uttered from his "quarter-deck" (the pulpit), but while far away, surrounded with the multitudinous temptations which beset the mariner. The thought of him and of the pain he would feel could he see them yielding to evil, was like a protecting shield, warding off from them the arrows of temptation.

Mr. Taylor's dramatic power was extraordinary. A paragraph from a description of his preaching, by Dr. Waterson, gives an instance of this :

"And the ship : how he could describe every movement, making you feel (seated amid the press of a Sabbath congregation) that you were rocking amid the waves. Have we not heard, as we listened, the war of the surges, and smelt the salt sea air ? One day as he was describing a storm, the sailors became wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, until one, thinking that all would certainly go down unless something was instantly

done for the rescue, shouted with intense earnestness, 'Out with the long-boat!'

His prayers were as unique as his preaching, and in this way he often administered comfort or rebuke as the necessities of the case seemed to require. One evening a young man attempting to preach on "I am the way," etc., in his presence, broke down: Father Taylor, in closing the service, prayed for the "good brother who has attempted to preach this evening. O Lord! the way is so broad that he got lost in it. Lord, may he not be cast down or discouraged, but luff up, take a fresh breeze, and boom away again." He prayed for the "cold-hearted, false professor, and the self-righteous Pharisee, that every rag of their sails may be torn from the masts, and they scud under bare poles to Jesus." In praying for President Lincoln, he said:—

"Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, like the old Abraham. Save him from those wriggling, piercing, political, slimy, boring keel-worms. Don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity. But the old stuff that is floating off I havn't much to say about. Amen!"

The following incident is related by a Mr. McDonald, one of the members of his church:—

"In the year 1838, seven of us sailors from the frigate 'Brandywine,' came out of the navy-yard, all ripe for a jolly time. We drank our first grog in Wapping Street, near the yard, and after we had crossed Charlestown Bridge and were in Prince Street, on the Boston side, we took our second grog. Then we were ready for mischief.

"'Where can we raise h—— most?' said I.

"'I don't know,' says one.

"'Let's have a lark with 'Father Taylor,' I said.

"'Agreed,' says the rest, 'if you'll be spokesman.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I'll ask for a Bible.' So we bore away for the sailor preacher's, which was only a few score rods down the same street. I rang the bell and said 'we wished to see Father Taylor.' He came down, and as he entered the room we were taken all aback, and could not gather headway enough to get out of his way. He run slap into the fleet of us seven. We thought we could touch our hats to our superiors to perfection, but when he

bowed to us so handsomely, it left us shivering in the wind. He kept getting better and we getting worse. 'Bless you, boys, bless you!' came with such power and sweetness—he seemed so glad to see us that he captured us all. We began to sweat and longed for deliverance. I at last plucked up courage to ask for a Bible. That was the worst move we had made. 'A Bible, yes; every one of you shall have one.' Worse and worse. Oh, if we were out of this scrape, thought we all, we'd never be caught here again.

"'Now,' said Mr. Taylor, addressing me, 'Bub, here's your compass and your binnacle. We need a light in the binnacle. Let us pray.' Down we went on our knees. Such pleading I never heard before nor since. I melted. The power that came upon me was strange and overwhelming. It was a nail driven home tight. It brought peace to my mind and salvation to my heart."

It has been said of Mr. Taylor by his biographer that he had three rare endowments—genius, faith, and a wise wife. Mrs. Taylor was in every respect a helpmeet for her husband, aiding him materially in his work, her sympathy, care, and affection for the sailors being as great as his own; while he was their "father" she was their "mother." She managed all her husband's business matters; her prudence keeping them from being absolutely penniless much of the time, as Mr. Taylor was utterly reckless in his generosity. The following incident is only one of many illustrating this trait in his character.

One morning he said, "Wife, I have invited some brethren to dine with me to-day;" and thereupon Mrs. Taylor did what she very seldom ventured to do, trusted her husband to remember a household care, and, giving him some money, asked him to go directly to Faneuil Hall market, to make a necessary purchase for the day's dinner and the needs of the expected brethren, urging him to return immediately and to remember he had the last ten dollars! He promised, and started off. She waited and waited until it grew so near the dinner-hour that her woman's wit had to supply something that did *not* come from Faneuil Hall market. The guests arrived; and at the last moment before serving the dinner he made his appearance, and

to his wife's enquiries as to where the dinner was which he was sent to get, with a look of perfect wonder and fresh recollection he answered, 'Oh, I forgot all about it! I met Brother ——— just out here in Ann Street, almost at the foot of the Square, and he told me he was burned out last night, with his wife and little children, and they lost everything, and I was glad I had ten dollars to give him. I never once remembered what you said to me, or what you wanted. Never mind about the dinner. When I invited the brethren, I told them to come down to-day at one o'clock, and if I had anything they should have half of it, and if I had nothing *they should have half of that.*'

For some years before his death, Father Taylor was an invalid. It was a sore trial to him to be obliged to resign the leadership of the Bethel. In one of his last sermons he touchingly exclaimed, his face bathed in tears:—

"O God! what will become of my children!" meaning the sailors. "My life has been spent with them and for them. I have stood in my boyhood with them at the guns, amidst blood and carnage. My manhood has been devoted to their interests and welfare. And now I am old and must soon depart. O God! preserve my children!"

He was attended in the weakness and infirmities which came upon him in his latest years, by an affectionate niece and an old sailor friend, Captain Bridgett. His three daughters, who were all married, were also kind and attentive to all his wants.

We close this short account of this remarkable man with an extract from the address of the Rev. Mark Trafton on the occasion of his funeral:—

"His voyage is ended at last. But why this poor hulk should have been doomed to drift about so long after the commander had been relieved, the armament removed, and the light in the binnacle extinguished, is a sad mystery. . . . 'I am good for nothing,' murmured the old hero a few days before his final release. How I wish he could have gone down after one of his tremendous broadsides, shaking the ship from keelson to truck, every spar quivering, and her colours nailed to the mast; or that a spark might have reached the magazine, blowing her in a moment to invisible atoms; or that in one of his adventurous

flights to the upper regions, in full career, 'putting spurs to lightning,' in his own startling phrase, he could have slipped in out of sight while we stood gazing after him, like the prophet of old.

"But it is all right; he drifted out on the first turn of the tide, thus avoiding rocks and shoals, dritting, on a full tide, to the glorious hereafter."

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Dear spirit, rest thee now;  
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.

"Dust to its narrow house beneath;  
Soul to its home on high;  
He who has seen thy smile in death  
No more may fear to die."

OTTAWA, Ont.

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### INDIAN SUMMER.

At last the toil-encumbered days are over,  
And airs of noon are mellow as the morn;  
The blooms are brown upon the seeding clover,  
And brown the silks that plume the ripening corn.

All sounds are hushed of reaping and of mowing:  
The winds are low; the waters lie uncurled;  
Nor thistle-down nor gossamer is flowing,  
So lull'd in languid indolence the world.

And vineyards wide and farms along the valley  
Are mute amid the vintage and the sheaves,  
Save round the barns the noise of rout and sally  
Among the tenant-masons of the eaves.

Afar the upland glades are flecked in dapples  
By flocks of lambs a-gambol from the fold;  
And orchards bend beneath their weight of apples;  
And groves are bright in scarlet and in gold.

But hark! I hear the pheasant's muffled drumming,  
The turtle's murmur from a distant dell,  
A drowsy bee in many tangles humming,  
The far, faint, tinkling tenor of a bell.

And now, from yonder beech-trunk sheer and sterile  
The rat-tack of the yellow hammer's bill,  
The sharp staccato barking of the squirrel,  
A dropping nut, and all again is still.

--*J. P. Irving in Scribner for November.*



## ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.

DR. COKE.—THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## I.

THE especial characteristic of Methodism is its missionary zeal. It remembers the exhortation of its founder, not only to go to those who need it, but to those who need it most. It delights to remember the forgotten, to succour the neglected, to seek out the forsaken. As if prescient of the destined universality of the Church which he planted, John Wesley with prophetic soul exclaimed, "The WORLD is my parish."

