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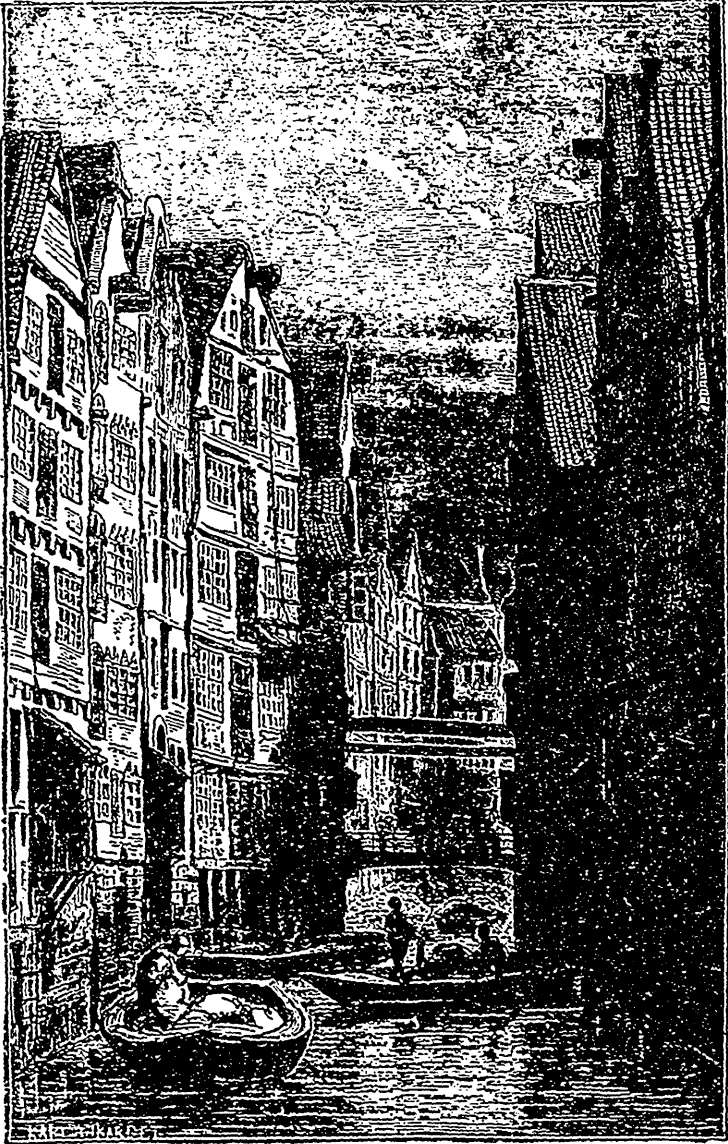
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THE
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DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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THE Methodist Magazine.

JULY, 1889.

GLIMPSSES OF NORTHERN AND CENTRAL GERMANY.*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL G. GREEN, D.D.

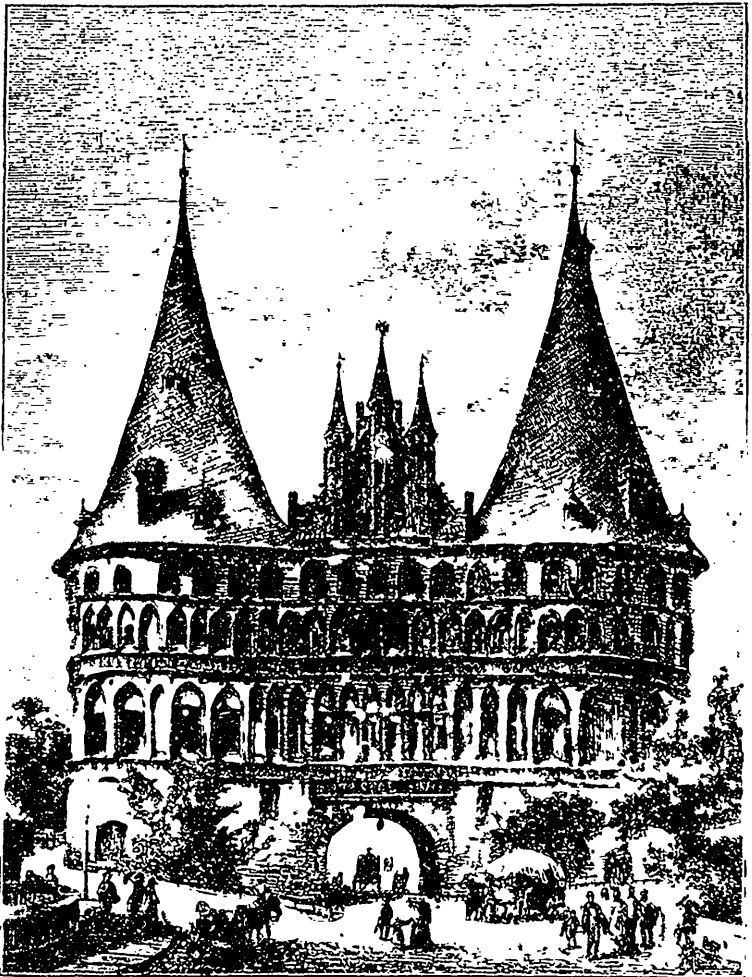
THE entrance to Northern Germany by the Elbe is, in its way, as pleasant as that by the Rhine, and avoids the fatigue of a long railway journey before reaching the principal cities. A great sea-port city must always have its points of interest, and Hamburg is no exception; although, truth to say, there is little in its architecture or its associations to detain the traveller. Among the churches, that of St. Nicholas, of which the late Sir Gilbert Scott was architect, is pre-eminent in beauty. We much admired its stately exterior, although the great plain buttresses suggest a kind of incompleteness. It is true that in a Protestant cathedral there is happily no room for that kind of enrichment which marks the Gothic cathedrals of former ages. Sculptured saints, and niches for statues, and legends carved in stone, are alien from the simplicity of our worship, and we can well dispense with the elaboration and the splendour. Still the contrast architecturally was felt, and the material of which so much of this fine cathedral is built cannot be made as effective as stone.

The newness of many of the stately streets, in contrast with the antique high-roofed buildings of other parts, was very noticeable. After the great fire of 1842, the city was, in great part, rebuilt on a uniform plan, to the loss of the old picturesqueness, of which glimpses may still be gained along the banks of the canals that intersect the town; but much, no doubt, to the promotion of convenience and healthfulness.

We saw in the city a few market-women with their singular

* For the text and some of the engravings of this article we are indebted to the admirable volume on "The German Fatherland." Published by the Religious Tract Society, London.—Ed.

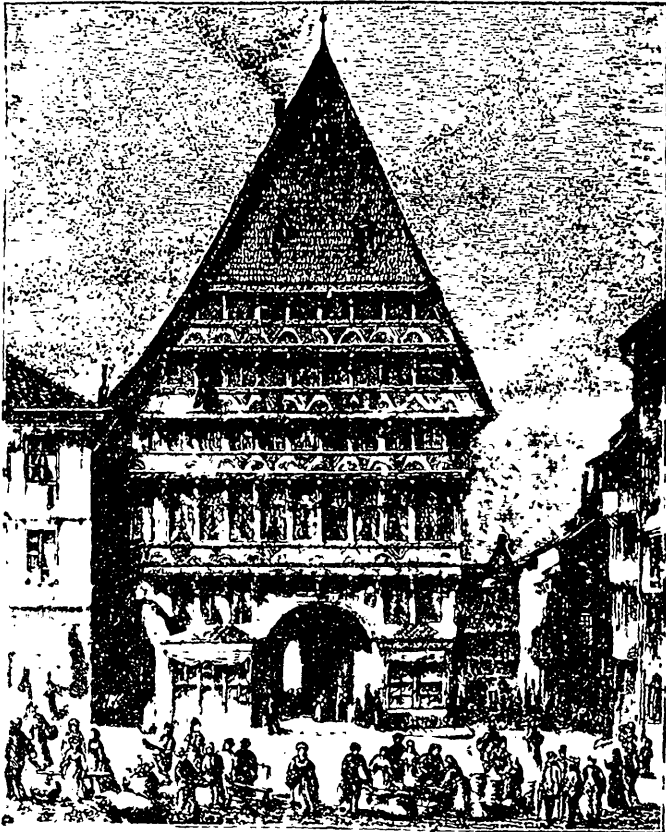
costume, which here, as in other towns in Germany, is, to a great extent, being discontinued, to the loss of much picturesqueness, especially since the change to a commonplace attire seems to



HOLSTEIN GATE, LUBECK.

mean slovenliness also. I suppose that with anything like a *uniform*, there comes also a pride in its neatness and grace; it is certain that the peasantry who retained the old-fashioned attire contrasted most favourably with those who had conformed to the modern indistinguishable style.

The town of Lübeck may be reached direct from Hamburg, and is well worth a visit, preserving as it does, far more than its great rival city, the characteristic memorials of its former greatness. Here may be seen, as in the days when Lübeck stood chief among the eighty cities of the Hanseatic League, the old gabled houses, the quaint churches with their wonderful carvings, and the imposing remnants of the fortifications. Among these the



THE OLD GATE-HOUSE, HILDESHEIM.

finest is the Holstein Gate, recently restored, with its conically roofed round towers, built of variegated brick, chiefly red and black, like most of the edifices in this vast sandy plain.

At the quaint old city of Hildesheim another of those imposing town gate-houses may be seen—with four stories in the roof and highly decorated with elaborate carving—an interesting relic of the Middle Ages. See cut on this page.

At Hildesheim is the oldest rose-tree in existence, that shown in cut, clambering over the walls of the cathedral. It is known to be eight hundred years old, and its trunk is as thick as the body of a man.

Wittenberg, a little town, is not to be passed by, seeing that beyond all other German cities it is associated with the work of Luther. The town was reached after ten minutes' walk along a pleasant road, in which is to be seen an oak, planted on the spot where Luther burned the Pope's bull. The town we found to consist chiefly of one long street, opening about half-way up into a wide market-place, which on the day of our visit was crowded by country people offering the produce of their farms and gardens. It was amusing to note their various costumes, and to listen to their lively provincial talk: but our attention was soon fastened on two fine bronze statues near each other in the open space, each under its Gothic canopy, with admirable fidelity and spirit portraying Luther and Melanchthon. On the pedestal of each is a characteristic motto, that on Luther's being a couplet of his own:

"Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehn,
Ist's Menschenwerk, wird's untergehn."

"If it is God's work, it will endure; if it is man's work, it will perish;" while that on Melanchthon's is the text of Scripture, "Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." At the end of the town we reached the Schlosskirche, a large building with a tower, plain and unpretending enough, but forever famous as the church on whose door Luther nailed, on the 31st of October, 1517, his ninety-five theses against the doctrine of indulgences and similar corruptions of the truth. That challenge from the brave young Wittenberg professor was the critical point in the Reformation. It would have been something to see the veritable doors to which the document was fastened, but these were destroyed in 1813 by the French; and in place of them a pair of bronze gates have been set up, very finely executed, with the theses in the original Latin text engraved upon them. In the church were buried both Luther and Melanchthon, but we could not see their tombs, as the building was closed, a notice at the door stating that the keys might be had on applying at Luther's house, at the other end of the town, which we had passed in entering from the station. The apartments of Luther in the old university are kept much as when he occupied them, and, we thought, had a delightful air of quiet and "learned leisure," look-

ing out upon a pleasant close, which might have been a "quad" of one of the smaller colleges at Oxford or Cambridge. In the room where Luther wrote, his table, massive and worm-eaten, still remains, also his library chair, and in a glass case, or "press," the jug from which he used to drink, a piece of embroidery wrought



HILDESHEIM—CATHEDRAL, CRYPT, AND OLD ROSE TREE.

in gold thread by Catharine his wife, with a few mss. and books. In the adjoining lecture-room is his professor's desk, on one side of which is his full-length portrait, on the other that of Melancthon. These portraits are remarkably fine; and the fidelity of Luther's is attested also by a cast of his head, taken after his death, and hanging up in one of these apartments.

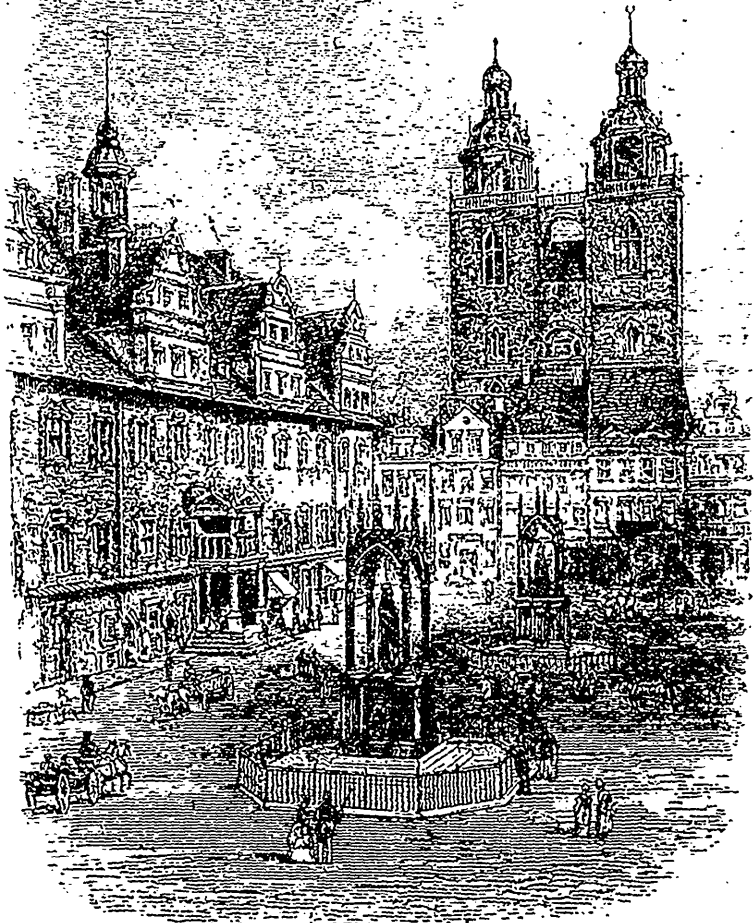
The first walk through Prague more than revived the impres-

sions of novelty and strangeness with which one lands upon a foreign shore. It seemed as though I had passed, at a step, from the Europe of to-day into the mediæval times. The ancient gates and towers, the quaint houses, with their fantastic decorations, which line the narrow streets, the very footways, wrought with blue and yellowish limestone into arabesque patterns, are all more like the reproduction of sixteenth-century pictures than anything we have seen in the Europe of to-day. The language, too, aids the impression; utterly unlike, as it seems, in words and in construction, to any of our western tongues. It was absolutely unrecognisable. *Náměstí* for place (Platz), *Most* for bridge, *Chram* for cathedral, *Vchod* for entrance; and so on; I had to give it up! I bought a humorous paper, and tried, by help of the pictures, to understand the jokes; but it was of no avail.

These Bohemians seem very proud of their language, too; I have hardly ever seen a place where inscriptions in the vernacular on shop fronts and walls were more abundant, or where there was a greater display of placards of every kind. A few leisurely strolls through the streets of Prague would have almost served the purpose of grammar and dictionary; especially as several considerate persons had appended the German equivalent in a side translation. I suspect that this bilingual method is becoming more prevalent; but, as it has obvious inconveniences, it must end in one way. The weaker language must succumb, and by the law of the survival of the fittest, the German will become universal in the Austrian Empire, as in those of the northern federation. As it is, the two languages are taught in all the national schools; and every one above the poorest has to carry on business in both, a method which may make capital linguists, but is apt to be distracting.

The sights of Prague are chiefly in the streets, and these to the stranger are unfailing in their quaint attractiveness. There is nothing very picturesque in the costumes of the people, except, indeed, in the dress of the police, a dark-coloured long coat, with belt and a plume of dyed cocks' feathers in a dark felt hat. They stood about mournfully, as having little to do in a busy, good-tempered and well-conducted population. The number of book-shops was remarkable, in every quarter of the town; the photographs in the shop windows were literally innumerable.

It is from the Carlsbrücke, the ancient bridge over the Moldau, that the spectator best apprehends how beautiful for situation is this ancient city. A gateway and tower guards each end of the



WITTENBERG MARKET-PLACE, WITH LUTHER'S AND MELANCHTHON'S
STATUES.

bridge; that shown in the cut on page 8, forms the approach to the *Kleinsseite* or "Small Side" of Prague, opposite to the business part of the city, the "Old" and "New Town." To the right, a steep hill is crowned by the imposing buildings of the *Hradschin*,

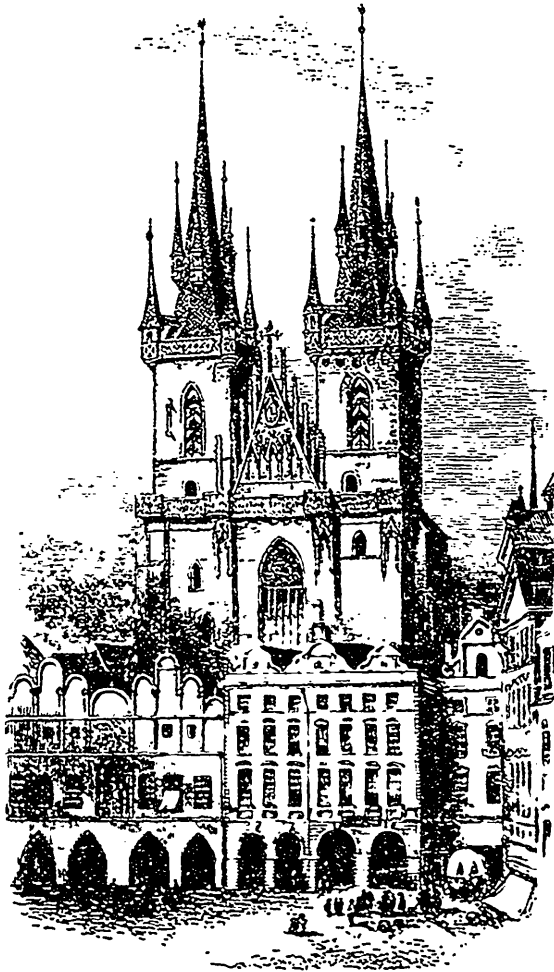
the old palace of the Bohemian kings, with the citadel and a great unfinished cathedral, dedicated to St. Veit, or Vitus. An ascent to the Acropolis of Prague, as this hill may truly be called, and a walk along the ramparts which enclose the Kleinseite, disclose some glorious views. The city appears as in a rocky basin, through the midst of which the swift Moldau cuts its way; towers



CARLSBRUCKE, PRAGUE.

and spires arise in all directions above the high-pitched roofs, and the summits of green hills beyond the city walls here and there suggest the memory of great names and historic deeds. There is the height whence Tycho Brahe explored the secrets of the heavens; and there, to turn to a very different association, the hill where Ziska, the blind Hussite leader, bade defiance to the Emperor Sigismund.

In this city, almost more than in any other, one lives over the great struggles of the past, especially in the various stages of the mighty conflict in which the Protestants and Romanists of Europe appealed with such varying success to the weapons of earthly



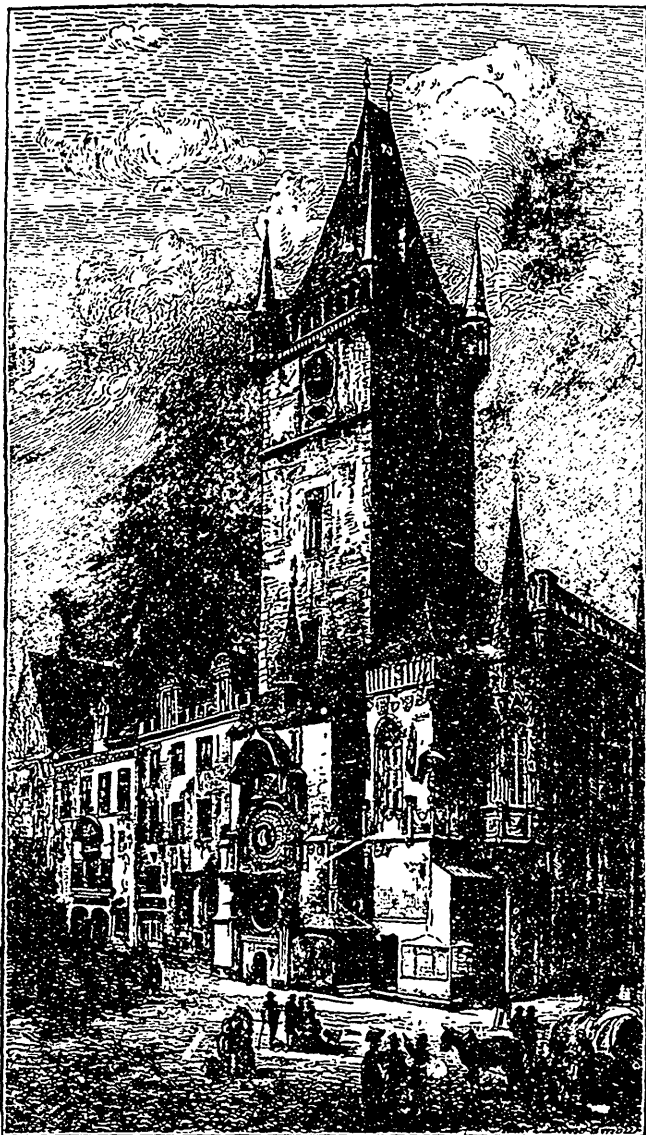
THE TEYNKIRCHE (OLD HUSSITE CHURCH), PRAGUE.

warfare. The Reformers before the Reformation made here their boldest stand. John Huss was Rector of the Prague University, and here first taught the doctrines which he had learned from Wycliffe. After his base betrayal and martyrdom at Constance,

1415, followed in the next year by that of his friend Jerome of Prague, the standard of revolt was raised here by the Hussites, under their blind leader John Ziska. He defeated the emperor beneath the walls of Prague, and bravely held his own until his death in 1424. For more than a hundred years the strife of opinions continued between the followers of Huss and the adherents of the Papacy. When the great Reformers of the sixteenth century arose, the influence of Protestantism became for a time permanent in Bohemia; but in 1620, the battle of the White Hill turned the scale in favour of the Papacy. And so it is that this noble city, that may be called the very cradle of the Reformation, became and has ever since remained among the foremost of all the continent of Europe in its adherence to Rome.

I was, however, much struck to find with what care the memorials of Huss are still preserved in the city which had thus practically disowned him. In the Library of the Bohemian Museum, among its greatest treasures, is the autograph challenge which Huss affixed to the gate of the University of Prague, offering to maintain against all comers the articles of his belief—an anticipation of Luther's "Ninety Theses" at Wittenberg. The Jesuits' College contains many of his manuscripts, and, most curious of all, preserves a Hussite Liturgy of a later period, with illuminations illustrating partly the Gospel history, partly the life of Huss himself; on one of the pages of which are three small pictures—Wycliffe striking the Light, Huss blowing the Flame, and Luther holding the blazing Torch. The college fathers point to these miniatures with a smile, perhaps a whispered *absit omen!* They may point to the city without, which, faithless to its early promise, is "wholly given" now to Popery; but there is a reality in the symbol which the world will one day prove!

