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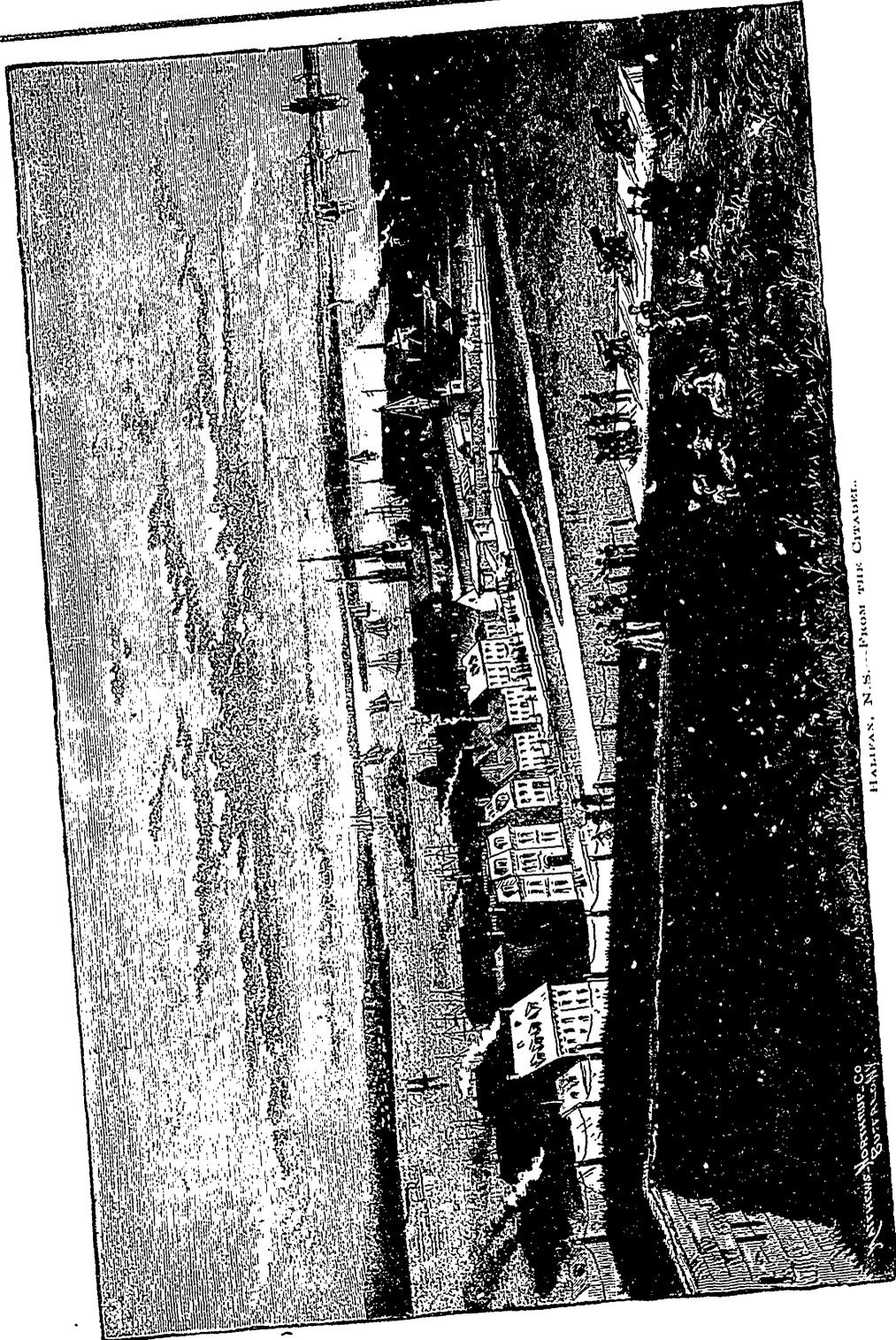
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HAKONE, N. S.—FROM THE CITADEL.

WILLIAMS BROTHERS CO
NEW YORK

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1884.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

EVERYBODY has heard of Halifax, the city by the sea, and of its fair and famous harbour. This harbour, they have been told, is one of the finest in the world—a haven in which a thousand ships may rest secure, and yet but a little removed from the broad ocean highway which unites the eastern and the western worlds. They have been told, also, that this harbour is always accessible and always safe; and all of this, though true enough, does the harbour of Halifax but scanty justice. All harbours have more or less of merit, but few are like this one. Here there is something more than merely a roomy and safe haven—something to claim more than a passing glance. To understand this we must know something of the topography of the city.

Halifax is located on a peninsula and founded on a rock. East and west of it the sea comes in, robbed of its terrors, and appearing only as a thing of beauty. The water on the west is the North-west Arm, a stretch of water about three miles in length and a quarter of a mile in width. To the south and east is the harbour, which narrows as it reaches the upper end of the city and expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage. The Basin terminates at a distance of nine miles from the city, and is navigable for the whole distance. The city proper is on the eastern slope of the isthmus, and rises from the water to a height of 256 feet at the citadel. On the eastern side of the harbour, is the town of Dartmouth. In the harbour, and commanding all parts of it, is the strongly fortified George's Island, while at the entrance, three miles below, is McNab's Island, which effectually guards the passage from the sea. This is a brief and dry description of the city. Halifax must be seen to be appreciated.



MERRILLE, IRELAND.—NORTH-WEST. A.M.

Halifax is a strong city in every way. It has great strength in a military point of view; it has so many solid men that it is a tower of strength financially; it is strongly British in its manners, customs, and sympathies; and it has strong attractions for visitors. Let us analyze some of these points of strength.

First, the military. There was a time when the military element was necessarily the first to be considered. One of the first acts of the first settlers was to fire a salute in honour of their arrival, and as soon as Governor Cornwallis had a roof to shelter his head, they placed a couple of cannons to defend it, and mounted a guard. They had need of military. Indians saw in their arrival a probable "boom" in scalps. These Indians were savages, as destitute of pity and sentiment as they were of decent clothes. It was, therefore, essential that the men of Halifax should be of a military turn of mind, and every boy and man, from sixteen to sixty years of age, did duty in the ranks of the militia. Later the town became an important military and naval station; ships of the line made their rendezvous in the harbour, and some of England's bravest veterans were quartered in its barracks. Princes, dukes, lords, admirals, generals, captains, and colonels walked the streets from time to time; guns boomed, flags waved, drums beat, and bugles sounded, so that the pride and panoply of war were ever before the people. And so they are to-day. The uniform is seen on every street, and fortifications meet the eye at every prominent point.

Chief among the fortifications is the Citadel, which crowns the city, commenced by the Duke of Kent, and altered, varied, and transposed until it has become a model of military skill. Its history has been a peaceful one and is likely to be. If it should be assailed it appears well able for a siege. Visitors are allowed to inspect the works; but the man who always follows Captain Cuttle's advice to make a note of what he sees, is recommended to refrain from using pencil and paper within the limits of any of the forts. It is bad taste; and, besides, the authorities will not permit it.

The seeker after a good view of the city and its surroundings may have the very best from the Citadel. It commands land and water for many miles. The Arm, the Basin, the Harbour with its islands, the sea with its ships, the distant hills and forests, the city with its busy streets—all are present to the eye.

in a beautiful and varied panorama. Dartmouth, across the harbour, is seen to fine advantage; while on the waters around the city are seen the ships of all the nations of the earth. No amount of elaborate word-painting would do justice to the view on a fine summer's day. It must be seen, and once seen it will not be forgotten.

The fortifications on McNab and George's Islands, as well as the various forts around the shore, are all worthy of a visit. After they have been seen, the visitor will have no doubts as to the exceeding strength of Halifax above all the cities of America. The Dockyard, with splendid examples of England's naval power, is also an exceedingly interesting place, and always presents a picture of busy life in which the "oak-hearted tars" are a prominent feature.

Halifax is the most British city on the continent. Long associations with the army and navy have accomplished this. The Haligonians are, for once and for all, the faithful and liege subjects of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, and the fashions and tastes of the people are largely governed by the land beyond the sea. So the people have all that is admirable in English business circles and polite society. That is to say, they preserve their mercantile good names by integrity, and their homes are the scenes of good old-fashioned English hospitality. A stranger who has the *entrée* into the best society will be sure to carry away the most kindly recollections of his visit. In no place will more studious efforts be made to minister to the enjoyment of the guest—it matters not what his nationality may be.

The strong attractions for visitors are so numerous that a city guide book is necessary to explain them in their proper order. The drives can be varied according to the taste and the time of sojourn. To skirt the city one may drive down the Point Pleasant road and up the North-west Arm. This gives a fine view of the harbour and its objects of interest. The Arm is a beautiful place, and around it are many elegant private residences, the homes of men of wealth and taste. The cut on page 386 shows the beautiful scenery of Melville Island and the North-west Arm. This is one of the most pleasant parts of Halifax. The view of the ocean had from the hills is of an enchanting nature. Another drive is around Bedford Basin, coming home by the way of Dartmouth, which Dr. Punshon considered one of the most charming drives in the world, with which opinion the present Editor quite

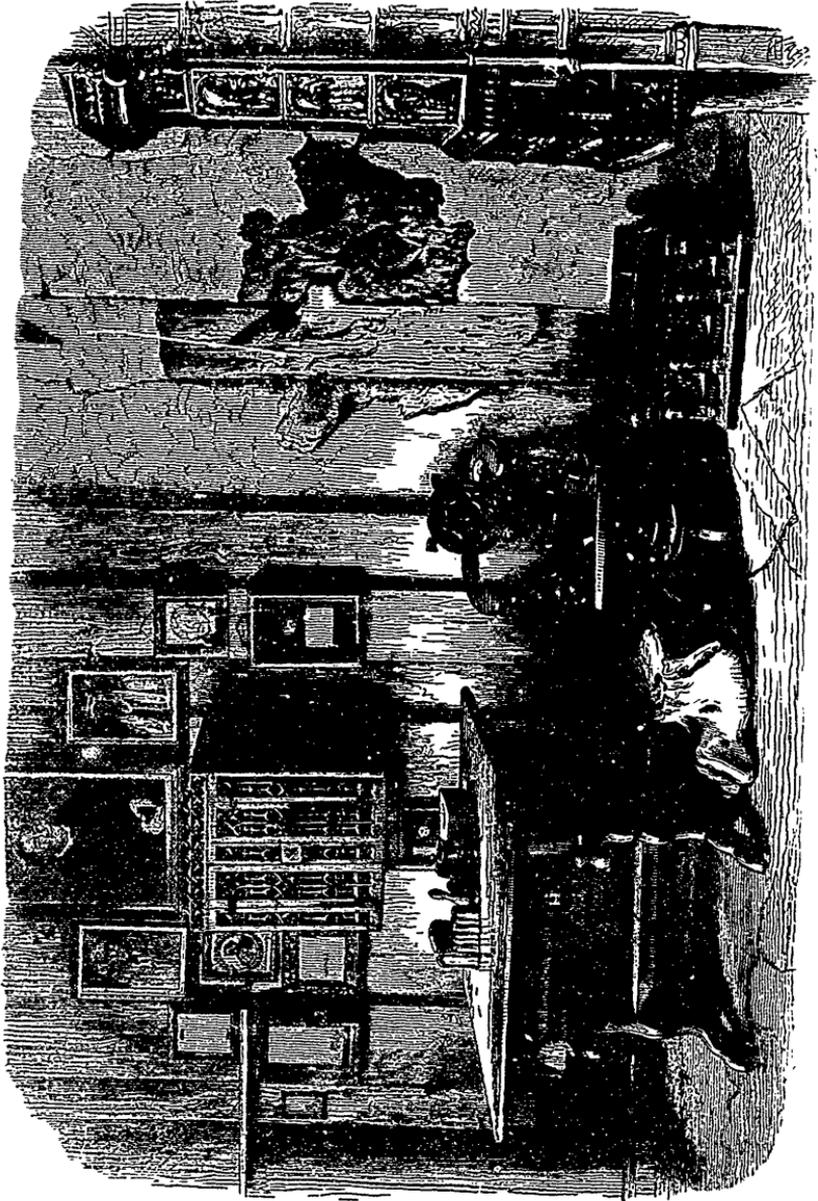
agrees. If one has a fancy for bathing in the surf, he should go to where the sea rolls in with a magnificent sweep, at Cow Bay. This beautiful place is ten miles from Halifax, on the Dartmouth side. The drive to it is through a pretty piece of country. All around Halifax are bays, coves, islands, and lakes, any one of which is worthy of a visit, so that the tourist may see as much or as little as he pleases. Excursions to McNab's Island, at the mouth of the harbour, are also in order during the fine days of summer.

In the city itself there is a great deal to be seen. It is expected that strangers will visit the New Province Building, with its fine museum, open to the public; the churches, asylums, and all kinds of public institutions, which bear glowing tribute to the piety, charity and philanthropy of the people. The Public Garden, belonging to the city, will be found a most pleasant retreat, with its trees and flowers, fountains, lakes, and cool and shady walks.

One should have a sail on Bedford Basin, that fair expanse of water—broad, deep, blue, and beautiful. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stands on a height which overlooks the water. The "Prince's Lodge," as it is called, may be visited during the land drive to Bedford, but the place is sadly shorn of its former glory; and the railway, that destroyer of all sentiment, runs directly through the grounds. It was a famous place in its day, however, and the memory of the Queen's father will long continue to be held in honour by the Halifax people.

Halifax has communication with all parts of the world, by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamships with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port to call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the United States, and the West Indies, and from here, also, one may visit the fair Bermudas, or the rugged Newfoundland.

Methodism is strong in Halifax. It has six churches, with a membership of nearly a thousand, and large congregations. Here is the prosperous Methodist Book Room of the Maritime Provinces, which, under the faithful stewardship of the Rev. S. F. Huestis, has reached great success; and the office of the *Wesleyan*, which, under the accomplished Editorship of the Rev. T. Watson Smith, and worthy predecessors, has become one of the most influential journals of Maritime Canada.



LOTHER'S STUDY IN THE WARTBURG.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF LUTHER.*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., B.D.

FOR the work which Luther did all after-ages thank him. The foremost Christian people of the world have united joyously in celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth; and eager pilgrims flock from every quarter of the globe to visit his homes and haunts in the venerable Vaterland.

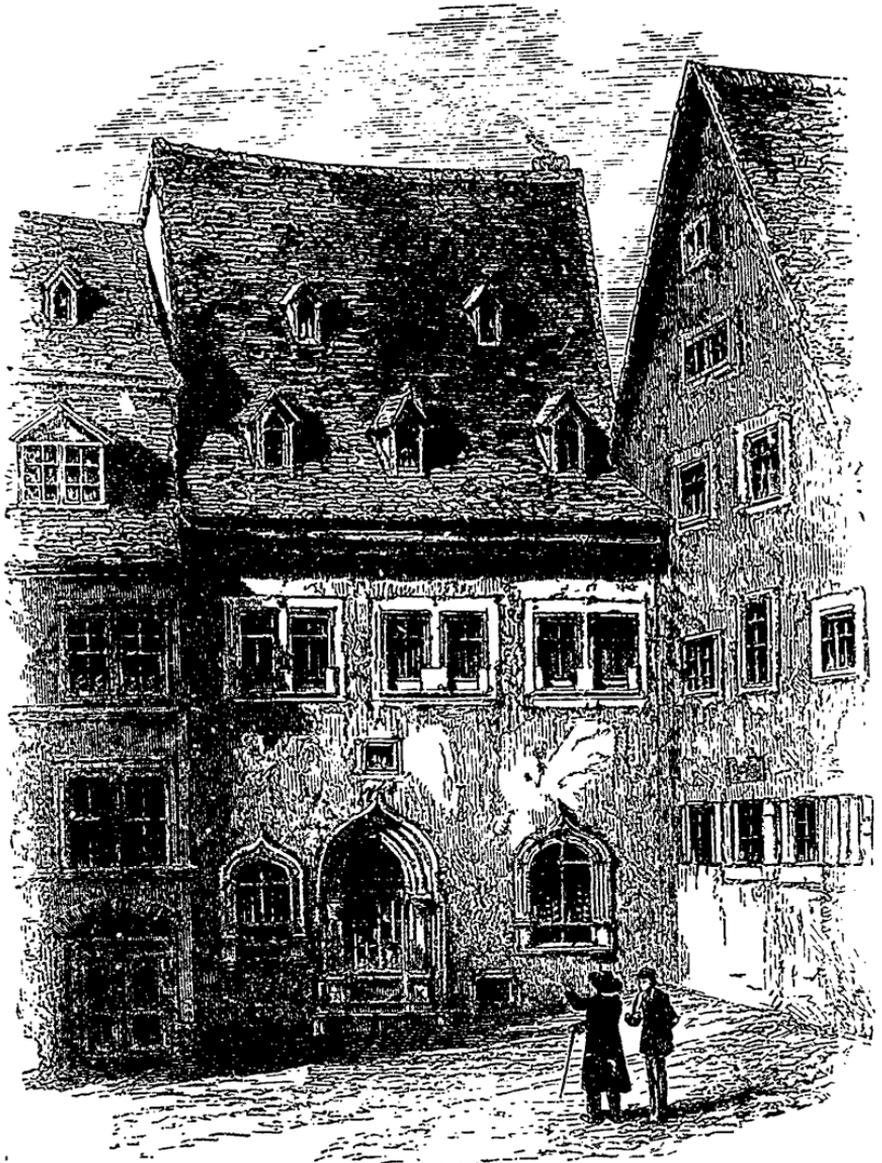
Let us glance, aided by the illustrations which accompany this article, at some of those scenes rendered sacred to us by the memory of the monk who shook the world.

In the little mountain town of EISLEBEN, where, in the humblest circumstances, of poor peasant parents, the future Reformer was born, 10th November, 1483, you still may find, as you ramble through the rugged streets, some of those memorials which you are seeking of the great man. Here, near the railway station, at the top of a street which bears Luther's name, stands the house where he was born. All but the lowest storey was consumed in a great conflagration in 1689. Over the door is this inscription: "In this house Dr. Martin Luther was born, the 10th of Nov., 1483. God's word and Luther's lore shall abide for evermore." Within, the guide points you to the room in which Luther was born, to the very corner in which stood the cradle (!), and to various relics of his later years.

Near by stands the plain old church of St. Peter, in which, on the day after his birth, the child was baptized. It was the day dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, and in his honour the child was named. The very font where the baptism took place still remains. In the middle of the town, near the market-place, is the church of St. Andrew, in which Luther preached his last

* For the handsome engravings which accompany this article we are indebted to the courtesy of the Religious Tract Society, London. They are taken from the beautiful Memorial Volume, "Homes and Haunts of Luther," by John Stoughton, D.D. Small 4to, pp. 301, full gilt. Price \$2.50. This is a fascinating account, with numerous full-page engravings, of visits to all the places made memorable by the great Reformer. It is the most elegant *souvenir* of the Luther Festival that we know.—ED. CAN. METH. MAGAZINE.

sermon; and opposite to it the house shown in the illustration on this page, bearing this inscription:—"In this house Dr. Martin Luther died, the 18th. of Feb., 1546." Within you see the sit-



HOUSE IN WHICH LUTHER DIED—EISLEBEN.

ting-room and the bedroom in which the great Reformer passed his last hours, and answered with an emphatic "Yes" to the loving inquiry, "Do you die, trusting in Christ, and in the doctrine which you have preached?"

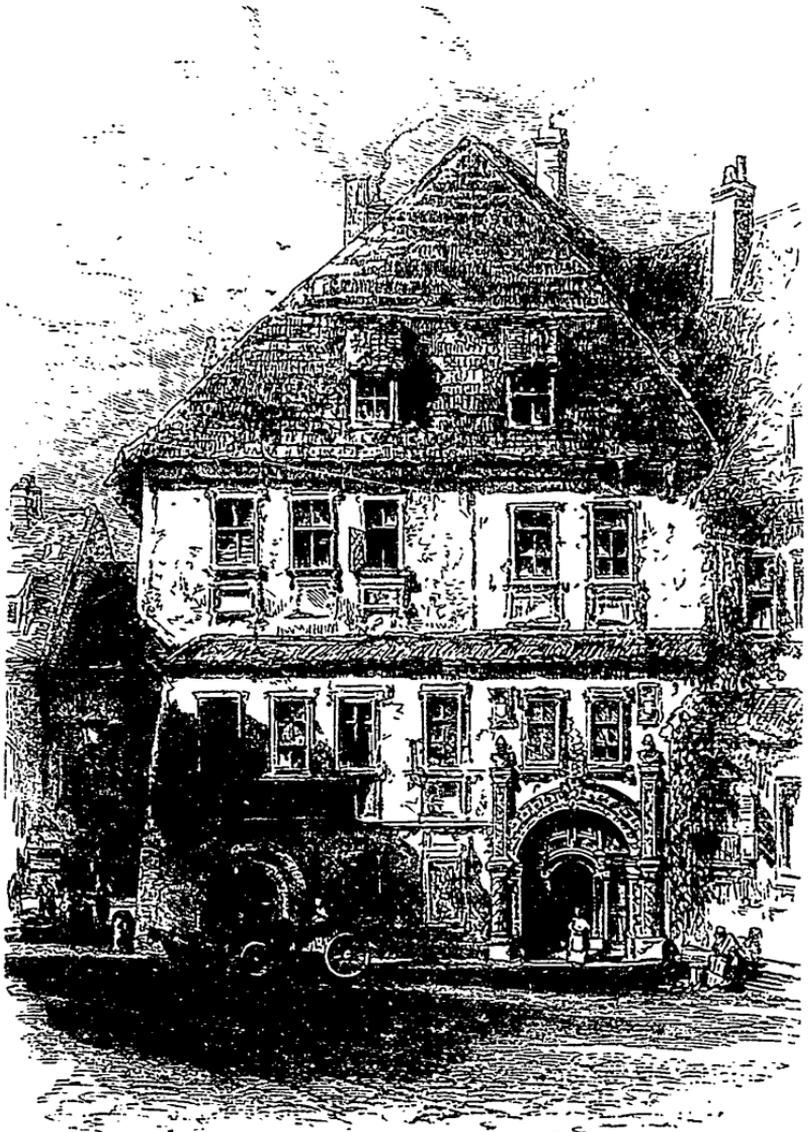
As at Stratford, you pass from the room where Shakespeare first saw the light, to the church where lie his bones, so here, the cradle and the grave seem in startling proximity. But between them what a life—begun in the midst of penury, continued amid toils and triumphs of world-wide import, and ended at last in peace—so near the spot where it was begun!

Child at Eisleben and Mansfield, one year a pupil at Magdeburg, the next scene of interest in Luther's life is EISENACH—at the entrance to that great Thuringian forest which is so picturesque in wooded hill and pleasant town. Here Luther attended the parochial school of St. George's Church, under the eminent master Trebonius. Here they show you still that house (see p. 394) where Frau Ursula Cotta, pleased with the rich tenor voice of the poor young boy that sang carols at her door, welcomed him, and comforted him, and so got to herself an undying name and fame.

It was a hard discipline, this early life of Luther; in the miner's hut; in the village school, whose rough tyrannical rule made it for him, as he tells us, a little hell; in the streets of Eisenach. He did not see life through the curtained windows of affluence and ease, but out under God's heaven, standing face to face with stern realities. So was he trained for his work. "It was his task to get acquainted with realities," says Carlyle, "and keep acquainted with them, at whatever cost; his task was to bring the whole world back to reality, for it had dwelt too long with semblance."