On many a field of sacred toil have the ministers of the Methodist Church vindicated its title to the distinction of being pre-eminently a missionary Church—amid the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, in the crowded bazaars or tangled jungles of India, among the teeming populations of China, beneath the feathery foliage of the tropic palm in sunny islands of the Southern Seas, in the Zulu's hut and the Kaffir's kraal, and beside the mighty rivers which roll in solitary grandeur through the vast wilderness of our own North-West. With a prouder boast than the Roman poet, they may exclaim, "What place now, what region in the world is not full of our labour?"† In every land beneath the sun this grand old Mother of Churches has her daughters fair and flourishing, who rise up and call her blessed. The Sabbath chant of her hymns engirdles the earth with an anthem of praise, and the sheen of her spires rejoices in the light of a ceaseless morning.

To no man does Methodism owe more its missionary character

\* The principal authorities used in the preparation of this brief sketch have been the admirable life of Dr. Coke, by J. W. Etheridge, M.A., Wesleyan Conference Office, pp. 575; and Dr. Abel Stevens History of Methodism.

† "Quis jam locus, . . . .  
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

--Virg. *Æn.* vv. 463, 464.

than to the Rev. Thomas Coke, D.C.L. This marvellous man, of puny form but of giant energy, with a burning zeal kindled at the altar of eternal truth, like the angel of the Apocalypse flying abroad under the whole heaven with the everlasting gospel, preached the glad evangel of God's grace in both hemispheres; became the founder of Wesleyan missions in the East and West Indies, and the first bishop of the American Methodism—a Church now boundless as the continent—and after crossing eighteen times the stormy sea, was at last buried in its depths, whose waters, like his influence, engirdle the world. The study of this heroic life will be fruitful at once in lessons of gratitude to God, of inspiration to duty, and of zeal in the service of the Divine Master.

Nestling in the soft valley of the Usk, surrounded by the towering mountains of Wales, lies the old ecclesiastical borough of Brecon, the site of an ancient Dominican priory, whose ivy-mantled walls form one of the most picturesque ruins in Britain. In the oak-roofed, time-stained town hall of the ancient borough, at the middle of the last century, might have been seen, arrayed in the robes and insignia of office, a worthy alderman dispensing justice to the rural litigants of the neighbourhood. This was the chief magistrate of Brecon and the father of Thomas Coke. The future apostle of Methodism, unlike many of its early ministers, was the heir of a large patrimony. He was born three years before the middle of the century, 1747, and spent his early years amid the romantic surroundings of "Usk and Camelot," the scene of the legendary exploits of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. In his sixteenth year he was registered as gentleman-commoner at Jesus College, Oxford. Among his college associates were the future Lord Eldon, Chancellor of England, who always retained for him a warm friendship; William Jones, who became the first Orientalist of his age; Wharton, the historian of British poetry; and the future bishops, Horne and Kennicott.

The handsome young patrician student was not proof against the seductions of Oxford society. He unhappily fell into evil habits, and even became infected with the infidel principles which were then too much in vogue at the University. But a divine

restraint and guidance prevented him from making shipwreck of his hereditary faith and confirmed him in, at least, an intellectual apprehension of the truths of Christianity, although, as yet, he knew not experimentally their saving power. He completed his college curriculum with distinction, and shortly after his coming of age was elected to the chief magistracy of his native town. But, yearning to live a life of active beneficence, he entered holy orders in the humble rank of a village curate. Yet his heart was ill at ease, for he felt that the Saviour whom he was called to preach was to himself unknown. Still his moral earnestness awakened much interest in his parish. His church became crowded, and to accommodate the increased congregation, he erected a gallery at his own expense. During this time he made the acquaintance of Thomas Maxfield, Wesley's first lay preacher, and by him was led to more spiritual views of religion. He became increasingly diligent in the discharge of parochial duty. He met one day in his pastoral visitation, a humble Methodist farm-labourer, who, unlettered in the lore of the schools, was wise in the knowledge of God. From this rustic teacher the Oxford scholar gained a clearer acquaintance with the way of salvation by faith than from the learned divines and bishops of the first university of Europe.

The zeal of the popular curate soon began to exceed the bounds of clerical decorum, as regarded in the Church established by law. He preached with increasing fervour, and without the "regulation manuscript." He held special religious services out of church hours, and on week-evenings, in remote parts of his parish. He introduced the singing of the soul-stirring hymns of Watts and Wesley. He was no longer the easy-going card-playing parson of his early incumbency, but a "dangerous fanatic," righteous over-much, and, in fact, infected with the pestilent heresy of Methodism, whose Arminian doctrines of free grace he proclaimed from the parish pulpit. The over-earnest curate was soon dismissed by his rector, admonished for his "irregularities" by the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and soon expelled from his church. His churchly notions were still so exalted that, after a long and profitable correspondence with a dissenting minister, when invited to a personal interview he would only

consent to its taking place upon the neutral ground of a neighbour's house, his scruples preventing him visiting a dissenter or meeting one under his own roof. To receive himself the obnoxious brand of a Methodist was therefore particularly distasteful. He had just obtained his highest academical degree—that of Doctor of Civil Law. Ecclesiastical preferment was proffered him by a nobleman of powerful influence. But the authority of conscience was paramount, and he faltered not for a moment in his supreme loyalty to the convictions of his soul. Neither worldly hopes nor ignoble fears could make him swerve from what he deemed the path of duty.

A personal interview with John Wesley convinced Dr. Coke that for scholarship and saintliness the despised Methodists possessed the very paragon of clergymen. Mr. Wesley thus records his impressions of the young Doctor of Law:—"I had much conversation with him, and a union then began which, I trust, shall never end."

The zealous curate soon experienced the brunt of persecution. The sentence of his expulsion from the parish church was abruptly announced at the close of the morning service in the presence of the congregation; and, by a preconcerted scheme, as he passed out of the door the bells rang out a dissonant peal—a sort of ecclesiastical rogue's march—by way of valediction to the expelled pastor. Cider barrels were broached and a general rejoicing at his expulsion took place. To a man of his keen sensitiveness and churchly sympathies the indignity must have been poignantly felt.

But the expelled pastor could not be restrained from proclaiming the message of salvation committed to his care. The next Sunday he preached in the street near the church, immediately after the morning service, and announced that he would preach again the following Sunday. He was warned that it would be at the peril of his life if he did. "To render these menaces more significant," says his biographer, "sundry hampers of stones were brought to the spot, like a park of artillery drawn up on a field marked out for battle." But the Doctor, with that heroic courage which characterized him to the end of his life, was not to be daunted by an exhibition of brute force. He was sustained

also by the presence of friends, who stood by him in this hour of peril. Among these were a Miss Edmunds and her brother, whose hearts had been touched by the evangelical preaching of the persecuted pastor. The brave girl stood on one side of him and the brother on the other. Their undaunted bearing cowed the craven spirits of the mob, who shrank from their premeditated assault and possible murder; and, like Paul before Felix, the feeble unarmed man spoke words of power which made his persecutors tremble.

Notwithstanding this rude initiation into evangelistic work, Dr. Coke not for a moment hesitated in his purpose. He resolved to cast in his lot with the despised and persecuted Methodists and to espouse the toils and hardships of the life of an itinerant preacher. He therefore, in 1777, made application to Mr. Wesley for admission to the Conference. That judicious man did not at once grant his request, but gave him time for consideration, while he made him the companion of his journeys and the sharer of his labours. Dr. Coke visited the Bristol Conference, and his desire became intensified to be numbered with those godly men entirely consecrated to the work of spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land. Wesley yielded to his wish and wrote in his journal: "I went to Taunton with Dr. Coke, who has bidden adieu to his honourable name and determined to cast in his lot with us." He was soon preaching in the Old Foundery, London, at Seven Dials, and to immense multitudes of eager listeners in the public squares. Providence was opening for him a wider career than addressing a few rustics in an obscure hamlet. He was to become a mighty missionary organizer, whose beneficent influence was to be felt on earth's remotest shores to the end of time.

Wesley was now in his eighty-first year, and the care of all the churches and his vast correspondence was a burden which he gladly shared with this energetic son in the gospel, now in the vigour of his thirtieth year. He used to say that Dr. Coke was his right hand. The zealous preaching of the young evangelist often provoked the attacks of mobs. As he stood in the public square of Ramsbury, Wiltshire, he was assailed with sticks and stones, and his gown torn to shreds. The vicar of the parish, who headed the riot, bethought him of a more ingenious expedient.

"Bring out the fire-engine," he shouted; and the preacher and congregation were soon dispersed by a few volleys of "liquid artillery." It was noticed as a remarkable coincidence, that within a fortnight that very engine proved powerless to suppress a conflagration which destroyed a great part of the village.