As it is, the signs of the dominant faith are encountered everywhere. The great bridge contains between twenty and thirty statues and groups of saints, with a great crucifix in the centre bearing on its pedestal the inscription, *Is it nothing to you all ye that pass by?* At one end of the bridge is a singular group of souls in purgatory, more grotesque than impressive. But chief among the saints commemorated here is John Nepomuk, who, it is said, was flung from this bridge into the Moldau, in 1383, for refusing to betray the secrets of the confessional. His body, it is added, floated for some time on the surface with five stars hovering over his head. To commemorate the alleged miracle, there is



CITY HALL, PRAGUE.

a marble slab on the coping of the bridge, engraven with a cross and five stars.

The old Hussite church, the *Teynkirche*, erected in the fifteenth century, and containing the tomb of Tycho Brahe, had formerly

among its most prominent ornaments a large gilded chalice, in token of the doctrine that the communion was to be administered to the laity in both kinds. There are, however, still three Protestant churches in the city; with eight Jewish synagogues; and those who care to penetrate through the narrow streets, to the Jews' quarter, on the river-side, a little way below the old bridge, will find, among the sounds and smells of a swarming population, not a little that is curious and interesting. It is said that the Jews established themselves here before the destruction of Jerusalem as slave-dealers, buying, selling, and exchanging the captives taken by the Pagans in war.

But to exhaust the points of interest which crowd this most attractive city would be well-nigh impossible, nor was it practicable to visit every scene of historic interest in the neighbourhood. An evening's stroll round the ramparts of the Old Town appropriately closed my visit to this strangely fascinating ancient city. A band was playing some wildly plaintive Bohemian airs; groups of people, released from the day's business, were wandering in the gardens beneath the ramparts; the towers of the city stood out grandly against the calm evening sky. All spoke of peace, where in times past the hottest conflicts had raged; and it was impossible not to think of the time when, without the cannon or the sword, the world's strife shall be composed, and truth's victories shall be won.

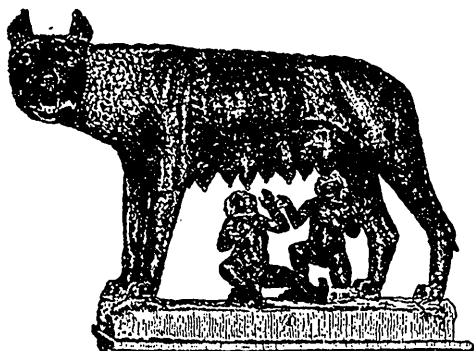
CROMWELL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

HAMMER of God, smiting oppressions down,
 Breaking the yoke from fettered nation's neck;
 For wrath of tyrant king thou didst not reck,—
 As little for his futile smile or frown—
 Trampling as bauble 'neath thy feet a crown.
 Stern sword of Justice, at the awful beck
 Of a brave people's peril thou didst deck
 Thy fame with blended curses and renown.
 Greatest of England's kings, albeit uncrowned;
 Mightiest moulder of a Commonweal,
 Guardian of liberty forever found,
 In fiery furnace-heat thou didst anneal,
 The thrice-attemper'd weapons which shall fight
 For evermore the battle of the right.

ROME.

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.,

Victoria University.

THE WOLF OF THE CAPITOL.

No other city embodies so much of the world's history as Rome. Its massive ruins, shattered, gray, gnawed by the slow tooth of time, have in their decay a gloomy majesty and nobility such as no brand-new creations of to-day—no Washington monument, no Eiffel Tower,

no just finished cathedral, can hope to rival. There still clings about those ponderous masses of honest brick-work and squared stone something of the indomitable will, the proud self-sufficiency, the calm endurance of their builders of twenty centuries ago. But with our pleasure in the grim endurance mingles a chill thought charged with endless pathos, that build we never so solidly, of mere earthly materials, our work must decay.

The very dust of Rome's streets, the soil of her suburbs has for the reflective mind a solemn interest. That dust once lived, jested and hated, toiled and battled. Some atoms of that soil made Cicero's lips of eloquence and Cæsar's brain of power; all shrivelled and withered now into a few handfuls of wind-driven dust.

Rome was not to me a joyous place. It was too full of haunting memories. Up yonder was Cæsar's palace, where pride, and power, and cruelty looked down upon the mean city. Here are the huge pillars of temples to mighty gods, whose names are now meaningless breath. There is the tremendous ellipse of the Coliseum, in whose sanded centre fought savage beasts, and more savage men; on whose blood-soaked surface died tigers, gladiators and martyrs, while the brutal thousands applauded. Here, built into the wall, is a fragment of carved stone from some earlier building; there, in a neglected corner of a courtyard, is the earth-stain: 1 torso of a statue—to whom and for what?

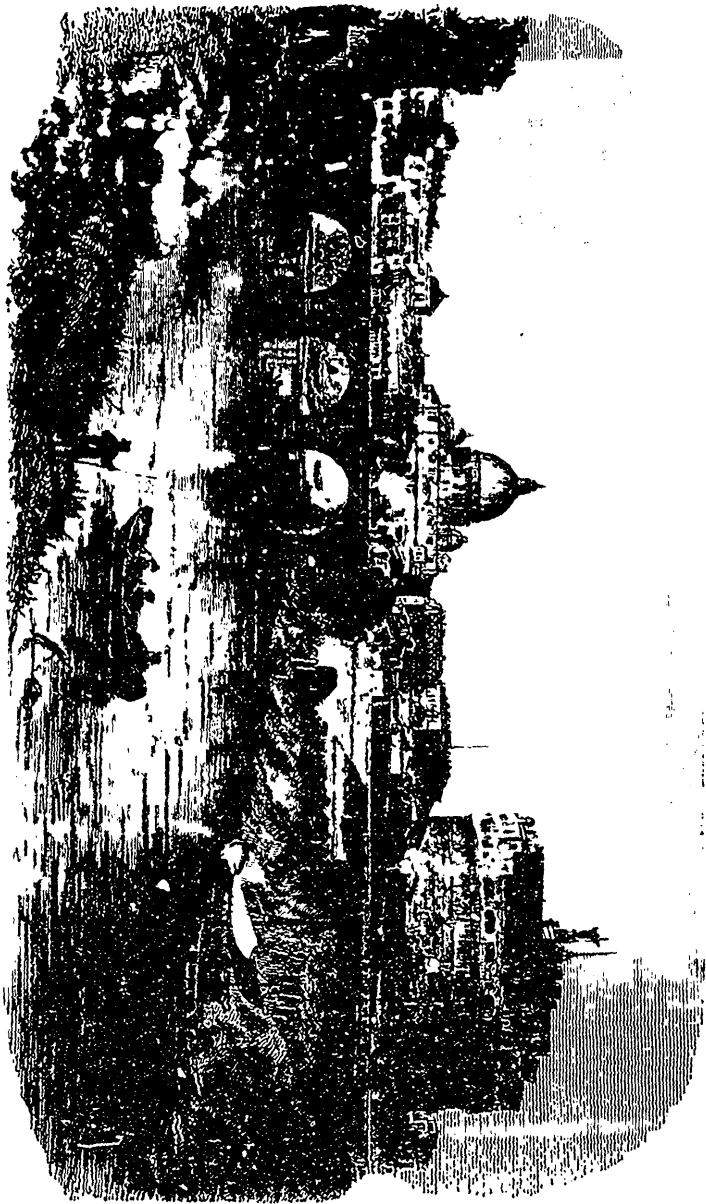
I had the feeling that the dusty earth was weary and inelastic, from having been too long trodden upon; that the dirty yellow Tiber flowed moodily, dejectedly, burdened with too many secrets;



STREET SCENE IN ROME.

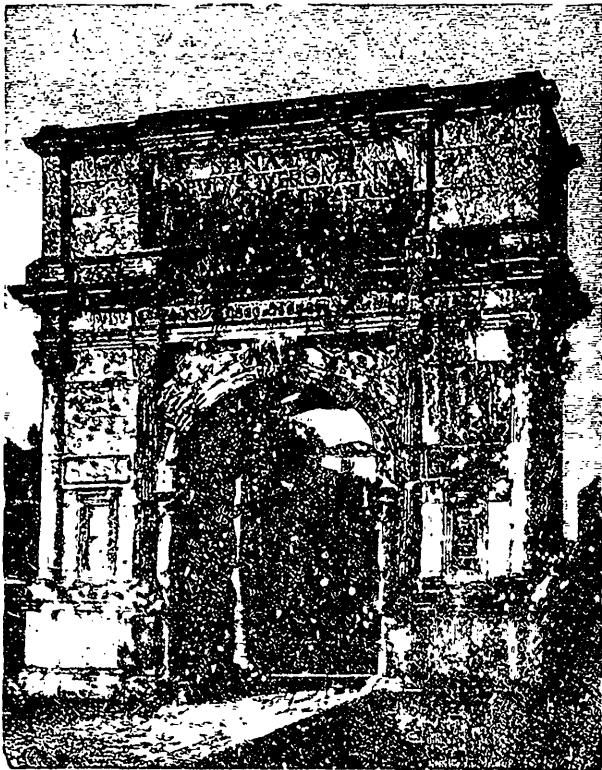
that the very air itself had filled too many lungs before mine, and had lost its fresh quality.

Rome seemed to me a half empty city, and yet over full. There was a brooding, hovering population of memories of crimes, of glorious deeds, of dead generations, that oppressed and humbled



the men of the present, overwhelming them with the weight of the past.

Perhaps modern Rome, once more the capital of Italy, if no longer the capital of the world, thinks little of the poverty, the meagreness of its present life, compared with the magnificence of its ancestors; and if so, it is well. Modern Italy is a young nation, and should work for the future, letting the dead past bury its

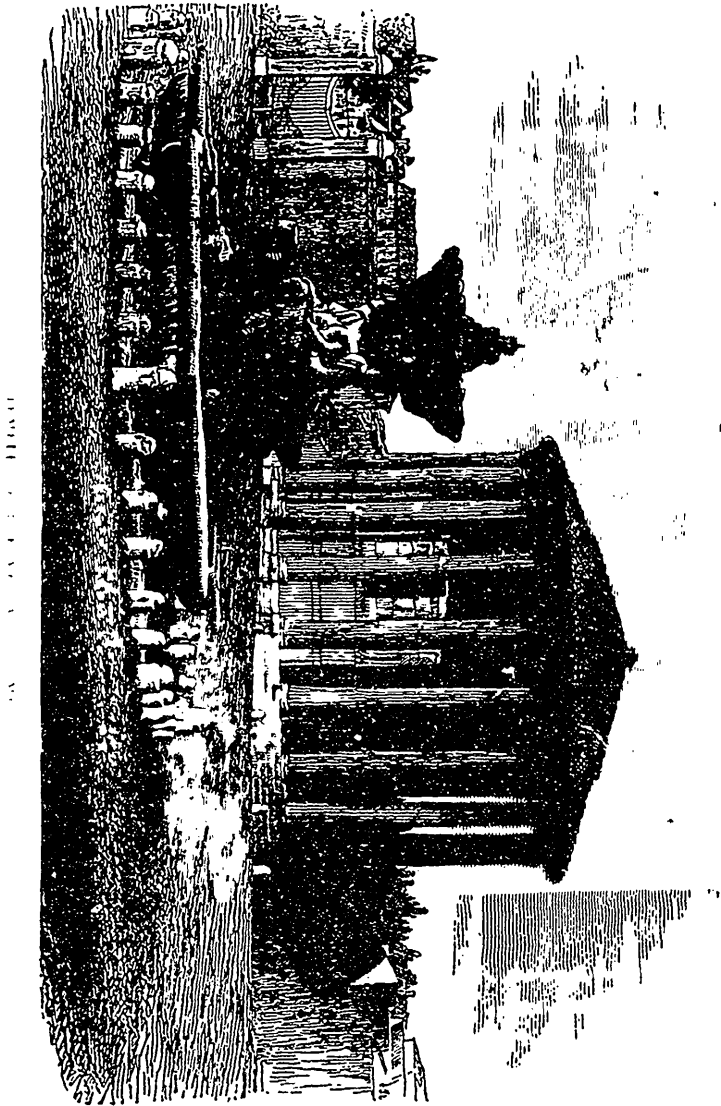


ARCH OF TITUS.

dead. There is too much to see in Rome, so much of the world's best thought and work has accumulated there from age to age. I confess that mutilated statues and mediæval pictures, black with time and bitumen, do not afford me a lively pleasure. I enjoyed more the gracefully cloaked men, the picturesquely clad painters' models that loitered in hopes of employment, all the life of the streets, including even the beggars who hastened to lift the heavy curtains that I might pass into dim churches, peopled with

dusky saints on the walls, and with gorgeous ones in the stained glass windows.

I sketched the tower of Monte St. Angelo, so well given in our



illustration, and gazed till tired at the collections of the Vatican. To be "imprisoned" in so well stored a museum of the world's most wonderful and beautiful works of art should have its allevia-

tions, one would think, for the old man who still peevishly cries out for the temporal power which his predecessors so shamefully abused. "



HERDSMAN IN THE CAMPAGNA.

Complain as he may to the faithful among the nations, the Pope is too shrewd to emerge from his imaginary imprisonment at the risk of leaving behind the art treasures of the Vatican.

The surroundings of Rome are sombre and melancholy. The Catacombs, with their touching records of early Christianity, have

a profound interest and deserve a visit. It is worth while also to take a ramble or drive over the wide, half-desert plain of the Campagna, clothed with rank grasses and weeds, and showing here and there a half-fallen tomb, or the broken line of arches of an aqueduct wh. h has long since ceased to bear water to the thirsty city.

In spite of the miasms that make the Campagna a deadly place for strangers in the heat of summer, there are forms scattered here and there, and one meets at intervals herds of cattle, or dirty, wallowing buffaloes of villainous aspect, with a brigand-looking herdsman not far off.

In the distance rise the Alban Hills, a range of extinct volcanoes of noble outlines. On the summit of one of them stood Alba Longa, the mother-city of Rome. Surely never had puny mother so giant an offspring!

One wishes to believe the quaint legends of Rome's founding, of the lusty, wolf suckled boys, of the nascent city wall that was so easily leaped over, and all the rest. It is a day of image-breaking, and the legendary beginnings of great cities must, I suppose, suffer like all other poetic things from the fact-hunting spirit of the age.

No iconoclasm, however, can strip Rome of her potent charms. She is still, and will long remain, the metropolis of a mighty spiritual kingdom, whose persistent armies threaten even far-off countries like Canada. Even if her spiritual reign were over, she would still stand august in the memories of her mighty past—the mother of empires, the giver of laws, and the owner of a literature and language that can never cease to have students among the best minds of the world.

MASTER, to do great work for Thee, my hand
 Is far too weak! Thou givest what may suit,
 Some little chips to cut with care minute,
 Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand
 Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,
 And make a life-work of the grand design
 Which Thou hast traced; or, many skilled, combine
 To build vast temples, gloriously planned;
 Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought
 Just one by one, as they were given by Thee,
 Not knowing what came next in Thy wise thought.
 Let each stone by Thy master-hand of grace
 Form the mosaic as Thou wilt for me,
 And in Thy temple-pavement give it place.

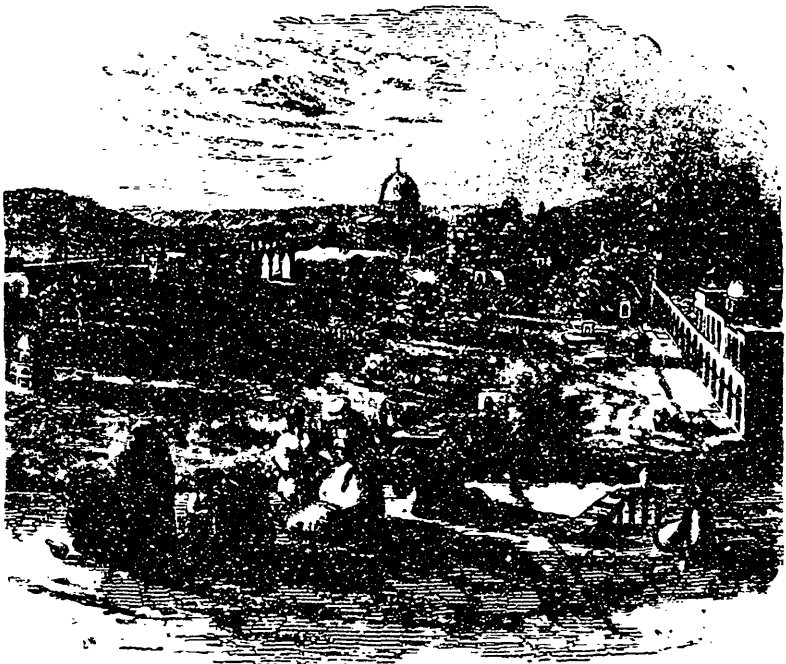
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

VAGABOND VIGNETTES.

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

THE MOSLEMS' GLORY AND THE JEWS' LAMENT.

X.



IN THE ENCLOSURE OF THE HARAM-ES-SHERIF.

It was on a lovely morning that we visited the Haram-es-Sherif, or Noble Sanctuary, as the Temple enclosure is called by the Moslems. A few years ago it would have been death to a Christian to make an attempt to enter it; but now, except on high festival occasions, it is easy to get permission, through one of the consuls. We went, I remember, under the ægis of the American Consul; and his *kawass*, a warlike-looking functionary, with silver-knobbed staff of office, and sword at side, accompanied us as representative of the protectorate of the United States, and on presentation of the consular permit at the guard-house, a Turkish official was also detailed to accompany us. Soon after entering

the enclosure we had a somewhat amusing proof of the insane bitterness against Christians in the actions and words of a poor old woman, who railed at us with what I suppose was a tirade of abuse, while she tried hard to scrape up stones and dirt to cast at the infidels who had been allowed to invade these sacred precincts.



A GLIMPSE OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

The Temple Area, for such it undoubtedly is, is a vast platform, raised in great part above immense substructions, built in the flowery days of the Jewish kingdom, to form a foundation for that superb building, level with the summit of Mount Moriah. As it exists at present, it is an irregular quadrangle, sixteen hundred and one feet long on the west, and fifteen hundred and thirty feet on the east, while on the north it measures ten hundred

and twenty-four feet, and on the south, nine hundred and twenty-two. It is entered by eight gates. The Mosque of Omar, commonly so called—its true name being Kubbet-es-Sukhrah, or Dome of the Rock—is the central object in this vast enclosure. It is an exquisitely beautiful building—one of the most beautiful in the world. It is in shape an octagon, each side being sixty-eight feet long, and is covered with tiles of richly-coloured porcelain,—a frieze of tiles emblazoned with passages from the Koran running around the whole building. It is entered by four portals, one at each point of the compass, and is surmounted by a superbly proportioned and most graceful dome. The interior, which is very dark, shows, when the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, its splendid design and material. It consists of two cloisters, separated by an octagonal course of piers and columns, and within this again another circle of piers, and twelve Corinthian columns supporting the dome. The fifty-six windows of, I think the most lovely stained glass I ever saw, glitter like precious stones. The tiled walls are covered with passages from the Koran. The dome is ninety-eight feet high, and sixty-six in diameter, and the pavement is of marble.

It was wonderfully moving to stand in the dim light under this massive dome and see, fenced off by a railing from profane touch, the base rock-summit of Moriah, some sixty feet long and forty-five feet wide, the very beauty of its surroundings heightening the effect of its natural ruggedness. For this may well be the spot where the faith of Abraham stood the supreme test; it may well be the site of that threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, where the destroying angel halted, in response to David's penitent prayer after his sin of pride in numbering the people; and it doubtless is the site of the Altar of Burnt Offering in the Temple, the centre and focus of the Jewish national and religious life. The rough rock rises in its highest part nearly five feet above the marble pavement which surrounds it, and about a foot at its lowest elevation. Beneath it, or rather cut into it, at its south-eastern side, is a cavern, not very large, and about six feet in height. It is connected with the top of the rock by a small circular opening, and in its floor is another much larger opening covered by a slab. These openings were most probably conduits in connection with the altar when the Temple covered this sacred spot.

The Moslem traditions connected with this rock are wild and fantastic enough. They show you the prints of Gabriel's fingers

on it, as the angel held it back from following Mohammed to heaven, when the prophet sprung thither from it, on his horse El-Barak; and the hole in the floor of the cavern they call the Well of Spirits, into which all spirits descend, and whence they are ultimately to be lifted by the hair of their head. But the traveller pays little heed to guide-book lore or dragoman's loquacity, as he stands beside that brown, bald hill-top, set in its gorgeous shrine—his thoughts are busy with memories of the mighty certainties of the centuries by-gone.

To the right of the Dome of the Rock, and at some distance



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

from it, stands the next most important building in the Harem area, the Mosque el Aksa. It is a large building, cruciform in shape, and divided into seven aisles by columns and piers of different styles of architecture, and different grades of workmanship, united by architraves of roughly squared timber. For the most part covered with whitewash, the interior is cold, crude and uninviting; but there are a few good windows, and some elaborate arabesque work and marble casing under the dome, while the pulpit is finely carved in wood and inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. Of course, the legendary places are numerous, and to Moslems doubtlessly, interesting; but the Christian visitor, as a rule, has been more than surfeited with that sort of thing,

and hurries over them with scanty appreciation and delay. The building, from its shape and appearance, was evidently at first a Christian basilica, and probably the foundations are those of that which was built on the site of the Temple by the Emperor Justinian in honour of the Virgin. Beneath the Mosque are the so-called Solomon's Stables—a vast congeries of massive and lofty arched passages, built evidently for the support of the platform on which the Temple stood, and showing the immense labour and cost employed in raising a wide enough area for that great building to the level of the top of the hill. Whether these great corridors were ever used by Solomon for his stables must remain doubtful, but unquestionably the Knights Templar did, and the rings to which they tied their horses may still be seen. There seems a wonderful contrast to the thoughtful traveller, between the mighty masonry of this underground Jerusalem, and the dingy and dilapidated debris of which her more modern buildings, for the most part, appear to consist. Truly her glory is past, and the proofs of it are buried in the stones of her foundations and under the ruins of her repeated overthrows.

The Jews of Jerusalem are, as I have before said, of mixed nationality and origin. Some are swarthy and Eastern in complexion and contour of features, but others are quite fair, and have little to distinguish them as descendants of God's ancient people in peculiarity of facial type. One thing, however, conspicuously marks out the Jew in Jerusalem from the mass of his fellow-citizens, otherwise similar to him in garb and general appearance, and that is the long lock of hair, which men and boys alike wear, in front of the ears. This long lock on each side of the face, framing it in as it were, and often wavy and ringlety, give a peculiar and sometimes almost feminine appearance to its wearers.

The Jews' Wailing Place, so often written about, is a peculiarly pathetic sight. It is a part of the original Temple wall, or rather foundation wall of the Temple, where the great stones of that mighty structure have been apparently undisturbed. Here are blocks of marble fifteen feet long and three or four deep, with a rough panelled surface and a smooth beveled edge—the "Phœnician cut"—as this peculiar style of stone-cutting is termed. There are five or six courses of these with smaller stones at the top, and the jointing splendidly fair and exact at the first, evidently is worn away in many places into deep holes.