It was in March, 1877, that I visited Eisenach. From the railway station I recognized immediately, towering above the town on a wooded conical hill, the irregular pile of the Wartburg, and at once I directed my steps towards it. The walk from the town to the castle is by a broad, steep path, which climbs directly to the gateway, and takes about three-quarters of an hour. Reaching the little restaurant, beside the castle, just in time to escape a heavy shower of rain, I there fell in with a German student from Erlangen, with whom I spent right pleasantly the remainder of my time in Eisenach. The young man had seen the Methodist work in Southern Germany, and had a very favourable tale to tell me of its success in his native village. A guide soon took us in hand and piloted us through the castle. It is a plain old building, in the main, but lately repaired and

decorated, and boasting some Romanesque arcades of the 12th century. About it cluster memories of the *Sangerkrieg* of 1207, when the Minnesänger gathered here in bloodless strife; of the



THE LUTHER HOUSE, EISENACH.

lovely St. Elizabeth, wife of the Landgrave Ludwig; and finally of Martin Luther, who, under friendly compulsion, lay in hiding here from May, 1521, to March, 1522. Here is the Rittersaal,

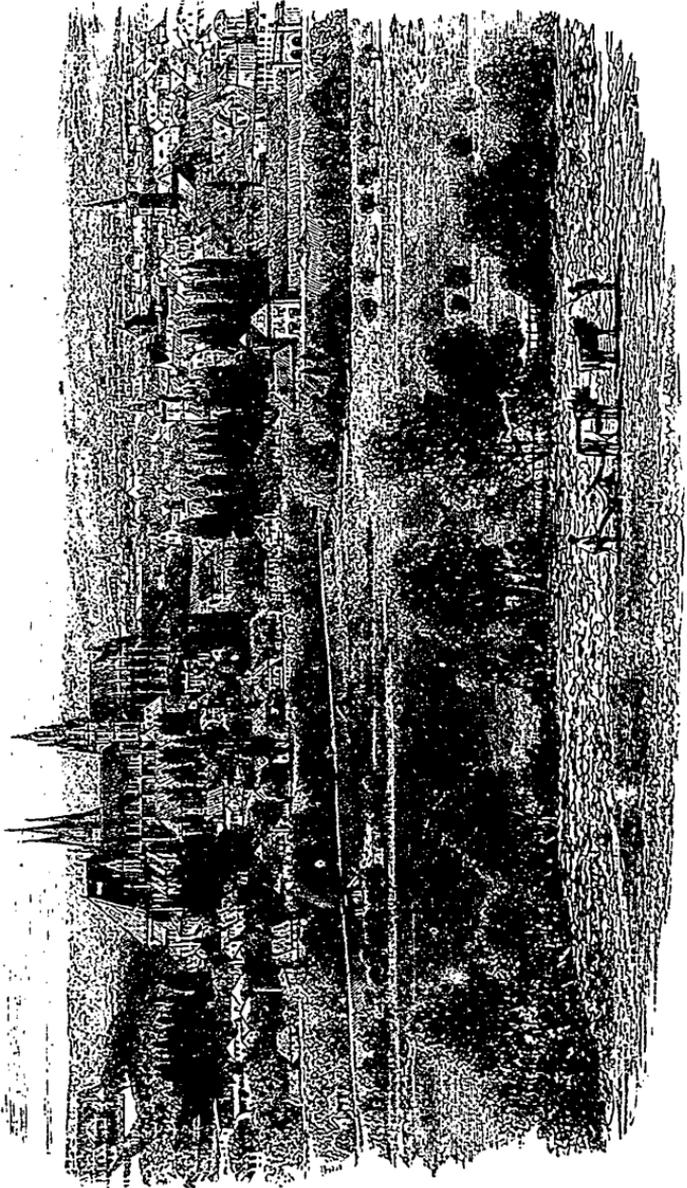
there the highly-decorated Banqueting Hall, yonder the armoury, with armour of the 12th century. My companion was of the highly incredulous sort, full of the true critical Zeitgeist, and was not to be taken in by any pretence of antiquity. So, when the guide pointed out the old armour, he said, "You mean modelled after the old?" And when later he saw Luther's handwriting, he commented: "That is to say, a fac-simile of his handwriting?"

In the chapel of the castle, amid many changes, the altar and the pulpit, where Luther ministered, are still the same. The centre of interest, however, is the little room where Luther lived as "Junker Georg," and which is well represented in the cut on p. 390. The table is not the one at which he wrote in this room his translation of the New Testament, for that was carried away, piecemeal, by relic-hunters, but one at which he sat as a boy in his father's house. Portraits of Luther and his parents, by Cranach, and a framed autograph letter of Luther, hang on the wall. A vertebra of a whale, which Luther used as a footstool, lies on the floor. Some other relics are in the room. Here I purchased, from a small stock on the table, a British and Foreign Bible Society copy of Luther's Version of the New Testament, composed in this very room—a version not like our "Revised," scholarly, and pedantic; but simple, racy, idiomatic, the real book of the people. On the wall is seen the spot where once were the marks made by the ink-bottle hurled at the devil! The plaster has been picked off by visitors eager to carry away some memento of the "*Lutherstube*."

In the beautiful and ancient city of ERFURT (p. 396), Luther entered the University in 1501, and two years after became a novice in the Augustinian Monastery. In 1872, a fire destroyed the cell where brother Martin lived and studied, and now but little of the old building remains. Those Erfurt days were inestimably precious and memorable—days of Bible study; days of the development of Luther's true and noble German "inwardness;" a spirit which could not be fed on husks, but hungered after God; a spirit which could not cheat itself with the outward mechanism of religion, but sought its inward life and power; a spirit which rested only in a personal conscious reconciliation with God through Christ.

The student of Erfurt became the professor in Wittenberg, and Wittenberg became a centre of modern history.

In Wittenberg still stands the plain old building of the Augustinian Monastery, turned, when the monks had left their cells, entirely to University purposes, and welcoming to its rooms



E. H. H. H.

at last the wife and children of Dr. Martin. Here was that sweet home-life on which one's heart fondly dwells; that cheerful intercourse with Melancthon, Cranach, and many friends, which

reveals to us the gentler side of Luther's nature. Many great men personally repel us by their hard, stern, still nature. But, while Luther was, in the moment of danger and conflict, fierce as a lion and immovable as the very hills, in the moment of peace and relaxation he was gentle and attractive as the smiling valley and the laughing stream. The genial friend, the tender husband, and the loving father, we must take him to our hearts as "a great brother man." And Luther's home-life has stamped itself upon Protestantism. The glory of Protestantism is not, as that of Catholicism, its great Church institutions, but its myriads of pure and happy Christian homes.

In the centre of the city rise the double towers of the Stadt Kirche, where Luther preached for many years his hearty and resistless sermons; and at one end of the city stands the Schloss Kirche, to whose doors the fearless monk affixed his theses on the 31st of October, 1517. The doors, burnt, like so many precious things throughout all Germany, by the French, have been replaced by massive doors of bronze. Beyond the city wall, just outside the Elster gate, they show you the spot, beside an oak, where, in 1520, Luther burned the Bull of Leo X., and so declared at last open war with Rome.

As the tourist leaves his railway carriage at the HEIDELBERG station, walks by shaded paths up and along the wooded hill-side, and around the curve of the mountain to the Molkencur, and then on to the magnificent ruined castle, and gazes with delight upon that charming panorama of mountain, river, bridge, and city, he perhaps hardly remembers that, in 1518, Luther boldly entered Heidelberg, and then in the University propounded and defended theses heretical enough to have burned him, and enjoyed the hospitality of Prince Wolfgang, in what he styled the "truly regal castle." Only a small portion of the imposing structure, seen in the cut on p. 398, dates back as far as Luther's time, though part of it was built in the year 1300.

In LEIPZIG there are two spots which recall the famous disputation in 1519, between Karlstadt and Luther on the one side, and the clever dialectician, Eck, upon the other—the grim old Thomas Kirche, where they celebrated mass, and the great hall of the Pleissenburg, where these theological champions measured swords for many days before an eager auditory.

In another part of the city is the church of St. Nicholas where, when Duke George, that fierce opponent of the Reforma-

tion was gone, and Duke Henry favoured the cause which his brother had opposed, Luther preached with marvellous effect. The Pleissenburg is now a barracks for a regiment of helmeted



PLEISSENBERG CASTLE.

German soldiers; and the old churches still echo to the doctrines which Luther preached, and the hymns which Luther sang, for Leipzig is the headquarters of the Lutheran orthodox of to-day.

Time and space would fail to trace in detail the footprints of Martin Luther in Rome, Augsburg, Marburg, Coburg, Schmalkalden, Halle, and elsewhere. The local reminiscences of Luther sweep wider and are more numerous than those of almost any other man of history. And far out beyond the lands whose soil gains interest to us by his presence, you may trace his footprints in the thoughts and affections of countless Christian people.

“ His work is done.

But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the preacher firm, the statesman pure ;
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way of glory.”

GOETHE'S MOTTO.

WITHOUT haste ! without rest ;
Bind the motto to thy breast ;
Bear it with thee as a spell ;
Storm and sunshine guard it well !
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not ! let no thoughtless deed
Mar for aye the spirit's speed ;
Ponder well, and know the right ;
Onward, then, with all thy might.
Haste not ; years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not ; life is sweeping by ;
Do and dare before you die ;
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time ;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not ! Rest not ! Calmly wait ;
Meekly bear the storms of fate !
Duty be thy polar guide ;—
Do the right whate'er betide !
Haste not ! Rest not ! Conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.



ABOVE WATERFORD BRIDGE.—FOUR MILES FROM ST. JOHN'S

BRITAIN'S MOST ANCIENT COLONY.*

CLIMATE, MATERIAL RESOURCES, ETC.

BY THE REV. W. W. PERCIVAL.

THE tide of travel is towards the land of the setting sun. Every summer thousands of immigrants, by the Allan Line of steamships, touch our shore and pass on west. Not one among the thousands ever thinks of remaining in Newfoundland. Why is this? Have we nothing to attract the immigrant, and turn at least a small rill of the ever-augmenting stream of immigration that is continually pouring in from the over-crowded cities of the Old World? We believe we have. We wish simply, in this paper, to present a few *facts* relative to the climate, soil, industries, and vast mineral resources of this country.

First, then, with regard to climate. The popular idea regarding our climate is a very erroneous one. The principal source from whence most people derive their information relative to this subject, is the little experience they have on board one of our ocean steamships, as they sail along our rock-bound coast, or the foggy "banks" off our island. This being the great highway of travel across the Atlantic, the common opinion throughout Canada is, that for nine months of the year we are enveloped in fog, and during the other three we have to battle with Arctic frosts and terrific snowstorms. What are the facts? The sea-fog rarely penetrates far inland. It not unfrequently happens here, in St. John's, that a dark wall of fog is visible out at sea, while sunshine and genial weather prevail on shore. Taken as a whole, the climate of the island is more temperate, and more favourable to health, than that of Canada. Of the fierce summer heats of Canada and the United States, and of the intense cold of their winters, we know nothing. It is rarely, and then only for a very brief period, that the thermometer sinks to zero in winter; while in

* The illustrations of this interesting article, are taken from Messrs. Hatton and Harvey's admirable work on "Newfoundland, Historical and Descriptive." 8vo. pp. 431, copiously illustrated. Boston: Doyle & Whittle. For sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, \$2.50.

summer it seldom rises above eighty degrees. Like all insular climates, ours of course is variable. Being subject to sudden changes on the eastern coast, on account of the Arctic current rushing out of Davis' Straits and bearing on its bosom so many huge icebergs, the advent of spring is somewhat retarded. The writer has experienced severer snowstorms, and much more intense cold, in New Brunswick than is ever known in Newfoundland; and as for fog, they have at least twenty foggy days in St. John, New Brunswick, to the one we have here in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Sir Richard Bonycastle, who spent some years in the country, in his interesting work on Newfoundland, says, regarding the climate: "We find that the extremes of temperature in Newfoundland are trifling compared with those of Canada. There the thermometer falls as low as twenty-seven degrees below zero, and even lower at times in winter, and rises to ninety in summer. Here the lowest temperature in winter scarcely exceeds zero, or eight or ten below it; and in the height of summer does not attain more than seventy-nine degrees. It is generally supposed in England that Newfoundland is constantly enveloped in fog and wet mist; nothing, however, can be further from the truth."

Now, let us look at the character of our soil. Here again we have to correct a popular error. In the opinion of many of our Canadian friends (who have carefully studied the subject from the deck of a steamship), our island is regarded as an immense bluff, barren rock, fit only for the gulls or other sea-birds to build their nests upon, or for the fisherman to dry his nets or cure his fish. Such, however, is not the case, as we will now endeavour to show.

The traveller who simply visits St. John's, or the peninsula of Avalon, will carry away with him a very erroneous idea with regard to the nature of our soil. Around St. John's, and along the east coast, the soil is shallow, poor, and hungry, being formed of decomposed slate-rock mixed with silicious matter. This district is but a poor specimen, and must not be taken as a criterion whereby to judge the general fertility of the island. A geological survey has now been going on for seventeen years, so that Newfoundland is no longer the *terra incognita* it once was. Large sections of it have been carefully explored by scien-

tific men, and much valuable information has been thus adduced; yet it is also true, that a vast extent of the interior still remains as the "Great Lone Land" of the east.

In 1822, an adventurous Scotchman, named Cormack, in company with a single Micmac Indian, crossed the island from the head of Trinity Bay in the east to St. George's Bay in the west. According to his account, the first portion of his journey lay through dense forests of pine, spruce, birch, and larch; and proved to be a uniform ascent, till at length he reached the summit of an elevated ridge. From this summit, the vast and mysterious interior, on which the eyes of a white man had never before gazed, broke on the view of the traveller in all its magnificence. Far as the eye could scan, a vast basin spread out in a succession of green plains, dotted with woods and lakes of every form and extent. "It must," says Hatton and Harvey, "have been a rapturous moment for the traveller, more than enough to repay him for all his toils and dangers, when his eye first wandered over this expanse, untrodden by the foot of the white man, now for the first time disclosing its beauty and sublimity to an appreciative observer."

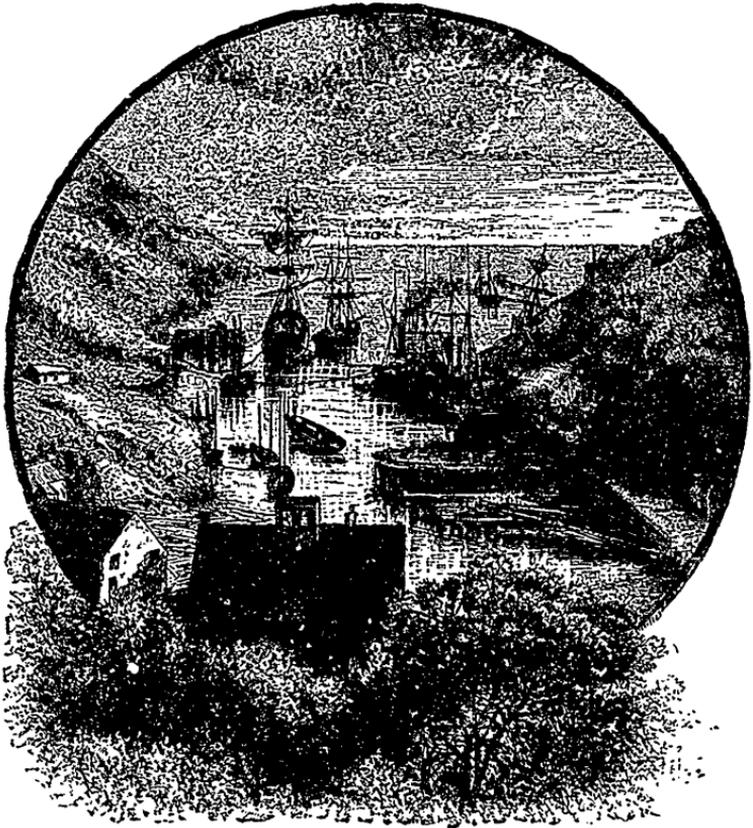
Descending from the mountainous belt which encircles the coast, Cormack entered this open interior, which he found to be level plains or savannas, composed of fine black compact peat-mould, formed by the growth and decay of mosses, and covered for the most part with grass. He describes these savannas as being in reality "magnificent natural deer-parks, adorned by woods and water. The deer-paths are countless, trending from park to park through the intervening woods, in lines as established and deep-beaten as cattle-paths on an old grazing-farm. It is impossible to describe the grandeur and richness of the scenery, which will probably long remain undefaced by the hand of man." Sixty years or more have passed since Cormack penned these lines, and these vast plains are still "undefaced by the hand of man."

It took the traveller a month to cross this savanna country, which was about one hundred and fifty miles in breadth, the length being unknown. He also found wild game in abundance; including deer, beaver, geese, and ducks. During his journey he found neither lizard, toad, snake, or reptile, of any kind—in fact we are as free from them as Ireland.

We cannot speak from personal observation, as our travelling

over the island has been limited ; but we have been informed by several of our ministers, who speak from positive knowledge, that the heads of the bays around the northern section of the island, abound with the most excellent farming lands, only waiting to be " tickled with the plough " in order to " laugh with the harvest."

From these facts it is evident that Newfoundland is not the



BETTS' COVE, NOTRE DAME BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

desolate rock so many intelligent persons imagine it to be. Notwithstanding the fact that we possess such a large area of valuable land, yet we are dependent entirely upon our neighbours for our flour, beef, butter, potatoes ; in fact, everything that we consume. Many of the immigrants who daily pass by our coast, go farther only to fare worse. Our great want as a colony

to-day, is about ten thousand practical farmers to take possession of some of our rich farming lands, which can be obtained on very easy terms. They would find an excellent market for their produce here in St. John's, and in the other towns throughout the island; and the surplus might be used in fattening cattle for the English market, for our proximity to that market would give us a decided advantage over Canada and the United States, for we are one thousand miles nearer England than New York. The time may be distant, but it will come; when a successful business will be done here in this direction.

But Newfoundland possesses another considerable source of attraction to a certain class of immigrants, and especially to capitalists, in the shape of its vast mineral deposits. Beyond all question, portions of the island are rich in valuable minerals. The first mine was opened in 1864; but for some years after this, very little attention was bestowed upon this branch of industry. At the end of 1879, the customs returns showed that copper and nickel, to the value of a million pounds sterling, had been exported. These mines are principally situated in Notre Dame Bay, and the ore is shipped directly to Swansea. Six or seven mines have been in operation. According to the testimony of geologists, our mineral lands exceed five thousand square miles. Up to 1879, the Tilt Cove Mine yielded 50,000 tons of copper ore, valued at \$1,572,154; and nickel worth \$52,740. A few miles from Tilt Cove, another mine was opened in 1875 at Betts' Cove. By 1879, this latter mine exported 125,556 tons of ore, valued at \$2,982,836. Our cut on page 404 shows the busy scene at the harbour.

The latest historians of the island, Messrs. Hatton and Harvey, tell us that "copper is by no means the only ore found in the country. Magnetic iron ore has been found, though not as yet in large masses; while lead ore has been found in workable quantities. Coal has also been found in pretty extensive beds. Gypsum is found in immense developments. Marbles too, of almost every shade of colour, occur in various parts of the island; while granite, of the finest quality, building stone, whetstones, limestones, and roofing-slate are in ample profusion.

The town of Placentia, shown in the cut on page 407, is situated at the head of a magnificent harbour. The fisheries of cod, herring, and salmon are unsurpassed, and the scenery is grandly

picturesque. The town possesses considerable historic interest, having been founded by the French in 1660. Notre Dame, Bonavista, Trinity, Conception, Fortune, and many another ample bay indents the hospitable coast of Newfoundland.

The terms upon which land can be obtained for agricultural purposes are very liberal. "A license of not less than two hundred and fifty acres, or more than one thousand acres, subject to the condition that the licensee shall, within five years, settle upon the land at least one family for every two hundred and fifty acres; and within that period cause to be cleared and cultivated at least five acres for every hundred acres so granted; and so continue the same under cultivation for a period of ten years, from the expiration of the said five years. Upon the performance of which the licensee shall be entitled to a grant in fee of the said land."

The present population of the island is composed mainly of two elements—the Celtic or Irish, and the Saxon or English. The Roman Catholic portion of the population are the descendants of Irish immigrants; the Protestant portion are the descendants of English settlers, chiefly from the south-western counties of England. There are, besides these, a small number of Scotch.

Roman Catholicism in Newfoundland, as everywhere else, manifests its unchanging peculiarities! Wherever it possesses influence, it is the same grasping, avaricious, political power. At the last census there was a Protestant majority of over 30,000 in the island. It is even greater now; yet Romanism, because of its united character—presenting always an unbroken front—wields a more powerful influence in political affairs than the large Protestant majority. So long as the Protestantism of the island remains as it is, split up into denominational factions—often in bitter antagonism to each other—the same result must follow.

The revenues of Newfoundland are chiefly derived from duties levied on imports. There are no *direct taxes of any kind*, and no city or town corporation. Even the capital is not incorporated. All expenses for making and repairing roads, streets, lighting streets, bridges, breakwaters, and public wharves are defrayed out of the general revenue; the Board of Works having charge of this department. Yet the tax *per capita* in 1882 was only \$1 94 per head. When the absence of municipal taxation is

taken into account, it will be seen that the people of Newfoundland are the most lightly taxed of all the inhabitants of the British colonies.

The educational condition of the colony, while much better than it was in former years, is still in many respects very defective. We are afflicted here with the denominational school system, which necessitates a waste of power and money as



PLACENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND.

well as engenders a spirit of denominational hostility. Each religious denomination receives a grant for school purposes in proportion to its numbers. Separate school boards in the different districts have charge of the schools. Three inspectors are appointed by the Government—one for the Roman Catholic, one for the Church of England, and one for the Methodist schools. The

Rev. G. S. Milligan, LL.D., who has held this position in relation to our Methodist schools for the past nine or ten years, is a gentleman pre-eminently qualified to discharge its duties. He has worked well in this department in the midst of much that is calculated to both discourage and annoy, and the advancement of the *status* of our schools throughout the island is to be attributed largely to his zeal and energy.

Any communication from this ancient colony would, at the present time, be incomplete if we omitted all mention of "Our Railway." In 1881, the Government entered into a contract with a company of American capitalists (minus capital) to construct a line of railroad from St. John's to Hall's Bay, with branches to Brigus and Harbour Grace, the distance estimated to be about three hundred and forty miles. The first sod was turned on the 9th of August, 1881; and the work of construction was pushed on with considerable rapidity (if not in the most workmanlike manner), so that by September, 1882, thirty-five miles of the road was completed.

Just at the present time our Government has another big job on its hands—the construction of a dry or graving-dock in St. John's Harbour. The dock is to be of such dimensions that it can accommodate the largest ocean steamers, being six hundred feet in length, one hundred feet in breadth, and twenty-six feet in depth. It is expected that the dock will be of considerable advantage to the city, as many disabled steamers and sailing vessels will come to the port in order to avail themselves of its advantages.

The history of Methodism in Newfoundland is of more than ordinary interest. It was introduced into this colony even before it found its way to New York. The date of its introduction to New York was 1766; but a year before this date, Lawrence Caughlan landed on the shores of this island, and immediately opened up his mission. Like Philip Embury, Mr. Caughlan was the fruit of Irish Methodism. After his conversion he was called to the work of the ministry, and laboured for ten years as a travelling preacher in connection with Mr. Wesley. Through Wesley's intercession, the Bishop of London ordained Mr. Caughlan, and the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," sent him out to Newfoundland as a missionary.

Yet he was still a Methodist preacher, both in doctrine and discipline, and to his evangelical labour Methodism owes its origin in this island. To Newfoundland, therefore, belongs the honour of being the oldest mission-ground—the first soil broken by the Methodist husbandman this side the turbulent Atlantic. The condition in which Mr. Caughlan found the colony was deplorable in the extreme. Profanity, debauchery, in fact every crime that degraded humanity, was rampant. In the midst of this evil, he lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and showed the people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins. Soon “persecution arose because of the Word.” He was opposed and openly insulted by some of his parishioners; he was prosecuted in the chief court of the island, but his enemies were not successful. He was next summoned to appear before the Governor, but His Excellency declared in his favour, and made him a justice of the peace. Mr. Caughlan remained in the island for about eight years, when he returned again to England. Little did he imagine that the seed he had sown was soon to spring up into a luxuriant and fruitful tree.