In the course of his itinerations, Dr. Coke revisited his former parish, from which he had been so heartlessly expelled. But the simple rustics found that they had lost their best friend, and welcomed him back with joy. The bells that rang him out chimed merrily at his return. He preached to two thousand people, who flocked to hear him from all the neighbouring villages, and wept over them, as the Saviour wept over Jerusalem. From that day the despised Methodists had a foothold in the parish, and soon after the Doctor had the pleasure of building a Methodist chapel where he had been cast out of the Established Church.

In his somewhat impulsive zeal, Dr. Coke arraigned Joseph Benson and Samuel Bradburn, first by correspondence and then before the Conference, for a presumed tinge of Arian heresy. Their orthodoxy being triumphantly vindicated, the Doctor magnanimously asked permission to publicly beg pardon for his offence, and was thus publicly reconciled.

In the celebrated Deed of Declaration, Mr. Wesley vested in the Legal Hundred all the authority of the Connexion. Dr. Coke was accused of influencing the choice of this "centurion band." Mr. Wesley, however, completely exculpated him by the laconic defence—" *Non vult, non potuit*.—He would not if he could, he could not if he would," and assumed the personal responsibility of the choice.

Dr. Coke was soon to enter upon what might be called his foreign missionary work. We have previously described the providential planting and progress of Methodism in America.\* On the second day of September, 1784, John Wesley, feeling himself providentially called of God thereto, solemnly set apart by imposition of hands, Dr. Thomas Coke, to be Superintendent of the Methodist Societies in that country. Into the controversy to which that act gave rise, we shall not now enter. Suffice it to

\* *Worthies of Early Methodism*,—Barbara Heck and Francis Asbury.

say, that the extraordinary development of American Methodism, under episcopal jurisdiction, seems a providential vindication of his procedure. In three weeks Coke, with his companions Whatcoat and Vesey, were on their way to America. The voyage was stormy and tedious, but he redeemed the time by study. He refreshed his classic lore by reading Virgil in a little nook between decks, and remarks in his journal: "I can say in a much better sense than he—

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit,  
Namque erit ille mihi semper Deus."\*

He laboured zealously for the conversion of the sailors, on ship-board, and believed that God had given him at least one soul as his reward.

He forthwith began ranging through the continent from Massachusetts to Georgia, a true bishop of souls, feeding the flock scattered through a primeval wilderness. Not unfrequently was he exposed to the novel perils of fording swollen rivers or crossing rugged mountains. Some of his escapes from imminent danger were very narrow. He met with prejudice and opposition in the western wilds as well as in an English parish, records being excluded from a dilapidated church to which, nevertheless, cattle and hogs had free access. He preferred the rugged grandeur of the Blue Ridge Mountains to any other part of America, it was so much like his native Wales. He bore his testimony boldly against the sin of slavery, and provoked thereby much persecution. One lady offered a mob fifty pounds if they "would give the little Doctor a hundred lashes." Many emancipated their slaves, but others became more virulent in their opposition. In company with Asbury he visited General Washington at Mount Vernon, to seek his influence in favour of negro emancipation. But, their Master's business requiring haste, they could not accept an invitation to lodge under the presidential roof. During his seven months' visit he greatly consolidated and strengthened American Methodism, and laid the foundation of Cokesbury College, the pioneer of its grand educational system.

\* "God has provided for us these hours of retirement,  
And He shall be my God forever."

The importance of foreign missions was not then felt in the Churches of Christendom. When Carey, at a meeting of ministers, urged the duty of giving the gospel to the heathen, the president exclaimed, "Sit down, young man, sit down. When God pleases to convert the heathen He will do it without your aid or mine." But already Coke was meditating the vast missionary enterprises which are the glory of the Methodist Church. He opened a correspondence with India and Africa, and visited the Channel Islands as a key to missionary operations in France. The first field for the extension of the gospel, however, that seemed indicated by Providence was Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and Canada. Thither in 1768, Dr. Coke and three fellow-preachers were sent by the English Conference. The voyage lasted thirteen weeks<sup>1</sup> and was almost one continued tempest. The sails were rent, the timbers strained, and, half a wreck, the vessel sprung a leak, and falling on her beams-end, threatened instant death to all on board. The superstitious captain, attributing his disasters to the presence of the black-coats, exclaimed, "There is a Jonah on board, a Jonah on board." Rushing to Dr. Coke's cabin, he threw into the sea his books and papers, and seizing the diminutive Doctor, threatened to throw him after them if he were caught praying again. The passengers were put on short rations, and worst of all, *the Doctor thought*, the supply of candles gave out, so that his hours of study were curtailed. He solaced himself till he lost his books, with reading French, Virgil, and "every day a canto of the English Virgil, Spencer." "With such company," he continues, "I could live comfortably in a tub."

The project of reaching Halifax had to be abandoned, and running before the storm, they reached, on Christmas Day, the port of Antigua, in the West Indies. It was indeed a happy day for the sable myraids of those islands, for it brought them a glad evangel of redemption—of peace on earth and good-will to men. As Dr. Coke walked up the street of the town, he met a ship-carpenter and local preacher, John Baxter by name, who had under his care a Methodist Society of near two thousand souls, all blacks but ten. How came this native Church in this far off tropic isle? Twenty-eight years before an Antigua



planter, Nathaniel Gilbert, heard John Wesley preach at Wandsworth, in England. The good seed took root in his heart and he brought the precious germs to his island home, where they became the source of West India Methodism, which, in turn, was one of the chief means of negro emancipation, and the beginning of the great movement of African evangelization. On the death of Nathaniel Gilbert, a pious shipwright took charge of the native Church, which eight years later was found so flourishing.

Dr. Coke ranged from island to island, sowing the seed of the Kingdom in the good and honest ground of those faithful African hearts. On every side he found evidence of the quickening power of the leaven of Methodism conveyed by strange means to those scattered islands—by converted soldiers or sailors, by pious freed negroes, and at St. Eustatius by a fugitive slave whose ministry was a marvel of spiritual success. Under the preaching of this black apostle, many of his hearers fell down like dead men to the earth, and multitudes were converted from their fetish worship to an intelligent piety. The Dutch officials of the island, however, scourged and imprisoned Black Harry, and passed an edict inflicting thirty-nine lashes on any negro found praying. With a fidelity worthy of the martyr ages these sable confessors continued steadfast amid these cruel persecutions. Dr. Coke subsequently interceded at the Court of Holland for the religious liberty of the blacks; but, for the time, in vain. Yet he lived to see St. Eustatius a flourishing Wesleyan mission, and, ten years after, met Black Harry a freed and happy man.

Again and again the indefatigable evangelist revisited those sunny islands, which seem to have possessed a strange fascination to his mind. And well they might, for nowhere has the success of missionary effort been more glorious. At Barbadoes, an Irish soldier recognized one of the missionaries as an old pastor, and in a transport of delight threw his arms about his neck. At Jamaica, Dr. Coke received some insults from a number of drunken "gentlemen," but persisted in his apostolic labour of preaching the Gospel. Persecution here, as elsewhere, fostered the growth of the Church. The chapel was attacked by a mob, the Bible was hanged to a gibbet, and the Methodists were hooted

at by the nickname of "Hallelujahs" in the street. In Bermuda, John Stephenson, for preaching the Gospel to the negroes, was imprisoned six months and fined fifty pounds.

Soon the work of evangelization was extended to Grenada, Montserrat, St. Kitts, Nevis, the Bahamas, the Carib Islands, Hayti, and the distant Bermudas. Amid privations, pestilence, shipwrecks, and sometimes bitter persecution, the missionaries toiled on till a free Christian civilization took the place of slavery, superstition, cruelty, and barbarism. Among the devoted labourers in these interesting fields have been our own Dr. Wood, Dr. Douglas, Mr. Chee eborough, and others well known in Canada. As a result of the work thus inauspiciously begun, Methodism now numbers in those islands twenty-seven missionaries and nearly twenty thousand members.

Dr. Coke was in America when he heard of the death of John Wesley. Overwhelmed with sorrow, he hastened home to England. He was soon associated with Henry Moore in the preparation of a Life of the patriarch of Methodism. An edition of ten thousand was published in March, and in two months cleared £1,700. A second edition was brought out in June.