Here, from time immemorial, the Jews have gathered, to wear

away these precious stones of their holy place with their passionate kisses, to bedew them with their bitter tears, to stretch their arms over them as though to embrace the sacred marble, to wail in pathetic lament the destruction of their Temple and the dispersion of their race; and to pray, in perfect agonies of importunate supplication, for their restoration to God's favour and their ancient well-being. Into the very holes in the stones they breathe their prayers, and writing them on slips of paper they



THE JEWS' WAILING-PLACE, JERUSALEM.

push them in between the stones, and leave them there as a memorial before God—prayers for family blessings or for private help—prayers, many of them, for sick or sorrowing ones at home, or in far-away lands, who have begged to be remembered at this sacred spot.

Dr. Frankl, himself a Jew, thus describes the scene as he beheld it: "Several hundreds of Jews, in Turkish and Polish costumes, were assembled, and, with their faces turned toward the wall were bending and bowing as they offered up the evening

prayer. He who led their devotions was a young man in a Polish *stalar*, who seemed to be worn out with passion and disease. The words were those of the well-known Minchu prayer, but drawled, torn, shrieked, and mumbled in such a way, that the piercing sound resembled rather the raging frenzy of chained-madmen, or the roaring of a cataract, than the worship of rational beings. At a considerable distance from the men, stood about a hundred women, all in long, white robes, the folds of which covered the head and the whole figure—like white doves which, weary of flight, had perched upon the ruins. When it was their turn to offer up the usual passages of the prayer, they joined the men's tumultuous chorus, and raised their arms aloft, which, with their white robes, looked like wings with which they were about to soar aloft into the open sky; and then they struck their foreheads on the square stones of the wall of the Temple. Meanwhile, if the leader of their prayers grew weary, and leaned his head against the wall in silent tears, for a moment there was a death-like silence. I happened to be near him, and I could mark the sincerity of his agitated soul. He gave a rapid glance at me, and, without stopping short in his prayer, said to me, 'Mokam Kodesh,' *i.e.*, 'holy place,' and pointed to my covered feet. My guide had forgotten to inform me that I must take off my shoes. I now did so, and was drawn into the vortex of raging sorrow and lamentation."

Who will not echo the concluding strains of the plaintive Hebrew hymn, so often sung on this spot, and known as the Wailing Song:—

"Lord, bring back, Lord, bring back,
Bring back Thy people speedily,
O restore to their land,
To their Salem speedily.
Bring back to Thee, bring back to Thee,
To their Saviour speedily."

AFTERGLOW.

I SAW the eastern sky aflame last night
With rose-like colours, gloriously clear,
While in the west the sun had sunk from sight,
And clouds hung like a pall upon a bier.

So was your face, my darling, when you died,
Bright with the glory that I could not see;
For, though with straining, tear-dimmed eyes I tried,
Only grief-laden clouds appeared to me!

THE METHODIST ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING
COMMITTEE.

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

A General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.

IV.

METHODISM has, then, the free itinerancy of her ministry, based in theory at least, and for more than a century of her history, in actual practice with the demonstration of the Spirit and of power, upon the minister's self-surrender to the work of God; upon his impetuous spirit of evangelization; upon the mutual confidence of the ministers, as an association of holy men for holy purposes, one in the other; upon the confidence of the ministers in the providence of God by their labours to spread Scriptural holiness, that these same people, discerning spirit and gifts, would vindicate the call of God, admit to the ministry only those so called, accept those so admitted and appointed to labour among them in the Lord, and cheerfully and liberally sustain them in labours for Christ's sake; upon the confidence of the people in their ministers that they would be men of one work, that all would with equal industry instruct them in the doctrines of Holy Scripture, and that all with simplicity and fidelity would walk before God in love, and that hence no terrible wrong could be done or serious mischief ensue in the appointment of any man for a year at a time to any church; upon the confidence of these holy people and their Circuits and Official Boards, one in the other, that there should be no overreaching, prejudicing, sharp-eyed anticipating, or supplanting; but that all are brethren and should live and help as brethren; all equally interested in the maintenance and extension of the work; upon the confidence of the Circuits in the ministers, that all should hold themselves in readiness for any work to which they may be appointed, not striving one against the other or taking one the advantage of the other; upon the confidence of the ministers in the Official Boards, that they will not for popularity or excitement, for temporary gratification or foolish outcry, disparage or discount faithful and able labourers or turn their backs upon them; in confidence one with the other officially and personally throughout all those relationships that all will be true to Gospel doctrine, that none may design, plan, think, or act, so as to destroy or weaken this happy bond of far-reaching and ever-strengthening mutual confidence;

and above all, in all, and through all, confidence in God, humble trust, mighty faith, that a dispensation of the Gospel is committed to us; that even though mistakes occur, He will more than correct them, though errors be committed, He will overrule them, that the saddest error would be to be divided, contentious; that the Church is His especial care, His kingdom; that the doctrine is His; the Spirit, His; the ministers, His; the people, His; that He dwells in the midst of them, and will more richly bestow His favour, love, and power upon humble trust, brotherly submission and mutual love, than upon any schemes or arrangements of the wise, or any plans or polity of the great.

“ Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
 They lived and spake and thought the same;
 They joyfully conspired to raise
 Their ceaseless sacrifice of praise.
 With grace abundantly endued,
 A pure, believing multitude,
 They all were of one heart and soul
 And only love inspired the whole.”

Is this mere poetic fancy? Or was it once fact? Is it fact now? Is there any safety to the Church, any vigour in the itinerancy, unless it be fact? Is there any bond to substitute here for mutual trust and love? Will learning avail in its stead, or social position, or political influence, or friendly affection, or fleshly impulse, or wealth, or power, or all of them combined? Is not the man who is doing anything to destroy this mutual confidence and respect, no matter what his plans or pretensions, tearing out the very foundation stones of our system? Is not the Circuit, the Board, the Conference, the Convention, the negotiation, the arrangement, that proceeds in disregard of this spirit of trust, helpfulness, and connexional unity “breaking down the carved work of our Zion at once with axes and hammers,” a Zion in which the fathers were “famous according as they had lifted up axes upon the thick trees” on the mountains and in the wilderness; so that, though now there be ringing of hammers and clashing of axes in our strife and confusion, there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building. Was there never a day in which preachers took their work with joy; and Circuits received their preachers with gratitude and delight? Was there never a day when this relationship was on both sides infinitely above a business arrangement, a commercial transaction, a financial, or social, or accidental negotiation? Was there never a day when the eye of intelligence,

piety, zeal, consecration, disinterestedness, impartiality and love ran throughout the work to provide for the spiritual wants of the people? Was there never a day when almost any Methodist preacher could manage almost any circuit, and be borne with in meekness and helpfulness for one year? Has the day gone by when even obscure men might be summoned for a little even in prominent places, coming forth like an Elijah from their closets of prayer, their baptisms of fiery trial and the discipline of their retirement? Could such a day ever be restored in our Israel? Have our people who indulge the fancy, they sit amid better things and righteously scorn the worse, ever heard these men preach? Have they ever caught the flame of their heroism and sacrifice? Have they ever come with them into the secret places of power, and gone forth with them into the privations, toils and conflicts of the high places of the field? Perhaps if they had, where there is such a delicacy of sentiment, such fastidiousness of taste, so easy inclination to murmurings and disputings, there had been keener relish of truth, greater ruggedness of discipline and valour, righteous impulses and richer possessions of power and grander achievements for man and for God.

It is not wise to say, nor is there much sympathy with the consciousness or sanctimoniousness that says, "the former days were better than these." Yet it is greatly wiser to talk with our past hours, and to ask them what record they have borne to heaven. "I have but one lamp," said Patrick Henry, speaking of matters of government and polity, "with which to guide my feet, and that is the lamp of experience." We do know there are weak and wandering men that to-day can look back with regret to the innocence, strength, and happiness they have lost, and whose only hope is to retrace their steps and regain their early integrity. We do know that churches have apostatized in doctrine and must come back to the Word, or, like wandering stars, be swept out in night. We do know that nations must return to a primitive simplicity, or be overwhelmed in universal corruption. Dare we infer that a church might depart from primitive earnestness and honesty? And it is better to discern an error, even though we be in fault, and avoid its ruinous consequences, than in obstinacy or infatuation to be precipitated into the yawning abyss. A plain statement of a case, and an honest facing, a thorough appreciation of the facts, though they be unpleasant, is often a long step toward deliverance.

Is it true? Complaints are urged all around, and there are sometimes accusations and recriminations. The people complain. The Official Boards complain. The ministers complain. The

Conferences complain. Is the itinerancy a failure? Will people that twenty years ago thought we had the best system, adopt ours now? Suggestions to amend are coming up in flocks and crowds. Are they showers of blessing from burdened clouds of mercy? or are they chickens of ill-omen, darkening the heavens and coming home to roost? Have we prepared the nests and nurtured the mothers, so that the young vultures naturally seek their prey? Let us consider these things in time; and with God's help, be wise.

The people on their side—and, alas, sides are taken and parties formed—the people complain they are not allowed to ask, to invite, to express a preference; that if they do invite, call, they do not get the man of their choice; that the man they do not want is forced on them; that they know best the style of man they require; a revivalist, a pastor, a great preacher, an educated man; one of first-class social parts; a stirring pulpit man, even a little sensational, to draw the crowd; the young man to fascinate, delight, and gather the young people; that they do the paying, and should have their choice, get what they pay for, just as though a Methodist preacher were a hired man. The ministers have no right to station themselves, or even their brethren in the ministry, thus striking at the very root of the system; that ministers form combinations and put themselves on unwilling circuits; that some men never succeed in building up a new circuit; that some have mistaken their calling—though the Quarterly Board started them—and spoil a farmer or a mechanic to make a poor preacher; that ministers make extravagant demands for salary; that they are poor financiers; that they try to trade off circuits, and even to supplant one another; that they enter into private negotiations and understandings, forestalling and blocking official action to the detriment and disturbance of the societies, the disadvantage of brethren, and the utter obstruction of the usefulness of the man that may finally be sent; that some seek and hold power to use to their own advantage and in the interests of supporters; that few keep themselves disinterested and impartial, but the majority are grasping at the first chance; that many crowd themselves on by strange means for men of God, no matter who goes to the wall, and that ministers are looking for the salaries and high places, no odds what becomes of the people.

Is this not a terrible indictment in the court of common complaint and general opinion? Would it not be fearful if one quarter of the counts were one quarter true? Surely there is a little something wrong, or there must be an adversary abroad, an accuser of the brethren. There must be somewhere a pebble

for a foundation; or somebody is trying to erect a huge fabric on a small base. If one-tenth may be justly said, had we not better feel anxiously for the old foundations? Is it not a pity that it is a case admitting of counter-pleadings? There are some questions that should never arise; never do arise unless there is a tangle in the thread, a jar or strain or snap in the machinery. There are pleas and counterpleas that should never have been started.

Yet on the other side, ministers urge that invitations by the Quarterly Official Boards disturb the whole stationing machinery; that choosing one man is rejecting another, perhaps all others; impeding the easy operation of the stationing power, importing foreign matter, and introducing difficulties that otherwise never had appeared; that one Board's calling sets another Board upon this course in self-defence, and so in a sense hurls Board on Board throughout the entire work; that the Boards giving themselves to this practice lays them open to every kind of influence, sinister, social, secret, or selfish; and they often call, they know not why, or how, or by whom moved; that in this way some of the worthiest of the ministers are shoved aside and greatly wronged as to their reputation, their social position, the education of their families and other valuable considerations; that to say it meekly, there are *lay popes* as well as clerical popes, and sometimes one man, on strange notions or for inexplicable reasons, domineers a whole Board, will have and has his own way, rules or ruins, and perhaps both, and perverts the whole work; that, too often, private schemes and unofficial negotiations intervene to throw the regular train off the track; that younger men and cheaper men, though our ministers determine not their own salaries, are pressed for, to the detriment of tried and efficient ministers of the Church; that lovers of power gain power, and oppress and wrong their brethren; that stations are sometimes held for certain parties by make-shift appointments; that insufficient support is voted by many even able Quarterly Official Boards, thus tempting, and often even compelling, ministers with families to seek other fields; that preferential payments and gifts are made to certain qualities in men, thus too often discriminating against godliness and fidelity, and putting a premium upon pliancy and personal popularity; and that general unwillingness to aid Connexional Funds—as the Superannuation Fund and the Sustentation Fund—produces unbearable inequalities in comfort and financial condition to the very end of life, and renders the ready distribution of men implied in an effective itinerancy about impracticable.

Again, what an indictment is this! If the tenth of it were true, where would we be? If any of these things, not to say all

of them, had risen even into a well grounded suspicion, what is to become of our itinerancy? What is our duty? And if they are not true, what should be done with the suspicious man, the accuser, the calumniator?

Had we not better turn our eyes to the other side of this question? Give over fault-finding and see what we have of good, and keep it? See what we have of wrong, and correct it? all settle down to the facts, the necessities, the obligations of the case and the hour? If the foundations be destroyed, what shall the righteous do?

There are good, solid considerations for ministers, considerations for people, considerations for authorities, Official Boards and Conferences that may not be lightly dealt with; but must control us if we have reason, intelligence, conscience, religion, piety, godliness, love of our Methodism, and fidelity to the work of God as entrusted to our care; must control us if we expect the future to be, as the past, in any degree abundant.

First.—Our ministers must remember, our first and final responsibility as ministers is to God. "Necessity is laid upon me, yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel. For if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward; but if against my will, a dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me." So no matter what men do, Circuits do, Conferences do, Stationing Committees do; no matter how things go, pleasantly or unpleasantly, the man called of God to preach and teach must continue in his work till the Lord God duly discharge him.

Second.—Ministers must remember there is such a thing as the Church of God, the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and authority and government in that Church and kingdom. The doctrine is given us; the law is given, the principle and the life are given; the polity is largely of our own making. What shall we do if the very men taught by us turn upon us? What if we so illustrate charity, obedience, respect for authority, discipline, and righteousness in Conferences, Circuits, Boards, Committees, that to imitate us is to crush us; to do as we do is to break down the walls of our Zion? What shall we do if disregard of solemn decisions, violation of discipline, contempt of constitutional process and verdict, self-willed resistance and rejection of authority are in high places of the Church, and, like infidelity, filter down through all the strata of official action, and percolate and tinge the spirit of all the membership? If so, what right of complaint?

Third.—We must also bear in mind, that our one business is the instruction and spiritual government of the people in righteousness, love, brotherly submission and mutual helpfulness, and we must not get above our business, but appreciate that one clear

example is worth a score of precepts. If we fret, who should be patient? If we rebel, who should obey? If we scheme, who should have the single eye? If there is darkness about us, who should walk in the light? If we abide in love, who shall resist our doctrine? If we obey in truth, who shall deny, when we rebuke, as commanded, with all authority? Here is our business, and we must attend to it in the providence of God and under the direction of His Church, and leave issues and results with Him.

Fourth.—Be it also upon our minds, as it is plain to our eye, that the best and easiest way to do this is the easiest and best. The high function of the Gospel ministry is, as a rule, most effectually fulfilled in the mutual pleasure and profit of minister and people. Of course, there are stiff necks that must be broken, and obdurate wills that must be crushed, and vain conceits that must be humbled, and high heads that must be brought low. But Christ's way until the end is not to break a stiff neck with a stiff neck, or to crush an obdurate will with an obdurate will. That might do for mediæval Papacy, but will not do for modern Methodism. Possibly we cannot improve much even in the nineteenth century on the Pauline rule; while, on the one hand, looking upward, "Not as pleasing men but God, which trieth our hearts;" "Not with eye-service as men-pleasers;" on the other hand, through the Spirit looking out upon the world; "Giving none offence, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the Church of God; even as I please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved; not pleasing ourselves, but every one pleasing his neighbour for his good to edification; for even Christ pleased not Himself." Stiff necks must be broken, of course; and winter's icy bonds must be dissolved. But more winter and more ice and more Arctic blasts do not, as a rule, bring in spring; nor does more stiff neck and hard heart remove stiff neck and hard heart. It is light and warmth and love. And where are these to be found if not in the life and power of Jesus, the strength and love and glow and grace of His holy ministry? So other things being equal, or nearly so; living, moving, rights being secure; the great ends of the Gospel ministry not being frustrated or weakened, there is not much use to take a year's stiff neck, two years' three years' fighting stiff neck to break somebody else's stiff neck, and thereby create more swollen neck, and sore, stiff cords than twenty years will heal. Without standing forever on the limits of asserted rights, get rights enough to work to advantage; then on with the work. We make the fields for our successors; and the ground for our successors is very much as

we leave it. If I tear a circuit to pieces, drain, misdirect, or squander its resources, throw its people at tips and points one with another, and into the very face of the preacher himself, why should not the man that follows be regarded with suspicion, taken on trial, and held at a distance till he proves his ability, spirit and merit, to be accepted into confidence, and nurtured in affection, trust and love? If my predecessor has well established and fortified the work, why should not great benefit inure to me walking in his footsteps? "And herein is that saying true: One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour. Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." So hath the Lord of the vineyard ordained that I shall reap of other men's fidelity and industry; as it is also a law they shall suffer by my idleness, greed, ignorance, self-will, and carelessness.

Fifth.—And the work of God must be preserved and extended. The young must be gathered in by godly example and holy instruction, and the aged sent shouting home from a peaceful, joyous, triumphant Church on earth to the Church triumphant in heaven. New fields must be occupied. Where is the strength, where the resources, to waste in fretting one upon the other, in contending one against the other, while millions perish? Will God hold us, Methodist preachers and people, guiltless in these matters, even inside our consecrated church?

Here is rock bottom, rock bottom enough to stand on; rock bottom from which we must not be removed, or we are in the bogs and sloughs sure enough; floundering, plunging, sinking deeper and deeper the harder we try to pull out. To recognize our responsibility to God; that it is His work, and He will guide and provide; the Church is His, and government in it is at least as important and sacred as in well ordered civil affairs; that work is so well departmentalized in this Kingdom of Grace, that we have a well allotted and sufficient share in instruction, comfort, assistance, holy example, and spiritual regulation and control; that this work is so wisely and happily arranged, that we please ourselves best and profit ourselves most by pleasing others to their good, to edification; and that so our work shall be best perpetuated, extended and enriched, and ourselves most richly rewarded here and in the eternal glory hereafter; to recognize these things, to rest on them, to feel their vigour, and work by their inspiration, ought to be portion enough for us as ministers; and if we have faith in these relationships and principles, and the God and Gospel of these relationships and principles, we should accept the fruit of our example and doctrine without much murmuring; for certainly we may not find much fault with the doctrine and power

God has given us, or the portion of His heritage, the kind of people He has committed to our care. Is there any truth in the old maxim, "Like priest, like people?" If people are discontented, rebellious, who made them so?

Then there are considerations for the people, and their Official Boards, which duly recognized, might bring them to a calmer mind, a sweeter rest, a greater power. And they are responsible as well as the ministers.

First.—The ministry in Methodism in a very emphatic sense arises out of the people, is of the people, lives with the people, rejoices and suffers with the people, is dependent on the people; is in no regard as a caste or class separated from the people, out of touch with the people, lifted above the people. They are not supported of a state or public fund, that they should be indifferent to the views of the people, the wishes of the people, and the temporal prosperity of the people. Nor do they live upon ecclesiastical preserves and foundations, that they should feel themselves independent of the people or scorn the free-will offerings of their congregations. Nor are they passing their days in celibacy so that they give no pledges to fortune, have no sympathy with the common run of human affairs, and no anxiety or care in domestic, social, political or business concerns; only that the Church be rich, though the State be poor; and that the mass be great and mighty, though the individual be but of little account. It is not to their interest to oppress a nation, to build up an ecclesiastical system; to impoverish or degrade the man, in order to magnify and exalt the institution, the machine. They marry and are given in marriage, and build up the State with sons and daughters. Yea, rather so positive are the tendencies and complications on the other side, the side of the people with the people, that the trouble often is, even on the Stationing Committee, to place the son, the brother, the brother-in-law, the son-in-law; to look after the affairs of the aged parents, or secure opportunities for the education of the children; or the setting of the boys up in business, or the girls out in life. The very problems that trouble the common people trouble the Methodist preachers. And some of them are important problems, and govern the whole life, the sleepless nights, the waking thoughts, and daily unceasing toil of most of the people. To the body of the people they are primary thoughts. But to the Methodist preacher they must be all the time secondary, tertiary, comparatively indifferent, so long as he secures the welfare of others and urges on the work of God. Verily, other things being any where nearly equal, a man should have a chance, for instance, to educate his children. And the Stationing Committee often try to say Amen; and the people should be willing to say Amen.

Second.—Our Methodist ministers come emphatically out of the homes of our people; not so much out of the schools, out of institutions, and transforming discipline, perhaps, as they ought, but out of our own homes. They are our sons, brothers, fathers. They come up to the Quarterly Official Boards of the people. Their societies license them to exhort and teach; and they cannot enter the ministry of the Methodist Church except through a Board composed almost wholly of laymen. I have seen laymen vote, when I have wondered if they would like to have their vote come back on their own head. The Quarterly Official Board has very much to do with deciding the question whether the man is called of God to preach. If he is indeed called of God to preach, he is called, for that matter, to preach throughout the Church and the world; and ought to have a message for any place to which, in the providence of God and the government of the Church—which all must recognize—he may be sent. And men *are sent*—Paul to the Gentiles, Jonah to Nineveh, Elijah to Ahab, Timothy to Ephesus, Knox to Scotland, Wesley to England, Spurgeon to London, and Asbury to America. Possibly if Quarterly Boards could reconsider their vote, after they had tried their man a term or two, in subsequent years, they would conclude they had made a mistake. Or possibly, if laymen of District Meetings or Annual Conferences could settle the question of a man's continuance in the work at any stage, their verdict for some would be, "They had delivered their message, and the call had run out." Some of us might tremble to pass such an ordeal. Wherefore the Quarterly Board may well exercise all the greater care in the greater responsibility at the opening of the ministry.