The next Methodist standard-bearer in Newfoundland is John Hoskins. He proceeded to Old Perlican, where many of the people had never seen a church or minister. They wished Mr. Hoskins to read prayers to them. He says: “I accepted the invitation as a call from God, knowing it was my duty to do all the good I could to the souls as well as to the bodies of my fellow-creatures.”

As the result of Mr. Hoskins' faithful labours, a great revival commenced, and very many were brought to the favour of God. Our Christian hero was daubed with tar and he was beaten. He was arrested and brought before a magistrate, who demanded, “By what authority do you go about preaching?” He took out his Bible and said, “That is my authority!” and he was henceforth protected from lawless mobs.

The next missionary who came to Newfoundland was John McGeary, in October, 1785. Up to 1791 he had the whole island to himself. During the summer of this year, the lonely missionary was cheered by a visit from the Rev. Wm. Black, the apostle of Methodism in Nova Scotia. Mr. McGeary hailed him with the liveliest emotions of joy and gratitude. “I have been weeping

before the Lord," said he, "over my lonely situation and the darkness of the people, and your coming is like life from the dead." Mr. Black's visit to the island was productive of a vast amount of good. No less than two hundred souls were converted to God during his brief sojourn in Conception Bay.

In 1808, the names of three missionaries appear in the Minutes—John Rennington, Wm. Ellis, and Samuel McDowell—all Irishmen—but, some of us think, none the worse on that account! In 1810, William Ward was appointed to assist Ellis and McDowell. He was stationed at Bonavista. Two years after, he and the whole of the boat's crew were drowned on the passage to St. John's.

In 1815, the missions in Newfoundland were formed into a district, with eleven missionaries. Between this date and 1840 the cause seems to have made but little progress in the island, for at the district meeting held that year but twelve missionaries were present, being only an increase of one during the twenty-four years.

We have now a Conference composed of three districts and fifty ministers. We have a membership of 7,688, with 925 on trial for membership. We have an attendance upon our ministry of 32,580. We have eighty-six churches and twenty-nine parsonages, worth \$285,830. Last year we contributed to the Missionary Society \$5,392 61, which, when our numbers and circumstances are considered, will compare favourably with any other Conference in the Church. Just here it is worthy of remark, that as Newfoundland was the first soil cultivated by Methodist missionary enterprise, so it was the very first place outside of England and Scotland that contributed to Methodist missions! Even Ireland, with all her magnanimity, has no mention in the Report of 1817, as a contributor to this fund; but the name of Newfoundland stands out boldly, as the first contributor, in the sum of £30 18s. 6d. sterling.

One more remark ere we close this article. Newfoundland has been highly favoured in her ministry; it has been the scene of the labours of a succession of heroic men—men of capacious minds, loving hearts, and holy lives. Many of them have entered into the rest and the reward of heaven; some few of them still linger in Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia,

as well as in this colony. May they find that at "evening time" it is "light."

These worthy sires have been followed by a succession of no less worthy sons, who, in the midst of many deprivations and hardships peculiarly their own, are still toiling on in obedience to the Master's command, and who mean to toil until a cold and lifeless formalism, and the traditional errors of Romanism, are alike supplanted by "Scriptural holiness."

THE BETTER LAND.

I KNOW not where those temples lift
Their burnished spires in air,
I know not where the glory beams
So marvellously fair.

I cannot see the waving hands
Upon that farther shore,
I cannot hear the rapturous songs
Of dear ones gone before.

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,
Washed clear by contrite tears,
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light
From the eternal years.

When morn has flushed the eastern sky
And crowned the joyous day,
The splendour of ten thousand suns
Fades into space away.

When God's light shines into the soul—
A glory wondrous bright—
All earthly objects fade away
Like stars in morning light.

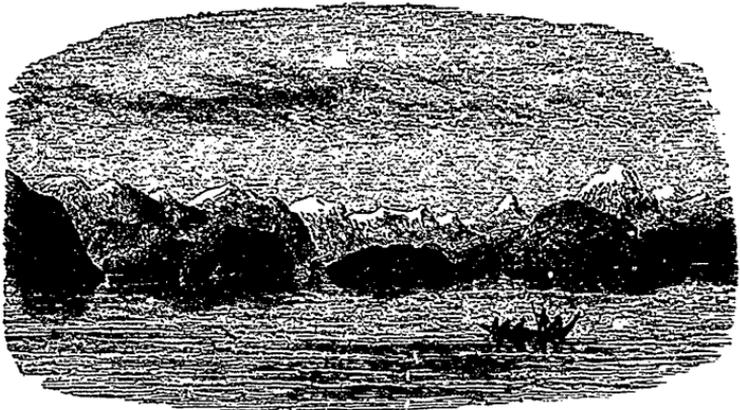
All worldliness will flee apace,
All earthly idols fall,
Till all the dross is burned away
And God is all in all.

There is a rapture of the soul,
The joy of sins forgiven,
For Christ the blessed reigns within,
And where He is 'tis heaven.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

V.



INDIAN REACH, MAGELLAN STRAITS.

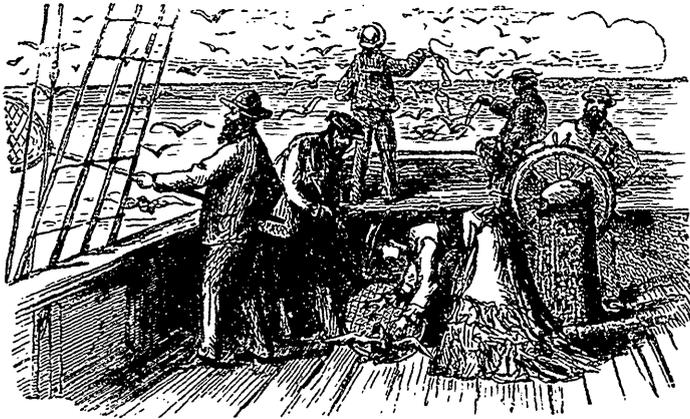
Friday, October 13th.—Sorry as we are to lose the scenery of the Straits of Magellan, it is pleasant to find the weather getting gradually warmer day by day, and to be able to regard the morning bath once more as a luxury instead of a terror. In the Straits, though the sun was hot, there was always an icy feeling in the wind, owing to the presence of enormous masses of snow and ice on every side.

Saturday, October 14th.—In the afternoon a large shoal of whales came round the yacht. We were lying so still that they did not seem to be the least afraid of us, and came quite close, swimming alongside, round us, across our bows, and even diving down under our keel. There was a shoal of small fish about, and the whales, most of which were about fifty or sixty feet in length, constantly opened their huge, pink, whalebone-fringed mouths so wide that we could see right down their capacious throats. The children were especially delighted with this performance.

Sunday, October 15th.—Still calm. We had the Litany and hymns at 11 a.m.; prayers and hymns and a sermon at 5 p.m.

Tuesday, October, 17th.—The cape-pigeons were so tame that they came almost on board, and numbers of them were caught in butterfly-nets. Their plumage is not unlike grebe, and I mean to have some muffs and trimmings for the children made out of it. Allen, the coxswain of the gig, skins them very well, having had some lessons from Ward before we left England.

Wednesday, October 18th.—At 3.30 a.m. we were close to the land lying south of the Bay of Lota. The passage into the bay, between the island of Santa Maria and Lavapié Point, is narrow and difficult, and abounds with sunken rocks and other hidden dangers, not yet fully surveyed. Tom said it was the most



CATCHING CAPE-PIGEONS IN THE GULF OF PENAS.

arduous piece of navigation he ever undertook on a misty morning; but happily he accomplished it successfully. The general aspect of the coast, which is a combination of rich red earth, granite cliffs, and trees to the water's edge, is very like that of Cornwall and Devonshire.

After luncheon we went to see the copper-smelting works, which were very interesting. The manager walked through with us, and explained the processes very clearly. The furnaces are kept burning night and day, and are worked by three gangs of men; and the quantity of copper produced annually is enormous. In fact, three-fourths of the copper used in Europe comes from here. Having seen the works, and received a curious and interesting collection of copper ore, as a remembrance of our visit,

we started in a little car, lined with crimson cloth, and drawn by a locomotive, to visit the various coal-mines. We went to the mouths of three coal-pits, and looked down into their grimy depths, but did not descend, as it would have occupied too much time. They are mostly about 1,000 yards in depth, and extend for some distance under the sea.

Thursday, October 19th.—We have been persuaded by our friends here to try and see a little more of the interior of Chili than we should do if we were to carry out our original intention of going on to Valparaiso in the yacht, and then merely making an excursion to Santiago from that place. We have therefore arranged to proceed at once overland to Santiago, by a route which will enable us to see something of the Cordillera of the Andes, to have a peep at the Araucanian Indians on the frontier, and to visit the baths of Cauquenes. Tom, however, does not like to leave the yacht, and has decided to take her up to Valparaiso, and then come on to Santiago to meet us, in about five or six days' time.

A coach runs daily from Lota to Concepcion, the first stage of our journey, but a special vehicle was engaged for our accommodation, and a curious affair it was to look at. It seemed to be simply a huge wooden box, suspended by means of thick leather straps, from C springs, without windows or doors, but provided with two long, narrow openings, through which you squeezed yourself in or out, and which could be closed at pleasure by roll-up leather blinds. Inside, it was roomy, well-padded, and comfortable.

Half-way between Coronel and Concepcion, we meet the return stage-coach, crowded with passengers, and looking as if it had just come out of the South Kensington Museum, or Madame Tussaud's, or like the pictures of a coach of Queen Elizabeth's time. It was a long low vehicle, with unglazed windows all round it, painted bright scarlet, decorated with brilliant devices on every panel, and suspended, like our own, by means of innumerable leather straps, from huge C springs. The seats on either side held three passengers, and there was a stool in the middle, like the one in the Lord Mayor's coach, on which four people sat, back to back.

Friday, October 20th.—Concepcion has suffered, and still suffers, much from earthquakes. The existing town is only thirty-five

years' old. The houses are all one storey high only, and the streets, or rather roads, between them are wide, in order to afford the inhabitants a chance of escape, should their dwellings be thrown down by a sudden shock. In summer everybody rushes out into the street, no matter what hour of the day or night it may be, as soon as the first symptoms of an earthquake are felt; but during the winter, when the shocks are never so severe, the alarm caused is not so great.

After dinner, there was nothing to do except to stroll about the town and buy photographs. They are extremely good in Chili—both views and portraits—but proportionately dear.

Saturday, October 21st.—Having taken our seats in the train for Linaers, we were now fully launched on our own resources in a



WAITING FOR THE TRAIN, CHILI.

strange country, I being the only one of the party who could speak even a little Spanish. At San Romde we stopped half an hour to allow the train from Chillan to pass. Most of the passengers took the opportunity of breakfasting, but as we were not hungry we oc-

cupied the time in having a chat with the engine-driver, a very intelligent Canadian.

Like Concepcion, the existing town has been recently built at a distance of about a mile from the remains of the old place of the same name, which was overthrown by an earthquake about thirty years ago. The destruction was, however, not so complete as in the case of Concepcion, and some few of the better-conditioned houses, are still inhabited by very poor people, though the walls have great cracks in them from top to bottom, and they are otherwise in a deplorable state.

While the gentlemen were smoking, I went to see a poor engine-driver, who had met with a bad accident, and was lying at this hotel. He is a fine healthy-looking Englishman, and he

told me that, until this misfortune, he had never known a day's illness in his life. It seems that, at four o'clock in the afternoon of this day week, he was sent off with a special engine to convey an important message. Something going wrong during the journey, he slackened speed, and, in stepping off the engine to see what was the matter, his foot slipped, and the wheel of the tender went over it. He had no one with him who could manage the engine alone, so he was obliged to get up again, and endeavour to struggle on to Talca; but after going a few miles further, the engine suddenly ran off the track, at a part of the unfinished line that had not yet been sufficiently ballasted. They could not get it on again unaided, and one of them had to start off and walk many miles before he could procure assistance. Altogether, poor Clarke underwent forty-two hours of intense agony from the time of the accident until he received any medical attention. It was a treat to him to see some one fresh from the Old Country, and to hear all the news, and our voyage appeared to interest him greatly.

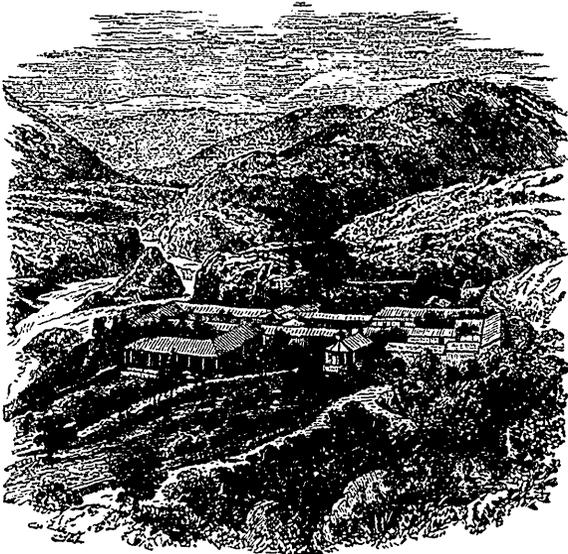
Our road lay through a rich country, intersected by small rivers, with the distant snowy chain of the Andes as a background. The women, when young, are singularly good-looking, with dark complexions, bright eyes, and luxuriant tresses, which they wear in two plaits, hanging down their backs far below the waist. The men are also, as a rule, fine-looking. In fact, the land is good, and everybody and everything looks prosperous. It is, therefore, a cheery country to travel through, and at this spring-time of the year one sees it at its highest perfection.

Monday, October 23rd.—We left Talca by the 7.30 train. All the engines and rolling stock this side of Santiago are of American make and pattern. Mr. Budge had secured one of the long cars, with a passage down the centre, and a saloon at each end for us, so we were very comfortable, and he told us a great deal about the country as we went along. Like all Chilenos, he is very patriotic, and is especially proud of the financial stability of his country. He often said, "If English people would only invest their money here, instead of in Peru or the Argentine Republic, they would get eight per cent. on good security."



A FELLOW-PASSENGER.

Mr. Budge left us at Pelequen, the next station to San Fernando, having put us in charge of the conductor, who promised to see after us at Cauquenes, but who woefully betrayed his trust. There was no regular station at the latter place, but as the train stopped, and we saw "Bains de Chauques" on an hotel close by, we jumped out just in time to see it go on again. In a wonderfully short space of time, four good horses were harnessed to a queer sort of vehicle, which held four inside and one out, besides the driver, and which had to be entered by means of a ladder. Having all packed in, and paid our fare beforehand,



BATHS OF CAUQUENES.

we rattled off at a merry pace towards the Andes. The road went up and down and round about, and crossed many rivers, but was fairly good throughout. We changed once at a large hacienda, where a man went into a large yard, containing about sixty horses, and dexterously lassoed the particular four required for our use. Several horsemen were waiting about, and I looked at their saddles, which were made of a dozen or more sheepskins, laid one on the top of the other, forming a soft seat to ride in by day and a comfortable bed to sleep on at night.

Early in the afternoon we saw some buildings in the distance,

which we rightly guessed to be the baths, and soon afterwards we passed in at the entrance gate of the establishment, by the side of which was a rock with the word "Welcome" painted upon its face.

Tuesday, October 24th.—This is a wonderful place, built entirely of wood. The centre part is a square, seventy yards in extent, surrounded by a single row of one-storied rooms, with



UP THE VALLEY TOWARDS THE ANDES.

doors opening into the courtyard, and windows looking over the rivers or up into the mountains. From the centre square, marble steps lead to a large hall, with marble baths on either side, for ladies and gentlemen respectively. A few steps further bring one to a delightful swimming-bath, about forty feet square, filled with tepid water. The water as it springs from the rock, is boiling hot, and contains, I believe, a good deal of magnesia and other salts, beneficial in cases of rheumatism and gout.

In the afternoon we went for a ride, to see a celebrated view of the Andes. Unfortunately it was rather mist, but we could

see enough to enable us to imagine the rest. Some condors were soaring round the rocky peaks, and the landscape, though well clothed with vegetation, had a weird, dreary character of its own, partly due to the quantity of large cacti that grew in every nook and corner, singly, or in groups of ten or twelve, to the height of twenty or thirty feet. Though they say it hardly ever rains in Chili, a heavy shower fell this afternoon, and our landlord thoughtfully sent a boy on horseback after us with umbrellas.

Wednesday, October 25th.—At half-past ten, we set out on our return journey to the railway, and finally reached Santiago at about 4.50 p.m. No sooner had we got fairly into the station



CACTI OF THE CORDILLERA.

than the car was invaded by a crowd of porters touting for employment. They are all dressed in white, and wear red caps, on which is a brass number, by means of which they are easily recognized. The landlord from the Hotel Ingles met us, and we at once drove off, leaving our luggage to follow, in charge of one of the red-capped gentlemen.

Thursday, October 26th.—We went first to the Compañia, a large open square, planted with flowers, the site of the old Jesuit Church, which was burnt down on De-

ember 8th, 1863. Well known as the story is, I may here recall the tragic details, standing on the very spot where they took place. It was the Feast of the Virgin, and the church was densely crowded with a congregation composed almost entirely of women, principally young, many of whom were servant-girls. Some of the draperies used in the decoration of the building caught fire, the flames spread rapidly, destroying in their course the cords by which the numerous paraffin and oil lamps were suspended across the nave and aisles, and precipitating their burning contents upon the people beneath. The great doors opened inwards; the crowd, trying to press out, closed them, and kept them hermetically sealed. The priests, anxious to save the

church properties and sacred relics, shut the large iron gates across the chancel and kept them fastened, notwithstanding the agonizing shrieks of the unhappy victims, many of whom might otherwise have escaped. Their conduct on this terrible occasion created at the time a feeling of bitter and universal indignation, and caused a shock to the popularity and authority of the priesthood in this country, from which it will take them a long time to recover.

Mr. Long told us that, on the evening of the catastrophe, he was walking with some friends when he saw smoke rising in dense volumes from the quarter of the city where the house in which he resided was situated. He and his friends ran quickly in the direction of the fire, giving the alarm as they went, and on reaching the church they found the doors closely shut, while fearful screams were issuing from the interior, and smoke and flames pouring from the windows. They got a party of men together accustomed to the use of the lasso—no difficult task here—and with them climbed from the neighbouring houses to the top of the church. Making a hole in the top of the roof, they then dropped their lassoes over some of the women beneath, and so dragged them out of the building; but the number

thus saved was necessarily very small, and it happened too often that many of the poor creatures below, in their eagerness to escape, hung on to the legs or body of the one they saw lassoed, and by their weight literally dragged her to pieces. Sometimes even a lasso broke, and those clinging to it, when almost within reach of safety, were again precipitated into the burning mass below. The next morning, at daybreak, the interior of the church presented a terrible spectacle. Mr. Long described it as being full of women, standing up, tightly wedged together, their hands stretched out as if in an attitude of supplication, their faces and the upper part of their bodies charred beyond recognition, the lower part, from the waist downwards, completely untouched.



MORNING MASS AT SANTIAGO.

The remains were buried in one large grave, in the cemetery of the Recoleta, and the spot is now marked by a square piece of ground, full of bright flowers, enclosed by iron railings, almost hidden by the creepers that entwine them, and shaded by willows, orange-trees, cypresses, and pomegranates. In the centre is a large cross, and on either side of the iron railings there is a marble tablet with the simple but touching inscription, in Spanish:—

“Incendio de la Iglesia
de la Compania,
8 de Diciembre, 1863.
Restos de las victimas;
2000, mas o ménos.”

(Burning of the Church of the Compania, December 8th, 1863.
Remains of the victims, 2,000 more or less.)

Almost every household in Santiago had lost one of its members. One lovely girl of seventeen was pulled out through the roof and taken to Madame Cousiño's residence, where she lay for nearly a fortnight. She suffered the greatest agonies, but was sensible to the last, and gave a graphic account of the whole harrowing scene. The site of the church, hallowed by such sad memories, has never been built upon, but is preserved as an open space, surrounded by a strip of garden, and having in its centre a finely carved monument.



HUASSO OF CHILI.

The Houses of Congress were the next thing we went to see, after which we drove through a great part of the city and over a handsome bridge. Beneath it, however, there is little more than a dry torrent bed; and it is said that an American, when visiting this spot with a Santiago friend, who was showing him round, remarked, “I guess you ought either to buy a river or sell this here bridge.”

Friday, October 27th.—Still no news from Tom. Mr. Long called at half-past eight, to take me to the market, and my first step was to send another telegram, this time taking care to see that it really was despatched.

We then walked through the streets to the market-hall, a handsome iron building, commodiously arranged, which was sent out from England, in pieces, and put together here. We bought some of the carved wooden stirrups, made in the country, and used by all the natives. They are rather like a small coal-scuttle in shape, and must be heavy and cumbersome.

After a stroll round the park, Mr. Long took us to an emporium for Panama hats, which are made from a special kind of grass, split very fine, and worn by almost everybody on this coast. The best made cost 340 dollars, or about sixty guineas, and fifty pounds is not at all an uncommon price to pay, though the inferior kind may be had for two pounds. Those ordinarily worn by the gentlemen here cost from twenty to thirty pounds each, but they are so light, pliable, and elastic that they will wear for ever, wash like a pocket-handkerchief, do not get burnt by the sun, and can be rolled up and sat upon—in fact, ill-treated in any way you like—without fear of their breaking, tearing, or getting out of shape.

Saturday, October 28th.—At 5 a.m. we were called, and soon afterwards parting gifts of flowers began to arrive, and even I was obliged to confess that four large clothes-baskets, full of rosebuds, were more than I quite knew what to do with. The station was crowded with vendors of pottery, curious things in buffalo horn, sweetmeats, etc. The rolling stock on this line is of English manufacture, and we were therefore put into the too familiar, close, stuffy, first-class carriage, and duly locked up for the journey down to Valparaiso. The line, running as it does through mountain gorges for a great portion of the way, must have been a difficult one to make.

At Llaillai we stopped for breakfast, procured at a small restaurant at the station. While waiting for the train for Santiago to come in, we had plenty of time to observe the half-Indian girls selling fruit, flowers, cakes, etc., and jabbering away in a sort of *patois* Spanish, in recommendation of their wares. Some of them were really pretty, and all were picturesquely dressed in bright-coloured stuffs, their hair neatly done up and decorated with flowers, their faces clean and smiling.

The celebrated "Bell of Quillota," a mountain which derives

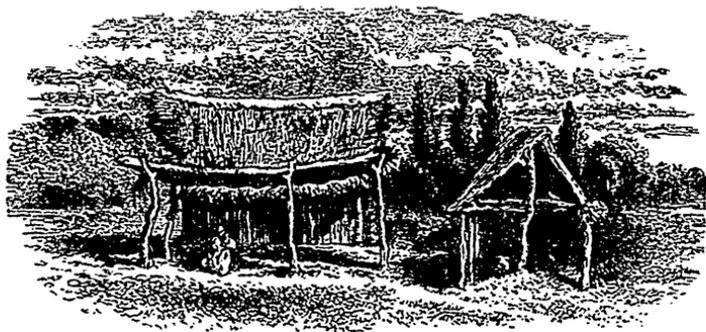


WHAT MAKES HORSES
GO IN CHILI.

its name from its peculiar shape, and which serves as a good landmark in entering the harbour of Valparaiso, is well seen from the railway, a little below Quillota Station.