The French Revolution and the fall of the Bastille inspired a hope that the barriers to the Gospel had been broken down. Dr. Coke and M. De Quetteville, a Guernsey Methodist, proceeded to Paris to open, if possible, a mission. In that city of amusements and pleasure, where, as one of its own wits has said, four-fifths of the people die of grief,\* they could only get a congregation of six persons, and were warned to depart or they would be hanged on a lamp-post. They felt that the opportunity for the evangelization of France had not yet come.

\* Paris, ville d'amusemens, des plaisirs, où les quatre cinquièmes des habitans meurent de chagrin.—Chamfort, *Caractères et Anecdotes*.

## THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

NO person well-informed in religious matters will be long in guessing what I mean by this title—he will surmise the class-meeting. The discussion of this feature of our Church-government in the General Conference has set me ruminating on the subject.

All intelligent Methodists are familiar with the accidental manner in which Mr. Wesley fell upon the expedient of class-meeting. Its use grew out of an expedient for raising money to pay a chapel debt, but when discovered it was found to serve a most important purpose in keeping the society together, promoting acquaintance and harmony, and building up the people in the knowledge and love of God. Said Wesley, "This is exactly what we have long wanted." The class-meeting, or the leader with his little band, constitutes an admirable medium of communication with the whole society in all matters pertaining to the circuit or Connexion, and of raising money for any denominational purpose: the purport of a circular addressed to the leader is soon circulated among all his members; and he is a convenient intermediate to transmit opinions on funds for any given purpose to the authorities of the circuit, and through them to those of the Connexion as a whole. The class has been found an excellent means of developing talent of all kinds. Many a one will begin to exercise in prayer in the class-room who would not have commenced in the church or lecture-room; but when he has broken through restraint in the lesser place, he will soon come to exercise his gifts in the larger ones. Particularly, it is the place where

the young and timid members of the Church learn to speak to others for God: in this way leaders exhorters, and preachers are trained. The leader is often the first person to whom some pious youth, destined to be conspicuous in his Master's service, communicates the exercises of his mind relative to the gospel ministry; or perhaps the leader discerns his vocation and draws the secret of his solicitude from the diffident boy and puts him on the road to improvement and usefulness. Hence the fecundity of Methodism in the matter of preachers—producing enough for herself and some for other denominations besides. In the earliest days of Methodism, before there were any training institutions, the leaders of the movement never wanted a man to enter some opening breach in the enemy's walls, or to supply the place of some one who had fallen on the field, or had been forced to retire through stress of circumstances or failure of bodily health. Thus Methodism has been, in religious matters, what the free institutions and deliberative assemblies of our country are in secular, making the men of our country a race of ready speakers. Our point is illustrated by the great deliberative talent and able speaking ability displayed in the laymen of our two General Conferences. In a word, the class-meeting in Methodism has been of untold benefit in a vast variety of ways.

The above estimate of the character and benefits of class-meeting was conceded by all those who, in the debate on that subject in the late General Conference, sought to have the enforcement of an attendance on

its services done away as a test or condition of membership in the Church. They nearly all confessed their great obligations to it on personal grounds, and its benefits to many others besides themselves. The ministers, even, who were inclined to give way on the subject, admitted that they had no difficulty in keeping up the class-meeting in times of revival, or when the members of the Church were truly alive to God, except in the case of a few very peculiarly constituted people.

Is it not therefore strange that this institution, which constitutes the essence as well as means of Christian fellowship, and the substance of which, although the name is not, is inculcated in Holy Scripture, in which we are taught "to speak often to each other," "to warn," "reprove," "comfort each other," "rejoice," and "weep" with and for each other, should be so much boggled at, and suffered in so many places to fall into desuetude? In one view this is wonderful, in another it is not. Diffidence in the commencement, or after a lengthened absence, will account for a part of the aversion. Wesley met with that objection, and met it in this way. "Is it a cross? Then, learn to bear your cross; and the meeting may not be the less useful because it is somewhat disagreeable." This is the substance of what his writings somewhere record. But distance from God and religious decline is very generally the true source of aversion and objection. And we must not think that negligence and aversion is new-born of our own degenerate days; nay, but such strict disciplinarians as Thomas Rankin and Thos. Taylor, in their autobiographies, complain of the slipshod state of societies that they were under the necessity of bringing into shape. And I used to hear similar complaints from such thorough men as Thomas Madgen, George Ferguson, and Joseph Messmore fifty years ago.

I might here say, that the decay is largely due to such ministers as are wanting in the necessary courage, tact, and painstaking required to keep up the fence of Church discipline, and to fold and feed and rule the flock committed to their care; and, alas! there have been enough of these to undo all that their stricter and more faithful brethren have done, besides doing much to create prejudice against the fidelity of those ministers who are conscientious and exact in these matters. Further, methodical ministers find a great obstruction in carrying out their plans and operations by the negligence of desultory leaders; leaders who are wanting in punctuality in meeting their classes, and who have no system of oversight and visitation, who never mark their class-books, especially never bring them to class and mark them there; or who perhaps have lost them altogether; or wilful leaders, men who are not so much lazy as obstinate and averse to all dictation and oversight, to say nothing of control. Then, when these qualities are found in any considerable portion of the members, especially those of social position, intelligence and wealth, who are looked up to by the less influential for an example, and as the principal supporters of the Church, it is no wonder the class-meeting should fall into decay.

But, thank God! the great body of the Church's representatives, both clerical and laity, have affirmed the class and the obligation to attend it; and as an additional question has been placed among the inquiries relative to ministerial character to be annually asked at the District Meeting relative to every pastor. "Has he regularly observed the quarterly renewal of tickets in the classes?" May we not hope there will be "a new departure" in this direction throughout our wide Connexion?

As one who has been a preacher over fifty years, a superintendent 27

chairman full forty-five years, and one who endeavoured to be a strict disciplinarian and preserved in my charges a *bona fide* class-meeting membership, would it be presumptuous if I were modestly to suggest what ought to be done, and what might be done, to repair our machinery, and set the whole once more in effectual operation? Allow me, therefore, to say, that all must take part in this matter, and let each person begin with himself: this will comprehend, in each individual case, thorough searchings of heart, confession and humiliation before God, a renewed self-consecration, and earnest, importunate supplications that "the Spirit of the living creatures may enter the wheels." But to be particular, we mention each class in order by itself:—

1. MINISTERS AND PREACHERS.—We need never expect the membership to be observant of what we neglect: we need not expect them to meet in class if we ourselves neglect its privileges. Those in the effective circuit work are supposed, in the performance of their ministerial duties, to meet in class often, necessarily. A dozen different aspects of our discipline require, or pre-suppose, that the superintendent and his colleagues should meet every class in the circuit at least once a quarter, and this I found practicable, by a little fore-cast and arrangement, when I had two, four, and six hundred members in the circuit. This sometimes required that I should meet two classes at the same time and place, and sometimes meet a class on a week-day which usually met on Sunday. If announced, and a respectful and distinct request made, I always found a ready willingness to adjust themselves to the circumstances. But I opine that in many circuits, for several reasons that might be given, the minister will have to throw himself into the classes a great deal oftener than that, and even to have a class specially his own, if the class-meeting system be

preserved in its vigour. There are many of our ministers who do this, and find it no very great hardship, because of the moderate number in Church fellowship. Farther, those ministers of us who have no special pastoral charge, such as Connexional office-bearers, superannuates and supernumeraries, agents, and whatever else, may do much to aid the circuit preachers and leaders in their work by meeting ourselves somewhere, at least once a week. Very often a circuit suffers when the pastor is away and some stranger supplies the pulpit, perhaps preaching special sermons. The class should be met, (it may be after sermon); and if the minister were on hand, he would announce it, and throw himself into it, at least for a part of the time, and thus help the leader to bear his cross, and also give additional interest to the class. But for lack of our doing the same, it may be the class is neglected altogether for that time. Thus, despite our fine sermons, on which we plume ourselves, the circuit is a sheer loser in spirituality by our visit. How easy it would be for us to inquire if there is a class after preaching, give it out, and stay to it, at least to tell them our own experiences, and thus give them a start in their brotherly communications. In saying this, I am only commending what is my own habitual practice when I go.