Third.—The Circuits pay their ministers for their support what they are able, or what they please. The Methodist preacher is not a hired man. He does not come to his people on a bargain. The minute he does he degrades his office, and resigns his spiritual authority. He may then be an ecclesiastical functionary, and likely getting more pay than he earns. But where is God's man, the instructor of the people by divine authority, the recipient of what God gives him through the gratitude of the people? Religion, indeed, has a commercial value; it cannot be divested of it. But no man can pay God for religion; therefore grace will allow any salary, any offering. But the people that give, are accountable to God for their use of their means; and so is the preacher that accepts. If the preacher is the hired man, and the people pay the wages, they ought to get the Gospel they pay for: on which system some would not get much, and on which system the Gospel is often in fact coloured, distorted, reduced, enlarged; because men are going to have *what they pay for*. But the Meth-

odist preacher must declare the Gospel, the whole Gospel, and nothing but the Gospel, pay or no pay. That is the way most of them feel, and what likely all of them are doing. It is to be regretted that there is not greater equality in this regard of temporalities among worthy brethren. It is greatly to be regretted that many Quarterly Official Boards by no means recognize or discharge their obligations in this respect. It is to be regretted that a personally popular man, and perhaps popular because pliable, should obtain far more liberal support than possibly an abler and more faithful man. It is to be regretted that nearer equality of income, either from Circuit or Connexional Funds, should not make the work of stationing the ministers easier. But the fields are what they are, the men are what they are, the Quarterly Official Boards are what they are, and the Connexional Relief Funds are what they are. We ought, with one soul and voice, and with half a million hands, to make them better; and the work must go on. And our people, through the work, should take it well to mind and heart, that men that give up home and the comforts and advantages of settled life for the general good, and accept what the allotted field may vote as their support for the time being, say a year at a time, have especial claim not to be hoisted around by any system, no matter how sacred or authoritative, at the mere whims or notions of a congregation or some leaders in it at their desires for a favourite, or at the beck of a bargain in the apparent interest of any man. Is it any wonder Stationing Committees sometimes use their power to defend a brother? The Official Boards should remember that such men have solemn and weighty claims before God and the people; that these Boards themselves stand between God and the people, to maintain righteousness, see that justice is done, see that no wrong is put upon men, simply because they bear it for Christ's sake; see that no hindrance, so far as they can avoid it, is thrown between the Gospel minister and his work.

That Official Board that interferes with the proper work of God's minister, or obstructs it when its conditions are anywhere nearly met, assumes a tremendous responsibility. If there be any truth in the Gospel, any future state, any reward of righteous and faithful service, any punishment of evil doers, any providential government in the world, any divine direction of human affairs, those men that propose to resist regular Church action in such matters had better look well to their ground before they set out on their enterprise. Wrong, positive wrong, should be resisted, lest greater wrong ensue; but even then, while with determination, so also with tears. The itinerancy as a system has rights of its own, constructive rights. It creates rights. It institutes new relations

on new principles; so founds new claims, establishes new rights, often subversive even of national rights so far as the minister himself is concerned, and hence possibly in the case also of those with whom he may have to do. Ministers possibly should not appoint themselves to fields of labour, though it has been done for years and years in a good spirit and to common acceptance; but when they are appointed by the constituted authorities of the Church, themselves in or out, they should be received as men that have put themselves into the hands of their brethren for this very purpose. For the acceptance and the support, as well as the appointment and supply of the wants of the people, are a part of the high contract. "Contract, is it?" says one. "We made no bargain." Nor did we stipulate our side of the covenant of salvation. Covenant it is nevertheless, provided between God and Christ, and proffering its benefits to all. Contract it is betwixt Christ and God, and this Christly side is in our behalf. And a system like the Methodist itinerancy, carrying the glad evangel to all, when conducted in anything like good faith, is so far heavenly and Godlike and Christlike in its character; and certainly should be so regarded and accepted, especially in a long-established Methodist Church. Mutual good, mutual trust, mutual sustenance, mutual joy and reward.

Fourth.—What is to become of our Gospel ministry, and the proclamation of the good news of salvation to a lost world, if these ideas, that some are specially called of God and put in charge of the Gospel ministry, have especially devolved on them the responsibility for the instruction of the people and the government of the Church; that some are, of Divine authority, especially sent forth to seek and save the lost, and that they are to be accepted in confidence and love for their work's sake; what is to become of the Gospel ministry if these ideas die out among our people? If we are not to obey the admonition, "to know them who labour among us and are over us in the Lord, and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake, being at peace among ourselves," and to account the elders that rule well, especially they who labour in word and doctrine, worthy of double honour, but are to be discontented if this man comes because we do not like him at the start anyway; or to be rebellious if that one comes, because we are not pleased with the way of his coming; making ourselves judge in all things, what is to become of the Gospel ministry among us? "But there are other systems—and some call by the people alone; and some appoint arbitrarily from Rome." And are we ready to give up our system of fraternal interest and control which has done so much, and has been so honoured and

blessed of God, for absolute papal appointments on the one hand, or congregational calls on the other? Besides, let it be remembered there never had been much for solid papacy or sporadic congregationalism to operate upon, had not the missionary spirit of the Churches developed some mighty, cohesive, well-directed, resistless itinerancies, in mutual co-operation and love.

Fifth.—It is quite possible that the men on whom this responsibility is devolved, this body of men specially set apart to the ministry and sensible of their obligation to God, would after all take more interest in what pertains to their own calling; better inform themselves concerning it than other men would; be more anxious and laborious for success in it, make greater sacrifices in it and for it, and generally, as happens in other lines of business, be more capable of meeting the demands of the particular calling, than other men giving their time and attention to other affairs. And it is just conceivable that even with ordinary honesty, if we leave out of consideration religious sense and special spiritual obligation, these men called of God and every hour responsible to Him, and every day brought face to face with this obligation and this judgment of themselves before Him, would deal fairly with one another, and fairly with the people committed to their care. It is just conceivable they might know as much about Church work, and be trusted as far in its management as men of secular life, not feeling themselves under this peculiar obligation and not favoured with abundant opportunities of ascertaining the requirements of the Church on other fields than their own, and in other departments than those under their own sight. We allow to mechanics to be mechanics, and judge; we allow to farmers to be farmers, and to give a decisive opinion; we allow to the legal and medical profession to be lawyers and doctors, and accept their authoritative conclusions. But ministers are by no means so far to be trusted. Anybody can preach, and anybody can govern, in the Church of God. The farmer or the lawyer does not hold himself specially called of God to that function; we accept it, concur and submit. The minister by common consent is under a Divine call, and professes to be governed by the law of conscience, religion, and the Word of God; and he will, therefore, need watching; everybody knows his business; everybody can do it and show him how to do it, and everybody has a right to complain, and take offence if the minister's and Church's business is not done up to his standard. And this, likely, is right and natural enough; for Church and minister are everybody's property. What is nearer to a man, what should be nearer to him, than his Church?

THE UNCHURCHED CLASSES.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, D.D., LL.D.

A REVIEW article, written by myself, in this MAGAZINE some months since, closed with the following words:

The subject of the type of Christianity which will succeed with the masses is worthy of very special consideration; but one thing may be said in dismissing this book. The poor labourer will easily become a Christian when Christianity has succeeded in so dividing the products of the earth that there is a more nearly equitable distribution of the comforts of life than at present. Do not divide the wealth of the world evenly, but give by some process to every family the comfort which is represented by, say, \$800 or \$1,000 per annum in the city of Toronto. Let this distribution prevail the world over, and the masses will be Christian in a year. We will hear no more about the English labourer resenting dogma, and remaining away from the Church because he is shrewd enough to see the absurdity of miracles. The evangelization of the masses is not a difficulty of dogmatic theology, but it is a practical question as to the proper distribution of the necessities, not to say comforts, of life.

The book under review in that article was written with the single motive of showing that the Christian Church has proved itself wholly inadequate to the work of reaching the labouring classes, and then, constructively, it presented a picture of a religion robbed of any Christ—in short, a type of Unitarianism—full of sympathy for the sufferings and necessities of the present life, and abounding in activities for the relief of them. It was simply a system of humanities, but coloured up to the highest point, so as to appear capable of doing all that Christianity has been doing in the past, and more, by so much as it promised to do what Christianity has not been able to do.

My review rejected the pretensions set up, and asserted the competency still of the Christian Church to do all that belongs to its sphere. Properly within this sphere is a constantly recurring question concerning the condition of the unchurched classes. The paragraph quoted above was written simply as a suggestion leading on to a fuller treatment of that subject. Its meaning, freely stated, plainly is that the relation of the unchurched classes to the Church is not one of efficiencies within the Church, but of hindrances without. We have to consider, not so much what the present equipments of the Church are really capable of accomplishing, as what hindrances standing in the way of its legitimate work are accountable for the so-called unchurched classes.

Now, assuredly, poverty has a claim to be considered as one of these hindrances.

But before touching this, some facts in connection with the whole subject are worthy of a preliminary consideration.

Let us first recognize the truth that this is not wholly a new subject, as seems sometimes to be imagined. A considerable portion of society has always been out of sympathy with the Church and its work. There has been no period in all the Christian ages in which there was not room for serious discussion of the question whether the Church was doing its whole duty to those without. It would be a pretty large venture to say that in Christian lands the proportion who are entirely separate from the Church is greater to-day than at former periods. Probably in some places it is larger, in others there never were so few as now who totally disregard the Church and its work.

Another important fact bearing upon the subject is that to-day the rich and poor do meet together in the Church, in common sympathy with its objects and efforts. The rich are represented there. There is a pretty general impression that if rich people belong to the Church at all, like Joseph of Arimathea, "who also himself was Jesus' disciple," they only appear there that they may bury their Lord, and we are not going to deny that a connection with the Church which makes religion only an appendage of wealthy respectability, and a decent covering for all manner of worldly indulgences, does little more than give to the Lord a decent burial inside His own Church, but persons who do thus are not the only rich people in the Church.

There are many others, who have gained the whole world and have not lost their own souls. Able to have everything which money can purchase, yet is their humble piety an example and an inspiration to all who know them. No vanity causes them to shrink from the touch of the plain labourer when they bow together at the altar of consecration, or when they meet elsewhere. Nothing in their word or bearing ever prevents the plainest person from feeling that he is their equal when they meet in the house of God. The poor, instead of shrinking from them, are affected by the stimulant of a wholesome pride in uniting in the worship of God with those who have been most distinguished among men, and most honoured of God. There are such saints, known to every pastor of a strong and influential Church; and considering how small the number always is of those who are rich, proportionately such elect characters as above described are really numerous.

And the poor—the very poor indeed—are also found among

the accredited and honoured members and regular attendants of the Church. They are able to do but little—often nothing—toward the financial support of the Church's work, but they are none the less welcome, and they know it, and show that they feel it. By sweetness instead of jealousy, by gratitude instead of envy, by dignity of character instead of fawning, by their spirit and by their works they render themselves valuable members of the body of Christ. As they do not make themselves so mean as to look for slights, they do not see them when they are not intended; and if, as all things are possible to human nature, some one should descend so far as to try to wound them, they have that quick insight and good sense which discern that he injures himself more than them, so that they are not offended. Their character is above their worldly circumstances, chiefly because of their religious culture and associations.

With these evident facts before the mind, we are better prepared to consider why any are outside the influence of the Church.

At the outset we must take into account the natural hatred of the human heart to God and religion. This is a great fact. The Ethiopian has not changed his skin, nor the leopard his spots. Human nature is what it always has been. It hates God, and in rich and poor alike it is constitutionally opposed to the teaching of the Gospel. Here we have the fundamental reason of the absence from the house of God of all who never come.

Here is the explanation of a fact worthy of being carefully weighed, but which is generally overlooked entirely when this subject is under consideration. That is that many among the rich and prosperous are wholly outside the Church. When you take into account that the poor always very greatly outnumber the rich, it can easily be admitted that, in proportion to their numbers, as many of the rich and prosperous as of the poor cut themselves off wholly from the house of God. But because of the actually greater number of the poor than of the rich among the unchurched classes these always have received the greater consideration and always will. The rich who are out of the Church are likely to be entirely overlooked.

But, to proceed to more definite specification, we must notice among the unchurched multitude those who live in vice and crime, who make it their regular business, and who intend to depend upon it for their subsistence. Now, the Church can easily acquit itself of blame in the case of these. The efforts of Christian people abound toward them. The Christian sympathy for criminals has become proverbial, and labour for the rescue of outlaws and vile persons is crowned in the Church and out of it with

peculiar merit. If this kind of effort is not sufficiently practical, it is because human genius has not been able to devise anything better, for art and wisdom have done their utmost to get down to a basis of successful labour with these classes. Whoever accuses the Church of having been either silent as to the evils of impurity, or indifferent to the condition of the fallen, is willing to libel good men and women. The Church has failed, in a large measure, in this particular field, not because of anything at fault in its spirit, but because the people on these lower moral levels want to stay there. It is not a case where poverty has anything to do with their being outside the influence of the Church, for many follow this manner of life because they can make more money than in any other way. Only the other day a woman of Toronto, well known to the police as a delicate specimen of the *demi-monde*, indicted for a grave offence against the law, promptly laid down \$1,000 of her own money, in lieu of two sureties to sign her bail bond, and was able to command counsel from the highest ranks of the legal profession. And the professional thieves do not all sleep in packing-cases upon the wharves, by a long way. Some are *habitués* of first class hotels and fine mansions, and speak of their "business," as if worthy of the highest respect. To these vice and crime have been reasonably profitable; and, not poverty, but inclination, keeps them away from the Church.

Those who, walking in these paths, do not succeed so well from a financial point of view, enjoy the excitement and the chances of a life of sin, and prefer it to any other. In all such cases add a moral insensibility which renders impossible any proper appreciation of virtuous manhood and womanhood, or of the approval of God, and you have a condition lamentable indeed, but which continues perverse, not because of the poverty of the subjects of it, nor from any absence of will to help on the part of the Church, but because they themselves will not be induced to change their course of life. Nevertheless, if you ask them why they will not go to Church, of course they will blame Christian people. The Church is for the rich and the proud. They are poor and outcasts. Nobody cares for their souls. It is in harmony with the law under which sin operates that the guilty should blame others for their condition. Until this day the devil reproaches the Almighty with the blame of his fall.

Among the unchurched you must also number all Agnostics and Infidels. The first make a religion of their philosophy, and are unapproachable. Probably the Church could not run into greater folly in relation to them than to make any special effort or provision to meet them. It would magnify their sense of their

own importance, and that is the one thing with which the world is sufficiently well supplied. There is no call here for soft sentimentalism, for they will remain in their own thought immeasurably lifted up above all who are in the Church.

Then there are Infidels. A considerable number of this class lay the blame of their condition upon the Church. They complain that in a time of trouble they were neglected, or they were treated badly in some business transaction, by one who occupied a high position in the Church. Now it is quite possible that a Church official should thus wrong another man, or even that a minister should be unfair or dishonest. Granted that this worst aspect of the case was correct, then, because, when this man was in the Church, in dealing with him one man's moral integrity broke down under some strong temptation appealing to his cupidity, therefore he will himself so act the fool as to cast away his faith in God, and in a thousand good men whom he has proved many a time. Because some coarse or brutal person was unkind, or, may be unjust, or untrue, therefore, every opening in the sky is closed to this man's eye, and he will look upward no more.

But what is oftener true in these cases is that some Christian man formed a different judgment from that of this estranged individual about some business matter, and while there was a chance that either might be wholly right, or at least that there was some truth on both sides, he broke off from all agreement with God and good men, and determined that he would never again enter a Church. Now, there is something very painful and pitiable in these numerous cases, yet the only way in which they could be brought into the Church and kept there, would be to let them have their own way in everything, and never set up any judgment different from their own. It is doubtful if even a love for the souls of men requires that Christian Churches go so far as that in the spirit of sacrifice. Yet these examples help to swell up the number of the unchurched classes. There are other types of the Infidel, but they may be placed with the Agnostics in considering this subject.

Now, subtracting from the unchurched multitude all the cases we have mentioned, we will find a large remainder whose absence from Church must in some way be connected with their poverty. We are not able to say that they are cut off from the Church wholly by poverty, because we have already seen that many who are very poor are nevertheless useful and honoured members of the Church. Therefore poverty in itself does not exclude any.

But there are other considerations which bear directly upon this point, and show how far poverty may be influential in keep-

ing up the classes now under review. There is, first of all, the fact that with an equal desire to honour God and work for His cause the man who has a reasonable income has a very great advantage over him who is all the time straitened with anxiety about the necessities of the present life. For example, wealth secures deference from other people. It has always been so, and probably always will be. But the outward respect of others increases a man's respect for himself, and consequently his independence of character and action. He is more indifferent to other people's criticism of his style of dress, and living in general. Now it is exceedingly depressing to a religious life to be constrained to think much about clothes, furniture, and the externals of our living. It makes people very small and contracted in their views of everything. Prosperous people can rise above this if they wish to, but the poor cannot, hence they are at a disadvantage in the Church, from the nature of things, and which cannot be set aside by any means now known.

Then the former can act out their convictions in all things without fear. They can vote for whom their judgment approves, without being moved by the thought that the vengeance of some powerful personage may take the bread out of their children's mouths. They can express an opinion, or a strong conviction, without any fear from the same source. Along these lines, and in other ways very manifest, it is plain that to possess a reasonable share of wealth is decidedly favourable to a religious life. Here, then, we see the beginning of the effect of poverty in cutting its victims off from Churches.

But we must add the peculiarities of character in both rich and poor, which, joined to poverty, create an almost insuperable hindrance. There is, for example, the pride which in some types of character, is inseparable from poverty. It feels constantly the sting of being in an inferior position. It makes its possessor strive in all right and reasonable ways to improve his worldly condition, and when this has proved impossible and he finds himself thoroughly defeated, he will starve or die of neglect, rather than make known his necessities, or even allow others to make them known. It is a morbid development of a high virtue. An extreme sensitiveness accompanies this state of mind, and its possessor is jealous for attention, because, not receiving it, he thinks his personality is slighted on account of his poverty, while if he were prosperous he would not care for the same attentions at all. With another a sense of poverty degenerates into meanness, and the subject of it is not unwilling to receive any amount of gratuitous aid, and makes a sort of profession of his penury,

and flaunts it about as a kind of virtue, expecting to be courted on account of it. Now, it often happens that under this unnatural strain one may receive all the attention that would win a person in prosperous circumstances, and yet become moody and show resentment, as if he were slighted and trampled upon. All who stand round about such persons must constantly make more of them than they do of those who have been successful all along the race of life. As this is impracticable all the time, they turn from one place to another, and at last are found among those who never go to church, and their own report of the cause is that none but the rich and the proud can be comfortable in the church, and they are not going there to be looked down upon.

Again, others see only the worldly aspects of church-going. They do not take up their legitimate claim upon God and His people, and say that the Church is made for man, and by so much as they are poor do they need the more the ministries of religion to support them, but the worldly view of the case, from their standpoint, finds expression in the boast: "If I cannot pay my way, and appear as well as others, I will not go at all."

Now, take this type of mind with poverty, and without any positive love to God in the heart, and it is plain as the course which a straight line will pursue, that the person will, sooner or later, go over into the unchurched classes.

Add to this the supercilious pride of some very prosperous people, even among those who are in the Church. They show a sense of personal superiority, or they have not refinement enough to avoid giving offence to a poor man. They may offend by wanting the grace, when their seat is occupied, to find another without showing a sense of inconvenience. One such person in a church will be sufficient as a breaker against which large numbers of the sensitive poor may dash, and be broken so far as any usefulness in the Church is concerned.

When, then, we ask why all the rich and all the poor may not come together in the Church, as we have seen that some do? here is our answer: It is because they are not the same kind of rich persons and the same kind of poor people as those who do meet together in church. No doubt they would set a better example to mankind, they would be happier in themselves and more useful to their families, if they were such persons as can and do meet with all others on terms of equality in the worship of God; but as this is impossible both to some of the rich and many of the poor, there is an unchurched multitude. They stay from all churches, because they are not such persons as can meet together on the common ground of rich and poor in the house of the one Great Father of all.

Another matter worth considering is the effect of rented pews in keeping the poor out of the Church. We are constantly hearing this system of raising the funds necessary for the Church's support indicted as the sole cause of the separation between the Church and the masses. For example, we read in the current number of an influential newspaper, "The Church needs to be converted as truly as the world. It needs to be turned from its present attitude toward the unchurched masses into one which shall be better and more Christlike." Now, it is so easy to write in that style. "More Christlike" sounds so well; but, after all, it is very difficult for any person to define just what he means by the expression. Then in an essay on seat rents, circulated gratuitously to convert all men from the error of their way, opening with the promise that the reader shall be so convinced by its perusal that he will henceforth strenuously oppose that method of raising money, we read the following bit of elegant work: "How would it look if we could find in the writings of Paul, 'Now be careful to have the seat rents all collected, that there be no delinquents when I come.' Bah!" Yes, well you may say Bah! as the very thought is silly and absurd in the extreme. Now, such words simply reveal how strong the author's impressions are, and how incapable he is of seeing anything out of the range of his own prepossessions and prejudices. He would like to be a reformer, and imagines that his weak expressions of disgust will convince men of sense. I also might ask some questions about how modern things would have looked in practice thousands of years ago. For example, how would it look if we could find in the writings of Paul that some wealthy man had put a cheque on the Bank of Montreal into the collection made for the poor saints? There is as much sense in such an allusion as there is in the scolding the Church is constantly receiving based upon the fact that pews were not rented in Solomon's temple.

Now this system of renting seats involves a good many considerations, which cannot be disposed of by abuse.

One of these is the necessity of financial support to the work of the Church. Common sense dictates that those who attend regularly upon the services shall provide this support. The only question is the right method of distributing it. Is this end fairly attained by the rental of seats? We think it is. Then is this system wrong on other grounds? Certainly, where people's only thought of their church is to use it as a place in which to flaunt their own vanity, pew rents must be an abomination. They favour a display of ignorance and wickedness which should not be encouraged. But it is an open question whether it is not a

libel to call the place of weekly concourse to which such persons go by the name of a church at all. But where godly men and women direct the affairs of a church, any such exhibition can only be like the occasional breaking out of a disorder. There is usually as much graceful yielding of position to strangers, and to the poor who regularly attend, as we constantly see in social life. The rented pew is not regarded as a right in fee-simple, but simply as a means of doing the Lord's work.

It is a reasonable question, whether this plan is not as free from objection as any which is available? For suppose it abolished, its abolition would be followed by a corollary demanding that appeals for financial support in the congregation be also abolished, as calculated to offend the unchurched masses. Support the Church entirely by free-will offerings, and those outside would then complain that they could never go to Church without the call for money being thrust upon them. And this call would then be complained of for creating a class outside the Church. In the pew-rent system is involved the other question, whether it is right or advisable that all, even the poor, shall be asked to contribute according to their income, or is it better that the poor shall bear no part in sustaining the worship of the Lord? If we decide that it is better, then we are reduced to the necessity of raising all money for the support of religion by private application to the few very rich people, who would esteem it a privilege to do this work, and assuredly we would have a rich man's Church in earnest. The poor could not come in without a sense of being patronized. Their independence in the Church would be destroyed. Also in this subject is involved the question, not only of families sitting together, but whether the same families shall usually worship in the same place. Does any one suppose that there is anything wrong in a number of neighbours and friends uniting to build a church, and to support its services, and in attending regularly at that particular place, and then distributing the expenses among themselves by seat rents? Where churches are filled, notwithstanding their rented seats, the claim that these rents keep the poor away, implies that these families in regular attendance, who built the church, and who sustain it, should go somewhere else that their room may be occupied by others. If they are numerous enough to fill their church must they cease to attend it, that these unchurched people, Agnostics, Infidels, thieves, and vile people, rich and poor as they are, may come in when occasionally it may suit their pleasure to do so? No one thinks of such a thing. But if the room is not filled, the managers are generally glad to have any come in and occupy it. The cases are few,

even where pews are rented, where a full house is not preferred to one empty or half empty.