From this spot the line runs close along the edge of the sea, and we strained our eyes in vain, trying to discover the yacht. Tom, Mabelle, and Muriel soon arrived, and we were very glad to meet again after our short absence.

A long, dusty drive brought us to the mole, and while the luggage was being packed into the boat, Tom and I went to call on the British Consul, where we found some letters. We were on board in time for two o'clock luncheon, after which, amid many interruptions from visitors, we devoured our news from home and



HUASSO HUTS.

other parts—for amongst our letters were some from Natal, India, Japan, Canada, Teneriffe, South American ports, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and several other places, besides those from dear old England.

Valparaiso consists mainly of two interminable streets, running along the edge of the sea, at the foot of the hills, which rise immediately behind them, and on which are built all the residences and villas of the gentlemen of the place. Very few live in the town itself, which is composed almost entirely of large warehouses and fine shops, where you can get almost anything you want by paying between three and four times as much for it as you would do in England. For instance, the charge for hair-cutting is a dollar and a half, you must pay threepence apiece for quill pens, four shillings for a quire of common notepaper, and so on in proportion.

We had, as I have said, seen the yacht leave Lota Bay, with a strong head-wind blowing, on Thursday, the 19th instant. In a few hours the wind fell to a calm, which then changed to a light favourable breeze, and the *Sunbeam* reached Valparaiso on the following Saturday afternoon. Tom and Mabelle started for Santiago on Monday, but unfortunately left their letters of introduction behind; and as they did not like the hotel, they found it rather dull.

Sunday, October 29th.—We all went ashore to church, having been told it was only five minutes' walk from the landing-place, instead of which it took us at least a quarter of an hour, in an intensely hot sun, to climb up a steep hill. The building itself was large, airy, and cool, and there is a good organ and choir, but most of the choristers had gone away to-day to a picnic in the country. During the Litany our attention was suddenly drawn to the fact that earthquakes are matters of frequent occurrence in this country, by a special prayer being offered up from preservation from them and their destructive effects.

Monday, October 30th.—We were to be off directly the sea-breeze sprang up, at about eleven o'clock, and as I had many letters to write, I was called at 4 a.m., and finished them all before breakfast at eight. But first one visitor and then another arrived, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when we landed to make the final preparations for starting on our long voyage of eleven thousand miles across the Pacific.

Our route, as at present arranged, will be viâ the Society, Friendly, and Sandwich Islands. Juan Fernandez (Robinson Crusoe's Island), which we at first thought of visiting, we have been obliged, I am sorry to say, to give up, not on account of its distance from Valparaiso, as it is only 270 miles off, but because it lay too far to the southward, and is consequently quite out of the track of the trade wind, which we ought to pick up, according to the charts and sailing directions, about 500 miles to the northward and westward of this place. I have been trying to persuade Tom to steam out five or six hundred miles, so that we may make a quick passage and economise our time as much as possible, but he is anxious to do *the whole* voyage under sail, and we are therefore taking very little coal on board, in order to be in the best trim.

Our first step on landing this morning was to go to the Consul's

to post our letters. By the bye, I hope people in England will appreciate them, for they cost between nine and ten pounds to send home. For our outward letters, although prepaid in England, we had to pay over eight pounds before we were allowed to have them from the office. Twenty-nine cases of stores, provisions, wine, etc., which had also been sent out, all arrived safely, and cost comparatively little.

It was half-past three when the harbour-tug arrived to tow us out of the harbour and so save our getting up steam. There was not a breath of air stirring, but Tom hoped we should find more outside when the tug cast us off. As we dropped slowly out, we had a good view of the harbour and town; and we soon found ourselves once more fairly embarked on the bosom of the wide ocean.

IMMORTALITY.

A SOLEMN murmur of the soul
Tells of a world to be;
As travellers hear the billows roll
Before they reach the sea.

Tells that this anxious, yearning soul,
Heir of that world to be,
Beyond the grave's dark, silent goal
Shall live eternally.

Tells that as after winter's storms,
Come life and joy and bloom,
So life anew shall clothe the forms
That slumber in the tomb.

Tells of a dread, impending hour,
Of solemn, final doom,
When at the call of sovereign power
All shall to judgment comè.

Tells of a purer, better sphere,
A vernal, tranquil shore,
Where those who love and worship here
Shall worship evermore.

O solemn murmur of the soul !
O solemn world to be !
To live while endless ages roll,
'Tis immortality !

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS OF CANADA.

BY WILLIAM KIRBY, F.R.S.C.

II.

THE majority of the people of the Province of New York refused to become rebels, and would undoubtedly, if left to themselves, have preserved New York from revolution. The temporizing and conciliation policy of Lord Howe and General Clinton enabled the Whigs to terrorize the people of the interior until the whole civil administration of the Colony was overthrown and the seizure of the persons and property of leading loyalists led speedily to the fierce civil war that followed.

It is undeniable that the loyalist party in the Colonies was composed chiefly of native Americans and of the better and more wealthy classes of society, while the bulk of the Whigs outside of New England composed the foreign element, poor and needy emigrants of late arrival, which formed the main strength of the continental army as distinct from the militia of the several States. It was the consciousness of this fact that caused the loyal and venerable Seabury, afterwards consecrated first Bishop of the Anglican Church in the United States, to exclaim in retort to some Whig persecutors: "No! If I must be enslaved, let it be to a King, and not to a parcel of upstart, lawless committee-men! If I must be devoured, let it be by the jaws of a lion, and not gnawed to death by rats and vermin!"

At this time which, it was said, "tried men's souls," the descendants of Christopher Servos were one and all loyal to the King and to British connection. They were neither to be frightened nor cajoled out of their principles. Thomas Servos, the head of the family, was a man of clear mind and independent character. He had served in the French war with honour—had taken oath of allegiance as a magistrate and a military officer to the King, and was not one to ever think of breaking it.

The Servos family were all men of determined character. They were obnoxious in a high degree to the Whig committees of the Schoharie Country, whom they opposed and kept down with a prompt and heavy hand, and prevented the carrying out

of the Whig programme in all their section of the Charlotte. The Committee reported to Washington their inability to establish the Revolution in that part of the Province, and called upon him to furnish a military force to aid them in subduing the loyalist population of the Charlotte. Their request for troops was complied with, and a body of cavalry were despatched to overawe the people and arrest the principal loyalist inhabitants of Schoharie and the valley of the Charlotte. Thomas Servos was at the time living quietly at home, attending to his farms and mills, when the expedition sent to arrest him entered the valley and suddenly surrounded his house; it was in the night but the family were still up. The four sons of Thomas Servos were all away at the time. His wife, a worthy lady of Dutch family, with his son Daniel's wife and his granddaughter Magdalene, three years old, with the servants, white and black, were all that were in the house.

The cavalry rode up suddenly to the door, and the house was surrounded before any alarm was given. Their leader called on Thomas Servos, who went out to speak to him. Seeing the state of affairs and guessing at once their business, he went back into the house to pacify his family and bade them be prepared to face quietly with courage whatever fate was before them. The officers, Long, Murphy, and Ellerson, with several of their men, dismounted and went into the house, and with much irritating language proceeded rudely to arrest Servos, and ordered him to accompany them a prisoner to Albany. He declined warmly; when Murphy laid hands on him, he broke away and took up an axe that lay near and lifted it to defend himself, when he was instantly shot by the rifle of Ellerson and fell dead upon his hearthstone.

The women of the household were not injured, but the house was ransacked and plundered of its money and valuables of every kind. The troops then rode off rapidly, fearing an attack from the loyalists of the valley as soon as the news of the murder of Servos should be known. The dead body of the father of the family they left on the hearth, lamented over by the women and servants, while the troopers returned in great triumph to their camp with the plunder they had carried off, and boasting of the murder they had perpetrated.

The two young sons of Thomas Servos returned home from

the woods. Seeing the house surrounded by rebel troops and not knowing what had happened, they watched on the edge of the forest until the troops left, and then ran in and found their father killed and their mother and the rest of the family in terrible distress. The boys aroused the neighbours, who promptly armed themselves and came to the house, too late to do any good.

Thomas Servos was buried in the family ground. The boys placed their mother and the wife and child of Daniel with relations, who gladly received them, and then took to the woods and made their way towards Niagara in order to join the Regiment of Butler's Rangers in which their brother Daniel served. As a matter of course, the whole of the large estates of the Servos family were confiscated, and the owners of them proscribed by the revolutionary Convention.

The murder of Thomas Servos was not unavenged by his sons, for very shortly after his death, Jacob Servos was despatched, with the Indian chief Brant and a force of loyalists and Indians, down the Schoharie to destroy the forts that had been erected there—three in number—and to clear the country of the enemy and bring in such of the loyalist families as desired to escape to Canada. The four sons of Thomas Servos were conspicuous for their military services throughout the revolutionary war. Daniel was a captain, and two of his brothers privates, in Butler's Rangers. Jacob was an officer in the Northern Confederate Indians. They were at Oriskany, Wyoming, and other engagements on the frontiers of New York and Pennsylvania.

The war, dragging through a period of eight years, seemed at times as if the rebellion had collapsed, and would end in the restoration of the Empire. It is not too much to say that one-half of the people of the Colonies outside of New England, if they had been left to themselves, were against the Revolution. In 1781, Washington's army was reduced to 7,000 men, unpaid, starved, and mutinous to the last degree, and less in number than that of the loyalist Americans serving in the British army. In the winter of 1781-82, it really seemed as if the time had come that Washington would have to surrender. His whole Pennsylvania line had mutinied and left him, and it only needed a vigorous attack from Clinton to put an end to the war altogether. But vigour was no attribute of that general. He temporized and de-

layed until even the gentle poet Cowper, in his *Task*, could not but express his indignation :—

“Have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the music of the Atlantic wave?”

At that critical moment the Government of France, which had narrowly watched the progress of affairs, saw that it was at last necessary to strike in all their force in order to save the Revolution. They did so. A large French army and a powerful fleet were sent to the rescue. That combined movement of the French fleet with Washington's forces was suddenly made on Yorktown, where Cornwallis had gone to meet the reinforcements of Clinton from New York. As is known, the French and Americans arrived at Yorktown first. They attacked Cornwallis with an overpowering strength, and compelled him to surrender only a week before the tardy reinforcement of Clinton appeared off Yorktown, which would have turned the scale the other way.

Party spirit in England completed the victory over Cornwallis. The Government was compelled, by a vote of the House, to accept overtures of peace on the basis of recognition of the independence of the Colonies. The cause of the Empire was even then far from lost, and, as is known, no one in America were more surprised than Washington and Adams, in 1783, at the sudden and unexpected offer of peace from England.

The recognition of the independence of the Colonies completed the ruin of the loyalists, for though the Treaty of peace contained stipulations for the security of their persons and property, and for the collection of their debts, those stipulations were everywhere shamefully evaded. Congress made the treaty, but these stipulations were left to the separate States for performance. The loyalists were everywhere persecuted. Their property that had been confiscated was in no instance restored, they were disqualified from civil rights and from voting at elections; and, in short, life in their native country was made intolerable to them. They left their country in tens of thousands, to seek a new home under the flag for which they had fought for so long and so bravely. It is estimated that up to November, 1784, a hundred thousand loyalists left the port of New York alone.

Charleston, Savannah, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and even Boston added thousands more to the number of refugees, while upwards of ten thousand loyalists from the interior of New York and Pennsylvania traversed the vast wilderness of forests and took up their future homes in Canada, forming settlements at various points from the Detroit River to the St. Lawrence.

Such a wholesale flight of the most respectable, intelligent, and industrious population of any country had not been seen since the exile of the French Protestants after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, 1687.

While the United States lost the very best and most moral of their people, Canada was the gainer by having its territory settled and the foundation of its greatness laid by the advent of these loyal, high-principled men, who preferred starting the world anew in the wilderness, rather than be untrue to their King and the British flag, which was their own native symbol.

The King, in order to relieve their sufferings and trials, granted them lands in Canada and the other Provinces—to every loyalist, man, woman, and child, and every child born of them, two hundred acres of land. These “U. E. Grants,” as they were called, formed the inheritance of the people of Canada, and are a perpetual reminder of the loyalty of the founders of our Province, who have impressed their character upon it to this day. Parliament voted fifteen million dollars by way of partial indemnity for the losses of the Loyalists. But as Daniel Servos said:—“It was impossible to pay for the loss of a continent, and the King was the greatest loser of all! None of the Servos family would apply for any share of that indemnity.” Three of the brothers settled in the Niagara District, and one at the Long Sault, near Cornwall.

Strangers ask, “Why are the British North Americans so loyal to Britain and to the Empire?” If they had read our true history, they would know and not wonder at it. A higher and more ennobling character is not to be found in any nation.

Fort Niagara was one of the posts retained by the British on account of the evasion by the Americans of the Articles of the Peace of 1783, relating to the property and debts of the loyalists. It was not given up to the Americans until 1796, when the American Government, by Jay’s treaty, engaged afresh to allow the loyalists to recover their lands and debts. The fort was then

ceded to them, but, as is known, neither the treaty of 1783 nor Jay's treaty of 1795, has, as to these stipulations, been carried out up to the present time, and, it is safe to say, never will be.

Upon the breaking out of the war of 1812, the three sons of Captain Daniel Servos, with the traditional spirit and loyalty of their race, took up arms in defence of their King and country. They all held commissions as officers in the First Lincoln Militia, under the command of Cols. Butler and Claus. They served in all the engagements on the Niagara frontier. Capt. John Servos superintended the transhipment of the boats across the land from the Four-mile Creek to the Niagara River, by night, 18th December, to convey the troops across for the assault on Fort Niagara, which took place before daybreak on the morning of the 19th December, 1813, six days after the burning and evacuation of the town of Niagara by the enemy. He and his brother Daniel were active in the storming and capture of that fort, as their father before them had been in its capture from the French in 1759.

The widow of Capt. Daniel Servos of the Revolution was a woman of great spirit and resolution. It is related of her that during the occupation of Niagara by the Americans, from May to December, 1813, marauding parties of the enemy plundered the houses in the country without mercy, there being generally only the women of the family at home, the men being away with the army. A party of eleven marauders rode out one day to the house of Capt. John Servos, where she lived, and began to search the house for valuables and money. Not much was found, as such articles were generally buried in the ground during the war. On turning up a bed, the party found a new regimental red-coat of her son, Capt. John, which they began to cut in pieces with their swords, with many derisive and offensive remarks, which fired the old lady with such anger (she was Welsh by the way) that she gave them a plain piece of her mind, calling them cowards, who would not have dared look at the coat if her son had it on! This enraged the officer in command of the party so much that he grew savage and dealt the old lady a violent blow on the breast with the hilt of his sword, wounding her severely, from the effects of which blow she never recovered, but suffered acutely from it until her death.

The short, futile rebellion of McKenzie, in 1837, found the old

hereditary spirit active as ever in the three brothers. On the news of the rising of McKenzie, near Toronto, Colonel Servos immediately ordered the First Lincoln out on the Queen's service, and although its limits extended nearly forty miles, the famous old regiment assembled next day on the common at Niagara, nineteen hundred strong. The rebellion was suppressed at Toronto as soon almost as started, but on the occupation of Navy Island by McKenzie, Colonel Servos did duty at Chippawa with his regiment until the evacuation of the island in January, 1838. His brother, Capt. D. K. Servos, of Barton, led his troop of cavalry, under the command of Colonel McNab, to the township of Scotland, and put out all sparks of rebellion in that quarter.

After the peace of 1783, Capt. Daniel Servos, formerly of Charlotte River, relying on the stipulations of that treaty for the recovery of the lands and debts of the loyalists, went from Niagara on horseback through the wilderness—well known to him, however—down to his former home, in order to bring back his little daughter, Magdalene, then nine years old, whom he had left with her mother's relations during the war, and also to recover, if possible, his estates and the debts owing to him. The lands he found irrecoverable, notwithstanding the treaty. The State of New York, in order to secure the Whig spoils, had immediately after the treaty legislated afresh on the subject, and effectually prevented the claims of any loyalist from being prosecuted in the State Courts. The debts were placed in the same condition. Nothing could be got back from the greedy hands which had seized them, and, except in the case of a few honourable men, former loyalists, who paid their debts, all the rest repudiated their liabilities and set him at defiance. And as no State Court would allow suit he gave up the attempt and returned to his new home at Niagara with his little daughter, thankful that by the liberality of the King and his own efforts he could live in Canada in plenty. He returned home by way of Oswego, coasting in an open boat along the south shore of Lake Ontario from Oswego to Niagara. That child, Magdalene, became in time the mother of the wife—still living—of the writer of this memoir.

The descendants of this loyal old family are numbered by hundreds in various parts of Upper Canada, being very numerous

with their collaterals, the Whitmores and others, in the County of Lincoln. It is safe to say that not a disloyal man has ever been found among them.

This narrative may be taken as fairly representative of that of thousands of American loyalists, who in the war of the Revolution "stood for the King," and whose brave and self-sacrificing exertions in defence of the unity of the Empire brought ruin upon themselves in their ancient homes, but was the making and glory of Canada by filling this Dominion with men of such chosen virtue. "If England," as a Puritan divine once boasted, "was winnowed of its choice grain for the sowing of America," it is certain that America was reaped and winnowed afresh at the Revolution, and its very choicest men selected by Providence for the peopling of this Dominion. By the loss of these men America was drained of its best elements, and suffered a moral loss which it could ill spare.

The obligations of duty in defence of right against the many or against the few, fidelity to the flag and Empire, fear of God and honour of the King, keeping inviolate their oaths of allegiance and their very thoughts free from sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion,—all these things were summed up in the one word, "Loyalty," as understood by the men who left the United States to live under their native flag in Canada.

Some of the best and wisest men of the United States have brushed aside the thick covering of fiction and obloquy cast over the memory of these men in popular American histories, and do not conceal their admiration of their character, courage, and devotion to the highest principles for which they willingly sacrificed everything except their honour. Truth will have its revenge in justice at last, and I venture to say that a century hence America will be more proud of her exiled loyalists than of the vaunted patriots who banished and despoiled them.

I HEAR a voice that cries, "Alas ! alas !
Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again ;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee ;
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be."

—*Longfellow.*

ROBERT HALL.

BY THE REV. W. W. ROSS.

“ROBERT HALL was indeed a man worth remembering;” so thought Lord Lytton. The great novelist stayed his hand from fiction for a season to make way for the greater facts of that marvellous life. Such a galaxy of gifts is very rarely seen, more seldom surpassed. No wonder that one like Lytton should stop to gaze and then publish to the world his discoveries. It is a life to be looked into and lingered over—a life to be drawn from, even as the better blood of a richer nature may be transfused into our own veins. Happy is he who, by sympathy and purity and reverence, gains access to that inner circle in which still dwells and reigns the great man!

Robert Hall was born in the heart of England, in the village of Arnsby, near the city of Leicester, on the 2nd of May, 1764. He was the fourteenth and last child of a Baptist minister of pre-eminent powers and saintly piety. At three years of age he entered the village school of Dame Lyley. At six years he was promoted to the care of a Mr. Simmons, in Nigston, four miles from Arnsby, the lad going and returning each day on foot. As to his conversion to God, according to the confident testimony of his old nurse, Nancy, “My dear Bobby knew the Lord before he was seven years of age.” In his fourteenth year he gave publicly “a reason of the hope that was in him,” was duly baptized, and added to the Church. In his fifteenth year he was transferred to the Baptist Academy at Bristol. Within the same year, after a sermon from his father from the text, “Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus,” “he was given permission to preach, and prosecute the work of the ministry as Providence might indicate.” In his eighteenth year we follow him to King’s College, Aberdeen, where, in association with McIntosh—afterwards Sir James McIntosh—Jack—afterwards principal of the same college—and others of distinguished gifts, he continued until his brilliant graduation at twenty-one years of age. Eager to enter upon his life’s work, he at once returned to Bristol, and was settled as co-pastor over Broadmead Chapel. Here he continued for five

years, preaching to overflowing congregations. At the end of this time he was called to cultured Cambridge, where, with ever-growing popularity, he remained for fifteen years. In 1805 he was transferred to Leceister, surrounded by the scenes of his birth and boyhood. Here, in his own county, he was not without honour. For one and twenty years he dwelt among his own people, always counting these years the happiest of his life. With striking singularity, in the fortieth year of his ministry, he was called back to Broadmead, Bristol, where so long before he had begun his public career. Here, ever maturing, ever more beloved and more influential than at the first, he completed in his sixty-seventh year the circle of his life, and "entered into rest." We say "entered into rest," for heaven, to Hall, as he once said in conversation with Wilberforce, was to him above all things else, a "place of rest."

He was a life-long sufferer. Like many another precious gem, his great soul dwelt in a frail casket. His infancy was feeble in the extreme. It seemed as though he were launched into life only to be recalled. "He is gone!" cried the distressed mother, as he lay motionless in her lap. But the "vital spark" had not fled. At six years of age, when walking the round journey of eight miles to and from Nigston School, his long martyrdom began; his sufferings then took settled form. A sharp, spinal pain would lay him helpless by the wayside. His school-fellows, with whom he was always a favourite, would take turns in carrying him the rest of the journey. From that time on till death, as he himself would sometimes say, "I have never known one waking hour free from extreme pain." An unbroken night's rest was seldom or never enjoyed. He could not continue long in bed; it increased rather than allayed his sufferings. He would rise at all hours and roll upon the floor, trying by various devices to divert his mind and "wear out the teasing of tormenting agony." His most frequent, and often his only gesture in the pulpit, was placing the hand behind him on the small of the back; it was the certain sign of pain there. There were other sufferings, but so complicated and hidden were the causes that the most skilful surgeons failed to find them. Up to the very last he was spoken of as "tortured by a mysterious, incurable malady." When the last hour came, looking to the past, he said, "I have been a great sufferer in my time." Quickly recalled to the present by a sudden

spasm, he cried out, "O the sufferings of this body!" "Do you suffer much?" asked a bedside watcher. "Dreadfully!" His family could not endure the sight, the last member being compelled to leave the room as the spirit was departing.

Death at last opened the door to the search of that "mysterious malady." The distinguished ethnologist and surgeon, Dr. Pritchard, was called in to conduct the *post mortem* examination. They found many parts of the system painfully deranged, especially the spine; but that mysterious malady! that "unknown apparatus of torture!" what a revelation the scalpel made known! An internal viscus was entirely filled by a large, rough, pointed calculus!" Dr. Pritchard has left it on record, "Probably no man ever went through more physical suffering than Mr. Hall."

Was he patient? Did mind rise superior to matter? Were the spiritual forces of his nature so refined and fortified by grace as to leave him a conqueror—"more than a conqueror?" He affected no stoicism; and yet he did not complain. He was keenly sensitive to pain: "I fear it," he said, "more than death;" and yet his was an unselfish suffering. His was the noble nature that exacts little, and gives much. Among his last words, as he came out of one of those terrible paroxysms of pain, were these, "Why should a living man complain? I haven't complained, sir, have I? And I won't complain."

It may be well to consider here, as near akin to his sufferings and arising chiefly from them, that terrible calamity when his great mind, like some mighty ship loosed from her moorings and rudderless, was tossed and driven upon the dark waters of insanity.

Robert Hall at the very height of his power and fame was for seven weeks—he afterwards said it seemed seven years!—the inmate of an insane asylum. Unknown to his friends at the time, he was cruelly treated. To the day of his death he bore upon his head the scars of that treatment. In lucid intervals, when bound upon his bed and neglected, the awfulness of his situation was well-nigh insufferable. His keeper, a subordinate worse than brutal; his friends, absent and ignorant of his sufferings; himself keenly sensible to it,—all made up an experience the most terrible of that afflicted life. He had a second attack, but, better placed and his case better understood, he was soon dismissed to his work as permanently cured.