2. CLASS-LEADERS. These are the most important officers in the Church, and they ought to be the most deeply pious, exemplary, varied in gifts, wise, patient, discerning, bold, yet affectionate, and faithful of any in the body, next to those in the full ministry of the Word. Oh what need they have of a close walk with God, habitual study of the word of God and of the books that illustrate that Word, and of that "unction of the Holy One" which is accorded to those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness." If leaders could only be brought to feel the obligation embodied in our General Rules of

"seeing each member of their respective classes once a week," (that is, of visiting sometime through the week, those who have not been present at the class-meeting, to converse and pray with them), what blessed results would follow. It is confessed this is a very onerous task, but it might be greatly lightened, if some of the more judicious and pious members of his class were solicited and brought to assist him in this work, as companions and substitutes when unable to go in person. So also, if he set some of the best qualified to meet a part or whole of his class, from time to time, in his presence, he would diversify the meeting, and be training others to stand in his place when absent, to fill it when gone, or dead, or to head some new division of it, when a young hive swarms out. Thus will each class constitute the best "model school for training leaders," which has been proposed by some. Promptitude, brevity, flexibility, liveliness, versatility, are all to be studied, and the case of the timid and retiring taken into account and treated accordingly.

3. THE OTHER OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE CHURCH, though they may not be leaders, should, for example's sake, and for the sake of their own souls, which it is most important should be truly alive to God, be constant attenders at class. I can't for my part see how any man can allow himself to sit in our highest circuit court of discipline, while he treats with neglect so fundamental a part of our discipline as the class-meeting. For the Recording Steward of a circuit, a person who represents that circuit in the district meeting, and who perhaps aspires to sit in the General Conference, never to darken the doors of a class-meeting would be a most melancholy spectacle. It is a spectacle, however, if there is any fidelity left in the superintending ministers of our churches, will never be witnessed.

If I thought such things would take place, ardent lay-delegation man as I have been, and am. I would rue the day it was introduced. But why do I talk thus? Were not the staunchest advocates of this feature of our Church-polity, and I believe the most exemplary upholders of it in their own localities, laymen?

Our men of education and social position should not so often as they do shrink from the office and duties of a leader; and if they would but accept the office, seek to qualify themselves for it, and faithfully fulfil their trust, they would subserve the interests of the Church more effectually than almost in any other way.

The class will flourish along with the prevalence of deep experience and intense religious enjoyment, or the desire for them. It is the inevitable complement and result of the ancient characteristic Methodist preaching: the offer of a present, free, conscious, and full salvation; the teaching that assurance by the witness of the Spirit is attainable and the necessity of a clean heart; also the description of the exercises and conflicts attendant on the attainment and the retaining of both one and the other. In other words, the portrayal of interior spiritual life, such as the early Methodist preachers did in their sermons, will always beget a longing for some companionship and communications that will afford us needed sympathy and help.

The frequency of those merry-making sort of meetings, which are supposed to be necessary to aid the funds of one department or another of the Church, and to please the young people, are the bane of class-meetings; as they dissipate the mind, dampen religious enjoyment, and cool the ardour of soul which we would otherwise feel for God and holiness. In a word, true Methodist preaching and traditional Methodist seriousness, self-denial and plainness coexist with, and contribute to conserve the class-meeting.

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### THE CLASS-MEETING DEBATE.

No subject discussed at the late General Conference was of greater interest to the whole Church than this. The great length of the debate prevents a satisfactory summary in these pages. It has been so fully reported, however, in both the weekly organs of our Church, that even a summary is unnecessary. There was no difference of opinion among the speakers on this subject as to the spiritual advantage of the class-meeting as a most valued means of grace. The only question was as to the expediency of making it a test of membership. On this subject there was a wide divergence of opinion. Several delegates, both ministerial and lay, who most warmly uphold the class-meeting, held that its influence for good would be extended if its attendance ceased to be regarded as a test for membership. It was argued, moreover, that this rule excluded many devout and worthy persons who desired to be members of our Church, but from constitutional diffidence could not be induced to speak in class. Also that as there is serious lack of uniformity in the application of the rule, which is sometimes practically ignored, the retention of such a test was not only inexpedient but improper. It was urged, too, that this test made the condition of membership in Christ's Church narrower than Christ Himself had made it; that a manifested desire to flee from the wrath to come and to lead a Christian life, and an observance of the sacraments are the only Scriptural tests of Christian fellowship.

It was argued, on the other hand, with great force and cogency, that any lessening of the obligation to attend class would be apt to lead very largely to its neglect; that it would

practically lower the standard of Church membership and lead to the admission of worldly-minded persons to its communion, to the serious lessening of its spirituality of tone and of its converting power; that if not enjoined by definite command in Scripture, it was enjoined in principle, in exhortations to mutual confession, exhortation and edification; together with other important considerations which made it inexpedient to alter our rules but rather to keep them. In this judgment the Conference by a large majority concurred. The full report of the speeches in the secular and Connexional papers, and the admirable article of Dr. Carroll in this Magazine, precludes the necessity of further discussion of the subject at the present time.

### THE HYMN BOOK DEBATE.

This subject was one which awakened a deep and general interest. Many persons to whom the present hymn-book of our Church—the heirloom of a century—is endeared by a thousand tender associations, were fearful that it would be so greatly modified by the committee of revision as to be largely divested of those associations, without receiving any commensurate improvement. The great cost to the Connexion of superseding the present book—which it was claimed was one of the very best in existence—by a new one was urged as a serious objection to the revision. It was also argued that the subject was one of such importance and so far-reaching in its consequences as to require much more serious consideration than the committee had been able to give to it, and that their report recommended far too many omissions and changes to prove generally acceptable to the Church.

As a compromise it was moved that the hymns of the present collection numbering from one to five hundred and thirty-nine—the portion issued by Wesley in 1779—be retained unchanged in order and expression, and that the revision extend only to the supplement, with such additions as might be found expedient.

In opposition to this view, it was contended that the revision of the committee would only remove from the hymn-book certain hymns which had failed to vindicate their right to be retained after a trial of a hundred years. A considerable number of these hymns, it was alleged, were very seldom used, and, however excellent as devotional poetry, were not adapted for congregational singing; in others, it was alleged, forms of expression occur now obsolete, or having changed meanings, and certain defects of rhyme and rhythm were noted, and in some cases expressions not in harmony with Wesleyan doctrine. It was further argued that many hymns which were universal favourites and were largely sung in all our churches were not included in our hymn-book, and that to prevent the introduction of an unauthorized and possibly objectionable book, the Church should furnish one adequate to all the wants of its membership and for all its services, and that the whole should be properly classified under appropriate heads, which would require a re-arrangement of the order of the hymns. The present time, it was also contended, was exceedingly opportune for a revision, as the present collection is no longer being printed, and the English revision would have to be adopted, or new plates prepared in Canada, at great cost. A strong desire was felt for the preparation of a common hymn-book for universal Methodism, which it was hoped would be one of the results of the proposed (Ecumenical<sup>1</sup>) Methodist Conference. But the urgency of the case did not, in the judgment of the Conference, warrant the postponing

of action, and the committee of revision, with the addition of Dr. Jeffers to its number, was authorized to complete its work during the next two years. We have every confidence that the work committed to it will be done with wisdom, prudence, and faithful painstaking, as providing for a most important part of the service of the Church. Its members will bring to their task a ripe judgment, and in the case of several, special studies and special qualifications; certain it is that of any Methodist hymn-book, compiled by any men in any land, the uncomparable lyrics of Charles Wesley, which have voiced the aspirations of innumerable multitudes of worshippers, which have been carolled by our cradles, and chanted as our marching songs through life, and which have been faintly lisped by the pallid lips of the dying, will form no inconsiderable, if not the major part.

#### THE ELECTIONS.

This Magazine is not the medium through which to express any personal opinion on the late general election. This reflection, however, is forced upon our attention. In scarcely any country in the world could such political revolution, (for such it practically is,) have taken place so quietly, and in such harmony with an ideally perfect constitutional theory.

In France or Spain, barricades, bloodshed, and civil war have often been employed to bring about a change less sweeping in its character. But in our own happy country, by the silent vote of the people, the will of the majority is declared, and without a thought of resistance, the whole nation accepts the verdict. Only by free speech, by argument, by an appeal through the press to the reason, not to brute force, is any attempt made to influence the popular judgment. Apart altogether from the result of the elections, the spectacle of the self-government of a



people by the free expression of the popular will approaches the morally sublime.

We have faith in the glorious destiny of our country under any Government. The duty now of good citizens and loyal subjects of whatever party is to employ all their energies to promote its moral and material prosperity, to lay broad and deep the foundations of its future greatness in that righteousness which exalteth a nation and in those principles of integrity and rectitude, toward God and man, which shall be the pledge of the stability of its institutions.