The question of the best method of raising Church finances is always an open one. The world may get wise enough to do much better than has ever yet been done by any method, but it will not save the unchurched multitude by teaching it that it should never give money to the work of God.

Yet another influence instrumental in keeping the poor from church is attendance upon benevolent societies. This operates in just the opposite direction from pew rents. It is claimed to be an effect of the financial methods employed in the Church, and of the necessary expense of attending upon its services. Thus it is claimed the Church drives men asunder, while the societies unite them again in helpful endeavour. No doubt many do put their society in the place of their Church. Now, nothing can be said against such combinations for helpful purposes, they are altogether praiseworthy. Their origin is due to the prevalence of the spirit inculcated by the Christian religion. They are a development of its life and work. All they accomplish could be done inside the organized Church if their members so willed. But they have not all that the Church has. They are only a part, and not the whole, of the Church. They are not a converting agency in their influence upon the world. They do not perpetuate the sacraments. Nevertheless, by so much as such societies do separate some of their members from Church connection and co-operation, it is cause for gratitude that these are still in a society which preserves some part of the teaching of Christianity.

Having now reviewed the causes which keep up an unchurched class, we return to the quotation with which this paper opens. How far is it justified by this survey? The figure mentioned as the possible annual income of the families which compose the masses—that is the supposed \$800 or \$1,000—would be more than double the amount enjoyed by a large majority of the labouring classes to-day even in this productive America. It would lift them into comparative affluence. It would relieve them of the constant slavery to the thought of what they shall eat and wear. It would allow of some moderate means of amusement on a holiday. It would bring one newspaper into the family, and so the parents, in the privations of their toil, and the children in their developing period, would realize some connection with the outside world, and the shop where they labour would not be the whole of their universe. It would secure books, and time for attendance at school in the earlier years of life. If any member of the family should be ill, it would give a slight change of food in convalescence. It

would enable parents and children to have a change of clothes, so that they could appear on the Sabbath-day clean and respectable, though necessarily dressed with great plainness. It would place them in a position to set apart some small portion of their earnings for religious uses, and so they would not feel in attending church that they were there in the same capacity as a charity school. Though some might give much more than they, yet, the genius of Christianity being what it is, giving what they could, they would feel that they were doing their full share and would be recognized as equal partners there. They would be able to secure such insurance against the event of sickness, or accident, or death, as would relieve the constant harrowing dread of anything happening to the bread-winner.

Now, it is perhaps too much to say that these conditions would bring all the masses into the Christian Church. If the contents of this paper are correct, that would be impossible in any case, so that the statement quoted at the beginning of this paper is too strong, unless taken figuratively. But multitudes would be relieved from the pressure under which their daily life is now passed, and which lifts many a dim eye to the sky in doubt if there be any God there, or if so, that He cares anything about the toiling many whom He has brought into being without their consent. The practical ministries of comfort and happiness, in uncovering the bright faces of well-fed children, would reveal to faith's eye all the diameter of a heaven, and all the munificence of a loving Father above, written in the songs and smiles of home, and in the possibility of progress and elevation in this world, leading on toward the certainty of a better life beyond the grave.

IF none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchantèd.

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

BY THE HON. SENATOR J. MACDONALD.

VI.

It was a great day for Wesleyan Methodism when the foundation-stone of the Richmond Street Church was laid. Will it not be too far west? Will it not be too large? too costly? When will it be filled? were some of the questions which were freely asked, questions which seem strange in view of the developments which have taken place and with the state of things which surround us to-day. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Richey. The stone was laid on the south-east corner of the building, that is on the Temperance Street side of the church. Not many are there left who were present at that ceremony, and yet I was reminded by the Rev. Mr. Milner, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Bathurst Street Church (which must be two miles west of the old Richmond Street Church), that he was present and that he it was who went to the jewellers to bring the trowel.

I was also reminded by Mr. Edward Morphy, at the laying of the corner-stone of the New Richmond Street Church (and who, by the way, generously provided the trowel used upon that occasion), that he was present; there are others doubtless. Yet they must be few; certainly the greater part of those who were then heads of households, if not all, have gone to join the General Assembly and Church of the first-born whose names are written in heaven.

Of the building itself I must say but little. Architectural pretensions it had none. Its internal arrangements were very good, its seating capacity very great; two thousand four hundred people were counted leaving it on the occasion of Rev. Dr. Burns preaching an anniversary missionary sermon, his text being Psalm lxxvii. 1, 2: "God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause His face to shine upon us; Selah. That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health among all nations." That this estimate is not extravagant will be apparent, for Dr. Duff has this entry concerning it: "At seven p.m., the meeting in the biggest church in Toronto, crammed to suffocation with

three thousand people, obliged to speak in a stifling, exhausted atmosphere for nearly three hours to an audience whose attention never for a moment flagged." The great lecture-room in the basement, where I have seen often one thousand people; the large vestry on the left-hand side as one entered the basement, where were held the quarterly meetings for so many years, until the new erection was added fronting on Temperance Street, which quarterly meetings represented the work of the British Wesleyans in the entire city; where also Rev. Dr. Alder met the Quarterly Board to lay before them the articles of Union which he had been deputed to carry out; then came three class-rooms, the one at the south end of the building being utilized for the library of the Sabbath-school. How many memories cluster around the old building which has just been hid from view by the erections which now stand to the north and south. How many well-known faces, how many well-known voices, rise before the mind and break upon the ear as I write these lines—the venerated forms which have filled its pulpit; the noble men who ministered to its people, the great assemblies which have gathered within its walls, the songs of praise which from thousands of voices blended into one great harmonious offering ascending to heaven, then

"The silent awe that dare not move,
And all the heaven of love."

As these all pass before me, and as I look around me for the actors, and feel that I am among but a few that remain, a feeling not of unspeakable sadness only, but despair, would take possession of me, were it not for those life-giving words:

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." (1 Pet. i. 3-5).

The church was opened for divine service in 1845; Rev. Mr. Richey preached the opening sermon. He took for the Old Testament lesson the sublime prayer offered by Solomon at the dedication of the temple (2 Chronicles vi.). How impressively was each petition offered. I fancy I see him as he read the closing verses:

"Now, my God, let, I beseech Thee, Thine eyes be opened, and let Thine ears be attent unto the prayer that is made in this place. Now therefore arise, O Lord God, into Thy resting-place, Thou, and the ark of

Thy strength: let Thy priests, O Lord God, be clothed with salvation and let Thy saints rejoice in goodness. O Lord God, turn not away the face of Thine Anointed: remember the mercies of David Thy servant."

His text was Ephesians v. 25-27:

"Christ also loved the Church, and gave Himself for it; that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish."

How wonderfully was this prayer answered; very speedily was the church filled; every seat in the great lecture-room filled by the scholars of the Sabbath-school. The church became the great centre for joint evangelistic gatherings; here were held the meetings of the Bible Society, the Tract Society, and kindred gatherings. The best minds in the Connexion were found ministering to the great congregations which crowded it from Sabbath to Sabbath.

I have spoken of the great congregations which assembled to listen to Rev. Dr. Burns, his own congregation closing their church and worshipping with the Richmond Street congregation.

I have spoken of the wonderful assembly which gathered to hear the great Dr. Duff deliver a missionary address, such as had never before or since been listened to in Toronto; such an address for fervour, eloquence, and so filled with startling facts and burning truths, as perhaps never has been surpassed in any land. Here it was where the great revival services were held by Rev. Mr. Caughey, begun with the intention of extending over six weeks, continued for as many months, as the result of which many hundreds were added to the Church. Here it was where the matter of opening the mission to Japan was first announced and the first offer of aid was made for that purpose, this being on the occasion of the opening of Japan to American commerce at the instance of Commodore Perry in 1856 or 1857. Here it was where Rev. Dr. Punshon first preached before a Toronto audience, and made that wonderful address never to be forgotten on the departure of the Rev. Geo. Young (now Dr. Young) and his colleagues. Some reader who may have been there will possibly remember his reference. The preceding speaker had spoken not of the difficulties only, but of the dangers of the way; of the dangers not to health only, but to life. The country was really unknown, the dangers did not seem exaggerated, as Dr. Punshon himself subsequently realized when, in order to reach Winnipeg to meet the missionaries in the field, including those from the North-West, fourteen days were needed, this including the perils of

shipwreck on Lake Superior. The force of these utterances was felt by all, nor did any seem to lessen their gravity when Dr. Punshon rose and said, "We have been talking about perils, and I do not underestimate them, yet let me call your attention to one incident :

" 'Jesus went into a ship with His disciples, and He said unto them, Let us go over unto the other side of the lake, and they launched forth. But as they sailed He fell asleep, and there came down a storm of wind on the lake and they were filled with water, and were in jeopardy, and they came to Him and awoke Him, saying : Master, Master, we perish ; then He arose and rebuked the wind and the raging of the water : and they ceased and there was a calm. And He said unto them, Where is your faith ? and they being afraid wondered, saying, one to another What manner of man is this ! for He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey Him.'

"Be assured, dear friends, if God has said unto us," he said, "'Let us go over unto the other side,' and if in obedience to that command these dear brethren are about to launch forth, He will not suffer them to sink in the middle."

It is somewhat singular that the great St. James' Street Church, Montreal—the model, as to internal arrangements, precisely similar to the Richmond Street Church—was opened the following week by the Rev. Mr. Richey, who read the same lessons and preached the same sermon ; that I should have been present at both services ; that both, after having done noble work, have at the end of forty-three years been dismantled, both however to be continued as Church property, the difference of time between the dismantling being as near as possible what the difference was between the opening. I very well remember the late Hon. Mr. Ferrier, then Mayor of the city, meeting Lord Metcalfe, the Governor-General, at the church door, and conducting him to his pew. He had upon his cheek a black plaster, indicating the existence of the disease which not long after terminated his life ; he placed a cheque on the plate for £10.

The ministers stationed in Toronto in connection with the British Wesleyans for 1845 were : Revs. W. M. Harvard, Robert Cooney, and John Bredin. Mr. Harvard was one of the band of men who accompanied Rev. Dr. Coke for the purpose of founding a mission in Ceylon, their names being William Ault, James Lynch, George Erskine, William Martin Harvard, Thomas Hall Squance, Benjamin Clough, and John McKenny. Dr. Coke had originally intended that the number should be twelve. The Connexion had then many important and extensive missions in other parts of the world, and the financial difficulties which then embarrassed their Missionary department seemed to forbid as

unjustifiably sanguine the immediate prospect of supporting twelve additional missionaries in a new and expensive field of labour. Dr. Coke was not only aware of this difficulty but was prepared to meet it, for when it was urged, he nobly offered to defray the whole of the introductory expenses of the mission from his own private fortune. He was not permitted to see the establishment of the mission upon which his heart was set. On the morning of May 3, 1814, the servant on going to call him at 5.30, his usual hour, found him lying upon the cabin floor dead. His remains were committed to the deep in about eight degrees south latitude and thirty-nine degrees east longitude.

Mr. Harvard, removed from St. Ormond, being from 1839 to 1844 Chairman of the Canada East District. He was a tall, handsome man, with a singularly benevolent countenance; he was in every sense of the word a Christian gentleman, original as a preacher, but not eloquent; long accustomed to preach through an interpreter, he was somewhat hesitating in his manner, but always interesting and instructive. He was incapable of unkindness; he would not, indeed he could not, wound the feelings of any one; he was as greatly loved as he was respected. He began his ministry by preaching from 2 Tim. ii. 20. 21 :

“But in a great house there are not only vessels of gold and of silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some to honour, and some to dishonour. If a man therefore purge himself from these, he shall be a vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work.”

I find also the following among his texts :

Neh. ix. 17: “But Thou art a God ready to pardon.” Est. iv. 14: “And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this.” Ps. xxiii. 4, 5: “For Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me,” etc. Ps. cix. 4: “But I give myself unto prayer.” Isa. xxvii. 9: “By this therefore shall the iniquity of Jacob be purged; and this is all the fruit to take away his sin; when he maketh all the stones of the altar as chalkstones,” etc. Luke xvi. 7: “And he said, An hundred measures of wheat. And he said unto him, Take thy bill, and write fourscore.” John iii. 16: “For God so loved the world,” etc. Acts xiv. 9: “Perceiving that he had faith to be healed.” Acts xvi. : “Do thyself no harm.” Rom. v. 6-8: “For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly,” etc. Heb. ii. 10: “For it became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things,” etc. 1 Pet. v. 7: “Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you.” 1 John iii. 17: “But whose hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his jewels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him.”

In the village of Thornhill the Canadian Methodists occupied

the ground. It was felt on the one hand that there was an opening for the British Wesleyans in the village and that a church should be erected. This was accomplished chiefly through the efforts of the late Wm. T. Mason, assisted as he was by Mr. Josiah Purkiss, both of whom were in the employment of the late Mr. John Bunskill, who was the "man of the place." A great deal of embittered feeling was manifested in the articles which appeared at the time in the *Guardian*. In due time the building was opened for worship by Rev. Mr. Harvard; it was crammed to the doors; his text upon the occasion being Acts xvi. 10: "Assuredly gathering that the Lord hath called us to preach the Gospel unto them."

Shortly after a missionary meeting was held, of which I find the following memorandum:—"Missionary meeting at Thornhill; Mr. Score in the chair. Rev. Mr. Harvard added much to the interest and spirituality of the meeting. He had several gods, a Cingalese book, specimens of needlework of girls in India. He repeated the vowels and consonants in the Cingalese language, which much amused the audience; he repeated the Lord's Prayer and the first verse of the first hymn in the Portuguese language. Collection, £1 17s. 2d."

Rev. Robert Cooney was in many respects very different from Mr. Harvard. Mr. Harvard, as I have stated, was very tall, over six feet; Mr. Cooney was very short, certainly not over five feet four. He had a small stand in the pulpit, which he found necessary to give him a suitable position to address the congregation. He had been educated for the Romish priesthood, and retained very much of the appearance of a priest. He read the Scriptures with great accuracy, as he did the hymns, and both with feeling; he had a well-stored mind and was a good preacher; attracted large congregations; enjoyed, as he deserved to do, the confidence and esteem of his people. I find the following among his texts:—

Gen. xlix. 1, 2: "And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you that which shall befall you in the last days," etc. Ex. xv. 23: "And when they came to Marah they could not drink," etc. 2 Kings v. 12: "Are not Abana and Pharpar," etc. Matt. x. 32: "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men," etc. Matt. xxii. 42: "What think ye of Christ? whose son is He? They say unto Him, The Son of David." Luke xvi. 9: "And I say unto you, Make to yourselves of the mammon of unrighteousness," etc. Luke xvi. 22-24: "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels," etc. Luke xix. 41-44: "And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it," etc. John vi. 67: "Then said Jesus unto the twelve, Will ye also go away?" John xii. 21: "Sir, we would see Jesus." John xix. 34:

"But one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side," etc. Acts xvi. 25, 26: "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed," etc. Acts xvii. 30, 31: "And the times of this ignorance God winked at," etc. Rom. ix. 21-24: "Hath not the potter power?" etc. Eph. vi. 11: "Put on the whole armour of God," etc. Rev. xiv. 6: "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven having the everlasting Gospel," etc.

Of the Rev. Mr. Bredin, we have already spoken, and are glad to know that, although superannuated, he is still able and still willing to render effective work. At the quarterly meetings the officials of the entire city were regularly gathered together. The quarterly meeting was a great occasion; the quarterly fast was announced for Friday, with prayer-meeting at noon; the fast was kept and the prayer-meeting was largely attended. On the Monday the Quarterly Board dined together at noon; after dinner the financial part of the business was undertaken, every leader paying in the amount of his class money, good old Mr. Purkiss, always keeping the money of his class distinct, and presenting it, as he said, "as his quarterage and his weekerage."

After this part of the work had been completed the local preachers' meeting took place; the local preachers and exhorters being examined one by one, the following questions being asked in reference to each:—"Is there anything against the moral and religious character of ——?" "Does he believe and preach our doctrines?" "Is he faithful in the discharge of his appointments?"

At six the Board took tea together, including usually one or two invited guests, after which all adjourned to the large vestry; the devotional services occupied some time, several of the brethren engaging in prayer, the remainder of the evening being spent in considering "in what way the work of God could be best promoted." What wondrous gatherings were these, degenerated, I fear, in too many cases in our day, into a gathering of brethren to discuss matters merely of dollars and cents.

The plan in those days of arranging the ministers' salaries (one I am free to confess I am quite out of sympathy with) was to take each item of expenditure—rent, fuel, board, salary for the minister, his wife and his children. The writer occupied no position which would have given him a voice in such matters; nor would it, from his age, have been seemly that he should have tendered his counsel, but he is glad that that habit at last has passed away.

Speaking of this habit, he ventured not long since to say to one of our ministers, "You never passed through that experience." "I did," he said, "and only within the last few years. My quar-

terly meeting," he added, "began with the article of fuel, and spent an hour with a view of saving upon that item, two dollars and fifty cents, but after wasting that valuable time, concluded to let it stand. The next item was for my horse, 'that item,' they said, 'can be considerably reduced. Oats are now selling at twenty-three cents per bushel.' I am glad to learn that," said the preacher; "for here is your bill," he said, addressing one of the members of the Board, "for oats furnished a few days ago at thirty-five cents per bushel. 'We will make that right,' said the brother, but he never did." The next item was for board. One of his members had asked him a few days before if he did not want a quarter of beef; that he had just killed a very fine animal, and that the price by the quarter would be only six cents per pound. The minister took it, only to be asked by a trader in the village the next day if he did not want some very fine beef (who had bought the remainder of the animal from the same man); the price by the quarter would be four cents, and this, let it be noted, including the trader's profit. I earnestly hope that the members of that quarterly meeting, wherever it was, may meet with these lines and feel as they ought to feel—thoroughly ashamed of their conduct.

The only change in the appointments for the following year was that of the Rev. John Hunt, who succeeded Rev. John Bredin. Mr. Hunt, we are happy to be able to say, is still able to afford valuable assistance to the Church.

I have spoken of the local preachers' meeting in connection with the quarterly meetings. We sometimes speak of the "lost arts;" is there not a great danger that this is fast becoming among the Methodists a lost agency? At the Œcumenical Council I heard the eminent Queen's Counsel, Samuel Waddy, say, "I have been a local preacher for — years, and, thank God, I have three sons who are local preachers." In which of the city churches are there local preachers' meetings? In which of them are there young men being taken on trial and placed on the plan? In which of them is there a plan? Is it because there is nothing for them to do? Look at the suburbs of this city, and where is there such a field? Is it because we have no young men who have gifts and graces? No minister, I fancy, will be willing to make that admission in reference to his charge.

Why is it then? Simply that in this respect we are drifting away lamentably from Methodistic usage; that we are ignoring an agency which God has wonderfully honoured, and that if we are wise we will get back without delay to what was at one time not a distinctive feature of Methodism only, but in a very remarkable manner, its glory and its power. Just in proportion

as we are drifting away from this useful and honoured agency, other Churches are taking it up, notably the Church of England; and in this city there are honoured brethren in that Communion who willingly and frequently occupy the pulpits of our own and sister Churches to the great delight and edification of the congregations—a large and noble band of workers. There were Richard Woodsworth, John Sterling, R. Simpson, the two Stephens, Henry and James; Mr. Moat, Mr. Hill, John Rogers, J. Eooth, T. Storm, James Gooderham, T. S. Keough, Wm. T. Mason, being among the number. Others there were in the country, among whom was Mr. Hunt, of Toronto township—a grand old man, the father of the Rev. John Hunt.

Some idea may be had of the work they performed when the following appointments were filled by them every Sabbath:—1st. An appointment with three services, first at Johnson's at ten a.m.; this service was twelve miles from the City Hall, up Yonge Street ten miles, then two and a half miles east. (2) At Milligan's Corners, Markham township, six miles distant from the former, at three p.m. (3) At Thornhill, six miles distant from Milligan's Corners, at six p.m. The preacher when reaching home would thus have had three services and would have travelled forty miles. 2nd. The Highland Creek, distant sixteen miles down Kingston Road. 3rd. Toll gate, east of Cooksville, service at three, service at ten being in the Hunt's neighbourhood, Toronto township, distance twenty miles; this appointment meant travel of forty miles and two services. 4th. An appointment called on the plan Conlin's and Needham's; the former, service at ten a.m.; the latter at two p.m.; the latter was on the Vaughan plank road, and meant two services and fourteen miles' travel. 5th. An appointment at Helliwell's Mills, now Taylor's Mills. 6th. An appointment called Cooper's, on Dundas Street, West Toronto. 7th. Beside these, an appointment east of the Don, one near Gooderham's distillery, one at Berkeley Street, one on the Garrison Common, one at the Asylum, as well as ministering occasionally in the city churches.

The present cause at Elm Street originated by a few families removing to that neighbourhood, who were then worshipping at Richmond Street, meeting for worship in the school-house, for which the consent of the late Bishop Strachan had to be received, which place was sustained entirely by the labours of the local preachers. So in like manner every one of the early churches were dependent upon them for frequent supply, and many of the churches in the city to-day owe their existence to their labours.

Many notable gatherings had been held in the large vestry, but none had ever equalled in importance that one in which Rev. Dr.

Alder, as the representative of the British Conference, laid before the officials of the Church the articles upon which it was proposed a union should be consummated between the British and Canadian branches of Methodism. Rev. Mr. Harvard was in the chair; some few there may be who may still remember Rev. Dr. Alder, the British representative. He was about medium size, stout; florid, thoughtful face, large head, great profusion of hair, impressive appearance and manner; in addition to his being an excellent preacher he was a skilled diplomat. In the public Sabbath services which followed he took no part beyond reading the hymns and the Scriptures, both of which he did faultlessly. His message was delivered to a hostile company, and he knew it; admirably did he do his part of the work.

One incident among the many of the class which marked the entire discussion of the evening, viz., that of unqualified disapproval of the union, grew out of some remarks made with great warmth by the late Samuel Shaw, as to the course which the Church would pursue if forced into a union which was not desired and would not be accepted. Dr. Alder, with great calmness and with wonderful powers of memory—-for he had neither seen nor heard Mr. Shaw for many, many years, and without turning round (for Mr. Shaw sat behind him) said, "I think I recognize in the last speaker my old and valued friend, Mr. Shaw, whose voice it is so great a pleasure for me to hear once more;" and, proceeding, put his points so clearly and so forcibly, he had completely disarmed Mr. Shaw from further attacks.

But it was not Mr. Shaw alone in that great company of officials. Dr. Alder had not one friendly hearer, not one who was in sympathy with the movement, not one who desired it. The meeting was protracted to a late hour. Many threats were made. Rather than go into the union they would form an independent Church, they would join the Primitive Methodists; and I think negotiations were opened with a view of carrying out this arrangement. One thing was clear, no Canadian Methodist would be allowed to preach in the Richmond Street Church; they would lock the doors, they would forcibly prevent any minister of that Church from occupying the pulpit.

Meantime much writing had to be got through, the proceedings of the evening had to be put in shape ready for the next meeting. Who was to do it? One had no time, another had no inclination, another gave a flat denial. The writer undertook to do the needed work, strongly urged as he was not to do so. It was done, the meeting held, the act consummated. It was proposed that Rev. John R—— should preach on the first Sabbath,

that was declared to be impossible and had to be abandoned; his place was filled by Rev. Lachlan Taylor, and in reference to this I find the following note: "Gen. xix. 17, 'Escape for thy life, look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.' Powerful sermon preached on the first Sabbath of the union of the Canadian and British Wesleyans, 1848."