To the student of his life the causes of his insanity lie near at hand. His great genius—a gift often closely allied to madness; a naturally frail body, deranged by disease and fretted by inexpressible pains; a high-strung nervous system; intense application to study, with scant recreation; constantly giving himself up to the most impassioned strains of oratory; a bitter disappointment in love, unforgotten through the years; and a strong and settled aversion to his material surroundings at Cambridge, where his calamity overtook him;—these, doubtless, were the causes of that calamity. Having looked upon his feebleness and sufferings, we are now better prepared to estimate his endowments, his attainments, and his character.

He was born to greatness; more, he was born great. What was said of his honoured father may be more truly said of the son, "The natural element of his mind was greatness." Of no other whom we know is the saying truer, "The child is father to the man." This child-man, like Chalmers, communed from the first with master minds. It was his "business" to be found in the midst of teachers, asking and answering questions. At three years of age he was a "wonderful talker." At six and before, he was a voracious reader. Escaping the din of the household he would withdraw to the old churchyard, and there with his books about him, he would feast on their contents until the evening hour would force his nurse to lead him home. Nothing, if profound, came amiss to him. He played with the club of Hercules. Between six and nine years of age his favourite authors were Butler and Jonathan Edwards. "Edwards on the Affections and on the Freedom of the Will, with Butler's Analogy," are eagerly devoured and their arguments grasped. At ten years of age, Mr. Simmons, his Nigston master, begged the boy's father to take him away. "Sir, I love him; he is my favourite scholar; but I cannot keep pace with him; I have to sit up all night to prepare for him; I can stand it no longer. You must take him away, sir." Some of his compositions were so perfect as to be published in the periodicals of the day, before the author had reached his eleventh year.

He, however, did not depend on genius for success. He looked upon this gift as a plant to be carefully and patiently, cultured into the enduring and useful tree. Precocity must reach perfection by the sweat of its brow. Genius brings with it responsibilities and excites expectations which can only be met by hard

work. At home, in the village school, in academy and college halls, and ever after, the same diligent hand was always gathering intellectual riches. At Aberdeen, associated with students afterwards famous as educators, orators, and statesmen, he was considered without a rival in application to his studies. To him the pursuit of knowledge was an absorbing passion in itself aside from its application to useful ends. But when to the passion for knowledge we add the lofty purposes of its application which he cherished, we see glowing in him the fires of a sacred fury. His own words were, "I am perfectly devoured with an impatience to redeem the time." He studied for the sake of knowledge; he studied to meet the lawful demands of the people; he studied to soothe the sufferings, and to restore order and strength to his mind when it was becoming unhinged by the foreshadowings of insanity; he studied that, as a faithful steward, he might render back to God with "usury" the "talents" He had given him.

His mind ran in no rut—no pent-up Utica confined his powers. His search after knowledge was as broad as his hunger was insatiable. He believed that truth is one, however sectarists and scientists may divide and designate it. He believed that he is the best furnished preacher who can illustrate and enforce his message by facts and figures gleaned from every field. Therefore, he "intermeddled with all wisdom." The breadth and unity, and splendour of his attainments, were like the rainbow, made up of a harmonious combination of manifold truth. He was at home in theology, metaphysics, political economy and ancient classics; in common, civil, canon, and constitutional law; in natural science, both pure and applied, as far as they were understood in those days. In short, scarcely a subject of general knowledge could be introduced with whose principles, if not with their application, he was unacquainted. The most learned men of his day wondered at the fulness and accuracy of his information. They would often exclaim, "Where could this man have got his wisdom?" Dr. Parr, of "ponderous learning," counted him, both for his virtues and knowledge, among his most intimate and honoured friends.

It is, therefore, not strange that he should have been, in religion and theology, of liberal views. The very breadth of his well-assorted knowledge led up to catholicity of spirit. Dwelling

on the highest table-lands of thought, he rejoiced in wider vision than they who are content to dwell below, where the fogs linger and the shadows are early to fall and late to leave. At the beginning of his ministry, in Bristol, an immaturity of thought on a metaphysical question, with some unguarded utterances, laid him open to the charge of heterodoxy. But, thereafter, he set a watch upon his lips, whilst a prompt and row thorough examination of the metaphysical point soon settled him on an unquestioned basis. His cordial recall to the same chapel, after five and thirty years' absence, is delightful testimony to the confidence in the soundness of his doctrine.

He was no trimmer; no shuttlecock passing readily from one side to the other. From first to last his mind, without bar, was open to light whencesoever it might come; and yet, honest, fearless, independent, he thought and spake for himself as one who must give account. He revered the creeds formulated by men of grace and knowledge; and yet he refused to believe that they held all of religious truth. Men of lax religious views sometimes misconstrued his catholicity into latitudinarianism, and claimed him as their own. He quickly undeceived them.

He was honoured and courted by the highest dignitaries of the Established Church. Dr. Mansell, afterwards Bishop of Bristol; Dr. Porteous, Bishop of London; and many others, both lay and clerical, paid him the most marked attention. Inducements, open and honourable, were held out to him to enter the Establishment. "What is to be done for thee? Wouldest thou be spoken of to the King or the Captain of the host? And she answered, 'I dwell among my own people.'" Not more true to her own people was the Shunamite, than Hall to his. Social status, church preferment, powerful patronage—all "the things thou canst desire," were to that pure and lofty spirit as the "small dust of the balance." True to his convictions of what was seemly and scriptural, he fought with giant strokes against the dogma that they only should be allowed at the Lord's table who have received believer's baptism by immersion; and yet he was ever loyal towards the Church of his fathers, and of his own earliest and latest choice. His settlement as a minister was among those of the higher Calvinistic school; yet his broad and well-balanced mind rejected their ultraism, and accepted a

"modified Arminianism." He was denominational, and yet he refused—

"To narrow his mind
And give up to a party what was meant for mankind."

Said the head-master of Trinity, Cambridge, "his preaching is not that of a mere partisan, but of an enlightened minister of Christ." To the great fundamental doctrines of revelation he was true, and ever ready with David's sling or Goliath's sword to do battle in their defence; and yet he was patient and tolerant towards those of "honest doubt," who did not see eye to eye with him. With cordial acknowledgments he recognized and received good wherever found, whether in the dried-up carcase of a dead lion, or from heathen poets on Mars' Hill. He drew sword against the Arianism and other heresies held by Dr. Priestly; yet he revered the great abilities, the almost unparalleled attainments, the conscientious convictions, the purity of life and whole-hearted devotion to the Supreme Being, which characterized that distinguished man. Robert Hall could not be a bigot.

In no particular was his precocity more marked than in his conversational powers. Years could not measure his maturity. At three years of age, as we have already seen, he was a wonderful talker. When, at this age, he was sharply criticising the rapid utterance of another, he was reminded by his master of a like fault in himself. The infant's reply was, "No; I only keep at it." His was not infant prattle. "Of the abundance of the heart his mouth spake."

In college days at Aberdeen, Hall and McIntosh were the centre and source of light around which revolved a brilliant coterie of students. Hall was called the Plato and McIntosh the Herodotus of this circle; the former, the profound philosophical and powerful discourses on all subjects; the latter, the elegant and all-accomplished associate and admirer. It was the aim of all to rouse into action the resources of their Plato; then none could be more animated and charming and instructive. At one time McIntosh devoted eight days to obtain a mastery of a controversy waging between Dr. Priestly and Bishop Horsley, hoping thereby to call forth the prodigious powers of his brilliant friend. In after years, when McIntosh became distinguished, he

gratefully remembered his college friend and their rambles over the "sands of the Dee," and along the beautiful banks of the Don. He often used to say that he "learned more, especially of principles, in these days of discussion, than from any books he ever read." Long years afterwards, when residing in India, the maker of its laws, he wrote to Hall, just delivered from insanity, "that on the most careful review of his life he could find nothing so adapted to incite and invigorate his understanding and to exalt his aims as his intimacy with the friend of his youth." How grateful to him must this tribute have been, standing, as he did, on the very brink of the dark stream from which, still shivering, he had just emerged!

It is said he had all the information of Johnson, without his rudeness; and the sparkle of Sydney Smith, without his nonsense. It mattered little with whom he conversed or on what subject, whether it was the classical Parr or the scientific Pritchard; the metaphysical Coleridge, or the close-thinking Foster,—he was ever at home and peerless.

His genius and attainments had the freest field in the unbending of library and drawing-room. His lively sensations, keen and ready perceptions, flow of fancy and flight of imagination, brilliant wit, and unfailling fund of humour, courteous and affable bearing, wide and ready range of information, and essential communicativeness, all stamped him as one of the great conversers.

Whatever the precociousness of Hall's conversational powers, he was at the first a failure in the pulpit. During his first sermon he suddenly stopped, covered his face with both hands, and cried out, "Oh, I have lost all my ideas!" He sat down, filled with confusion and mortification. In his second sermon the failure was still more grievous. He rushed into the vestry, crying, "If this does not humble me, the devil must have me!" His tutors knew his powers and held him firmly to his mission. His third attempt, while yet under seventeen years of age, was from the text, "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." The congregation consisted largely of ministers. An eminent minister had been published to preach, but Hall was put in his place. Having overcome his timidity and terror, he was soon master of the situation. His hearers sat spell-bound. The metaphysical acumen, the ready utterance, the cultured style,

and the powerful appeals to the conscience, produced a profound impression. He was called at once, on the completion of his college course, to be co-partner in the church where at first he had failed.

He will be most widely known and longest remembered for his oratorical powers. Competent critics, like Lord Brougham, familiar with ancient and modern orators, and themselves no mean orators, have classed him with Demosthenes, Cicero, Massillon, Bourdaloue, Bossuet, Pitt, and Plunkett. He certainly was influenced by far loftier sentiments than the great Athenian, and some have gone so far as to assert that he had a higher order of mind. "He had the thunder of Demosthenes with the flame of Cicero." He had more of the reality and less of the artificial than the great French preachers of the reign of Louis XIV. Some have even gone so far as to declare that whilst Demosthenes was the greatest of secular orators, Hall was the greatest sacred orator of all time.

By common consent, his sermons were pronounced "dazzling miracles," his oratory "like impetuous mountain torrents on a still night"—"his eloquence seemed to bear along upon its stream the sublimest emanations of mind, resembling the noblest element of nature in grandeur, in beauty, and in energy." Others, after listening to him, would say, "His words are like the light which fills the firmament, the tints which adorn the dew, and the rapid and irresistible flash which strikes and melts while it illumines."

He was great, not simply on one side, but all round. There was in him, in happy combination, every mental, moral, and spiritual power which goes to make up the orator. Peers of the realm, dignitaries of both the Establishment and Dissenting bodies, college dons and undergraduates, judges and advocates, high and low, rich and poor—all classes and all callings were charmed and led captive by his oratory.

There was nothing striking about his action in the pulpit unless, indeed, it was the absence of action. He had the habit, as we have seen, of placing one hand upon his back, the seat of almost incessant pain; the other hand was sometimes slightly raised, with the palm towards the people; that was about the all of his action. He began in low but distinct tones; waxing warm, his utterance grew more rapid and his tones fuller, but

only slightly louder. In his most impassioned strains, the voice, still subdued and under strict control, was beautifully modulated. As he proceeded, thoughts the most profound, and grand, and beautiful, clothed in the most perfect language, flowed from his lips. Everything in his well-stored mind, gleaned from many a field, was laid under ready tribute to open up and enforce his message. Midas-like, everything he touched turned to gold. His "words were the words of an emperor." Simple, majestic, mighty, he swept along. He cast a magnetic spell over his hearers. One after another they rose to their feet and stood stretching forward, until hundreds, all self-unconscious, were hanging upon his lips.

This magic spell, these "dazzling miracles," were not the achievements of twice or thrice in a lifetime. This mountain torrent was not the rush and power of an occasional freshet. These effects were continuous—the even tenor of his life for fifty years and more. Hall's career was not that of the comet, brief and brilliant; it was the steady, sustained splendour of the sun.

What was the secret of Hall's power? Was it found in the physical man? No; he laboured under the most serious physical disadvantages. His personal presence made against him. "His figure was somewhat unwieldy and ungraceful;" "his voice was weak and thin."

What was the secret of his power? Wonderful birthright endowments. The "crown" that Demosthenes struggled after descended upon him as a "Divine gift." This was the foundation of his power. He was not like some others who have attained to fame—ephemeral at least—an artificial orator—the mere creature of rhetoric—the machine-man. Hall was first and above all a MAN. His oratory was not so much what was added to, as what was eduved from that man. The man was the orator. In him was a marvellous combination of the logical faculty with the loftiest flights of a powerful imagination. It is hard to say in which faculty he excels; in both he is a master. His logic is "logic on fire." His imagination is the soaring of the eagle. All but peerless in reading the invisible, he was one of those privileged persons who—in the body or out of the body, they can hardly tell—are "caught up to hear unspeakable words."

What was the the secret of his power? There was, in addition to birthright endowments, their most assiduous cultivation. He was a labourer together with God. "He studied to show himself approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

Robert Hall was sincerity itself. Shams and sophistry he detested. Sir James McIntosh confessed that he was "awestruck by the transparency of his conduct and the purity of his principles."

Further, he had an undeviating love of the truth. Not only was he veracious—of honest intent; but he was truthful. What he believed must, if he could verify it, accord with facts. He was from his very infancy ever ready and eager to "buy the truth at any price, and sell it not."

Still further, he was unworldly. He was no ascetic. Despite his pains, he drew large draughts of enjoyment from the life that now is. Yet he was, most notably, not "greedy of filthy lucre." Place and power could not lure him from his mission. He would not know Diotrephes.

He surpassed as an extemporaneous speaker. He had invested largely in knowledge, and so invested that the capital was available at the shortest notice. His vast stores of information, threshed and winnowed as he gleaned, were carefully classified, labelled, and laid away within easy reach. He had no time to write his sermons; all the years of his ministry at Cambridge he preached, usually, three times on the Sabbath. Full, ready, and correct, he sustained himself, with growing influence, for fifteen years in that city of colleges.

Under the inspiration of the hour, unfettered by manuscript or memoriter preparation, he often made discoveries of truth and rose to heights of eloquence which left his hearers wondering if he were not miraculously endowed. His habits of thought when out of the pulpit, his always exquisitely correct taste, his strong force of will, exercised in the most impassioned strains, kept him from rant and rhapsody.

Finally, he had an unction from the Holy One; and unction makes the preacher. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." The fineness and force of his spiritual faculties brought him into full accord and communion with God. Like the temple inlaid with gold, he was filled with the Shekinah—the Divine presence and glory.

Was he a simple-minded, humble-hearted, contented man? Could he and did he unfeignedly rejoice in the genuine worth and honest praise of another? These are questions that must be satisfactorily answered to the forming of a right estimate of this man. Great gifts he had; mighty works showed forth themselves in him; for half a century and more the fire tried his work of what sort it was; and the verdict was and is—His endowments and deeds were golden. And yet he moved all his life in a sphere humble and narrow compared with that in which moved his associates of college days—associates who frankly confessed that he was at least their peer if not their prince. Position and honours and influence far above his own—as these things are reckoned by the world—were given to many of his contemporaries, confessedly his inferiors by far.

How striking the contrast in the careers of Hall and McIntosh! At Aberdeen, for four years, they were as David and Jonathan, inseparable. Hall was in no gift the inferior of his friend; in some, his superior. They graduate together; henceforth their ways part. McIntosh has the entree, and is at home in the highest circles of the empire; is the courted and petted of princes; is made Chief Justice of India; and deserves it all. Hall settles down among an obscure sect, unrecognized by the Established Church or State; finds his warmest welcome in the cottages of the poor; and after a long and well-tryed career of brilliant powers, dies in the same humble Baptist chapel of a provincial town where, fifty years before, he girded himself for the race. How fickle a thing is fame! How short-lived the applause of this world! To-day the name of McIntosh is buried in books; whilst that of Hall is a household word, exciting the wonders and quickening the religious pulse of an ever-widening circle.

Was he contented? Some, not understanding his deepest nature have, in impatience, charged him with lack of ambition. Hall had ambition, intense ambition; but, good and great man that he was, that ambition was so held in check that men supposed that the very principle had never been, or having been, had ceased to exist. His insanity, by temporarily removing the check, revealed to us an ambition clamorous for the pre-eminence. "I shall be greater than McIntosh—greater than McIntosh," he cried in his delirium. Noble man! Dread insanity has, in this

instance, brought into view the hidden conquests of a nature which it has overthrown. Uncovering to our astonished gaze a principle whose existence men had questioned, it declares his self-government, and how well he had learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content. He had by heart the lesson that fell from Luther's lips: "Ambition is the rankest poison of the Church, when it possesses preachers."

Conscious of his powers, in the main, he must have been; and yet there is ample evidence that he rather underrated than overrated them. His undervaluation of them came near stopping his public career at the start. It is well known that, like F. W. Robertson, of later fame, he looked with dissatisfaction on every performance of his life. On one occasion an accomplished lady, a member of his church, accustomed to take notes of his sermons, was, at his own request, reading some of them. "Did I say that, madam? Well, I did not know that I ever said anything so fine." His oration delivered at the time of threatened invasion of England by Napoleon, produced a profound impression. Its publication followed. The first edition was quickly sold and the second called for. He was more and more surprised that any one should desire to have it in print. However, complying, he issued the revised edition with these words, "I am desirous ere this descends to that oblivion which is the natural exit of such publications, of presenting it for once, in an amended form, that it may be at least decently interred."

He has been called an "Intellectual Inca," equal to all audiences and all occasions; and yet, it is said, "there was a provoking unconsciousness of there being anything remarkable about him." This humble opinion of himself and his productions did not arise so much from his not accurately gauging his own powers, as it did from the loftiness of the ideal towards which he measured himself.

As with Paul, the height of his calling roused all his powers into one purpose, and one life-long struggle for the prize; yet, leaving him, with every advance, counting not himself to have apprehended. Great in what he had apprehended, he was not less great in the conscious lack of what remained to be apprehended.

Could he esteem others better than himself? One affirming fact from many must suffice. When out preaching on a time

with his friend John Liefchild, some one began depreciating the latter's sermon and praising Hall's. At once he indignantly replied, that "his own discourse was, in comparison, so inferior that contempt itself could not sink low enough to reach it." He had listened to his friend's sermon with delight, and looked upon his own with characteristic dissatisfaction.

He was a man of like passions with ourselves. Not even his most ardent admirers would venture to claim for him perfection. As Cromwell said to Lely, when sitting to him for his portrait, "Paint me as I am—scars, wrinkles and all—or I'll not pay you a shilling;" so would have said the sincere, truth-loving Hall, "Paint me as I am!"

There was a nervousness that sometimes more than bordered on irritability; a retort that ran into rudeness; an impatient bluntness close akin to insult. Rudeness and insult were not common to him. His finely-wrought, deeply-discerning, high-toned nervous nature writhed under the touch of fools and flatterers and knaves. But what were his faults compared with his excellences? Only the spots on the sun lost to view in the very fulness of the light in which he dwelt and walked.

HIS KEEPING.

WHAT other blessings if the Lord will keep?

His blessing richer far than all beside.

The way we travel may be rough and steep,
And many things we hoped for be denied.

Our erring feet

May often wander from His side;

The blessing is complete;

And in the darkness we may trace

The gracious shining of His face.

And sometimes, even if His loving hand
Shall give us burdens which are hard to bear,

And lessons which we cannot understand

In that they bring us sorrow, pains, and care.

He does not chide,

Although His rod He may not spare,

He never yet denied

His countenance, but sends release

To burdened hearts, and giveth peace.

ᾠδὴ Ἑσπέριος.

BY W. H. C. KERR, M.A.

Τῷ νυχτὶ δόξα σοι, θεός,
 ἀνθ' ὧν δέδωκε τὸ φάος·
 μὲ κεύθε, παρχρατὲς ἄνα,
 τῶν σῶν πτερῶν ὑπὸ σκιᾷ.

Ἄφες μοι δι' Υἱὸν φίλον
 κακ' ἃ πέπραγα σήμερον,
 ὡς σοί τε μοὶ καὶ τῷ κόσμῳ
 πρὶν εὔδειν εὐάρεστος ὦ.

Μὲ ζῆν διδάσκει, χῶδ' ἴταφος
 μοὶ γλάσει χῶς μου λέχος·
 θανεῖν δ', ὡστ' ἐν τῇ φουβεῖᾳ
 θαρσεῖν ἐγέρθεις ἡμέρα.

Εἰρήνην ὁδὸς φρεσὶν ἐμοῖς
 καὶ ἡδὺν ὕπνον βλεφάροις,
 ὕπνον, δι' οὗ μάλ' ἰσχύω
 εἰς τὸ λατρεύειν Κυρίῳ.

Ἄγρυπνοῦντ' ἐννοίας σέθεν
 μοὶ πέμψον ἐξ οὐρανόθεν
 ἐνοπνιάζοντ' ἀλάλκοις
 μοὶ τὰς τοῦ σκότους δυνάμεις.

Πάντ' εἶ ποιοῦντι τῷ θεῷ
 πᾶν κτίσμα ὕμνουσ' ὑμνέτω·
 ὑμεῖς δ', οὐράνιοι στρατοί,
 Πατρὶ θ' Υἱῷ καὶ Πνεύματι.
 Ἀμήν.

The Cedars, Brantford, 1884.

EVENING HYMN.

BY BISHOP KEN.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That, with the world, myself, and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed ;
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on the repose !
 And may sweet sleep my eyelids close—
 Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

If in the night I sleepless lie,
 My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
 Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
 No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Amen.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY JUDGE DEAN.

II.

I AM glad to find much in Bishop Fuller's paper upon this subject with which I can heartily agree. I agree with him in that great fundamental principle that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that what is not read therein, or may be proved thereby, is not required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or thought requisite or necessary to salvation." I agree with him that the existence of a number of struggling congregations in a town of, say, 4000 inhabitants, is not only a great waste of means, but that the strife which nearly always exists in a more or less pronounced degree, is an unedifying spectacle to "the Roman Catholic, the infidel, and the heathen." I agree with him in the principle which he amplifies through many pages and returns to so often, that it is the duty of all Christians to obey the plain command of God, whether it commends itself to their judgment or not, or whether they think or not that, owing to the changed circumstances of the world and the Church, some other course would now be better; and I believe that they should thus obey, not simply as a matter of abstract duty only, but with the full assurance that the course which He who knows the end from the beginning has pointed out, is the only safe course, and one which, in the end, will give the best practical results. Quite as heartily as he does do I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and in the communion of saints.

With so much of agreement, it ought not to be difficult, one would think, to work out the problem of unity. Dr. Fuller thinks that this may be brought about by the appointment of commissioners from each body of Christians, who shall enquire and ascertain what were the usages prevailing among Christians not later than the end of the third century; and, having settled this, that the commissioners should have power to bind their several bodies to unite in one Church, which should adopt these orders and usages—a very simple solution of a sufficiently

difficult problem, and a very admirable one, if it should turn out that the methods and usages which Christians fell into by the end of the third century, would be the best adapted for the Christians of the nineteenth century.