#### OUR RE-ELECTION.

We would be very insensible if we did not prize very highly the mark of approval by the General Conference of our humble services as editor of this magazine and the Sunday-school publications of our Church, as manifested by our almost unanimous re-election to that office. It shall be our most earnest effort to perform the duties thus devolved upon us with the utmost assiduity and to the very best of our power. No pains shall be spared on our part to give increased interest, efficiency, and success to those periodicals. We earnestly request, to enable us to fulfil this purpose, the sympathy and kind co-operation of every one of our readers, both clerical and lay. It is only by their aid that this result can be accomplished. We beg to call their attention to the following announcement and to solicit their help in increasing our circulation.

#### OUR PROGRAMME.

We are preparing a programme for the year 1879, which we think will surpass in interest anything we have yet attempted. It will comprehend, among others, the following splendidly illustrated articles :

One or more papers upon JAPAN, illustrating mission work in that country, to be accompanied by a number of handsome engravings :

A series of papers on HISTORIC METHODIST CHURCHES, with fine engravings of the old City Road Chapel and the old Foundery, London, the first Methodist churches in England ; old John Street Church, the first in America ; and the most important Methodist churches in the world, including those at Rome, Paris, Berlin, and Lausanne, and in India, Africa, and other foreign countries :

A series of illustrated articles upon the principal METHODIST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS throughout the world ; in Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, and on the foreign Mission stations :

A series of illustrated articles on METHODIST MISSIONS throughout the world, with sketches of their founders and of incidents and adventures, trials and triumphs of missionary life.

In addition to these we shall continue our ILLUSTRATIONS OF TRAVEL in our own and foreign lands, and will give a fine series of engravings of SCENES IN BIBLE LANDS. The illustrations of recent explorations in Palestine, previously promised, after an unavoidable delay, have at length arrived, and will in due course be presented, with many others of similar character. In these papers on travel, our own country, with its beautiful scenery, its growing cities, its important institutions, will receive due prominence, and copiously illustrated articles on EDUCATION IN CANADA will be given. Papers on recent scientific discovery, with engravings, will also be given.

Among the special features of the coming year, it is expected, will be a SERIAL STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812-14, by the author of the "King's Messenger," illustrating the early history of Methodism in this country and the important events and stirring adventures of that troublous time—so full of patriotic interest to every loyal Canadian.

There will also be a series of papers by the Editor on GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MO-

DERN, giving condensed sketches of those distinguished men whose life-story we all should know, who through the ages have boldly declared, often amid fiery persecutions, even to a martyr's death, the Word of God. Among these will be Origen, Chrysostom, Augustine, Jerome, Savonarola, Tauler, Knox, Baxter, and Whitefield, and probably also Basil, Nazianzen, Ambrose, Bossuet, Massillon, and others.

The admirable sketches of "ODD CHARACTERS," which have attracted such attention in the present volume, will be continued, with others from the same brilliant writer. We have also the promise of contributions from Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Wood, Dr. Nelles, Dr. Williams, Dr. Carroll, Rev. A. Sutherland, Rev. W. W. Ross, Rev. J. Lathern, Rev. E. Barrass, and Rev. Hugh Johnson, B.D., and expect contributions from other able writers in our own and sister Churches, whose names, however, we will not give without their consent.

We will present two or more discourses by the Rev. Dr. Punshon and by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, President of the General Conference.

We will also give a series of reprint articles by the foremost writers of the times—the best thoughts of the best thinkers on subjects of especial interest and importance. The first of these will be a brilliant paper by Dr. Abel Stevens, the historian of Methodism, from the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for October, 1878. PAPERS ON PRACTICAL RELIGION, THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE, AND RELIGIOUS BIOGRAPHY will also be given. The *Record of Religious and Missionary Intelligence* will present a condensed account of the great ecclesiastical movements of the world, and especially in the Methodism of the world. In the *Current Topics* will pass under review the more striking subjects of public attention. The *Book Notices* will give conscientious and carefully formed opinions of the

leading issues of the press, especially such as are of Methodist interest, and the more important of them will receive a more extended review. A piece of *New and Approved Music* will accompany each number.

We think this announcement should meet every reasonable expectation and should procure us a large increase of circulation. We urgently request each reader, therefore, to promptly renew his own subscription, and to send also, if possible, that of some neighbour or friend. Specimen numbers for canvassing will be furnished on application. The growing appreciation of this magazine is shown by its having nearly doubled its circulation during the past year. But, like Oliver Twist, we ask for "more." By a hearty effort of our friends, ministerial and lay, that circulation might be doubled again. We shall endeavour, by continued improvement, to make this magazine a household necessity in every Methodist family in Canada.

#### AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

During the latter part of September we made a long-purposed trip to the White Mountains. Leaving Montreal by the South-Eastern Railway, we passed through the romantic scenery of the Eastern Townships—only less grand and beautiful than that of New Hampshire—in full view of Owl's Head, Mount Orford, Jay Peak, and half a hundred other mountains, and skirting the shores of the lovely Lake Memphremagog. From Newport we took the Passumpsic Road down the picturesque Passumpsic and Connecticut Valley, and then up the valley of the Ammonusuc, which penetrates to the very heart of the White Mountains. We ascended the celebrated Mount Washington railway from Fabyan's. The grade is enormous, being in places one foot in three. Between the rails is a narrow wrought iron ladder, as it were, into which fits a large cog-

wheel, which fairly pulls the train up the mountain. The horizon spreads ever wider and wider, till from the summit, a mile and a quarter up in air, on a clear day, it sweeps around a circle of nearly 1,000 miles. The sublimest feature of the prospect, however, is not the wide range, but the awful desolation and tremendous precipices and yawning gulfs near at hand.

We walked down the eastern slope of the mountain to Glen House, a distance of eight miles, completely spellbound by the grandeur of the scenery. Next day we traversed, beside the driver of the coach and six, the wildly romantic Pinkham Notch, and spent a few hours in the pleasant seaside city of Portland—redolent with memories of Longfellow, whose early home we visited. Returning the following day, we passed through one of the grandest mountain passes on the continent, the far-famed Crawford Notch. From Crawford House we made a pedestrian excursion to the chief points of interest in the Notch. Climbing Mount Willard, an exceedingly steep ascent of 2,000 feet, testing severely both "wind and limb," we were amply repaid by a magnificent bird's eye view of the Notch. "As a picture of a mountain pass," says Bayard Taylor, "it cannot be surpassed in Switzerland." The next day we returned to Montreal with our memory stored with images of grandeur and sublimity surpassing anything we had previously conceived. We hope, in an early number of this magazine, to share with our readers the pleasure of our visit, by means of a splendid series of engravings of White Mountain scenery, arrangements for securing which are now pending.

#### INTERESTING RELICS.

A large pit or cave has lately been discovered near Weybridge, Ont., says the *Orillia Packet*, in which to all appearance were the remains of about two thousand persons, besides

brass kettles, beads, pipes, and other Indian relics. It is supposed to be in the vicinity of an old Jesuit fort, St. Louis, where in 1649 there was a terrible struggle between the now almost extinct Hurons and their constant persecutors, the Iroquois, described in a late number of this Magazine. In one of the kettles a parcel wrapped tightly in beaver skin was observed, which contained the body of an infant, portions of the flesh of which were still clinging to the bones. The discoverer placed the treasure in a box and reverently buried it.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

The death of the Rev. John Ryerson and of the Rev. Robert Corson, both occurring, by a remarkable coincidence, on the 8th of October, removes two veteran ministers, revered and beloved by all who knew them—and few were more widely known. Both had attained to much more than the allotted age of man, and had been long waiting, amid the lengthening shadows of life's eventide, the signal of their release. The life of both exceeded the number of years in the century, and their memories ran back over its most prominent events,—in which, especially in the history of Methodism, both of them had played an active part.

The Rev. John Ryerson was born, we believe, in the province of New Brunswick, and, as a child, came to Upper Canada with his father, the gallant U. E. Loyalist, Colonel Ryerson. He began to travel under a Chairman in the Long Point Circuit, then comprising a large part of the western peninsula, in 1820. For the next forty years he ranged through Canada from its western frontier to Quebec, and during three-fourths of that time was either Presiding Elder or Chairman of a district. He was also President of the Conference, Co-delegate for eight years, Book-Steward and Governor of Victoria College, and also made

a missionary journey to the Hudson's Bay Territory, when such a journey was attended with much hardship. For nearly twenty years he has been superannuated, spending a ripe and happy old age amid the scenes of his early toils. His end was pre-eminently peaceful. His last hours were cheered by the loving ministrations of his brother, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, and of many kind friends, who will have the sympathy of the whole Church in their bereavement.