In reference to the following Sabbath I find the following note: "Psalm cxxxiii. 1, 'Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.' Carroll preached at the Adelaide Street Chapel, Toronto, the Sabbath following the union of the two bodies." Who that remembers the gentle, loving, Christ-like spirit of Rev. Dr. Carroll can doubt that every utterance breathed any other feeling than that of "peace on earth and good-will to men."

The first Sabbath came and went, as did the second and following Sabbaths. No doors were locked, no ministers ejected from pulpits, no independent congregations formed, no further negotiations carried on for a union with the Primitive Methodist Church. The union was of God, was crowned with His blessing, was the first step toward that larger movement which has eventuated in consolidating every branch of the Methodist family into one united and powerful Church, whose healthful influences are felt from Newfoundland to Japan, never, let us hope, to be again dismembered by trifling differences, but to go on baptized from on high, and filled by the consecration of its wealth, its influence, and, above all, by the devotion of its people, to do its share side by side with the great army of the living God, as found in the other Churches, in the evangelization of the world.

It was deemed best that for all who had borne any part in the trouble of bygone days suitable appointments should be found in other parts of the work. Rev. Dr. Harvard removed to England, and became the Governor of the Richmond College. There it was my pleasure to see him and to enjoy his hospitality.

The Rev. Dr. Cooney removed to New Brunswick and was stationed at Carleton, where shortly after it was my honour to be the guest of himself and his excellent wife. The Rev. Dr. Evans also removed to New Brunswick, and arrangements were made by which Rev. Enoch Wood and Rev. S. D. Rice were removed to Upper Canada. How faithfully they laboured, how gladly they were welcomed, how much they had to do with the initiation of many of the great enterprises of the Church for so many years, how greatly and deservedly they were honoured by their brethren, and how full of years and full of honours they finished

their course, are matters of history. Into the incidents connected with their career, or to the period in which their work is embraced, it is not my purpose to enter.

My object has been to bring these recollections down to the accomplishment of the union, and to leave to others who may have more time and more ability, the work of taking up the thread where I leave it, and lovingly weaving it into the tapestry of our Methodist history. How honoured names come up to one's memory, whose voices have so often been heard in connection with the old Church, but are to be heard no more: Samuel D. Rice, William Squire, John Douse, Henry Wilkinson, John Borland, James H. Bishop; and those of the living, going no further than 1860, Ephraim Evans, George H. Davis, E. B. Harper, Charles Lavell, John Learoyd, William R. Parker, William Scott, Charles Fish and James Elliott.

What memories of the Sabbath-school! What memories of the great revival! What a wealth of material for some one to weave together a story which should be had in everlasting remembrance! But what of those whose differences at one time were so great that they could not worship together? They are sleeping in the quiet churchyard side by side; the flowers which spring unfolds on the resting-place of the one, diffuse their fragrance over the turf of the other; and autumn, with yet greater endearment, throws her leafy mantle of loveliness and beauty over them, of sufficient amplitude to embrace them all, and in quiet, undisturbed repose, which is alike ignorant of warring passions and ambitious designs, they sleep the sleep of the just until the morning of the resurrection.

In these reminiscences we have seen the day of small things. What do we see to-day? What do we see, for example, in Toronto alone? As we began to write we told of a time when the churches of the British Wesleyans in Toronto were three, and the value of them not more than \$6,000, and the seating capacity not more than seven hundred; to-day there must be little short of thirty within the city and its suburbs, some of these having a seating capacity of two thousand and over; many of them would be regarded as ornamental and architecturally faultless in any city on the Continent; some of them among the very finest of Methodist Church properties in the world.

But not in Toronto, not in the cities of the Dominion alone. In every hamlet, almost at every cross-road, the spires of temples, beautiful and commodious, point heavenwards and are with those of other denominations at once the glory and the bulwarks of our land; while the parsonages, schools, colleges, and university afford abundant evidence of the zeal and liberality of the Church.

We have dwelt on the old method of appropriating the ministers' salaries. And how insignificant, even when most liberal, this amount must have been; we find to-day in the Toronto District alone the amount raised for ministerial support for 1887-8, to be \$40,712.94, and in the Toronto Conference for the same purpose, \$118,599.92. We have seen the humble amount contributed for missionary purposes, and we find contributed to-day in the Toronto Conference alone the sum of \$23,996.59, while the total income of the Church for missionary purposes falls little short of a quarter of a million, the actual figures being \$219,480; the whole of this amount having been directly contributed by the Methodist people, with the exception of \$8,875.58 from the Indian Department. We find the amount contributed to the support of the aged ministers from the Toronto District alone to be \$4,116.29. From the Toronto Conference, \$10,046.64, and from the Church, including interest on its investments, excepting the Maritime Provinces, the sum of \$77,241.63; and all this in addition to the other funds of the Church—the Sustentation Fund, the Union Church Relief Fund, the Contingent Fund, the Educational Fund, the General Conference Fund and the Woman's Missionary Fund—the latter, an agency the power and influence of which in stimulating the great Missionary enterprise of the Church it is simply impossible for the most sanguine of our people to estimate. Composed as it is of earnest and devoted ladies, whose hearts, warmed with God's love, go out in a very special manner toward those of their own sex in every land, the blessed work which they have already been able to accomplish affords the best evidence of what this long-lost and missing link is, in God's good providence, destined to accomplish. As we look back at these wonderful results—as we look at the Church to-day compared with the day of which we have undertaken to write—may we not exclaim at once in the language of astonishment as well as of praise, What hath God wrought!

It cannot be but that in these hastily-written records—written surrounded by the busy work of every day, written from memory—that some names are forgotten which ought to have been mentioned, that some incidents in connection with some names are not recorded. Will those who make the discovery, kindly accept the assurance that the omissions are not intentional, and will they, for the sake of the writer as well as for their own, kindly furnish them to that willing contributor who will be found ready to take up and continue the story of the "Recollections of Toronto Methodism?"

OAKLANDS, 1888.

THE ELDER'S WIFE.

SEQUEL TO "DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY."

BY SAXE HOLM.

I.

DRAXY and the Elder were married in the little village church, on the first Sunday in September.

"O Draxy! let it be on a communion Sunday," the Elder had said, with an expression on his face which Draxy could not quite fathom; "I can't tell you what it 'ud be to me to promise myself over again to the Blessed Saviour, the same hour I promise to you, I'm so afraid of loving Him less. I don't see how I can remember anything about heaven, after I've got you, Draxy," and tears stood in the Elder's eyes.

Draxy looked at him wonderingly and with a little pain in her face. To her serene nature, heaven and earth, this life and all the others which may follow it, had so long seemed one—love and happiness and duty had become so blended in one sweet atmosphere of living in daily nearness to God, that she could not comprehend the Elder's words.

"Why, Mr. Kinney, it's all Christ," she said, slowly and hesitatingly, slipping her hand into his, and looking up at him lovingly.

"Darling," he whispered, "would you feel so if I were to die and leave you alone?"

"Yes, I think so," said Draxy, still more slowly, and turning very pale. "You never can really leave me, and no human being can be really alone; it would still be all Christ, and it would be living His life and God's still;" and tears rolled down her cheeks, and she began to sob.

"Oh, forgive me, Draxy," exclaimed the Elder, wrung to the heart by the sight of her grief. "I'm nothing but a great brute to say that to you just now; but, Draxy, you don't know much about a man's heart yet; you're such a saint yourself, you can't understand how it makes a man feel as if this earth was enough, and he didn't want any heaven, when he loves a woman as I love you," and the Elder threw himself on the ground at Draxy's feet, and laid his face down reverently on the hem of her gown. His love for Draxy kindled and transformed his whole consciousness of himself and of life; it was no wonder that he felt terrors; that he asked himself many times a day what had become of the simple-minded, earnest, contented worker he used to be. He was full of vague and restless yearnings; he longed to do, to be, to become, he knew not what, but something that should be more of kin to this beautiful nature—something that should give her great joy—something in which she could feel great pride.

Draxy said, "But Mr. Kinney, I never heard of anybody's being married on Sunday—did you?"

"No," said the Elder, "I never did, but I've always thought it was the only day a man ought to be married on; I mean the most beautiful, the sweetest day."

"Yes," replied Draxy, a solemn and tender light spreading over her whole face, "it certainly is. I wonder why nobody has ever thought so before. But perhaps many people have," she added, with a merrier smile; "we don't know everybody."

Presently she looked up anxiously, and said:

"But do you think the people would like it? Wouldn't they think it very strange?"

The Elder hesitated. He, too, had thought of this.

"Well, I tell you, Draxy, it's just this way: I have tried more than once to get some of them to come and be married on a Sunday in church, and they wouldn't, just because they never heard of it before; and I'd like to have them see that I was in true earnest about it, and I can't help believing it will do them good all their lives by making them think more how solemn a thing a marriage ought to be, if they take it as I think they will; and I do think I know them well enough to be pretty sure."

So it was settled that the marriage should take place after the morning sermon, immediately before the communion service. When Reuben was told of this, his face expressed such absolute amazement that Draxy laughed outright, in spite of the deep solemnity of her feeling in regard to it.

"Why, father," she said, "you couldn't look more surprised if I had told you I was not to be married at all."

"But Draxy, Draxy," Reuben gasped, "who ever heard of such a thing? What will folks say?"

"I don't know that anybody ever heard of such a thing, father, dear," answered Draxy; "but I am not afraid what the people will say. They love Mr. Kinney, and he has always told them that Sunday was the day to be married on. I shouldn't wonder if every young man and young woman in the parish looked on it in a new and much holier light after this. I know I began to as soon as the Elder talked about it, and it wouldn't seem right to me now to be married on any other day," and Draxy stooped and kissed her father's forehead very tenderly. A sentiment of love, which had almost reverence in it, grew up toward her in the hearts of the people. A certain touch of sadness, of misgiving, mingled with it.

"I'm afraid she ain't long for this world; she's got such a look o' heaven in her face," was said more than once, in grieving tones, when the Elder's approaching marriage was talked of. But old Ike was farther sighted, in his simplicity, than the rest. "Tain't that," he said, "that woman's got in her face. It's the kind o' heaven that God sends down to stay 'n this world, to help make us fit for the next. Shouldn't wonder ef she outlived th' Elder a long day," and Ike wiped his old eyes slyly with the back of his

hand. The day of the marriage was one of those shining September days which only mountain regions know, when Draxy walked up the aisle leaning on her father's arm, wearing the same white dress she had worn all summer; it cannot be denied that there were sighs of disappointment in some of the pews. The people had hoped for something more. As she entered the pew and sat down by the side of her mother, slanting sunbeams from the southern windows fell upon her head, lighting up the bright hair till it looked like a saintly halo. Elder Kinney sat in the pulpit, with his best loved friend, Elder Williams, who was to preach that day and perform the marriage ceremony. When Draxy and her father entered the door, Elder Kinney rose and remained standing until they reached their pew. As Draxy sat down and the golden sunbeams flickered around her, the Elder sank back into his seat and covered his eyes with his hand. He did not change his posture until the prayers and the hymns and the sermon were over, and Elder Williams said in a low voice:—

“The ceremony of marriage will now be performed.” Then he rose, his countenance glowing like that of one who had come from some Mount of Transfiguration. With a dignity and grace of bearing, such as royal ambassadors might envy, Elder Kinney walked slowly down to Reuben Miller's pew, and, with his head reverently bent, received Draxy from her father's hands.

Passionate love and close contact with Draxy's exquisite nature were developing, in this comparatively untrained man, a peculiar courteousness and grace, which added a subtle charm to the simplicity of his manners. As he walked up the aisle with Draxy clinging to his arm, his tall figure looked majestic in its strength, but his face was still bent forward, turned toward her with a look of reverence, of love unspeakable.

The whole congregation rose, moved by one impulse, and the silence was almost too solemn. When the short and simple ceremony was over, the Elder led Draxy to his own pew and sat down by her side.

After the little children had been baptized, the usual announcement of the Lord's Supper was made, and the usual invitation given. Tears came in many eyes as their beloved Elder took the cup of wine from Deacon Plummer's trembling hands and passed it to Draxy, and many hearts which had never before longed for the right to partake of the sacred emblems longed for it then.

After the services were ended, just as Elder Williams was about to pronounce the benediction, Elder Kinney rose from his seat, and walking rapidly to the communion table said:—

“My dear friends, I know you don't look for any words from me to-day; but there are some of you I never before saw at this blessed feast of our Lord, and I must say one word to you from Him.” Then pausing, he looked round upon them all, and with an unutterable yearning in the gesture, stretched out both his arms and said: “O my people, my people! like as a hen gather-

eth her chickens under her wings, He would have gathered you long ago, but ye would not." Then, still holding out his arms toward them, he pronounced the benediction.

Silently and solemnly the little congregation dispersed. A few lingered, and looked lovingly at Draxy, as if they would go back and speak to her. But she stood with her eyes fixed on the Elder's face, utterly unconscious of the presence of any other human being. Even her father dared not break the spell of holy beatitude which rested on her countenance.

"No, no, ma," he said to Jane, who proposed that they should go back to the pew and walk home with her. "This ain't like any other wedding that was ever seen on this earth, unless, maybe, that one in Cana. And I don't believe that the Lord was any nearer to that bridegroom than He is to this one."

So Jane and Reuben walked home from church alone, for the first time since they came to Clairvend, and Draxy and her husband followed slowly behind. The village people who watched them were bewildered by their manner, and interpreted it variously according to their own temperaments.

"You'd ha' thought now they'd been married years an' years to look at 'em," said Eben Hill; "they didn't speak a word, nor look at each other any more 'n old Deacon Plummer 'n his wife, who was joggin' along jest afore 'em."

Old Ike—poor, ignorant, loving old Ike, whose tender instinct was like the wistful sagacity of a faithful dog—read their faces better. He had hurried out of church, and hid himself in the edge of a little pine grove which the Elder and Draxy must pass.

"I'd jest like to see 'em a little longer," he said to himself, half apologetically. As they walked silently by, old Ike's face saddened, and at last became convulsed with grief. Creeping out from beneath the pines, he slowly followed them up the hill, muttering to himself, in the fashion which had grown upon him in his solitary life:

"O Lord! O Lord! No such looks as them is long for this earth. O Lord! which is it ye're goin' to take? I reckon it's the Elder. I reckon 'tis. That woman's goin' to have her heart broke. O Lord! I can't bear the sight on't!" and he leaped a fence and struck off across the fields toward his house. He did not shut his eyes that night, but tossed and groaned aloud. Toward morning he formed a resolution which calmed him somewhat.

"Ef I kin only be right close to 'em till it comes, p'raps I can be of a little use. Leastways it 'ud be some comfort to try," he said.

As the Elder and Draxy were sitting at breakfast the next day, they caught sight of the old man's bent figure walking up and down outside the gate, and stopping now and then irresolutely, as if he would come in, but dared not.

"Why, there's old Ike," exclaimed the Elder. "What on earth can he want at this time of day?"

Draxy looked up with a tender smile, and said: "I shouldn't

wonder if he wanted just to see how happy you look, Mr. Kinney. Nobody in this world loves you so well as old Ike does."

"Oh, Draxy!" said the Elder, reproachfully.

"No, dear, not even I. Old Ike never dreams of receiving any love in return. I have seen his eyes follow you with just such a look as dogs' eyes have. I wish we could do something for him."

"We will, dear; we will go and see him often. I own it smites me to the soul sometimes to think how humble he is, and so glad to see me when I haven't been near him for six months, maybe."

At this moment Hannah put her head into the door, and said, in no pleasant voice:—

"Here's that Ike Sanborn wantin' to speak to ye, sir; but It elled him"—

"Let him come right in here, Hannah," said Draxy. "Mr. Kinney and I will be very glad to see him this morning." Hannah's face relaxed in spite of herself, in answer to Draxy's smile, but she could not forgive Ike for what seemed to her a most unwarrantable intrusion, and she was grimmer than ever when she returned to him, saying:—

"They'll see ye; but I must say, I sh'd ha' thought ye'd know better'n to be comin' round here this mornin' of all mornin's. Ain't they to have a minute's peace to theirselves?"

Ike looked up appealingly at the hard Indian face. "I wa'n't goin' to keep 'em a minute," he said; "I won't go in now. I'll come agin, ef you say so, Hannah."

"No, no—go in, now ye're here; ye've interrupted 'em, and ye may's well take the good on't now," replied the vengeful Hannah, pushing Ike along toward the sitting-room door.

"Come in, come in, Ike," said the Elder; "you're the first one of the parish to pay your respects to Mrs. Kinney." Draxy rose from her seat smiling, and went toward him and said: "And Mrs. Kinney is very glad to see you, Ike."

This was too much for the loving old heart. He dropped his hat on the floor, and began to speak so rapidly and incoherently, that both Draxy and the Elder were almost frightened.

"O Elder! O Miss Kinney!—I have been a thinkin' that p'r'aps you'd let me come an' live with you, an' do all yer chores. I'd bring my two cows, an' my keepin' wouldn't be very much; an'—oh, sir, ef ye'll only let me, I'll bless ye all the days o' my life," and Ike began to cry.

So did Draxy, for that matter, and the Elder was not very far from it. Draxy spoke first.

"Why, Ike, do you really want so much to live with us?"

Ike's first answer was a look. Then he said, very simply, "I've laid awake all night, ma'am, tryin' to get bold enough to come and ask ye."

Draxy looked at her husband, and said in a low voice, "You know what I told you just now, Mr. Kinney?"

The Elder saw that Draxy was on Ike's side.

"Well, well, Ike," he said, "you shall certainly come and try it. Perhaps you won't like it as well as you think. But don't say anything about it to any one else till you hear from us. You shall come very soon."

Ike turned to go, but lingered, and finally stammered: "I hope, sir, ye don't take it that I'm askin' a charity; I make bold to believe that I could be worth to ye's much's my keepin'; I'm considerable handy 'bout a good many things, an' I can do a day's mowin' yet with any man in the parish, I don't care who he is. It's only because—because"—Ike's voice broke, and it was very nearly with a sob that he added, "because I love ye, sir," and he hurried away. Draxy sprang after him.

"I know that very well, Ike, and so does Mr. Kinney, and you will be a great help to us. You are making us the most valuable wedding present we've had yet, Ike," and Draxy held out her hand.

Ike looked at the hand, but he did not touch it.

"Maybe God'll let me thank ye yet, ma'am," he said, and was gone.

The little household settled down for the winter: Draxy and the Elder happy, serene, exalted more than they knew, by their perfect love for each other, and their childlike love of God, blending in one earnest purpose of work for souls; Hannah and Ike anything but serene, and yet happy after their own odd fashions, and held together much more closely than they knew by the common bond of their devotion to the Elder and his wife.

In the other side of the house were also two very thankful and contented hearts. Reuben and Jane were old people now; Reuben's hair was snowy white, and Jane was sadly bent; but the comfort and peace which had come so late into their lives had still come early enough to make the sunset a bright one. It was a sight to do all hearts good to see the two sitting together on the piazza of the house, in the warm afternoons, and gazing in delight at the eastern mountain ranges turning rose-pink, and then fading through shades of purple to dark gray.

"It's a good deal like our life, ma," Reuben said sometimes; "our sun's pretty low—most down, I reckon; it's all rosy-light, just these days; but we shall have to lie down in the shadow presently; but it's all beautiful, beautiful."

Jane did not understand him. She never did. But she loved the sound of his voice best when he said the things which were too subtle for her.

The two households lived separately as before. The Elder had proposed making one family, and Reuben had wistfully seconded it. But Draxy had firmly said "No."

"I shall be able to do more for you, father, dear, if we do not. It will not seem so at first, but I know I am right," she said, and it was a rare wisdom in her sweet soul which led to the decision.

Happy years leave slender records; but for suffering and sin there would not be history. The winter came, and the spring

came, and the summer and the autumn, and no face in the quiet little parsonage looked a shade older for the year that had gone; no incident had taken place which could make a salient point in a story, and not one of the peaceful hearts could believe that a twelvemonth had flown. Elder Kinney's pathetic fears lest he might love his Saviour less by reason of his new happiness, had melted like frost in early sunlight, in the sweet presence of Draxy's child-like religion.

"O Draxy!" he said again and again, "seems to me I never half loved all these souls we are working for, before I had you. I don't see how I could have been so afraid about it before we were married."

"Do I really help you, Mr. Kinney?" Draxy would reply, with a lingering emphasis on the "really," which made her husband draw her closer to him and forget to speak: "It seems very strange to me that I can. I feel so ignorant about souls. It frightens me to answer the smallest question the people ask me. I never do, in any way except to tell them if I have ever felt so myself, and how God seemed to help me out."

Blessed Draxy! that was the secret of her influence from first to last; the magnetic sympathy of a pure and upright soul, to whose rare strength had been added still rarer simplicity and lovingness. Old and young, men as well as women, came to her with unhesitating confidence. With all the loyalty and directness which had made her, as a little girl, champion and counsellor and comfort to her father, she now set her hand to the work of helping her husband do good to the people whom he called his children.

"If they are yours, they must be mine, too, Mr. Kinney," she would say, with a smile half arch, half solemn. "I hope I shan't undo on week-days what you do on Sundays."

"What I do on Sundays is more'n half your work, too, Draxy," the Elder would make reply; and it was very true. Draxy's quicker brain and finer sense, and in some ways superior culture, were fast moulding the Elder's habits of thought and speech to an extent of which she never dreamed. Reuben's income was now far in advance of their simple wants, and newspapers, magazines, and new books continually found their way to the parsonage. Draxy had only to mention anything she desired to see, and Reuben forthwith ordered it. So that it insensibly came to pass that the daily life of the little household was really an intelligent one, and Elder Kinney's original and vigorous mind expanded fast in the congenial atmosphere. Yet he lost none of his old quaintness and simplicity of phrase, none of his fervour. The people listened to his sermons with wondering interest, and were not slow to ascribe some of the credit of the new unction to Draxy.

"Th' Elder's getting more'n more like Mis' Kinney every day o' his life," they said: "there's some o' her sayin's in every sermon he writes."

"And no wonder," would be added by some more enthusiastic worshipper of Draxy's. "I guess she's got sense enough to know that she's got more real book-learning in her head than he has, twice over. I shouldn't wonder if she got to writin' some of his sermons for him out'n out, before long."

Dear Draxy's reverent wifehood would have been grieved and dismayed if she had known that her efforts to second her husband's appeals to his people were sometimes so eloquent as to make the Elder's words forgotten. But he never dreamed of such a thing; she was too simple-hearted and humble.

In the early days of the second winter came the Angel of the Annunciation, bearing a white lily to Draxy. Her joy and gratitude were unspeakable, and the exquisite purity and elevation of her nature shone out transcendent in the new experience.

It was just two years from Draxy's wedding day, when she stood again in the aisle of the little village church, dressed in pure white, with the southern sunlight resting on her beautiful hair. Her husband stood by her side, holding their infant son in his arms. The child had clear, calm blue eyes, like Draxy's, and an expression of serenity and radiant joy on his tiny face, which made the people wonder.