Now, as there are no physical means in these days, and in this country, of compelling men to submit their differences to Ecumenical Councils, and of enforcing the decrees of such Councils, it can only be by moral means that men can be induced to listen to such kindly and reasonable suggestions. The venerable prelate feels a deep longing for the unity of all Christians. Why? Undoubtedly, that more men may be saved from the power of sin, that the forces of good may be mobilized for the contest with evil, that all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth may be known of all men to be working on the same side, and so no influence may be lost. Unhappily, this is not so just now; and so, like a sensible and practical man, when he cannot do all that he would like, he will do all that he can under the circumstances. He sees bodies of men about him who preach the Gospel, it may be with different shades of interpretation, but all within the latitude of the Thirty-nine Articles of his own Church; they not only preach the Gospel, but they shew by their daily walk and conversation that they have themselves been with Christ; more than this, the fruits of their labours, in the changed lives and characters of multitudes of those who hear them, bear evidence that they have been called by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel. If he will take pains to ascertain, he will find that the average of learning and ministerial ability among them is quite as high as among his own clergy. They have built up great communities about them, whose influence is all for the good of society, and in accordance with the teaching of Christianity; they help to place the Bible within the reach of every man, they help to secure the observance of the Sabbath, they contribute a mighty host of workers in the struggle with intemperance; if not foremost, they close up the ranks in every good word and work. They are doing the work of the Master. Bishop Fuller thinks that they and he should belong to the same visible Church. I am inclined to the opinion that he is right in this. Is he shewing the depth of his convictions by doing the work that lies next him, by

doing the only thing that lies in his power to do to bring this about? He does not doubt that these men believe they are called of God to do the work in which they are engaged; in a not very different way he is doing the same work himself. How many words of sympathy and encouragement has he given these men? How often has he said to them, "We do not see eye to eye, and in this, I think, you are wrong; but I rejoice in your zeal, and thank God that you are instruments in saving men from the power of evil; that you are working for the good of society, I see, and I am glad that our country is the better for your labours. You have my sympathies and my prayers, but we should be one. Now, how can we bring this about, on terms honourable to all parties?"

When Bishop Fuller has done this, with the iteration and reiteration of determined conviction, and not resting satisfied with putting such sentiments into words merely, has acted them also, he will have shewn, not only the sincerity of his convictions, but the courage of his opinions. I may have asked him to go further than he can go. I am sorry if this is so, but I do not then see how he can hope for Christian union in this country.

No man with his knowledge of affairs, can have any expectation that the Churches to which he refers, justified as they are by their history, fortified by the logic of facts, entrenched in the affections of their people, endorsed by the blessing of the Divine Providence, will turn aside from the great work God has put upon them to seek any alliance that does not spring spontaneously from mutual confidence, respect, and brotherly love, and from a strong conviction that by it can best be promoted the interests of true religion. No union of Churches will ever take place in this country which is not the outgrowth of a more or less lengthened interchange of Christian sympathies and labours; and this is the only Christian unity now practicable that would be worth the paper on which this sentence is written. Shall it ever come? No man knows what the future has in store for us. God may bring this about by one of two opposite states of things: The Churches may so grow up to the spirit of Christ that each Christian will test himself, as St. John did, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; he that loveth

not his brother abideth in death," and, rising above and beyond mere sectarian bounds, he will seek communion with all who truly love the Lord Jesus Christ, and then the oneness of the Gospel will not be very far off. Or, on the other hand, loose notions of duty, of morality, of Sabbath observance, of the claims of religion on the obedience of men may so pervade society, as they are even now beginning to pervade it in some nominally Christian communities, that all men who hold by the Christian religion may, in the presence of a common danger, feel compelled to place themselves in common array to save the truth and their country. If it is God's design to bring about this unity, and prosperity will not bring His people to it, He will bless them with the scourge, and plague them into obedience.

A unity brought about in either of these ways would be a boundless blessing. The Church would be made up of men of one mind, who, if they had differences in their intellectual apprehension of the truth, would have learned that these were very minor matters among men who had truly apprehended it in their hearts. Instead of enquiring after questions of succession and forms before they can recognize a man's churchmanship, they will be chiefly concerned to know if he lives and loves as a Christian.

But when this day arrives, if it ever does arrive, the question of Church order and usage will be settled, I suspect, by mutual concession and forbearance; and whether they adopt the orders and usages of the third or the twenty-third century, so that they meet the needs of the time, will be a matter of little importance.

If God had intended to fix any definite order or ritual under this dispensation He would, as under the former dispensation, not have left His people uninstructed upon the subject. Christ and His apostles laid down great principles to govern His followers, and so that these worked their way into the hearts and lives of men, the particular outward form was left to circumstances.

But the reader of Dr. Fuller's paper will greatly misapprehend the fact if he thinks that such a union of Christians, as I have indicated above, was in his mind. There have been for many ages two distinct theories as to what constitutes the Church, and while he intended to be perfectly fair, and thought

he was very liberal, his paper was in fact a restatement of the arguments in favour of one of these theories. The theory held by most Protestants is that the Church consists in the invisible fellowship of all those who are united by the bonds of true faith, of true believers everywhere; the other, held by Roman Catholics, High Anglicans, and the Greek Church, respectively, is that it is a visible society of all baptized persons who adopt the external creed of the respective body, and have the sacraments which they respectively possess, though as to which of them is the true Church they are understood not to be entirely agreed. The great practical distinction is, that the Protestant idea regards a man in his individual relations to God through Christ. Whilst the other idea regards him in his corporate relation to the Church, which saves him through its relations to God through Christ. Which is the correct theory, for the salvation of the individual, I leave to the theologians; though as to which theory is taught in the New Testament, and as to which ideal of the Church was present in the minds of the apostles, there is, it seems to me, no room for doubt. But, as a citizen of a free State, I feel bound to point out the important bearing that these two theories have had in the past, have now, and probably may have in the future, upon the theories of civil government and the destiny of the world.

At first sight, it may appear that whether a man held that the Church consisted of all true believers from every body of Christians, or only of those good, bad, and indifferent who were in communion with his own body, would make no difference in his views of state polity; but all history and all experience bear witness that it makes a great difference; and for this reason: The man who could say with the Donatists, "Whoever is a true Christian is to us a Catholic," was bound to respect the views and opinions of all Christians, though they might differ from him upon many points, and when a man has learned to do this he has found the first principle of civil and religious freedom, that is, freedom of conscience, and with this political tyranny can never long co-exist. All the great persecutions which disgrace the history and the statute-books of Christian nations have been enacted in the interest of this visible Christian unity. Unhappily for the Church and for the world, very early in our era the secular arm was successfully

invoked against those who ventured to assert the right of private judgment, and its hand fell with horrible severity upon the objects of the Church's displeasure. But the sufferings of the myriads who were deprived of goods, of liberty, of life itself, and of the tens of myriads who, still more cruelly, were driven to accepting and professing to believe what was to them a lie, make up but an insignificant part of the wrongs which humanity has suffered from the enforcement of this tenet. This making impossible the exercise of the right of private judgment in matters of religion, made it impossible that man should come to understand and work out the problem of political freedom. One of the strongest incidental arguments in favour of the divinity of our religion is, that it works out the best interests of mankind in their social and political as well as in their spiritual relations, and that theory of the Church which best secures this end is most in accord with its spirit. Men learned more of the true art of self-government in the first two hundred years after the Reformation than they had learned in the first fifteen hundred years of the Christian era, and they have learned more in the last hundred years than in all the preceding years from the foundation of the world. This advance was made because men had come to think, and were allowed to think, for themselves under the guiding influence of the principles of Christianity. In the train of freedom comes the magnificent procession of discoveries and inventions in science and the arts, which do so much to ameliorate and elevate society.

Now, if the Christians of the fifth and later centuries had not been held to the unity of the Church at the point of the sword of the State, they would have divided into various sects, as they have done since the Reformation. Instead of appealing to authority in Church and State, they would have appealed to the Bible in their polemic discussions, the right of private judgment would have been asserted and respected, and that which has always followed upon its heels—civil liberty—would have been worked out, and Europe would have entered into possession of its priceless boon, with all its intellectual and moral activities, instead of sinking, enslaved and debauched, into the loathsome imbecility of the dark ages.

So at the Reformation, when England shook herself free

from the Delilah-like enchantments and fetters of a corrupted Christianity, if, instead of attempting to enforce a local, visible unity, by means of Conventicle Acts, Uniformity Acts, Test Acts, and penal laws—the mere mention of which ought to make every Englishman's face burn with shame—she had established even the narrow religious liberty which obtains there to-day, or still better, the perfect law of liberty which prevails in this country, how much she would have been spared the infliction of injustice upon many of the worthiest of her sons! Some of the best, because the bravest and most God-fearing of her children, would not have been driven in stern despair across the ocean to found a new and rival nation of men who had been suckled on her own breast. And when a spirit of enterprise had peopled the North American continent with Englishmen, their hearts unstung by a sense of oppression and wrong, would have clung loyally to the mother land, and the probabilities all are that the forty millions of Americans would to-day have been loyal British subjects.

Then see what a boon the inevitable results of religious freedom would have been to the mother country within the United Kingdom itself! Where perfect religious justice is the policy of the law, civil oppression and wrong cannot long successfully entrench themselves, and all the weary fight for civil rights which has wrung justice for the people, inch by inch, from the grasp of privilege, would long ago have ceased. More than this, England's difficulty and danger, that which gives her statesmen of to-day more anxiety than all other causes combined, has been hatched and nourished into life and vigour, has been inflamed and envenomed by this same attempt to establish this ideal of Christian unity. But for the attempt to fasten the Church of England upon Ireland, but for the ages of oppression and civil disability, on account of his religion, under which the Irish Roman Catholic groaned and gnashed his teeth, but for the tithe-proctor and the parson, the Irishman of to-day would not be possessed of that wild and unreasoning passion of hatred towards England which is at once her terror and her Nemesis.

But in this age, and most of all in this country, which is so happily free from the evils of this unhallowed union between secular and ecclesiastical power, it might seem of little practical

use to recall these painful facts. It will be said, Surely no one here approves of the principles or measures which have wrought such evils. But for certain passages in Bishop Fuller's papers, I should have thought this myself, and would have gladly thrown the mantle of forgetfulness over the past. But I met a rude awakening from my dream of charity in the following passage, which I quote, from page 247. The italics are his own :

“ When, in the early ages, through the decay of pure faith among Christians, they fell into errors and were tempted to divide one from the other, the bishops and other pastors, instead of *allowing* the people to form into sects and thus *perpetuate their errors*, reminded them of their duty to comply with God's commands and warned them of the sin of schism, and bade them, as they regarded their immortal souls, to cling to the communion of the Church; and although they found the *Novations* and *Donatists* as stubborn as any of the heretics of modern times; yet, by God's blessing on their course, peace was maintained and errors corrected. Then St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in behalf of the unity of the Church, gained a decided victory over the Donatists. Here was an example for all modern bishops and other leaders in the Church of Christ, to *hold men in the unity* of the Church, and in that Church to *correct the errors* which would have been multiplied if they had broken up into sects for the propagation of their errors.”

Who and what does the reader suppose the Donatists were? What was the “course” which, by God's blessing, secured “peace?” What was that peace? The Donatists represented in the fourth and fifth centuries the same elements in the Church which the Puritans did in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. They were very much the same style of Christians as the men who fought under Cromwell, and the men who landed on Plymouth Rock and founded the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Driven to desperation by persecution and grown fanatical under their wrongs, some of them were guilty of excesses, as oppressed people always are. But the testimony of history is that, upon the whole, they were as I have described them. One would think that in this age and country no man could be found who would say that these people should not be allowed to form into sects; at all events, that no other weapons should be used against them than those furnished by Scripture and reason. Was the use of these weapons the “course” by which St. Augustine in behalf of the unity of the Church gained his decided victory? Let us see. To St.

Augustine belongs the doubtful honour of being the first Christian of note and influence who advocated the chastisement of religious errors by civil penalties, even to burning. He cited the parable of the supper, "compel them to come in." In the language of Bishop Fuller, he did not *allow* them to form into sects. Listen to the words he addressed to a civil magistrate, who not sufficiently impressed with the importance of the visible unity, or not cast in a sufficiently heroic mould, hesitated to put in force an edict against the Donatists. "It is much better that some should perish by their own fires, than that the whole body should burn in the everlasting flames of Gehenna, through the desert of their own impious dissensions."

This was the "course." What was the "peace" which, by God's blessing, it secured? The Donatists were deprived of their churches, some were executed, others were banished. They were forbidden, on pain of death, to hold religious assemblies. Human, like their persecutors, they struck back. Violence, confusion, and bloodshed were followed by exhaustion, and then the Church had "peace." And this, we are told, "was an example for all modern bishops and other leaders in the Church of Christ, *to hold men in the unity of the Church!*" I will not spoil the picture by touching it.

Augustine was a Pagan until he had entered his thirty-third year. He lived in an age when the rights of man as man were as little understood as were the laws of physical science. He was a great man, and, according to his lights, a good man; but, like nearly all the Fathers, his early education, his surroundings, the state of civil society, nearly everything external to the man, was such as to make him an unsafe guide for modern Christians. His influence and authority as an advocate of the infliction of civil penalties for religious differences were felt and cited for a thousand years and more, and he is responsible in this way for more torturings and murders in the interest of the outward visible unity of the Church than any man who ever lived.

And yet I do not believe that the gentle prelate who writes so regretfully of the good old times, when men were not *allowed* to leave the Church, would have the courage of his opinions if it came to the test of action. Those "last three centuries" which he so much bemoans, with their divergencies and dissen-

sions, the outcome of private judgment, have been too beneficent in their effects upon men's minds and hearts to make it possible for any Christian man to stand by consenting to the death of any man for conscience' sake. And yet the spirit which would unchurch good men, Christian men, because they do not see eye to eye with you, differs not in its essence—only in its outward expression—from the exhortation of Augustine. He that refuses Christian communion with a Christian man is a persecutor for conscience' sake; even though he should stretch out his arms longingly towards the superstitious and degraded Church which has produced the unspeakable horrors of Siberia and the nameless infamies of Russian society and statesmanship.

I feel the full force of the reply, that if Christ and His inspired apostles taught this tenet, it is ours to obey, even if in its operations on human nature in the past such results have followed, believing that in the long run whatever He and they enjoined was dictated by infinite wisdom, and will work out in the end for the good of man. But when I find Christian men of learning and godly lives maintaining opposite theories, one of which commends itself to my reason and to my understanding of the Holy Scripture, I apply the rule which the Master Himself has given us, "By their fruits ye shall know them;" and I give in my adherence to that theory, which has changed the Christian world from what it was before the Reformation to what it is to-day; which has changed England from what it was in the days of Bunyan and Laud to what it is, and still more, to what I hope it will be in this century; which has changed Canada from what it was within the memory of hundreds of those who will read this page—a State in which no body of Christians who accepted that theory could receive from their own clergy the blessing which sanctifies the union of loving hearts, or could call their own the sacred soil in which they treasured all that was mortal of their dead,—changed it to the free and happy State of to-day.

To return for a moment to the question of the usages of the early Christians, I can understand how a man may contend that we ought to adopt those which undoubtedly prevailed under the eyes of the apostles, on the assumption that they were instituted by their inspired authority. But even then it would rest upon him to shew that they were not temporary or local, as

adapted to the state of society which then existed, but were expressly intended for all time and all places. Not discriminating in this respect has hardened the heart and blurred the conscience of many a slaveholder as he read the exhortations of the apostle to slaves to obey their masters; and more than once the fact that St. Paul sent back a run away slave, who had been converted under his ministry, to his master, has triumphantly established the fact that slaveholding was an apostolic usage. But the moment you leave the apostles, all claim to inspiration ceases, and anything which after generations may have then done or said is of authority, only as it may be shewn to have been what the apostles taught. No one supposes that the apostles troubled themselves about vestments or postures; that they prepared written prayers and taught the people set responses. The state of society and the glimpses which we get in the Acts and Epistles of their real life are entirely inconsistent with anything of the sort. The meetings and services of those apostolic Christians have no counterpart in these days; and the more ritualistic the service, the farther it is removed from them. The class-meetings and love-feasts, the lay-prayers and lay-exhortations of the early Methodists were nearer to them than anything else in modern times. The ritual and usages of the third century would not have been recognized by the simple converts who used to hang upon the preaching of Paul. They had grown up in a community, whether Jewish or Pagan, in which ritual was the chief part of religious service, and had taken form and colour from their surroundings, and from the early culture of the people who used them, and were probably well adapted to the people of that day. They were the outgrowth of the Gospel upon the civilization of the times, but have no more binding authority upon the consciences of men now than their systems of mental or physical philosophy have upon our understandings. It is the truth as it was given us by Christ and His apostles, and not the apprehension of it by men, uninspired like ourselves, which should govern us. This is to be observed, that those who are most anxious that all Christians should adopt the ritual and usages which prevailed hundreds of years after the apostles had passed away, have departed most from the usages of the apostolic age.

I see no hope for Christian unity in Bishop Fuller's scheme,

and if this is all he has to offer us, he has indeed given us a stone when we asked bread. Our duty is clear; whenever we see one who is casting out devils in the name of Christ, we must not forbid him, because he walks not with us; and so far as he walks with Christ we must extend the right hand of fellowship. Should he decline to accept it, and affect to be unconscious of our work, we ought, nevertheless, to recognise and honour the good that is in him. Content with our usages and our orders, discontented only with our sloth and unfaithfulness; dwelling in the true Catholic unity, the communion of saints, we must be willing to work with all, who will work with us, in every undertaking for doing good that commends itself to our judgment and Christian charity. If further organic union grows out of this we must accept it joyfully; if not, then we must wait for it until, in that light which no created sun can give, we are able to see eye to eye with all the redeemed.

THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH.

“ Help me, O God ! My boat is small and frail,
 Thy ocean is so wide,”
 The Breton fisher prays, as setting sail,
 He floats upon the tide.

He hears the thunders crash and billows rise,
 Far out of sight of land ;
 Yet knows that underneath the darkest skies
 His times are in God’s hand.

A trust like this outrides the longest storm,
 And fiercest tempest braves,
 Still watching to behold the sacred Form,
 That treads the swelling waves.

Lord, give us faith to equal that which wings
 The Breton fisher’s prayer,
 Which to the life-line of a promise clings,
 Without a thought of care !

Then, whether over tranquil summer seas,
 Or angry waves we sail,
 Our hearts can rest on Thee in perfect peace,
 For Thou wilt never fail.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

REST IN GOD.

“O God, thou madest us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee.”—“*Confessions*” of *St. Augustine*.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

MADE for Thyself, O God !
Made for Thy love, Thy service, Thy delight ;
Made to show forth Thy wisdom, grace, and might ;
Made for Thy praise, whom veiled archangels laud ;
O strange and glorious thought, that we may be
A joy to Thee ?

Yet the heart turns away
From this grand destiny of bliss, and deems
'Twas made for its poor self, for passing dreams,
Chasing illusions melting day by day ;
Till *for ourselves* we read on this world's best,
“ This is not rest ! ”

Nor can the vain toil cease,
Till in the shadowy maze of life we meet
One who can guide our aching, wayward feet
To find Himself, our Way, our Life, our Peace,
To Him the long unrest is soothed and stilled ;
Our hearts are filled.

O rest, so true, so sweet !
(Would it were shared by all the weary world !)
'Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled,
We bend to kiss the Master's pierced feet ;
Then lean our love upon His loving breast,
And know God's rest.

THE DIVINE LEADING.

“ He leadeth me ! ” Happy is the man who, having given his hand to God to be led as an obedient child is led by a father's hand, is able to say with confidence, “ He leadeth me. ” But how does God lead men ? A German divine says : “ God leads us by closing up inwardly and outwardly all other ways, and leaving only one open to us. When He inwardly leads us He impresses a Scriptural conviction on the judgment as to what we ought to

do, and it is scarcely possible for us any longer to hesitate. If we do peace departs, disquietude arises and we are compelled to retrace our steps." But lest we should mistake our own fancies for God's motions, as mystics often do, and call unreasonable acts by the name of duties, we should remember *whither* God leads men. The Psalmist said: "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness." There is nothing questionable in such paths, nothing offensive to really good men, nothing hurtful to spiritual growth, nor to the interests of the Church. He who knows that some unseen power is leading him into paths of righteousness, may be sure that he is being led by the Spirit of God; but let him who is astray beware how he charges God with leading him into any unrighteousness!—*Zion's Herald*.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

Reader, have you thus surrendered yourself to God wholly and irrevocably? When the Jewish offerer brought an animal, the priest poured the consecrating oil upon its head, and from that moment he had no further claim to it; he never dreamed of claiming it again; it was gone from him forever. And it must be so with the man who hopes to enjoy the blessing of sanctification. Very solemnly, says the great Jonathan Edwards, "I have this day been before God, and have given myself—all that I am and have—to Him; so that I am in no respect my own. I can challenge no right in myself; in this understanding, this will, these affections. Neither have I a right to this body, nor any of its members—no right to this tongue, these hands, these feet, these eyes, these ears. I have given myself clean away! Holy, acceptable unto God."

The consecration must be complete, must cover everything, present or to come. God will never accept a lame sacrifice or a sickly service. He will not have a divided heart. Satan is content with a share; like the false mother in Solomon's presence he says: "Divide it, let it be neither mine nor thine." But God says: "In no wise; let it be wholly mine, or wholly thine." Ye cannot serve two masters—ye cannot be as the old king, with one altar in his church for the Christian religion, and another for idolatrous sacrifices. It must be all or none. You must give all to receive all. "I know," says holy Rutherford, "I know, in spiritual confidence, the devil will come in and cry, 'Half mine.'"

THE DAILY INCENSE.

How little, in these substantial days, do we think or speak of the fragrance of a Christian life; and yet who can take up the Word of God and not feel how this idea is spiritualized and its subtle influence made to praise Him in many ways? This subtle, all-pervading, soul-dissolving odour, what is it? What is this ever-flowing something, wafting itself abroad, which science has never defined, and whose presence we all have felt? Language fails to describe it, yet we all love it.

Take the thought to our flowers. What gives them character and makes the violet, the humblest of flowers, so universally sought and favoured? Is it not its fragrance? And who that has lived with flowers but knows that pained feeling one has towards a beautiful flower without fragrance. We miss its sweetness, and its beauty does not compensate us for the loss. We find in the Word of God that He has made even this influence to praise and glorify Him. Look in the temple service how the prayers of the worshippers are wafted up with the "incense," mingling its odours with the very essence of the soul itself. Again, in the Song of Songs, how its rich influence is used to symbolize the "Beloved," where he is spoken of as the "clusters of camphire," as "towers of perfume," His name as an "ointment poured forth!" He is "the rose of Sharon, the lily of the valley." And we find it was no foreign idea to the apostle when he urges us to give our "lives as a sacrifice and a sweet-smelling savour unto God."

And is that not the teaching for us? By a life of unselfishness and consecration to exhale a perfume which shall by its pervading power speak for Christ where words cannot. To this we all should strive, and with the watering that comes from above, the Master will claim us in that day "as the branch of My planting, the work of My hands, that *I* may be glorified."—*M. Mack.*

How sweet to know
The trials which we cannot comprehend
Have each their own divinely-purposed end!
He traineth so
For higher learning, ever onward reaching,
For fuller knowledge yet, and His own deeper teaching.

FAITH IN EXERCISE.

Faith in the possible is one thing; faith in the probable another thing; faith in the morally certain another; and faith in the actual another. Now to say that faith in the fact that we are cleansed from all sin, is a condition of being so, is to say that belief in the actual is a condition of the actual, which is either to speak unintelligibly, or to say what cannot possibly be true. The Scripture that has been supposed to teach this doctrine only insists upon faith in the present answer to prayer—an important duty by far too much overlooked. The soul, gasping for purity, cries out, "I believe He is able to cleanse me;" this is faith in the possible. "I believe He is willing;" faith in the possible strengthened. "I believe He is able and willing to cleanse me now, just as I am;" faith in the probable. "I believe He will do it;" faith in the morally certain; the last earthly reliance is renounced. "I believe He does save me; I sink into His arms; the promise is sure; the renovating power runs through me; the spirit itself beareth witness; I believe that I receive the things I ask; I am saved, completely, perfectly saved;" this is faith in the actual.—*Jesse T. Peck, D.D.*

GOD'S ways seem dark, but soon or late
 They touch the shining hills of day;
 The evil cannot brook delay,
 The good can well afford to wait.
 Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
 Ye have the future, grand and great,
 The safe appeal of truth and time.