"Father Corson,"—by this title the dear old man was best known to the present generation—began to travel in 1822, and lived the toilsome life of a faithful Methodist preacher,

"in the active work," for nearly forty years. On superannuating, he lived for several years at Cobourg, and became well known and much endeared to successive classes of students at Victoria College. To the very close of his life few superannuates travelled more, preached oftener, or read more books. On the scanty income of a pioneer itinerant he brought up a family of sons, to whom he gave a university education, and who, in positions of honour and responsibility, bring credit to his name in this and other lands.

We hope to present, from competent pens, life sketches of both of these venerable servants of God.

## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

### METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

In resuming our notes respecting this important representative body, our first duty is to chronicle the fact that Revs. Dr. Jaques and W. Brown were presented to the Conference as the fraternal delegates from the Episcopal Methodist Church of Canada. Nothing could surpass the spirit in which the official letter, introducing those brethren, was written, and the truly Christian sentiments of their oral addresses justly commended themselves to the members of the Conference.

Missions are the glory of Methodism. It is therefore a matter of much regret that the debt of the Missionary Society will prevent further aggressions until it is either removed or very considerably reduced. The General Conference resolved to reduce the expenses by only having one paid Secretary, and

also ceasing to publish the *Missionary Notices*, giving their substance instead in the Church organs. The members of the Central Board are reduced in number. Greater care is to be exercised in forming new Domestic Missions, and on no account are the appropriations of any year to exceed the income of the year next preceding. A proportion of the debt is to be raised each year until the whole is paid. The Rev. A. Sutherland and John Macdonald, Esq., were unanimously re-appointed to their respective offices of Secretary and Treasurer of the Missionary Society, while Dr. Wood has been pleased to accept the office of Honorary Secretary, so that the Society will still have the benefit of his matured judgment in conducting its affairs.

There were a few circuits which desired the ministerial term to be extended to five years. Some mem-

bers of the General Conference were in favour of the recommendation, but the majority were opposed to any change being made in this matter. The Conference, however, did resolve that a minister can return to a circuit after an absence of three years.

The report of the Committee on the Superannuated Ministers' Fund was an elaborate document. Some of the recommendations of the Committee were not adopted, one of which was for ministers' subscriptions to be increased from ten to twelve dollars. As the income of the fund does not meet the full claims of the annuitants, it was resolved that, in future, superannuated ministers who may receive any income for labour which they may render to the Church, in addition to their superannuated allowance, shall pay their annual subscriptions the same as effective ministers. Travelling expenses to Conference are to be discontinued. Surely when with such rigid economy only small annuities can be granted to superannuated ministers and widows, our generous-hearted people will contribute more largely to meet the necessities of those to whom the Church is so much indebted.

The debates on the Class-meeting and Hymn-book questions are noticed elsewhere.

On the Temperance question the General Conference gave no uncertain sound. The report of the Committee recommended every minister and member of the Church to do all in his power to encourage Temperance organizations, especially such as related to the young, and also to abolish the use of intoxicating wine at the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The report was unanimously adopted.

The educational institutions of the Church, especially those relating to the higher branches, and the education of young men for the ministry, were not forgotten. Methodism has always been the friend of learn-

ing; its founder was one of the ripest scholars of the age, and in all lands where Methodism has been planted, institutions of learning have been planted. Candidates for the ministry will be required in future to pass the curriculum of the High Schools before entering upon their theological course of study. Stanstead College is to be utilized on behalf of the French educational work, which we are sure will give satisfaction to all the friends of our French work. It is to be hoped that the educational funds of the Church will be more efficiently sustained.

The publishing interests of the Church were carefully considered by a large committee appointed for that purpose. It was gratifying to all the members of the General Conference that, while the past quadrennium had been a season of unusual depression in all branches of business, the book establishments of Halifax and Toronto had added considerable amounts to their capital. So much has the business of the former house increased that it was deemed necessary to appoint both a Book-Steward and an Editor, as the successors of the present incumbent, Rev. A. W. Nicolson, who has hitherto performed the duties of both offices. As Mr. Nicolson expressed a wish to re-enter the pastoral work, Revs. H. Pickard, D. D., and D. D. Currie were elected to the office of Book-Steward and Editor respectively. Rev. W. H. Heartz was first elected Book-Steward, but, after considering the matter, respectfully declined the appointment. The Toronto establishment had maintained a branch book-room in Montreal at considerable expense, and had also given one thousand dollars, during each of the preceding four years, to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, and reported net profits to the amount of nearly twenty-seven thousand dollars. All the periodicals of the Church have had a large increase during the quadrennium, but with such a con-

stituency, the increase should be much larger during the next quadrennium. As the entire profits, not required in the business, are devoted to the interests of the superannuated ministers and their widows, surely this ought to be a sufficient reason to cause all true Methodists to do all in their power to support their own publishing houses. We think also that we may fairly claim that our periodicals are not inferior to those of any house in the Dominion. The Rev. S. Rose, D.D., to whose indomitable energy the Book Room at Toronto is so much indebted during the past thirteen years, retires from office, and will be succeeded by the Rev. W. Briggs. The Revs. E. H. Dewart and W. H. Withrow, M.A., have been re-elected as editors.

The General Conference closed its deliberations on the evening of September 23rd. It was indeed a memorable Conference. It is not likely that all that was done will meet with universal approval, but we are glad to record that a kindly spirit prevailed in all the sessions. Much credit is due to the ministers in Montreal for the excellent arrangements they made for the entertainment of the delegates. The officers of the Conference also performed their respective duties with great ability, and we are sure that we express the sentiments of all who were present when we say that the Pre-

sident discharged his onerous duties in a manner that was highly creditable to himself, and with no small degree of satisfaction to those over whom he was placed in authority. The Vice-President, Rev. Dr. Rice, rendered valuable aid by relieving, from time to time, the President from the duties of the chair.

Rev. Samuel Coley was appointed fraternal delegate to the next British Conference. The following appointments were also made:—Rev. E. B. Ryckman, M.A., delegate to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States; Rev. H. Sprague, M.A., to the next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; and Rev. W. S. Blackstock to the next General Conference of the Episcopal Methodist Church, Canada.

During the last week of the Conference, Samuel D. Waddy, Esq., Q.C., M.P., from London, England, was introduced to the Conference. The hour was late when he was discovered, but he was so cordially greeted that he was soon at home, and delivered a neat little speech, which gratified everybody. Mr. Waddy is a worthy son of a noble father, and is not ashamed of his father's Church.

The next General Conference is to be held in the city of Kingston, beginning the first week in September, 1882.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*Canadian School Classics - Milton's Paradise Lost, Books I. and II., with Biographical and Critical Introduction, and Notes, Grammatical and Explanatory and Etymological.* By JOHN SEATH, B.A. Pp. xlii.—132. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

We are glad to see the critical study of our great English poets introduced into our High Schools and

Collegiate Institutes. There are many who pore minutely over the Greek and Latin classics who have comparatively slight acquaintance with the masterpieces of our own literature, and even of those who do read them, how many give them that critical examination which is necessary to anything like an adequate comprehension of their real excellence. It is to furnish a remedy

for this state of things that Mr. Seath, the accomplished and scholarly headmaster of the St. Catharines' Collegiate Institute, has prepared this admirable edition of Books I. and II. of our great English epic—the greatest, we think, for sublimity of theme and sustained grandeur of treatment, in any language. The biographical introduction gives a vivid picture of the life and times of the poet, and of the influences which conspired to mould his mental and moral character. The notes on the syntax and prosody of the poem, on its figures of speech, and on the meaning and derivation of words, throw a flood of light on what is obscure, and lead to an intelligent appreciation of its resplendent qualities. Such a critical reading of even two books of Milton is an intellectual epoch in the history of a thoughtful student. It puts a key into his hands that will enable him to unlock the treasures of much of our higher literature, which to the careless reader is forever sealed. We should like to see this little book, or something like it, introduced into the course of study of the probationers for the Methodist ministry. We commend it to their attention as a most valuable help to a better understanding of the noblest poem in our own, if not in any, language.