"Reuben Miller Kinney" was his name; and though the parish had hoped that the child would be named for his father, when they looked at Reuben Miller's sweet, patient, noble face, and saw its intense happiness as the words were spoken, they felt that it was better so.

Again swift months rolled on, and peace and joy brooded over the parsonage. Draxy's life with her child was something too beautiful to be told in words; her wifehood was lovely, was intense; but her motherhood was greater. Day and night her love for her boy protected and guided him, like pillar of cloud, like pillar of fire. She knew no weariness, no feebleness; she grew constantly stronger and more beautiful, and the child grew stronger and more beautiful, with a likeness to her and a oneness with her which were marvellous. There was but one drawback on Draxy's felicity now. She was afraid of her love for her boy.

"O Seth!" she said—after little Reuben's birth she for the first time called her husband by this name; before that, she had never found courage to call him Seth—"O Seth!" she said, "I feel now as you did about me before we were married. I can't make myself think about anything but Reuby. O darling! you don't think God would take him away from you to punish me, do you?" The Elder could not comfort her when she was in this frame of mind; in fact, he himself was sometimes afraid, seeing her utter absorption in the child. Yet it never for one instant warped her firmness or judiciousness of control. Draxy could not have comprehended that type of love which can lose sight for one instant of the best good of the loved one.

"Draxy," said Reuben to her one day, "you never tell Reuby to do anything without giving him a reason for it. He's the best boy

that ever lived, I do believe, but 'taint just my idea of obedience for all that."

Draxy smiled. "I never said a word to him about obeying me in his life; I never shall. I can't explain it, father, dear, but you must let me do my way. I shall tell him all I know about right, and he will decide for himself more and more. I am not afraid."

She need not have been. Before Reuby was seven years old his gentle manliness of behaviour was the marvel of the village. "It beats all how Mis' Kinney brought that boy o' hern up," was said in the sewing circle one day. "She told me herself that she's never so much's said a sharp word to him; and as for whippin', she thinks it a deadly sin."

"So do I," spoke up young Mrs. Plummer, "I never did believe in that; I don't believe in it, even for hosses; it only gets 'em to go a few rods, and then they're lazier'n ever. My father's broke more colts than any man in this county, an' he'd never let 'em be struck a blow. He said one blow spiled 'em, and I guess ye've got more to work on in a boy than ye have in a colt."

These discussions often ran high and waxed warm. But Draxy's adherents were a large majority. But she was to do more yet for these men and women. Slowly, noiselessly, in the procession of these beautiful and peaceful days, was drawing near a day which should anoint Draxy with a new baptism, and set her apart to a holier work.

It came, as the great consecrations of life are apt to come, suddenly, without warning. While we are patiently and faithfully keeping sheep in the wilderness, the messenger is journeying toward us with the vial of sacred oil, to make us kings.

It was on a September morning. Draxy sat at the eastward bay-window of her sitting-room, reading to Reuby. The child seemed strangely restless, and slipped from her lap again and again, running to the window to look out. At last Draxy said, "What is it, Reuby? Don't you want to hear mamma read any longer?"

"Where is papa?" replied Reuby. "I want to go and find papa."

"Papa has gone way down to the Lower Mills, darling; he won't come home till dinner," said Draxy, looking perplexedly at Reuby's face. She had never known him to ask for his father in this way before. Still his restlessness continued, and finally, clasping his mother's hand, he said, earnestly,—

"Come and find papa"

"We can't find him, dear," she replied; "it is too far for Reuby to walk, but we will go out on the same road papa has gone, and wait for papa to come;" so saying, she led the child out of the house, and rambled slowly along the road on which the Elder would return. In a few moments she saw moving in the distance a large black object she could not define. As it came nearer she saw that it was several men, walking slowly and apparently bearing something heavy between them.

Little Reuby pulled her hand and began to run faster. "Come

and find papa," he said again, in a tone which struck terror to Draxy's heart. At that instant the men halted. She hurried on. Presently she saw one man leave the rest and run rapidly toward her. It was old Ike. The rest still remained motionless and gathered closer around what they were carrying.

"O Reuby!" groaned Draxy. "Come quicker, find papa," he replied, impatiently; but old Ike had reached them, and wringing his hands, burst into tears. "O Mis' Kinney, yer must go back; they can't bring him along, an' you'n' the boy standing here. O Mis' Kinney come right back!" And Ike took hold of her shoulder and of her gown and almost turned her around.

"Is Mr. Kinney hurt?" said Draxy, in a strange voice, high-pitched and metallic. "I shall not go back. Tell the men to hurry. How dare they lose time so?" and Draxy tried to run toward them. Old Ike held her by main force. Sobs choked his voice, but he stammered out: "O Mis' Kinney, ef ye love Mr. Kinney, go back. He'd tell ye so himself. He won't know ye; the men won't never move a step till they see you'n' Reuby goin' first."

Draxy turned instantly and walked toward the house so swiftly that little Reuby could not keep up with her. He followed her, crying aloud, but she did not heed him. She flew rather than ran into the house, into the Elder's study, and dragged a lounge to the very threshold of the door. There she stood, whiter than any marble, and as still, awaiting the slow, toiling steps of the overburdened men. Little Reuben stumbled on the steps, and she did not help him. As he came close, clutching her dress in his pain and terror, she said in a low whisper, "Reuby, it will trouble papa if he sees us cry. Mamma isn't going to cry." The child stopped instantly and stood by her side, as calm as she, for a moment, then bursting out again into screams, said: "O mamma, I can't help crying, I can't; but I'll run away. Don't tell papa I cried." And he ran upstairs. Draxy did not see which way he went. Her eyes were fixed on the doorway which Ike had that moment reached; the men bearing the Elder's body were just behind him.

"O Mis' Kinney!" can't yer go away jest while we lay him down?" gasped Ike. "Seem's ef 'twouldn't be so hard."

Draxy looked past him as not hearing a word.

"Bring him in here and lay him on this lounge," she said in tones so clear and calm, they sent both courage and anguish into every heart.

Panting, and with grief-stricken faces, the men staggered in and laid the tall, majestic figure down. As they lifted the head tenderly and propped it by pillows, Draxy saw the pale, dead face with the sunken eyes and set lips, and gave one low cry. Then she clasped both hands tight over her heart and looked up as if she would pierce the very skies whither her husband had gone.

"We sent for the doctor right off; he'll be here's soon's he can get here."

"He never spoke a word arter we lifted him up. He couldn't ha' suffered any, Mis' Kinney."

"Praps, Mis' Kinney, it'd be a good plan to ondo his clothes afore the doctor gits here," came in confused and trembling tones from one after another of the men who stood almost paralyzed in presence of Draxy's terrible silence.

"O Mis' Kinney, jest speak a word, can't ye? O she'll die if she don't. Where's Reuby? I'll fetch him," exclaimed Ike, and left the room; the men followed him irresolutely, looking back at Draxy, who still stood motionless, gazing down into the Elder's face.

"Do not look for Reuby—he has hid," came in a slow, measured whisper from her lips. "And leave me alone. Yes, I know. You need not be afraid. I understand that Mr. Kinney is dead," she added, as the men hesitated and looked bewildered in her face. "I will stay alone with him till the doctor comes," and Draxy gently closed the door and locked it. In a short time the little hall and door-yard were crowded with sobbing men and women. There was little to be told, but that little was told over and over. The Elder had walked down to the village store with old Ike, and had just given him some parcels to carry home, saying, "Tell Mrs. Kinney,"—when a runaway horse had come dashing furiously down the street, drawing a waggon in which clung, rather than sat, a woman holding a baby in her arms. The Elder had sprung into the middle of the road, and caught the horse by the bridle as he swerved a little to one side; but the horse was too strong and too much frightened to be held by any man's strength. Rearing high, he had freed his head, and plunging forward had knocked the Elder down in such a way that both waggon-wheels had run over his neck, breaking it instantly.

That Draxy should be all this time alone with her husband's body seemed dreadful to these sympathizing, simple-hearted people. No sound came from the room, though the windows were all wide open.

"O Mr. Miller! don't ye think some on us had better try to git in to her," said the women; "she don't make no noise."

"No," replied Reuben, feebly. He, too, was prostrated like Ike, by the fearful blow, and looked years older within the hour. "No; Draxy knows what's best for her. She's spoke to me once through the door. She hasn't fainted."

"When the doctor came, Reuben called to Draxy:—

"Daughter, the doctor's come."

The door opened instantly, but closed as soon as the doctor had entered. In a few moments it opened again, and the doctor handed a slip of paper to Reuben. He unfolded it and read it aloud:—

"Father, dear, please thank all the people for me, and ask them to go home now. There is nothing they can do. Tell them it grieves me to hear them cry, and Mr. Kinney would not wish it."

Slowly and reluctantly the people went, and a silence sadder

than the sobs and grieving voices settled down on the house. Reuben sat on the stairs, his head leaning against the study-door. Presently he heard a light step coming down. It was young Mrs. Plummer. She whispered, "I've found Reuby. He's asleep on the garret floor. He'd thrown himself down on some old carpet, way out in the darkest corner, under the eaves. I've covered him up, an' I'm goin' to sit by him till he wakes up. The longer he sleeps the better. You tell her where he is."

Reuben nodded; his dull senses hardly heard the words. When the study-door next opened, Draxy herself came out, walking with a slow, measured step which transformed her whole bearing. Her face was perfectly calm, but colourless as white stone. At sight of her father her lips quivered, and she stretched out both hands to him; but she only said, "Where is Reuby?" And as soon as she heard, she went quickly up the stairs, adding, "Do not follow me, father dear; ye cannot help me."

Mrs. Plummer sat in the dark garret, leaning her head against the dusty rafters, as near as she could get to poor little Reuby. Her eyes were shut, and tears stood on her cheeks. Suddenly she was startled by Draxy's low voice, saying:—

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Plummer; it was very kind in you to stay here and not wake him up. I will sit by him now."

Mrs. Plummer poured forth incoherent words of sympathy and sorrow, but Draxy hardly seemed to hear her. She stood quietly, making no reply, waiting for her to go.

"O Mis' Kinney, Mis' Kinney, do cry a little, can't ye?" exclaimed the warm-hearted woman; "it scares us to death to see ye this way."

Draxy smiled. "No, my dear friend. I cannot cry no'v. I suppose I shall sometime, because I am very selfish, and I shall be so lonely; but just now, I am only thinking how happy he is in these first hours in heaven." The tears stood in her eyes, but her look was as of one who gazed rapturously inside the pearly gates. Mrs. Plummer stole softly away, overawed and afraid. As she went out of the house, she said to Reuben: "Mis' Kinney ain't no mortal woman. She hain't shed a tear yet, and she jest looks as glorified as the Elder can this minute in sight o' God's very throne itself. O Mr. Miller, I'm afraid she'll break down. This kind o' grief is what kills folks."

"No," said Reuben, "you don't know Draxy. She won't break down. She'll take care on us all jest the same, but ye won't never see again the same face you used to see. Oh, I can't be reconciled, I can't!" And Reuben groaned aloud.

The next morning, when Draxy came out of the study, her hair was white as snow. As her father first caught sight of her, he stared wildly for a moment as at some stranger; then crying out, "O Draxy!" he tottered and would have fallen if she had not caught him and led him to a chair.

"O father, dear," she exclaimed, "don't feel so! I wouldn't call him back this minute if I could," and she smiled piteously.

"O Draxy—'tain't that," gasped Reuben. "O daughter! you're dyin' and never lettin' us know it. Your hair's as white's mine." Draxy gave a startled glance at the mirror, and said, in a much more natural tone than she had hitherto spoken in: "I don't think that strange. It's happened before to people in great trouble. I've read of it: you'll get used to it very soon, father, dear. I'm glad of it; I'll be all in white now," she added in a lower tone, speaking dreamily, as if to herself,—*"they walk in white; they walk in white."*

Then Reuben noticed that she was dressed in white. He touched her gown, and looked inquiringly. "Yes, father dear," she said, *"always."*

On the day of the funeral, when Draxy entered the church leading little Reuby by the hand, a visible shudder ran through the congregation. The news had run like wildfire through the parish, on the morning after the Elder's death, that Mrs. Kinney's hair had all turned gray in the night. But nobody was in the least prepared for the effect. It was not gray—it was silvery white; and as it retained all the silken gloss which had made it so beautiful, the shining of it was marvellous. It kindled her beauty into something superhuman. The colour had left her cheeks also, but in its place was a clear soft tint which had no pallor in it. She was dressed in pure white, so also was little Reuby; but for this the parish were prepared. Very well they knew Draxy's deep-rooted belief that to associate gloom with the memory of the dead was disloyal alike to them and to Christ; and so warmly had she imbued most of the people with her sentiment that the dismal black garb of so-called mourning was rarely seen in the village.

Bareheaded, Draxy and her little son walked from the church to the grave; their faces the calmest, their steps the steadiest there. Reuben and Jane walked behind them, bent over and sobbing, and half the congregation were weeping uncontrollably; but the widowed woman and the fatherless boy walked with uplifted glances, as if they saw angel-forms in the air by their side.

"'Tain't nateral; 'tain't noways nateral; that woman hain't got any nateral feelin' in her," said Eben Hill, leaning against a grave-stone, and idly chewing a spray of golden-rod. George Thayer turned upon him like a blazing sword.

"Hev ye got any nateral feelin' yourself, Eben Hill, to say that, standin' here an' lookin' at that woman's white hair an' cheeks, 'n' only last Sunday she was 's handsome a pictur's ye ever see, her hair a twinklin' in the sun like a brown beech-tree, an' her cheeks jest like roses? Nateral feelin's! It's enough to make the Elder rise up afore ye, to hear ye say sech a thing, Eben Hill; 'n' ef 'twasn't jest the funeral that 'tis, I b'lieve I'd thrash ye right an' left, here'n sight o' yer own mother's tombstone, ye miserable, sneakin' fool. Ef there was ever a woman that was carryin' a hull town straight into the Lord's heaven on her own

shoulders, it's Mis' Kinney, an' that blessed boy o' her'n 's goin' to be jest like her. Look at him now, a workin' his poor little mouth an' lookin' up to her and tryin' not to cry."

Poor little Reuby! when the first shovelful of earth fell on the coffin, his child's heart gave way, and he broke into loud crying, which made the roughest men there hide their eyes. Draxy caught him up in her arms and whispered something which quieted him instantly. Then she set him down, and he stood till the end, looking away from the grave with almost a smile on his face. He told some one the next day that he kept saying over to himself all that time, "Beautiful gates of precious stones and angels with harps. That's the city, you know, where my papa has gone. It's not half so far off as we think; and papa is so happy there, he don't even miss us, though he can see us every minute. And mamma and I are going there pretty soon; next summer, perhaps."

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BEAUTIFUL hand—not small, nor white,
Nor satiny soft for love's delight;
'Twas brown and seamed in many a place
With daily labour's rugged trace;
But fellow-toilers in the land
Knew the aid of that helpful hand.

Beautiful eyes—not large, nor bright,
But soft with love's own holy light;
Where sympathy in tears would start,
Or beam its gladness from the heart,
Till other hearts would own their sway
And bless the loving, cheering ray.

Beautiful face, that seemed to say
An inward hope my soul doth stay;
Where patient love and tender thought
Together mute expression sought;
Yet as the face of one who knows
The heaviness of others' woes.

Beautiful life—'twas lived for God;
The willing feet His pathway trod;
Life's thorns might wound, they could not mar
The radiant soul that bore their scar.
Ah, were there more such lives, we'd show
Half Heaven's beauties here below.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

I AM dwelling on the mountain,
 Where the golden sunlight gleams :
 O'er a land whose wondrous beauty,
 Far exceeds my fondest dreams.

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beulah,
 Blessed, blessed land of light ?
 Where the flowers bloom forever,
 And the sun is always bright.

I can see far down the mountain,
 Where I wandered weary years,
 Often hindered in my journey
 By the ghost of doubts and fears.

I am drinking at the fountain,
 Where I ever would abide,
 For I've tasted life's pure river,
 And my soul is satisfied.

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden *light* appear.

Oh, the cross has wondrous glory,
 Oft I've proved this to be true ;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through.

Where the air is pure, ethereal,
 Laden with the breath of flowers,
 That are blooming by the fountain,
 'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Broken vows and disappointments,
 Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 But the Spirit led, unerring,
 To the land I hold to-day.

There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
 Nor adorning rich and gay,
 For I've found a richer treasure,
 One that fadeth not away.

And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honours all forsaking,
 For the glory of the cross.

Oh, how sweetly Jesus whispers,
 Take the cross thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near !

The Higher Life.

“HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?”

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

IV.

IN endeavouring to ascertain the precise meaning of the question proposed by the apostle to the Ephesian disciples, and of the promise made by our Lord to His followers, from whom His personal presence was about to be withdrawn, when He said, “Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence,” our first source of information is found in the terms of that promise in the various forms in which it occurs in the discourses of our Lord, especially in that one which was delivered immediately before His crucifixion. From these terms we learn that what the infant Church was to wait for was the revelation of the personal presence of the Holy Spirit. The proof of this has already been adduced in part. Pronominal forms of speech are applied to Him who was to come which are only applicable to a person, and in the passages in which these occur acts are ascribed to Him which could only be performed by a person. This argument might easily be elaborated and expanded, but probably the outline which has been presented will be accepted by the candid reader as sufficient.

Another thing that we learn from the terms of the promises and predictions which refer to the coming of the Holy Spirit, is that He was to take the place and carry on the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was to come in Christ's Name, and in such a way that in His presence Christ should Himself be virtually present. It is remarkable, that in referring to the *Paraclete*, He does not hesitate to say: “I will come unto you.” As He had come in His Father's name, and had so faithfully represented Him, that He claimed that they that had seen Him had seen the Father, so by the presence and agency of the Holy Spirit He was Himself to be made visible to the souls of men. “Yet a little while and the world seeth Me no more; but ye see Me; because I live ye shall live also.” The living Christ, though invisible to the world, was to be seen by the living souls of men, quickened and spiritualized by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

What the Second Person in the Divine Trinity had been to His disciples in the dispensation which was then closing, the Third Person was to be to them in that which was about to be inaugurated. As the Godhead had been manifested in the past by the former of these, in the future it was to be made known by the latter. Hitherto the statement had been true, that “No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him;” henceforth no man was to see the Son at any time, in the sense of the passage which has just been quoted; but the Spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son was

to reveal Him. As the Son had taken of the things of the Father and showed them unto men, so the Holy Spirit was to take of the things of the Son and show them to them, only by a different mode of manifestation. The former of these Divine Persons had revealed the Father in His own person, through the medium of His humanity; the latter was to reveal by the Son, by direct contact and purely spiritual communication with the souls of men. And thus was the way to be prepared in what is described by our Lord as the coming of the *Paraclete*, for a purer and more perfect, because a more spiritual, revelation of God to man, than any that had preceded it.

That the inauguration of the Dispensation of the Spirit was to mark a distinct and advanced stage in the progress of revelation is evident from the fact that our Lord distinctly intimates that He had communications to make for which even His carefully instructed disciples, including the apostles, were not yet prepared. "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He had still to speak unto them as babes, feeding them with milk, because they were not yet capable of digesting and assimilating the strong meat with which He was prepared to feed them. He had to adapt His teaching to their low state of spiritual development. He had, therefore, to leave the completion of this part of His work to the Holy Ghost, who by a divine process of interior illumination, would put His redeemed people in possession of truths which were too spiritual to be conveyed in any form of human speech which even the great Teacher, who spake as never man spake, could command.

It is remarkable that in this very discourse in which our Lord utters these wonderful things concerning the Holy Spirit, into whose hands He was about to commit His Church, for which He was in a few hours to lay down His life, He utters some of the most wonderful things that He ever uttered concerning Himself. One of these was a saying which it has required all the intervening ages, between the time of its utterance and the present, to enable the Church to acquire even a tolerable comprehension of its import. The profound truth which He uttered when He said, "I am the Truth," is better understood now than it ever was before; but how few even now appear to have grasped it fully. In Him, indeed, are "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge," but without the supernatural divine illumination of the Spirit they are, as the apostle says (Col. ii. 3), "hidden" in Him. He was unknown, and knew that He was unknown, except in the crudest and shallowest manner, even by those who had been brought into the closest and most intimate fellowship with Him during His earthly ministry, and that it was by the ministry of the Divine *Paraclete*, who should testify of Him, and take the things that belong to Him and show them unto men, that He should be made known.

It is in view of this fact, that the Comforter whom the Father, in answer to the mediatorial prayer of His Son, was about to give to His disconsolate and bereaved Church, which was so soon to be reduced to a state of utter desolation by the withdrawal of His personal presence, is called "the Spirit of Truth." Our Lord invests Him with His own attribute, and yet with a difference corresponding with the different character of His ministry and mode of His operation. The Lord Jesus Christ was the Truth embodied, manifested to the senses, the understanding, the reason of men, in their own

nature, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, sharing all the innocent infirmities that belong to humanity, and tempted in all points like unto His brethren. Great, indeed, is the mystery of Godliness. "God was manifested in the flesh." This revelation of God in the perfect humanity of His incarnate Son, was a stupendous advance on all former modes of Divine revelation; but it was of the same nature, it proceeded along the same line with that which preceded it. God, who had been virtually incarnated in human thought and in human speech, was now actually incarnated in the person of a living man. "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory of the only begotten Son of the Father) full of grace and truth."

In this stupendous act of condescension on the part of the Deity, this form of external revelation reached its highest possible development. It was impossible that a revelation to man from without could be carried to any higher point. If any further advancement was to be made in the disclosure of the Divine to man, it is evident that it must be made from within. It must be made, not by the Truth embodied, speaking to man through his senses and his intellectual nature, but by the Truth in its pure spiritual essence, touching him on the higher, the Godward side of his being. Even the intellect of man, marvellous and even Godlike as it is, is not the highest part of his nature. It is his moral and spiritual being that is the divine thing in him. It is this that allies him to the Deity. It is this which constitutes the point of direct contact between him and his Maker.

Here, then, is the difference between the ministry of Christ and the ministry of the Holy Spirit, by which it was to be superseded. The ministry of Christ was from without, that of the Holy Spirit is from within. The former was necessarily sensuous, addressing itself primarily to the eye and the ear, and through these making its way to the understanding and the heart. The latter appeals directly to the highest thing in man, accomplishing its work by the direct contact and communication of a purely spiritual agent. And this more perfect, because more spiritual, ministry, to which all former divine communications to man were preparatory, and the foundation for which was laid in the incarnation and redemptive work of the Son of God, is to continue forever.