—*Whittier.*

The Sabbath in the green oasis, the little grassy meadow in the wilderness, where, after the week-days' journey, the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose.—*Dr. Keade.*

The only way to shine, even in the false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust; but in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through.—*Bryant.*

To exercise spiritual power is to develop and strengthen it. To disuse it is to repress and extinguish it. Your spiritual faculties being uneducated, you are disqualified from apprehending truth by means of powers you have atrophied by disuse.—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

"THE LORD'S TEACHING THROUGH THE TWELVE APOSTLES TO THE NATIONS."

WE have pleasure in presenting the following important early Christian document, recently discovered by Philotheos Bryennios, Metropolitan Bishop of Nicomedia, in the library of the Most Holy Sepulchre, in Fanar, of Constantinople.

"The discovery of so capital a document, going back to the first half of the second century," says the New York *Independent*, by whom it was first announced in America, "and of so special a character—we might call it a directory of worship—makes this an *annus mirabilis* in Church history. The learned bishop has wisely retained the document until he could present it in such a form as to compel the consent of the learned world." The *Independent* furnishes evidences that would probably place its date as early as the first century, even before the close of the Scriptural Canon.

"If it is later than Barnabas," it says, "that would put its earliest possible date at about 80; but if, as seems probable, it is earlier than Hermas, its lowest date would be near the beginning of the second century. Among negative evidences for a very early date are the simplicity of the style, the absence of legendary setting, the transitional character of the ministry, the transition from the order of apostles to stationary bishops, the simple arrangements for the care of the poor, the absence of reference to Docetic, Gnostic, and Montanistic controversies, and especially, the absence of traces of the writings and theology of John. The apostles and prophets still come around to visit the churches; the Jews are still hypocrites, as in Matthew's Gospel. In any case it cannot be later than A.D. 140 or 150.

"The analysis of its contents," says the New York *Observer*, "is easy and simple. It begins with the state-

ment that there are two ways, one of life and one of death, and the first six chapters set forth the nature of these ways and the end to which they lead. The ethical teaching here is plain and pure, often adopting the very words of Scripture, but it seems strange that so little is said of what one is to believe and so much of what one has to do. Doubtless it was supposed that the doctrinal teaching would be supplied in another form. Chapters seven and eight treat of baptism, and the two following of the Lord's Supper, or the Eucharist, as it is here named. The eleventh chapter tells how itinerant apostles and prophets are to be received, and the thirteenth how, in case they become permanent, they are to be supported, while between these is a direction as to every one that cometh in the Lord's name. Chapter fourteen tells what to do on the Lord's Day, and chapter fifteen of the appointment and character of bishops and deacons, while the last chapter urges watchfulness in view of evil times, and especially of the end of all things when the Lord shall come and the dead shall be raised."

We quote as follows from the *Independent*: "Of the genuineness of the new document we think there can be little doubt. It is fully accepted by Harnack, the best patristic scholar living. Then there is in it that peculiar quality which a scholar will recognize which is beyond forgery. It contains so much which is unexpected and fresh, and yet which harmonizes so admirably with everything more known, and it is so simple, so consistent, that the most accomplished scholar could not have forged it, and certainly not a member of the Greek Church. There is no Shapira trick possible in the treatise. . . . It is by all odds, the most important writing exterior to the New Testament, now in the possession of the Christian world.

"Perhaps the most striking point in the whole is its description of baptism. While some portions are not quite clear in their meaning, it is clear that the manner of baptism was regarded as a matter of mere convenience. Running water was preferred, as in a stream, otherwise standing water, as in a pool, otherwise warm water, or, finally, if water be scarce, sprinkling as from a dish. It is not stated that the baptism in the former case was by immersion, though there is nothing to forbid it. But it was not considered necessary, and the language is quite in harmony with the opinion of those who believe that the earliest baptism was by affusion, the candidate standing in the water, by which the feet were cleansed, and having it poured with the hand upon the head; and that total immersion was an early development of the strong tendency to magnify the ritualism of the Church. The doctrine proves that the immediate successors of the apostles laid no stress on immersion, if, indeed, they practised it at all.

"Another important point in view of the present differences is the light it throws on Church orders. We find, to our surprise, apostles continuing in the Church. But it is plain that bishops have nothing to do with them. Bishops are quite a different thing. The apostles are nothing else than itinerant missionaries, who may stop for a day or two to visit a local church, but whose business is to be off on the outposts preaching to the heathen. They are not an order in the Church, any more than prophets, who are mere local exhorters, moved by the Spirit.

"Two orders existed in the churches, bishops and deacons, both elected by the churches. The bishops are simple pastors over a church and not over a diocese. Presbyters are not mentioned, whence it seems that the double designation of the office of pastor employed in the Acts and Epistles had proved cumbrous, and the single name of bishop was retained.

"Among other points we notice that the cup, in the Eucharist, is given

still to the laity; that baptism is an invariable pre-requisite to the Communion; that true administration of baptism had sprung up, as well as a law of fasts; that the Lord's Day is observed, and not the Jewish Sabbath. Beyond this, we notice the simplicity of faith and order. The tendency to ceremonialism and formal religion had begun, but had proceeded but a little way."

The appeal to the written Word is very strong, enforcing one and another injunction by saying, "As ye have it in the Gospel of our Lord," and it abounds in quotations from the New Testament.

The unity of Christ's Church is thus strongly taught in the prayer appointed for the Eucharist: "Just as this broken bread was scattered over the hills, and having been gathered together became one, so let thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into thy kingdom.

The same sentiment is reiterated in the following section. This document says the *Independent*, "comes exactly at the right time to smite with crushing power the sectarian prejudices of the several Churches of Christendom. It will exert a powerful influence in breaking down the denominational barriers."

"The book is written in a plain and simple style, often diffuse and abounding in repetition, yet occasionally marked with striking vigour. Thus, 'thy speech shall not be empty, but filled with doing'—a fair hit at those who substitute words for deeds. (The class has not yet ceased.) Idolatry is described as 'a worship of dead gods,' which is as true as it is keen. One or two compound words are novel, such as when those in the way of death are called *panthamartetoi*, given to every kind of sin, or he who wants to live off of his brethren without working is styled a *Christemporos*, one that makes merchandise of Christ. The book, while enjoining hospitality, clearly recognizes the apostle's rule, 'If any man will not work neither let him eat.'"

Translations have been already published by Profs. Roswell D. Hitchcock and Francis Brown, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and by Prof. Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary. The best that we have seen, however, is that made for the *Sunday School Times*, which we have here followed.

“THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.”

CHAPTER I.—Two ways there are, one of life and one of death, but a wide difference between the two ways. The way of life, then, is this: First, thou shalt love God who made thee; second, thy neighbour as thyself; and all things whatsoever thou wouldst should not occur to thee, thou also to another do not do. And of these sayings the teaching is this: Bless them that curse you, and pray for your enemies, and fast for them that persecute you. For what thank [is there], if ye love them that love you? Do not also the Gentiles do the same? But do ye love them that hate you; and ye shall not have an enemy. Abstain thou from fleshly and worldly lusts. If one give thee a blow on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also; and thou shalt be perfect. If one impress thee for one mile, go with him two. If one take away thy cloak, give him also thy coat. If one take from thee thine own, ask it not back, for indeed thou art not able. Give to every one that asketh thee, and ask it not back. For to all is the Father willing to bestow of his own free gifts. Happy [is] he that giveth according to commandment; for he is guiltless. Woe to him that receiveth; for if one having need receiveth, he is guiltless; but he [that receiveth] not having need, shall pay the penalty, why he received and for what, and coming into straits (confinement) he shall be examined concerning the things which he hath done, and he shall not escape thence until he pay back the last farthing. But also now concerning this it hath been said, Let thine alms sweat in thy hands, until thou know to whom thou shouldst give.

CHAP. II.—And the second commandment of the Teaching: Thou shalt not commit murder, thou shalt not commit adultery, thou shalt not commit pæderasty, thou shalt not commit fornication, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not practice magic, thou shalt not practice witchcraft, thou shalt not murder a child by abortion nor kill that which is begotten. Thou shalt not covet the things of thy neighbour, thou shalt not forswear thyself, thou shalt not bear false witness, thou shalt not speak evil, thou shalt bear no grudge. Thou shalt not be double-minded nor double-tongued; for to be double-tongued is a snare of death. Thy speech shall not be false, nor empty, but fulfilled by deed. Thou shalt not be covetous nor rapacious nor a hypocrite nor evil-disposed nor haughty. Thou shalt not take evil counsel against thy neighbour. Thou shalt not hate any man, but some thou shalt reprove, and concerning some thou shalt pray, and some thou shalt love more than thy own life.

CHAP. III.—My child flee from every evil thing, and from every likeness of it. Be not prone to anger, for anger leadeth the way to murder; neither jealous, nor quarrelsome, nor of hot temper; for out of all these murders are engendered. My child, be not a lustful one; for lust leadeth the way to fornication; neither a filthy talker nor of lofty eye; for out of all these adulteries are engendered. My child be not an observer of omens, since it leadeth the way to idolatry; neither an enchanter nor an astrologer nor a purifier, nor be willing to look at these things, for out of all these idolatry is engendered. My child, be not a liar, since a lie leadeth the way to theft; neither money-loving nor vainglorious, for out of all these thefts are engendered. My child, be not a murmurer, since it leadeth the way to blasphemy; neither self-willed nor evil-minded, for out of all these blasphemies are engendered. But be thou meek, since the meek shall inherit the earth. Be long-suffering and pitiful and guileless and gentle and good and always trembling at the words which thou hast heard.

Thou shalt not exalt thyself, nor give over-confidence to thy soul. Thy soul shall not be joined with lofty ones, but with just and lowly ones shall it have its intercourse. The workings that befall thee receive as good, knowing that apart from God nothing cometh to pass.

CHAP. IV.—My child, him that speaketh to thee the word of God remember night and day; and thou shalt honour him as the Lord; for [in the place] whence lordly rule is uttered, there is the Lord. And thou shalt seek out day by day the faces of the saints, in order that thou mayest be refreshed by (or, rest upon) their words. Thou shalt not long for division, but shalt bring those who contend to peace. Thou shalt judge righteously, thou shalt not respect persons in reproving for transgressions. Thou shalt not be undecided whether it shall be or no. Be not a stretcher forth of the hands to receive and a drawer of them back to give. If thou hast [aught], through thy hands thou shalt give ransom for thy sins. Thou shalt not hesitate to give nor murmur when thou givest; for thou shalt know who is the good repayer of the hire. Thou shalt not turn away from him that is in want, but thou shalt share all things with thy brother, and shalt not say that they are thine own; for if ye are partakers in that which is immortal, how much more in things which are mortal? Thou shalt not remove thy hand from thy son or from thy daughter, but from [their] youth shalt teach [them] the fear of God. Thou shalt not enjoin aught in thy bitterness upon thy bondman or maid-servant, who hope in the same God, lest ever they shall fear not God, who is over both; for he cometh not to call according to the outward appearance, but unto them whom the Spirit hath prepared. And ye servants shall be subject to your masters as to a type of God, in modesty and fear. Thou shalt hate all hypocrisy and everything which is not pleasing to the Lord. Do thou in no wise forsake the commandments of the Lord; but thou shalt keep what thou hast received, neither adding thereto nor taking

therefrom. In the church thou shalt acknowledge thy transgressions, and thou shalt come near for thy prayer with an evil conscience. This is the way of life.

CHAP. V.—And the way of death is this: First of all it is evil and full of curse: murders, adulteries, lusts, fornications, thefts, idolatries, magic arts, witchcrafts, rapines, false witnessings, hypocrisies, double-heartedness, deceit, haughtiness, depravity, self-will, greediness, filthy talking, jealousy, over-confidence, loftiness, boastfulness; persecutors of the good, hating truth, loving a lie, not knowing a reward for righteousness, not cleaving to good nor to righteous judgment, watching not for that which is good but for that which is evil; from whom meekness and endurance are far, loving vanities, pursuing requital, not pitying a poor man, not labouring for the afflicted, not knowing him that made them, murderers of children, destroyers of the handiwork of God, turning away from him that is in want, afflicting him that is distressed, advocates of the rich, lawless judges of the poor, utter sinners. Be delivered, children, from all these.

CHAP. VI.—See that no one cause thee to err from this way of the Teaching, since apart from God it teacheth thee. For if thou art able to bear all the yoke of the Lord, thou wilt be perfect; but if thou art not able, what thou art able that do. And concerning food, bear what thou art able; but against that which is sacrificed to idols be exceedingly on thy guard; for it is the service of dead gods.

CHAP. VII.—And concerning baptism, thus baptize ye: Having first said all these things, baptize into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit in living water. But if thou have not living water, baptize into other water; and if thou canst not in cold, in warm. But if thou have not either, pour out water thrice upon the head in the name of Father and Son and Holy Spirit. But before the baptism let the baptizer fast, and the baptized, and whatever others can; but thou shalt order the bap-

tized to fast one or two days before.

CHAP. VIII.—But let not your fasts be with the hypocrites ; for they fast on Monday and Thursday ; but do ye fast on Wednesday and Friday. Neither pray as the hypocrites ; but as the Lord commanded in his gospel, thus pray : Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven [so] also upon earth. Giveth us to day our daily [needful] bread, and forgive us our debt as we forgive our debtors. And bring, us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; for thine is the power and the glory for ever. Thrice in the day thus pray.

CHAP. IX.—Now concerning the Thanksgiving (Eucharist), thus give thanks. First, concerning the cup : We thank Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David Thy servant, which Thou madest known to us through Jesus thy Servant ; to Thee be the glory forever. And concerning that which is broken: We thank Thee, our Father for the life and knowledge which Thou madest known to us through Jesus thy Servant ; to Thee be the glory forever. Even as this which is broken was scattered over the hills, and was gathered together and became one, so let Thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into Thy kingdom ; for Thine is the glory and the power through Jesus Christ forever. But let no one eat or drink of your Thanksgiving (Eucharist), but they who are baptized in the name of the Lord ; for indeed concerning this the Lord hath said : Give not that which is holy to the dogs.

CHAP. X.—But after ye are filled, thus give thanks : We thank Thee, holy Father, for Thy holy name which Thou didst cause to tabernacle in our hearts, and for the knowledge and faith and immortality, which Thou madest known to us through Jesus thy Servant ; to Thee be the glory forever. Thou, Master almighty, didst create the whole world for Thy namesake ; Thou gavest food and drink to men for enjoyment, that they might give thanks to Thee ;

but to us Thou didst freely give spiritual food and drink and life eternal through thy Servant. Before all things we thank Thee that Thou art mighty ; to Thee be the glory forever. Remember, Lord, Thy Church, to deliver it from all evil and to make it perfect in Thy love, and gather it, sanctified, from the four winds, into Thy kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for it ; for Thine is the power and the glory forever. Let grace come and let this world pass away. Hosanna to the Son of David. Whoever is holy, let him come ; whoever is not so, let him repent. Marantha. Amen. But permit the prophets to make Thanksgiving as much as they desire.

CHAP. XI.—Whosoever, therefore, cometh and teacheth you all these things, which have been said before, receive him. But if the teacher himself turn and teach another doctrine to the destruction of this hear him not ; but if [he teaches] so as to increase righteousness and the knowledge of the Lord, receive him as the Lord. But concerning the apostles and prophets according to the decree of the gospel, thus do. Let every apostle that cometh to you be received as the Lord. But he shall not remain [except] one day ; but if he remain three days, he is a false prophet. And when the apostle goeth away, let him take nothing but bread until he lodgeth ; but if he ask money, he is a false prophet. And every prophet that speaketh in the Spirit ye shall neither try nor judge ; for every sin shall be forgiven, but this sin shall not be forgiven. But not every one that speaketh in the Spirit is a prophet ; but only if he hold the ways of the Lord. Therefore from their ways shall the false prophet and the prophet be known. And every prophet, who ordereth a meal, in the Spirit, eateth not from it, except indeed he be a false prophet ; and every prophet who teacheth the truth, if he do not what he teacheth, is a false prophet. And every prophet, proved true, working unto the mystery of the Church in the world, yet not teaching [others] to do what he himself doeth, shall not be judged

among you : for with God he hath his judgment ; for so also did the ancient prophets. But whoever saith in the Spirit : Give me money, or something else, ye shall not listen to him ; but if he saith to you to give for others' sake who are in need, let no one judge him.

CHAP. XII.—But let every one that cometh in the name of the Lord be received, and afterward ye shall prove and know him ; for ye shall have understanding right and left. If who cometh is a wayfarer, assist him as far as ye are able ; but he shall not remain with you, except for two or three days, if need be. But if he willeth to abide with you, being an artisan, let him work and eat ; but if he hath no trade, according to your understanding see to it that, as a Christian, he shall not live with you idle. But if he willeth not so to do, he is a Christ-monger. Watch that ye keep aloof from such.

CHAP. XIII.—But every true prophet that willeth to abide among you is worthy of his support. So also a true teacher is himself worthy, as the workman, of his support. Every first-fruit, therefore, of the products of wine-press and threshing-floor, of oxen and of sheep, thou shalt take and give to the prophets, for they are your high priests. But if ye have not a prophet, give it to the poor. If thou makest a batch of dough, take the first-fruit and give according to the commandment. So also when thou openest a jar of wine or of oil, take the first-fruit and give it to the prophets ; and of money and clothing and every possession, take the first-fruit, as it may seem good to thee, and give according to the commandment.

CHAP. XIV.—But every Lord's day do ye gather yourselves together, and break bread, and give thanksgiving, after having confessed your transgressions, that your sacrifice may be pure. But let no one that is at variance with his fellow come together with you, until they be reconciled, that your sacrifice may not be profaned. For this is that which was spoken by the Lord. In every place and time offer to me a pure

sacrifice ; for I am a great King, saith the Lord, and my name is wonderful among the nations.

CHAP. XV.—Appoint, therefore, for yourselves, bishops and deacons worthy of the Lord, men meek, and not lovers of money, and truthful and proved : for they also render to you the service of prophets and teachers. Despise them not therefore, for they are your honoured ones, together with the prophets and teachers. And reprove one another not in anger, but in peace, as ye have it in the gospel ; but to every one that acts amiss against another, let no one speak, nor let him hear aught from you until he repent. But your prayers and alms and all your deeds so do, as ye have it in the gospel of the Lord.

CHAP. XVI.—Watch for your life's sake. Let not your lamps be quenched, nor your loins unloosed ; but be ye ready, for ye know not the hour in which our Lord cometh. But often shall ye come together seeking the things which are befitting to your souls ; for the whole time of your faith will not profit you, if ye be not made perfect in the last time. For in the last days false prophets and corrupters shall be multiplied, and the sheep shall be turned into wolves, and love shall be turned into hate ; for when lawlessness increaseth, they shall hate and persecute and betray one another, and then shall appear the world-deceiver as Son of God, and shall do signs and wonders, and the earth shall be delivered into his hand, and he shall do iniquitous things which have never yet come to pass since the beginning. Then shall the creation of men come into the fire of trial, and many shall be made to stumble and shall perish ; but they that endure in their faith shall be saved from under the curse itself. And then shall appear the signs of the truth ; first, the sign of an unrolling in heaven ; then the sign of the sound of the trumpet ; and the third, the resurrection of the dead ; yet not of all, but as it is said : The Lord shall come and all His saints with him. Then shall the world see the Lord coming upon the clouds of heaven.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE LATE REV. W. W. ROSS.

IT is with a melancholy pleasure that we present in this number of the MAGAZINE the last contribution to the press of our departed brother, the late W. W. Ross. It appears just as it came from his hand, not having received the revision of his critical taste. It is marked by his characteristic excellence of his literary style—the short, crisp sentences, the polished ease, the religious fervour, the spirit of kindly appreciation not limited by denominational lines. It is significant of the catholic spirit of Brother Ross that his last published words are a generous study of the life and labours of the great Baptist preacher, whose physical infirmities and mental endowments were so akin to his own.

Many of our readers will remember the Conference Pastoral Address written by Brother Ross, marked by the same crispness, and brilliance, and spiritual fervour. Had he devoted himself to literature he would have greatly excelled, as his graphic and graceful book of travel, "Ten Thousand Miles by Land and Sea," amply testifies. But best of all will he be remembered for his high qualities of Christian manhood, his spiritual earnestness, his sound exposition of the oracles of God, his marked urbanity in all relations of life. Our acquaintance with Brother Ross dates from a firm friendship formed at Victoria College six and twenty years ago. Our early admiration of his character only strengthened with the passing years. Wherever he went he made "troops of friends," life-long friends—and we do not think he ever made a single enemy—

None knew him but to love him ;
None named him but to praise.

His death was such as became his life. We quote from the touching words of his brother-in-law, the Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, pronounced at his funeral :—

"When questioned about his experience he said, 'My testimony must be my life.' 'I have tried to build up others on the atonement of Christ;' then pausing till recovered strength enabled him, he added, 'This would be no time for arranging these matters; these are settled questions.' His daily life testified, 'I am resting as a sinner in the full assurance of faith in the mercy of God.' A few hours before he died Mrs. Ross said, 'Can you answer me a question or two, dear?' The questions opened his eyes to the solemnity of his condition. He received the knowledge with a quiet dignity that seemed to say, 'This does not take me by surprise. I have long been preparing for the journey. I have no arrangements now to complete. I dread the grave as little as I dread my bed.'"

ED. NOTES.—We purposed writing for this number a few paragraphs on a Basis of Christian Unity; but we give the space to the "Teaching of the Apostles." To make room for Judge Dean's article, the closing chapters of the "Story of Life in Newfoundland" are held over. Further contributions to the Symposium on Christian Unity, which has attracted much attention, will shortly appear from representative writers.

The beautiful Latin hymn by Mr. Kerr in the last number of this MAGAZINE, attracted much attention and elicited much favourable comment of scholars and critics. In this number he essays, with distinguished success, the more difficult

task of rendering into Greek, Bishop Ken's beautiful Evening Hymn. If the Greek version be sung over to the familiar time of "Sun of my soul," the sonorous sweetness of the grand old Hellenic tongue will be felt. We shall have pleasure in sending this specimen of Canadian scholarship and poetic taste to Mr. Gladstone and Lord Tennyson, who have given us such fine examples of similar translations.

In a note to the writer, Mr. William Kirby remarks:—"In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, is an article on Governor Thomas Hutchinson, the last royal Governor of Massachusetts, which remarkably confirms the view I take of parties in the sketch you are publishing of the U. E. Loyalists. It is noteworthy that a number of Americans are beginning to do justice, yes,

and to take pride even, in the noble devotion to high principles of duty exhibited by the Loyalists at the period of the revolution."

The April number of the *Southern Quarterly Review* contains an able article by the Rev. W. Harrison, of Dorchester, N. B., on "Unconscious Orthodoxy." Mr. Harrison, who is a frequent contributor to this MAGAZINE, has contributed also several papers to this able Quarterly.

Our versatile friend, the Rev. E. Barrass, M. A., contributes a second article on "Canadian Methodism" to Frank Leslie's *Sunday Magazine*, edited by Dr. Talmage. From the number of his articles in that vivacious Monthly, he may, we suppose, be considered one of its regular corps.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Rev. Dr. Moulton, of Leys' School, Cambridge, has accepted the position of Vice-President of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

Memorial busts have been erected to the late Rev. Dr. Punshon and Dr. Gervase Smith, in City Road Chapel, London. The service held in connection with unveiling the busts was of a solemn and impressive character.

A new mission has been commenced at Madrid, Spain. The population exceeds 400,000. The city is not only the capital of the country, but it is also the watch-tower, seeing it is the most elevated as well as the most central city in the kingdom. Great impediments are thrown in the way of the missionary, especially by the priests, who influence the Government to

curtail the civil privileges of those who renounce the Church of Rome.

A Methodist College has been established in India, under very favourable auspices.