*Scribner's Monthly for 1878.* New York: Scribner & Co.; \$4 per year.

This magazine is admitted to be the most handsomely illustrated in the world. Many of its engravings are of extraordinary merit as works of art. The expense of their preparation is enormous, the cost of a full page cut being often \$100. It is only its immense circulation which enables the publishers to give from fifty to seventy-five of these cuts in each number. The literary merit of the contributions is also of a high class. The serial stories during the year have been by a Methodist preacher—Dr. Eggleston—and a

Methodist preacher's daughter—Miss Trafton. We have made arrangements with the publishers to furnish *Scribner's Monthly*, together with this Magazine, for \$4.50,—the price of the two taken separately being \$6.00. We direct attention to Scribner & Co.'s announcement in our advertising pages. As we have no control over their magazine, we of course disclaim any responsibility as to its contents, of which we learn only through the announcement. From the high character of the publishers and editor, however, we can commend it as, we think, the best of the magazines, not strictly religious, in America.

*The Popular Science Monthly for October.*—In the variety, interest, and importance of its contents, *The Popular Science Monthly for October* is fully equal to any of its predecessors. The number opens with a finely illustrated paper by Professor J. S. Newberry, of Columbia College, on the "Geological History of New York Island and Harbour." This is a fascinating story of the great natural changes that have taken place since ancient geological times in the land and water areas about New York, and the probable character of those changes that may be expected in the future. The second article is the fifth of Prof. Alexander Bain's series on "Education as a Science," and deals with the subject of "The Emotions in Education." These papers have attracted wide attention among the teachers of this country; and as the latest utterances of one of the world's foremost educators, they deserve to be read by all who are interested in the improvement of existing educational methods. Prof. Huxley's address on "The Progress of Anthropology," delivered at the last meeting of the British Association, is a most interesting account of the rapid development of the science of man during the last thirty years. Next follows Dr. Montgomery's third and

concluding paper on "Monera and the Problem of Life," in which the "Physical Phase of the Problem" is further considered. "Electricity and Thunder-Storms," by Elisha Foote, is a short but instructive article, in which the author aims to show that the production of atmospheric electricity is due to the process of condensation. The next paper, by Mr. Herbert Spencer, on "Consciousness under Chloroform," contains a curious and graphic account, by a correspondent, of his mental experiences while inhaling chloroform for the purpose of having a tooth extracted. "Hallucinations of the Senses," by Dr. Henry Maudsley, is a readable, and, at the same time, very useful paper, showing our constant liability to be deceived by the operations of our senses, and how these operations are disturbed and their results vitiated by surrounding influences. The next article on "Yellow Fever," by Dr. R. S. Tracy, is one of the clearest and most intelligible accounts of the characteristics of that terrible disease that we have anywhere seen. "Bird or Reptile— which?" by Henry O. Forbes; "The Planet Vulcan," by Prof. Daniel Kirkwood; and "The Genesis of Disinterested Benevolence," by Paul Friedmann, make up, with a portrait and sketch of the late Prof. Claude Bernard, the body of the magazine—one hundred and four pages of valuable and entertaining reading. The several departments fill twenty four pages, and are, as usual, full of variety and instruction. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Fifty cents per number, \$5 per year. *With this magazine, \$6.00.* A new volume begins with the November number, which will be a good time to subscribe.

*Littell's Living Age*, Littell & Gay, Boston.—The numbers of *Littell's Living Age* for the weeks ending October 5th and 12th, have the following noteworthy contents:—Henri Greville's Sketches of Russian Life,

by W. R. S. Ralston, *Nineteenth Century*; Cyprus, *Macmillan*; Mr. Froude's "Life and Times of Thomas Becket," by Edward A. Freeman, part IV, *Contemporary Review*; The Chinese as Colonists, *Nineteenth Century*; An Indiscretion in the Life of an Heiress, by Thomas Hardy, *New Quarterly Review*; The Public Career and Personal Character of Francis Bacon, by James Rowley, *Fraser*; Child's Play, *Cornhill*; Selling the Soul, *Contemporary Review*; A Fetish City, *Blackwood*; Sark and its Caves, *Gentleman's Magazine*; The Relation of Memory to Will, *Spectator*; The Habit of Reading, *Saturday Review*; Garden Parties, *Spectator*; An American Zollverein, *Pall Mall Gazette*; and choice poetry and miscellany.

These are the first two numbers of a new volume and are good ones with which to begin a subscription. For fifty-two such numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3000 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low, or for \$9 it will be sent with this magazine for a year, both post-paid.

*Our South American Cousins.* By WILLIAM TAYLOR. 12mo., pp. 318. Price, \$1. New York: Nelson & Phillips, and Methodist Book Rooms. Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The remarkable evangelistic career of "California Taylor," by which name he is best known, has few parallels in missionary annals. What great things God has wrought by him among the miners, gamblers, and "hoodlums" of San Francisco; among the Boers, Kaffirs, and Zulus of South Africa; among the Buddhists and Brahmins of Ceylon and India, have been recorded in previous volumes. His theory of heathen evangelization is to raise up native preachers and let them carry on the work a theory which, we believe, furnishes the only solution of the problem of the conversion of the



pagan world. Mr. Taylor's last missionary voyage was from New York to Aspinwall, across the Isthmus, and down the South American coast of Bolivia, Peru, and Chili, stopping at Lima, Valparaiso, Concepcion, and other centres of population. His object was to plant churches and schools in all these benighted yet populous places. In six months he travelled 11,000 miles and opened twelve centres of evangelistic work. At these places he obtained pledges of support of a teacher and preacher, in some places declining large subscriptions, that he might induce a greater number to "take stock" in the movement and in the man to be sent. To save expense, Mr. Taylor took steerage passage, and endured considerable discomfort on the voyage. He recounts in a vivacious manner his experience, and gives much secular information about mining, trade, commerce, customs, etc., as well as much sound religious instruction. On his return to the United States, he obtained among the students of Boston University--the youngest of the Methodist theological institutions volunteers for this advance guard of Methodism along the Pacific coast of South America. The book has not a dull page, and is full of Mr. Taylor's shrewd sense and humour. Whoever purchases it, moreover, promotes the success of these missions, to which its profits are devoted. Those who heard Mr. Taylor's recent impressive sermons and addresses at Montreal and Toronto will have gained an insight into the secret of his marvellous success, which will be further illustrated by the reading of his book.

*The Wave of Sunday-School Song: a new collection of Music for Sunday-schools, Prayer Meetings, and the Social and Family Circle.* Toronto: S. ROSE. On sale at Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The remarkable success which

has attended the previous publications of our Connexional Book Room--the *S. S. Harp*, *S. S. Organ*, and *S. S. Harmonium*, of which an aggregate of over 300,000 copies have been sold, has induced the Book Steward to publish the present volume. It is designed to meet a felt want for a collection of the newest and best productions of the principal writers of Sunday-school song on the continent. Neither time nor pains have been spared to render this collection, it is believed, the best now before the public. The name of the Rev. John A. Williams, D.D., whose admirable musical taste and critical judgment are well known, and under whose careful supervision the book has been prepared, will be a guarantee of the excellence of the collection,

The following books were received too late for fuller notice in this number:--

*Latin Language and Grammar, for use in Home Education.* By ANGUS DALLAS; pp. 100. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

*Through the Dark Continent; or, How I Found Stanley.* By F. C. BURNAND: with 24 illustrations, reprinted from *Punch*. Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

*The Haunted Hotel,—A Mystery of Modern Venice.* By Wilkie Collins. Toronto: Rose Belford Publishing Company.

*The Creed of Christendom; Its Foundations Contrasted with its Superstructure.* By WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG. pp. 399. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

We deem it necessary to say of this last volume that, however much we may admire the learning and genius of the author, we differ *totò cœlo* from many of his conclusions. We may have something more to say of it.

## THE NAME OF JESUS.

T. C. O'KANE.

1 There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth, It sounds like music in my ear. The

**Chorus.**

The dearest name . . . . in earth or heaven, . . . Is to our Lord . . . and Master  
sweetest name on earth, The dearest name . . . . in earth or heav'n, . . . Is to our Lord

giv'n, . . . On Him a - lone . . . my hopes depend, . . . On Him, our best and nearest friend.  
and Master giv'n, On Him alone my hopes depend

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free,  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear:  
No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.