In Hayti the insurrection, which had produced such sad havoc, has closed, and now the missionaries are returning to their work. They have been in great peril, but happily their lives have been preserved.

The second Methodist Ecumenical Conference is expected to be held in 1887. The committee appointed by the last Wesleyan Conference recently met in London, the proceedings of which will be reprinted at the approaching Conference in July.

Two ministerial evangelists, Revs. T. Cook, and T. Waugh, were appointed to act under the Home Missionary Committee in special evan-

gelistic work, and the Rev. H. P. Hughes has received an assistant to enable him to leave his circuit occasionally for the same purpose.

Dr. Eliphath Clark, in his gift of \$50,000 to the Methodist Seminary at Kent's Hill, in New England, makes this provision: that if at any time a member of the Faculty, or one of the teachers connected with the institution, shall use tobacco in any form, and shall refuse to abandon the habit, and the case is not attended to by the Faculty, then for that year the interest shall be added to the capital.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The sixty-fifth Annual Report of the Missionary Society has just been issued. The receipts for the past four years are \$2,616,170.94. This is about \$300,000 increase in the quadrennium, but still it is not equal to the income for the last quadrennium but one.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society has raised \$25,000 within the quadrennium, while for Foreign Missions the Society has raised during the same period \$506,710. Adding all these receipts, the Church has raised for Missionary purposes an amount which exceeds that of the former quadrennium by \$350,000, which is, so far, gratifying.

A new People's Church has been erected at Boston, Mass. The total cost was \$104,000, \$42,000 of which was given at the dedication; over 42,000 persons contributed to the building fund. Seats have been provided for 2,500 persons in the church, and 700 more in the chapel. It is said to be the largest Protestant church in New England, and has been seven years in building.

The Rev. Dr. Butler, who is visiting the Mission in India, which he founded several years ago, intends, on his return to America, to devote himself entirely to preaching and lecturing on missions.

William Taylor is now in South America, but will return in time for the General Conference in May.

The Rev. J. F. Goucher, of the Baltimore Conference, has offered to

give a \$25,000 site for the proposed Methodist Episcopal Seminary in Baltimore, or that amount in money if another site is selected.

Look back to Christmas, 1784, when the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized with 15,000 members. That was all of American Methodists. Now—what? What wonders has God wrought in the hundred years! Methodist numbers, in all its branches, 3,993,820 members. Marvellous growth! The Baptists, numerically, come next, but they were a large, strong denomination in the country when Methodism entered it. They now number, of all kinds, 2,552,129. American Methodism should celebrate its centennial with devout thanksgiving and with liberal thank-offerings. It should enter upon its second century with a purpose of achieving still greater success and triumph.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Travelling preachers, 3,863; increase, 127. Superannuated preachers, 313. Local preachers, 5,892. Members (white), 888,094; increase, 26,850. Sunday-school teachers, 65,574. Sunday-school scholars, 509,934; increase, 26,508. Collected for missions, \$227,640.38; increase, \$19,881.32.

Inspirations reports come in from the centenary meeting at Louisville. The Church Extension Board met there in March. Parlour conferences were held one evening in the homes of different laymen, where the interests of Church Extension were the themes of conversation. At the centenary mass meeting the prominent theme was the Extension Loan Fund of \$500,000, to be raised during the centenary year. Of this amount Kentucky proposes to raise \$50,000 as a memorial of Bishop Kavanaugh, to be known as the "Kavanaugh Loan Fund."

The following statistics prove the marvellous increase of the coloured people in the United States: They have nearly 1,000,000 children at school, publish over 80 newspapers, furnish nearly 16,000 teachers, about

15,000 students in the high schools and colleges, about 2,000,000 members in the Methodist and Baptist Churches, own 680,000 acres of land in Georgia alone, and over 5,000,000 in the whole South; the increase in the production of cotton since emancipation has been 1,000,000 bales per year, or one-third more than when working under the lash; and they had deposited in the fraudulent "Freedman's Bank" \$56,000,000. Besides these, coloured men have engineered and nearly completed a railroad in North Carolina, and they are assessed over \$91,000,000 or taxable property. And yet, twenty-two years ago, this race did not even own itself.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Our excellent *confreres*, the *Christian Guardian* and the *Wesleyan*, have their columns every week filled with delightful accounts of revivals in numerous places.

Provisional District Meetings to re-arrange the work have been held in several places, and so far there does not seem to be such an overplus of ministers, as some have anticipated, as the result of union.

The Rev. G. Cochran, D.D., President of Toronto Conference, has, in obedience to the request of the Missionary Board, consented to return to Japan to take charge of the Mission Educational Institute in that country. He will be accompanied by three other brethren: Revs. R. Whittington, M.A., J. B. Freeman, B.A., and Charles Cocking, the first of whom is to be employed in educational work and the others in evangelistic labours. The mission party will sail to their important work soon after Conference. We feel sure that they will be followed by the prayers of our readers.

A recent communication from the Rev. John McDougall, Morley, North-West, gives an account of the opening of the "Orphanage," with fifteen children. He earnestly pleads for further help. The building can accommodate thirty-five or forty children, but they greatly need additional furniture and house requisites.

Additional branches of the Woman's Missionary Society are being formed in various Conferences. So far, we believe, London Conference has the greatest number within its bounds. The rapid increase of the branches would greatly aid the Missionary Society. The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada only has a few representatives abroad, but as the funds increase, the number will be augmented. Those in Japan and British Columbia, as well as those in the North-West, are a credit to any Society. Think of Miss Lawrence, of Port Simpson, who, when a teacher was needed for Kit-a-mat, volunteered for the post, and made the long canoe journey with an Indian crew in autumn; and there, in that heathen village, without a white face within 160 miles, spent the whole winter in self-denying labours for Christ! Such women are heroines.

One of our missionaries, the Rev. S. Huntingdon, writes an interesting account of his labours among the shantymen on the Upper Ottawa. Few fields of labour are more deserving of support. There are, at least, 4,000 shantymen annually employed in the valley of the Ottawa alone, about one-third of whom are Protestants, and several are the sons of Methodist parents. The missionary has a hard field of labour, but he resolutely perseveres in visiting the men, and distributes tracts and other good reading among them. He has met with great encouragement, and if the mission can be properly sustained, there is every reason to expect great good to be done.

ITEMS.

From the Livingstonia Mission, Central Africa, comes news of the completion of the New Testament into the Chinyanja language, and of the launching of a missionary steamer upon the waters of Lake Nyassa.

Mr. W. Bucknell has just paid over to the Board of American Baptists Publication Society \$5,000 for the distribution of Bibles to the destitute.

The widow of the late Count de Chambord has given her immense estate to the Pope, and gone into a nunnery.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Miss Abigail Brown Judson died at Plymouth, Mass., Jan. 25. Her age was nearly 93. She was the sister of Adoniram Judson, the Apostle of Burmah.

Bishop Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, has recently died. He was a native of Kentucky, and was born in 1802. He joined one of the Conferences in 1823, and in 1854 was elected bishop, so that at the time of his death he had been in the itinerancy sixty-one years. He almost literally "ceased at once to work and live," as quite recently he presided at some Annual Conferences. He was described as a powerful preacher.

"Death loves a shining mark." One such was smitten when the Rev. W. W. Ross, of London Conference,

was called from the Church militant. All who knew him loved him for his kind disposition, and for his ability as an expounder of the Word of God. The late Dr. Punshon informed the writer that when he heard Bro. Ross the first time, he considered him the best preacher whom he had then heard in Canada. The best churches were always glad to secure his services. His health was always delicate. He was only 47 years of age, and had been twenty-seven years in the ministry, some of which were employed in the service of the Upper Canada Bible Society.

Rev. William Dent was a Primitive Methodist minister fifty-six years, though for twenty-four years he sustained a superannuated relation. He was a practical preacher, an earnest student of Methodist theology, and a firm believer in the doctrine of entire sanctification. He was one of the most pious men the writer ever knew. He died at New-castle-on-Tyne, in the 77th year of his age.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Unity of Nature. By the DUKE OF ARGYLL, 8vo., pp. 571. Author's copyright edition. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.75.

Two ancestors of the Duke of Argyll gave their lives for the defence of Christ's "Crown and Covenant." The present duke devotes his energies to the defence of Christian theism against a materialistic atheism and agnosticism. In his "Reign of Law" he proves his ability to grapple with the profound questions which are agitating the modern mind. In his "Unity of Nature" he shows that the universe, including man in his widest relations, is "one stupendous whole," the offspring of one originating Mind, and governed by one great teleological

plan. This theme he illustrates by manifold arguments and analogies derived from the spheres of physics, metaphysics, and morals. In its brilliant illustrations from the laws of chemistry and biology, this book has much in common with Drummond's "Natural Laws in the Spiritual World," but his Grace is less fanciful and more logical than the Glasgow Professor. He fairly turns the tables on the Evolutionists, and shows that "natural rejection" is the correlative of "natural selection;" that all the evidences, historical and ethnographic, with respect to the lowest races of men, go to prove that they are not developments from inferior anthropoids, but degradations from a superior type of man. The argument in

Chapter X, "On the Degradation of Man," is the best refutation of the teaching of Sir John Lubbock and his school on the primitive savagery of the race, that we know. The chapters on the Moral Character of Man, on the Nature and Origin of Religion, and on the Corruptions of Religion, are masterly refutations of Comtism and other anti-theistic theories. The achievements and inventions of primitive man in the science of language, of metallurgy, and agriculture, are among the greatest ever reached. Even the false religions of the world are but "broken lights" reflecting the grandeur of the true. As a mere animal, man's senses are inferior to those of the ape, the owl, the eagle, the dog, the deer, which are highly specialized; while man's are broadly generalized and subordinate, the animal to the intellectual. "The Processes of Negative Philosophy," says our author, "systematically suppress more than one-half of the Facts of Nature; and as systematically they silence more than one-half of the Faculties of Man"—and these the very highest faculties we possess. The philosophical and theistic arguments of this book are a strong bulwark against agnosticism and atheism. The ingenious illustration and analogies from nature, including reminiscences of Canada, which the noble author visited as the guest of his son, our late Governor General, make this book very interesting reading.

Life of the Right Reverend Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford and afterwards of Winchester. By A. R. ASHWELL, M.A., and REGINALD G. WILBERFORCE. Imp. 8v., pp. xxxv., 553. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price, \$3.

Bishop Wilberforce was one of the most notable men of his day. Probably no English prelate ever lived more conspicuously before the eye of the nation, or took a more active part in public affairs, or received a larger share of mingled praise and blame. This Life is an

American reprint, slightly abridged, of the English edition in three volumes, which created such a sensation on its appearance. The very frank criticism of contemporaries, reprinted from his diary, made it the book of the season. The author describes, for instance, the Emperor of the French as "mean-looking," with a small, grey, cunning eye. When he "did homage" the Queen, he says, was nervous, yet was sympathetic as a sister in speaking of his dead wife. Mrs. Oliphant was narrow and jealous, Carlyle impracticable, etc.

Few men saw more of aristocratic life in England than this "Society Bishop." His relations to the Queen, the royal princes, the leading statesmen, were very intimate. He was honoured with the life-long friendship of Mr. Gladstone, who exchanged with him many confidential letters, which are very interesting reading, and paid the noblest tribute that was uttered on his death. His talents and energy procured rapid promotion. He was successively curate, incumbent, canon, archdeacon, royal chaplain, dean, and bishop, before he reached forty. He does not strike one as a great, or as a learned man, but as an able man—shrewd, moderate, of good judgment and with a capacity for any amount of work. He records writing fifty letters in a day. He would not employ a secretary, lest any of his correspondents might feel slighted or hurt. After a very busy day in London, he would dash off by rail to some country house to dine, sit up half the night writing, and write half a dozen letters next morning in the train.

In his diary the better side of his nature appears. He was the good son of a good father. He preserved six hundred letters of paternal counsel from the great philanthropist. He was a man of singularly strong and tender affection. For thirty years he mourned, with unabated sorrow, the wife of his youth. His piety, while seemingly depending on external aids, was earnest and sincere. He found even a cab a good place to read the afternoon prayers. Over and over in his diary occur the letters D.G.—we sup-

pose for *Deo Gratia*—"Thank God." He knew much sorrow—the death of wife, children, brothers, and the perversion to the Church of Rome of several relatives, which brought on him much obloquy. Yet was he staunchly Protestant, and questioned whether he should not resign his bishopric that he might the better testify against what he called "the cursed abominations of the Papacy." He had no love for the Wesleyans, and complained of the hold they had on the better disposed among his people. He prays God to overrule it for good. We have no doubt his prayer was answered. But this was fifty years ago. He became more liberal in his later years.

On his ordination as bishop, Prince Albert wrote him a very sensible letter counselling him to abstain entirely from the politics of the day—which his lordship failed to do— to be "always the *Christian*, not the mere *Churchman*."

In resisting the Papal tendency of sisterhoods and religious vows he was very firm; asserting the essence of the religious life to be a continual consecration again and again freely made.

It will be remembered that, like William III. and Sir Robert Peel, he was killed by a fall from his horse. He records a previous fall in Hyde Park in which he received a most unepiscopal pair of black eyes. Towards his life's end a feeling of weariness is apparent in his diary. He would like to sleep for a fortnight, he wrote, and death was a release from many cares. Of him, as of Lear, it might be said—

"He hates him
Who would upon the rack of this rude
world,
Stretch him out longer."

This life shows the unwisdom of combining spiritual and political functions in the same office. The bishop complains of being compelled to wear his lawn in the House of Lords, and of the evil effect of the same vestments being associated with spiritual functions and political debate. But surely the absence of the lawn would not lessen the incon-

gruity. The London *Spectator* of March 15th, in an article on the motion for the exclusion of bishops from the House of Lords, takes strong ground in its favour in the interest of the bishops themselves. There is surely work enough for them in the discharge of their higher duties without taking part in secular politics. Their anomalous privileges are an injustice to the "Dissenting" bodies, and their record, as John Bright has shown, has been one of persistent opposition to all the great reforms of the last fifty years. The sooner they are relieved of their incongruous political functions the better for themselves and for the Church of which they are the chief ministers.

The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg. Cr. 8vo., pp. 524. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. New and cheap edition. Price \$1.50.

It was with somewhat of surprise that many persons learned that the author of the fine hymn, "I would not live away," which has been a favourite for sixty years, continued till quite recently to live an active and useful life. The story of that life is one of exceeding interest. Descended from an old Lutheran family, young Muhlenberg early joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he became a zealous son and servant. After several years of diligent pastoral life, and fifteen years as the head of a successful college, he entered, in 1849, on his greatest life-work, in succouring the sick, the suffering, and the sorrowing. As founder of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, and for nearly thirty years its father and manager, he erected a monument of Christian philanthropy more lasting than brass. During the terrible riot of 1803 his personal influence saved the hospital from an exasperated mob. Here the Doctor lived, laboured, and died, leaving only \$40 behind him, although the dispenser of vast sums of money in charity. For this purpose he received the very year he died no less than \$113,000.

A most ardent desire of this nineteenth century St. John, was the spiritual unity of the Christian Churches. For this purpose he published for many years the *Evangelical Catholic* periodical. He describes as his model the saintly Archbishop Leighton, riding to visit a sick Presbyterian minister, on a horse borrowed from a Roman Catholic priest. He arranged a union of most of the Churches of New York for the religious observance of Good Friday, and preached in the Presbyterian Church to a large number of clergy and members of other denominations. "Never did I so feel," he writes, "the reality of my office as a preacher of the Crucified. It was the happiest Good Friday of my life." Dr. Schaff also preached, by his invitation, in the Episcopal Church. For the furtherance of Christian unity he published his "Olive Branch," and for this purpose, in his seventy-seventh year, he pleaded before the Evangelical Alliance that the Lord's Supper should be, as in its origin, a bond of brotherhood, instead of a wall of separation between the Churches. This appeal was emphasized by the Dean of Canterbury (Dr. Alford) and other Anglican clergymen receiving the communion in several Presbyterian churches. Even in the delirium of his last illness Dr. Muhlenberg "broke out into a rhapsody on Evangelical Catholicism, and spoke eloquently of the Fatherhood of God—the Brotherhood of men in Christ." He sleeps in the quiet "God's acre" of the little village of St. John-land, which he founded "to give form and practical application to the principles of Brotherhood in Christ;" where, as he loved to say, "I can speak from my grave for the 'Evangelical Brotherhood.'" Those eternal principles for which he lived and died are destined more and more to leaven the Church on earth till they shall universally prevail. This is an inspiring story of a saintly life.

Doomed Religions. A Series of Essays on the Great Religions of the World. Edited by the Rev.

J. M. REID, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 455.
New York: Phillips & Hunt.
Toronto: William Briggs Price,
\$1.50.

There are those who talk about the great religions and great Bibles of the race as if they were scarce, if at all, inferior to the Christian religion or to the New Testament. The very title of this book confutes the sophistry. These religions are doomed, are dying, will soon be dead. We possess the data for calculating the curve of their wane and extinction (see Dorchester's Problem of Religious Progress). They are doomed because of their admixture of error and falsehood. Any vitality that they possess—and Mohammedanism, for instance, has much—they possess by virtue of the "broken lights" of truth reflected from the "primordial religion," of which Dr. Reid writes in the introductory chapter. These papers are very instructive studies, by missionaries in the field, of the chief of pagan religions, and of the religion of Mohammed. The latter, by Ram Chandra Bose, M.A., is of special interest, although the items and the total given on page 112 do not agree. Dr. Fowler adds a chapter in his own vigorous style on the corrupt forms of Christianity—the Catholic and Greek Churches. The whole is an argument and an appeal for increased missionary zeal.

Cyclopedia of History, including "Green's Larger History of the English People," "Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War," "Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," and "Carlyle's French Revolution." Royal 8vo., pp. 783. New York: John B. Alden. Price, post free, \$1.80.

We have here four great historical works for less than the ordinary price of one. When we were a boy how we would have gloated over such goodly spoil! It needs not that we say a word in commendation of these standard works. Green's is, next to Macaulay's, which is only a fragment, the most

brilliant and popular history of England ever written. These five hundred closely printed pages contain the whole of his enlarged edition. Schiller's "Thirty Years' War" is a classic of German literature. Sir Edward Creasy's great work gives not only a graphic account of the great epoch-making battles of the world, but a synopsis of the intervening events. Carlyle's "French Revolution" we regard as the greatest of his works. He penetrates to the very heart of that great social convulsion, lays bare its causes, and traces with pen of fire its results. His book is, we think, the greatest prose poem of the language.

Sermons Preached in English Churches. By the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS. Pp. 311. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Price \$1.75.

There is a pleasant international character about this book. These sermons by the accomplished Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, were preached in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and other cathedrals and churches in England. They reveal one of the strands of kinship between the English-speaking peoples on opposite sides of the sea. Stronger than the affinities of race or language, we think, will be found those of spiritual fellowship and unity. Mr. Brooks has shown his fraternity of spirit by preaching at one of the opening services of the People's Methodist Church, Boston. These sermons are clear, strong, plain expositions of practical truth, such as will be welcomed by readers in all the Churches.

Macedonian Cry: A Voice from the Lands of Brahma and Buddha, Africa and the Isles of the Sea, and a Plea for Missions. By the Rev. JOHN LATHERN. Pp. 275. Toronto: William Briggs, and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax. Price 70 cents.

Christian missions have brought into being a valuable and instructive literature. To that literature this volume is a most interesting contribution. It describes with vivid pen the heathen systems of the world, the progress and results of

missions, their methods and agencies, and the money problem; and claims the world for Christ. The book is marked by the author's well-known eloquence of style and fervour of spirit. It is a perfect armoury of weapons—facts, figures, arguments and illustrations—for the advocacy of missions. It is an inspiration to flagging zeal, and incentive to greater effort than ever in this grandest of causes. The initial diagram, showing the dense darkness of the heathen world, and the comparatively faint fringe of Gospel light should quicken every Christian soul to redoubled diligence for the world's conversion.

The Surgeon's Stories. Vol. III. The Times of Charles XII.; Vol. IV. The Times of Frederick I. From the Swedish of Z. TOPELIUS. Pp. 349, 370. Chicago: Jansen McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.25 per vol.

We had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages the first and second cycles of these Swedish national tales, by the Professor of History in the University of Finland. They have won for him the title "The Scott of the North." The present volumes continue the national story, through some of the most eventful crises of European history. The hero of the first is the monarch who anticipated by a hundred years the valour and disaster of the great Napoleon, and

"Left a name at which the world
grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

One is brought face to face with the Lion of the North, and follows his eventful fortunes in a page vivid with life and adventure—sometimes almost painfully vivid, from realistic descriptions of camp life.

In the "Times of Frederick I.," Prof. Topelius has drawn a graphic picture of the condition of Sweden in the memorable period succeeding the "Times of Charles XII."—a period of exhaustion entailed by the career of the great warrior. The picture is drawn by the hand of a master. Prof. Topelius' fine descriptive powers, his poetry, and his

humour, are seen in happy combination.

It is no slight honour that the writings of a professor in the out-of-the-way town of Abo in Finland should elicit such a chorus of praise as the Surgeon's Series has won from the press of two hemispheres.

Felicitas. By FELIX DAHN, from the German. By MARY J. SAF-FORD. New York: William S. Gottsberger. Price, 90 cents.

Next to Kingsley's famous lectures on the Roman and the Teuton, we know of no book which, in so brief space, gives such vivid pictures as this of the condition of society at the time of the breaking up of the Roman Empire, and the subjugation of its corrupt and effete civilization by the free and vigorous life of the Germanic tribes. In those dark days the Christian bishops and the Christian Church, as Abbot Uhlhorn has shown, were almost the only barriers against barbarism. They planted the germs in the German forests of the Christian civilization which was to conquer the fierce religions of Thor and Odin. Just such stormy scenes, relieved by just such Christian heroism, as are described in this graphic story, must often have occurred along the Rhine and Danube frontier, the battle ground for the rebel forces striving for the conquest of Europe.

The American Printer; A Manual of Typography. By THOMAS MACKELLAR, Ph. D. Pp. 383. Philadelphia: MacKellar, Smiths, & Gordon.

This is one of the best books on everything pertaining to the art of printing that we know. While designed chiefly for the practical printer, it will be found of much value to authors and others who write for the press. By adopting its suggestions much trouble to compositors and much expense to authors will be saved. It gives the history of printing, description of all the implements of the craft, directions for composing, proof-reading, correcting, and printing; rules of

orthography, technical terms, etc. It is an admiral specimen of the printer's and engraver's art.

Hymns and Metrical Psalms. By THOMAS MACKELLAR. Pp. 169. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

These hymns are the product of a layman's busy life, and some of them the "outcome and alleviation of times of anguish and bereavement." They breathe a spirit of earnest devotion, and possess those essentials of good hymns—unity, brevity, and metrical correctness, and that undefinable lyric quality without which hymns are lifeless things. We are not surprised to learn that several of them have come into use in various hymnals.

Notes on Washington; or, Six Years at the National Capital. By JANE W. GEMMILL. 12mo., 316 pages. Price, \$1.25. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co.

Washington is one of the stately cities in the world. The Prince of Wales pronounced the Capitol the noblest public building he had seen. The broad streets, ample spaces, parks, and departmental and private buildings, give this city a character unique in America. It is a microcosm of the nation. The accomplished author of this book gives us an inside view of the social, political, official, departmental and religious life of the capital, such as can only be obtained by continuous and intimate acquaintance with its various phases.

LITERARY NOTE.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, send us a dainty parchment-covered, ribbon-tied copy (price 25 cents) of Dr. Neale's fine metrical version of the famous Latin hymn of Bernard of Cluny: "Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus." In this hymn occur the verses, "Jerusalem the Golden," which are found in almost every hymnal. The whole poem is an exquisite flower of the middle ages, giving forth its fragrance in the house of God forever.