Of course, there can be no antagonism or inconsistency between the ministry of the Lord Jesus Christ and the ministry of the Holy Spirit. The essential unity of the Godhead makes this impossible. Nor was the latter of these ministries to be independent of the former. There was to be the most perfect harmony and co-operation between them. As the ministry of the Holy Spirit would have been impossible without the ministry of Christ, which had preceded it, so the ministry of Christ could never have reached its highest consummation without the ministry of the Spirit. The latter was, according to our Lord's conception of it, to stand in the relation of a fulfilment to the former. As in the person and personal work of the Messiah there had been the filling up, the rounding out and completion, of all those disclosures of the character and will of God which had been made to man in former dispensations, the work of the Holy Spirit was to fill out this more perfect revelation which God had made in the person of His Son. Thus while the Holy Ghost was to perform the part of a Teacher, He was at the same time to act as a Remembrancer, teaching His

Church all things and bringing to its remembrance that which had been taught by the Lord Jesus Christ: "These things have I spoken unto you, being *yet* present present with you. But the Comforter, *which is* the Holy Ghost, whom the Father shall send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have spoken unto you."

Truth is never inconsistent with itself. That which pertains to the highest dispensation can never be in conflict with even that which belongs to the lowest. Truth is of God, and, like everything else that is divine, it is immutable and eternal. It is not in the essence, but in the form and expression of truth, that it is susceptible of modification and change. It is not in its substance, but in its accidents that it is capable of improvement. The evolution or development of the truth revealed in the person of the Lord Jesus, and in His words and acts, is a subjective process; it is a change wrought in us, not in the truth, by which our crude and unworthy conceptions of it are exchanged for those that are purer and more worthy. What additions may be made to the sum of truth by the ministry of the Spirit during the progress of the ages, we cannot, of course, even guess; but of this we may be assured, that they will never, that they can never, exceed what is in Christ; in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. It is into these hidden treasures that it is the mission of the Comforter to lead us. *

But here, in order to avoid error, we must distinguish between Christ and the verbal utterances of Christ. Precious as are the latter, they are not to be compared with the former. Wonderful, indeed, are both the words and works of Christ; but Christ Himself infinitely transcends all that He said and did. It is not merely His acts and sayings which it is the work of the Spirit to interpret, so as to make the full depth of their divine meaning accessible to the supernaturally quickened and illuminated souls of men. It is an error to suppose that His divine ministry is to be confined to the mere iteration and exposition of the words of Jesus uttered during His personal ministry on earth. No doubt, bearing these sayings in upon the soul and applying them to the heart and conscience is a part, and a very important part, of His work. But it is only a part of it. Taken in its breadth and fulness, it vastly transcends any such narrow limits. It is not into the spoken or written Word, but into the living spiritual Divine Word; not merely into truth as embodied in even the most perfect forms of speech, but into the living, essential, personal Truth, which infinitely

* Since this article was in type, the writer has met with the following in the Bampton Lectures for 1888:—"In Christ are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden. They are hidden that we may search them out, that we may expect ever fresh light and fresh knowledge to break forth from Him. 'I am verily persuaded,' said the Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, as they embarked in the *Mayflower*, 'I am verily persuaded that the Lord has more truth to be brought forth out of His Word.' 'It is not incredible,' says Bishop Butler, 'that a book that has been so long in the possession of mankind should contain many truths as yet undiscovered.' 'O send forth Thy light and Thy truth that they may lead me' should be the prayer, as of each Christian man, so of the Church at large. 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"—*Letter and Spirit*, by Robert Edward Bartlett, M.A., p. 150.

transcends the possibility of expression, that it is the mission of the Comforter to lead us.

The correctness of this view will become apparent in proportion to the critical care with which John xvi. 13-15 is studied. The Authorized Version, in consequence of the omission of a word, scarcely brings out the full meaning and force of the original. It makes the office of the Holy Spirit in His teaching function to guide believers into all truth, whereas the Greek represents it as being to guide them into all *the* truth. This is the rendering given in the Revised Version. Now, our Lord Jesus Christ, as the Eternal Word, which was in the beginning, was with God, and was God, is the Truth. And that this is the Truth, into a full acquaintance with whom it is the mission of the Comforter to guide those who are led by Him, is evident from what follows. This Divine Agent, in the execution of His office, "shall not speak of," literally *from*, "himself"; but shall act in such complete harmony and co-operation with the other Persons in the Godhead that His communications, while, in the strictest sense, His own, shall at the same time be the communications of the Father and the Son. "Whatsoever He shall hear that shall He speak."

Of course, what is said of a purely spiritual being must be understood in a purely spiritual sense. Neither speaking nor hearing can be attributed to such except by a figure of speech. We cannot understand how spirits can communicate with one another without the intervention of material organs, and least of all can we understand how the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead carry on their Divine counsels and operations so that there is such absolute unity of thought of purpose and of action, that whatever is thought or willed or done by either of them is properly attributable to all. But we can apprehend the fact, though we cannot comprehend its *rational*. In this respect, though the mystery involved in it transcends all others, it differs not from a great many other things that we know as facts, but of which we can give no rational account. In a universe which is full of mysteries, the greatest of all of which is that of its own being, it ought not to be a matter of marvel to us that the Great Being, in which this universe had its beginning, and by whom it is perpetuated and governed, should be Himself the sum of all mysteries.

The truth expressed by our Lord in the passage under consideration, however, is, when stripped of all figure of speech, that the Holy Spirit makes no communications to the souls of men which are not in perfect harmony with the character, the thoughts and purposes of the Father and the Son; and that on account of this absolute harmony, the manifestation of Himself is, in fact, the manifestation of the whole Trinity. As the Son is the effulgence of the glory of the Father, the Holy Ghost is the outshining of the glory of the Son. But as the glory of the Father and the Son are the same, in glorifying the Son He is at the same time glorifying the Father. "All things whatsoever the Father hath is mine; therefore said I, that he taketh of Mine and shall declare it unto you." It will be readily seen that in this saying of our Lord there is something implied which is not expressed. It is implied that the work of the Spirit is to reveal the things of the Father, but that as all things that belong to the Father belong to the Son, in revealing or declaring the things of the Father, He is by the very act uncovering and displaying the things of the Son. And this process of self-

manifestation by the agency of the Holy Ghost is to project itself into the whole future of the Church and the race.

Because the external revelation, the record of which is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, is completed, it does not follow that no further Divine communication will be made to man. If we have read aright the utterances of our Lord in respect to this matter, humanity was to be brought, in this dispensation, into closer relationship and more intimate communion with God than it ever had been before. God was not only to dwell among men, but to be in them. It was in exposition of the transcendent privilege of the new dispensation that our Lord said (John xiv. 23), "If any man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love Him, and We will come and make Our abode with him." That is, in this new and spiritual dispensation, under the quickening and illumination of the Holy Ghost, both the Father and the Son shall become continuously and permanently the supreme objects of thought, of affection, and of consciousness to the loving and obedient soul.

Coming or going, departing from, or abiding in or with particular places, or individuals, are things which can only be affirmed of a Divine Person in an accommodated sense. Absolutely God is in every place. There is not a spot in the universe from which either the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost has been or can ever be absent for a moment. And notwithstanding what is sometimes said about a special presence of God, there is not a spot where these divine Persons are present in any higher sense than in any other. And the movement of such a Being from one point in space to another is manifestly impossible. There is no room for such movement on the part of a Being who is Omnipresent. All those passages of Scripture in which such phrases occur as imply the localizing of the Divine Presence must be understood as referring not to the absolute or essential, but to the manifested, presence of God. It is in this sense that we are to understand all those passages which refer to the *coming* of the Comforter, and this one in which He promises that He and His Father will come to the loving and obedient and make Their abode with them. The meaning is that They will come permanently into the thoughts, the affections, the consciousness of such, so that they shall no longer be apprehended as intellectual abstractions, or Beings at an awful distance, concerning whose very being we have only dim and indistinct notions, but living realities ever present to the consciousness.

Now, this was to be the experience, according to the comforting words addressed by our Lord to His disciples when He was on His way to the Cross, of all such as received the Holy Ghost in the new dispensation in His fulness. His indwelling was to be a matter of consciousness, and it was not only to make itself known, but to reveal the presence of the Father and the Son. He was, in fact, to annihilate the sense of distance between the soul and God, to bring them, as a matter of consciousness, face to face, by bringing them into vital and loving communion. And what progress in divine knowledge may be made when the soul is thus brought into personal and direct communication with the living truth itself who can tell? So far as we can learn from the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ, there is absolutely no limit to the revelation of God to man, but in the capacity of the soul to receive it; and how far this capacity may be enlarged, under

the quickening, illuminating, and sanctifying influence and power of the Holy Ghost, we have no means of knowing.

There will not, indeed, be any revelation made to man which will supersede that system of truth which constitutes the historical basis of Christianity. Startlingly original as the teaching of our Lord must have appeared to those who heard Him, He never failed to put honour upon the Scriptures. In this respect we cannot be too careful to follow His example. If we would avoid error, however, and not shut out the progressive illumination which the words of the Lord Jesus warrant us in expecting in this the perfection and crowning glory of all the dispensations, we must not confound the spirit with the letter. We must learn to distinguish between the truth embodied, represented in symbols, and in forms of speech, which however perfect, owing to the defectiveness of the recipient, can never of themselves convey to the soul a complete representation of such a subtle essence as the truth of God, and the living Spirit of God, which is essential Truth itself, operating upon the human spirit by the written Word, by the facts of nature and Providence, by the progress of human development and the peculiar forms of intellectual activity which distinguish the successive ages of human history, by the state of the affections, and by the aspirations, and the conflicts and struggles of the soul in its efforts to obtain a more complete comprehension of the mystery of being, and a more perfect acquaintance with God. All these constitute a divinely-appointed system of means for the development and perfecting of human nature; and in all these, through all these, and by all these, is the Holy Ghost continuously working, not only through the entire life-time of individual men, but through the whole progress of the ages, guiding those who love God and keep His commandments into all the Truth. Such is the mission of the Comforter, in its broadest and most comprehensive aspect, if we read aright the promises and predictions of our Lord respecting it.

MY HEART WAS HEAVY.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among
The green mounds of the village burial-place,
Where, pondering how all human love and hate
Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,
Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
And cold hands folded o'er a still heart,
Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
Awd for myself, and pitying my race,
One common sorrow like a mighty wave
Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave!

—Whittier.

NOT A WILDERNESS STATE.

THERE are very erroneous views prevalent in regard to Justification. There are those who are disposed to draw an analogy between the state of the Jews in the wilderness and Christians in a state of justification. Such representations are very wrong and misleading.

The Jews in the wilderness were full of unbelief, murmurers against God and against Moses, and guilty of the foulest idolatry. God had to inflict upon them sore judgments, and the great mass of them failed to enter Canaan—their bones were left to bleach in the wilderness, a fearful example of God's indignation against unbelievers.

How different the state of the justified Christian under the light and influence of the New Testament dispensation! He is a true believer, having appropriated to himself the infinite merit of the atoning blood. All his past transgressions are freely and fully forgiven. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath God removed his transgressions from him. Hence, all guilt arising from the acts of personal rebellion is removed, and he is accounted righteous before God, just as much as though he had never sinned. Guilt being removed, there is no sense of condemnation remaining; but on the contrary, a comfortable assurance of God's favour. This change of spiritual relation is a witnessed one. The spirit of adoption is given, whereby the individual cries "*Abba, Father!*" He is now a child and an heir of God, and a joint heir with Jesus Christ—heir to all that God *is* in Himself, and to all that He *has*, in the length and breadth of His kingdom. Moreover, in connection with this pardon of sin, and the adoption into the Divine family, there is the work of *moral regeneration*, so that he is renewed in the spirit of his mind, all his powers being set heavenward instead of earthward. He has within him the principle of *spiritual life*, and the graces of true holiness are all implanted in infantile degree, so that all such are called "*saints*." This is no *wilderness state*—it is glorious, and there is only one step from this to entire sanctification.—*Guide to Holiness.*

WHEN endless day dispels the strife
Which blinds and darkens now,
Perchance the brightest crown of life
Shall deck some lowly brow.
Then learn, despite thy boding fears,
From seed with sorrow sown,
In lone obscurity and tears,
The richest sheaves are grown.

Current Topics.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THAT was a very notable convention which met in Association Hall in the month of April. The meeting of leading men of light and learning of the different Churches gathered for friendly consultation as to points of agreement in Christian faith and practice, and for devising means for promoting Christian unity and co-operation in Christian work, cannot fail to be greatly helpful in bringing those Churches nearer together, even if it do not lead to organic union. It is said that no similar convention has been held since the Reformation. It is no small honour to our country that here, where the most conspicuous examples of Christian unity in the consolidation of the several branches of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches have taken place, this further effort at union of Christendom should be attempted.

There are few notes to which the great heart of Christendom so strongly responds as to that of Christian unity. In all evangelical Churches there is, we believe, a yearning to repair the breaches and heal the strifes of the past. The liberalizing spirit of the age is breaking down the barriers which have kept Christian Churches and Christian people apart. As more of the spirit of the Master abounds in the heart, more love will abound to our brethren of other sections of Christ's Church. Too long have the Churches been estranged from one another, often persecuting one another—"at one time with the sword of the State, at another time with the more cruel swords of pen and tongue."

It behooves all earnest Christians—all who desire to see the complete and final victory of Christ's kingdom over the kingdom of Satan and sin—to labour and pray for this spirit of unity and co-operation in the work of bringing the world to the

feet of Jesus. In the words of the common creed of Christendom, "we believe in the Holy Catholic Church,"—the whole body of true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. Yet how often have wrath, strife, envy, and all uncharitableness marked the conduct toward each other of the different sections of that Catholic Church? Thank God that a brighter day is dawning, that the hearts of Christians in the different Churches are yearning toward each other, and that they are stretching out hands of brotherly greeting over the barriers which so long have kept them apart. May the time soon come when everywhere shall be realized the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace—when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.

We do not ask, Is an intimate organic union, exhibiting complete oneness of doctrine, and discipline, and mode of worship—such as that which, under the blessing of God, has put an end to the divisions by which Canadian Methodism has been rent during half a century—we do not ask, we say, Is such a union as this possible? But, Is a Christian union, which—while recognizing diverging schools of thought, and traditional or national modes of worship, or even varying ecclesiastical politics—shall bind with the bonds of a common love, and common zeal, and common work *all*—by whatever name they are named—who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth? We not only believe that this is possible, but that it is as sure as the never-failing Word of God. "Yes," is the answer that Faith must give, "for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

We rejoice that the centrifugal repulsions which have so long divided and weakened the moral forces of

Christendom are yielding to the centripetal attractions which are bringing together and strengthening the hearts of earnest men in all the Churches who are yearning to unite in common Christian endeavour. The following utterances of the Hon. Edward Blake, of the Church of England, express, we believe, the convictions of many thoughtful minds:—"There is, I think," he said, "no more hopeful sign than the degree of charity following the unity which exists in these latter days amongst the Christian Churches, and though I believe there are points of difference between us and sister Churches, we are falling more and more into the spirit of the Gospel, and there is a tendency to dwell more upon those points on which we agree than on those on which we agree to differ." While this spirit is growing among the laity of all the Churches, may we not hope that their religious teachers and guides shall foster the same generous spirit, and be their leaders in this great movement toward Christian unity and co-operation?

HOW SHALL CHRISTIAN UNITY BE PROMOTED?

In the first place by cultivating more and more the crowning grace of Christian charity—the divine and heavenly principle of love—love toward God and love toward the brethren—that charity that suffereth long and is kind; that rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Let us recognize the excellences in each other. Let us broaden our horizon, enlarge our sympathies, and dwell more and more on the blessed thought of the true fellowship of saints and their spiritual unity in the great essentials of saving faith and holy lives. Let us dwell less upon our mutual differences, and more upon our common agreements.

We can surely find much to admire in those great historic Churches which have been for centuries the conservators of truth and bulwarks

against popery, infidelity, ignorance and sin? May we not admire in the Anglican Church that comely and pious liturgy, from which Methodism the world over has so largely borrowed; and those prayers which sustained the hearts of the martyrs amid the fires of Smithfield? In the grand old Presbyterian Church—heroic daughter of the Reformation—can we not, forgetting the Five Points of Calvinism, be touched to reverence by the sublime definitions of Christian doctrine in the Westminster Confession?

Why should we cut ourselves off from the historic past? Through all the ages God has been building up His spiritual Church—the great "City of God," of which Augustine wrote. Its citizens are the glorious company of the apostles, the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the noble army of martyrs, the holy Church throughout all the world. That Church—the type on earth of the Church of the redeemed in heaven—is a grander, wider, nobler thing than any of the many isms into which it is divided.

That, therefore, the Church on earth may become more like the Church in heaven, let us hail with joy every sign of its approaching unification; let us reciprocate heartily every overture toward Christian unity. "The time for controversy," says Bishop Coxe, "is past, the time for conferences has come." Let us hear what our brethren of other Churches, who earnestly desire Christian union, have to suggest. It is no proof of strength of conviction to refuse to listen to the convictions of others. "Strike, but hear me!" said the Grecian sage; and it is only just to hear what an adversary has to say before prejudging and condemning him. And let us hear with candour, without attributing motives other than those which are expressed, or reading into his utterances a meaning other than that which is avowed, or affixing a stigma which may not only be uncharitable but unjust.

Methodism can well afford to hold out the olive branch to other Churches. Almost alone of the

Churches of Christendom it has originated, as Prof. Goldwin Smith has remarked, not in strife and controversy, but in a religious revival. Let the maxim of Wesley be ours: "The friends of all, the enemies of none." Let us seek to inherit the beatitude pronounced by the Author of love and concord, on those who follow after the things which make for peace.

The best way, it seems to us, to promote Christian union is, to seek more and more, in all the Churches, the baptism of the Spirit of love, of brotherhood, of Christianity. Let every Christian be in communion with every other Christian, and be ready to accept and acknowledge all others who stand in the Apostles' fellowship and doctrine.

Much may be done by Christian intercourse and courtesy. We have before us the address to their brethren in Christ of all the Churches, of the Christian Unity Society, formed for this purpose. Bishop Coxé urges the formation of a Christian Alliance of all the Churches—something possessing more dynamic energy than the Evangelical Alliance, with its occasional handshaking and "agreeing to differ." "It is time," he says, "to speak out and to see what can be hoped for in behalf of united Christian efforts to preserve and to augment the Christian forces on which American civilization must depend. Let anybody reflect on the monstrous social evils which are everywhere at work to destroy and overthrow where our forefathers have built wisely and well, and I think he must feel that the scattering of Christian energies, where every duty calls us to combine, is madness. Evil masses its forces against us; but millions who are practically one as

to fundamental principles of Christian society are impotent to make their mighty energies felt in national morals and in behalf of social order, because a persistent individualism resolves them into a rope of sand."

"After so many ages of controversy," says Dr. Strong, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, "Christians are at last coming to understand better not only their own faith and its relations, but also one another's views of it; and thus what may be styled an *anti-polemical* spirit is springing up, which augurs well for the dawn of the millennial day of the Prince of the Peace."

Let this spirit be cultivated more and more, and in the near future Christians of the different Churches will discover, with a glad surprise, as they drink more deeply of the spirit of the Master, how near together and how much alike they are. Let all who name the name of Christ, join with heart and hand in a solemn league and covenant, first of Christian concord and friendship, and then of united effort to promote the glory of God in the highest, peace on earth and good-will to men.

God is too near above, the grave beneath,
And all our moments breathe
Too quick in mysteries of life and death

for us to spend a moment of time or a spark of energy in unchristian strife and antagonism.

As we stand a-nigh His cross,
And behold His grief and shame,
Trifling differences as dross,
Live but in their trifling name,
Hate and spite and party fall
Dead, when CHRIST is all in all.

THE dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

—Whittier.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Two volumes which have been published describing the position of Methodism in the agricultural districts of England, show that services are held in seven thousand English villages, in three thousand five hundred of which there is no other Nonconformist services, but there are still seven thousand five hundred villages untouched by Wesleyan agencies. The lay-preachers for the most part supply the village pulpits. There are fifteen thousand five hundred lay-preachers, and the value of the village church property is two millions and a quarter sterling.

Strenuous efforts have been put forth to reduce the heavy debt on the Foreign Missionary Society, but while a great reduction has been made, there are still \$47,000 on the debit side. The income of the past year exceeded the expenditure by \$38,000. The annual meeting in Exeter Hall was more than usually enthusiastic. Rev. E. R. Young, of Canada, was the hero of the meeting. No address produced a more profound impression than that which he delivered respecting his missionary career in the North-West.

It is contemplated to employ more lay-agents in connection with the missions, both at home and abroad. A new hall has been opened at Paris, in the midst of a dense population, in connection with the Wesleyan Missionary restaurant. The hall is one of the most commodious of the many now open for mission agencies in Paris.

Lady McArthur, at whose death the \$250,000 left by Sir William to the Wesleyan Church were to be paid, recently passed away. Lady McArthur was distinguished for many Christian virtues, though for several

years she lived secluded from society.

Under the inspiration and guidance of Dr. Dallinger, the Wesleyan Scientific Society of England contains three hundred members. It has only been three years in existence.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The two London districts are uniting in a strong appeal to the approaching Conference for a more earnest Connexional effort to extend the denomination in the Metropolis.

A valedictory service was recently held in Surrey Chapel, London, to bid farewell to three young men, who were designated to open a new mission somewhere in the Zambesi region, Central Africa. The cost of the new mission will amount to some thousands of pounds, but the enthusiasm manifested by the Churches has justified the Committee in undertaking the enterprise.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

The Deaconness' Home in New York has been opened. Bishop Andrews and other celebrities took part in the dedicatory service. The Home will be under the auspices of the New York City Church Extension and Missionary Society. Great hopes are entertained respecting the future welfare of the Home. There will be accommodation for twenty-five deaconesses.

William Taylor, the African Bishop, has preached the Gospel on every continent and on many of the isles of the sea, fulfilling in a more literal sense than most preachers the conditions of the great commission. He is reported to have said that though he is sixty-seven years of age, if he

had his choice he would rather spend the next twenty years among the savages in Africa than in heaven among the angels.

In the territory which was embraced in the Stamford Circuit, one hundred years ago, and which was in reality the whole of what was then embraced by Methodism in New England, where Jesse Lee planted the Methodist standard, it is proposed to erect a large statue on the site of the old apple tree, where he preached the first Methodist sermon. There are now two hundred and seventy-five Methodist ministers labouring.

Buffalo Methodists are lively. They already have several good things, and are now reaching out for a theological seminary. They think that there is a demand for a school to accommodate Methodism in Central and Western New York and parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio. The Buffalo *Advocate* thinks that its city is one of the most desirable sites in the nation for such a school of the prophets, and the fulness of time has come for its inauguration.

At the late commencement of Drew Theological Seminary in New Jersey, twenty-six young men graduated. The trustees resolved to raise \$100,000 in addition to the endowment fund and to erect a new dormitory. The seminary is in a prosperous condition.

The Year-Book of the Methodist Boston University for 1889 contains nearly two hundred pages, and reports eight hundred and seventy-five students in all departments, amongst them being representatives from eighteen foreign countries.

A good work is being done in Honolulu among the Japanese by the Methodist Church. *The Friend*, a religious paper published in the island, ascribes it to the patient preparation of the ground by former workers, and the zeal and devoted labour of the present minister, the Rev. Mr. Miyama, a man of magnetic power, who thus bids fair to revolutionize the lives of his countrymen in Honolulu. During the last three months of last year he baptized eighty-four new converts, reclaimed

many erring members of the flock, and put new life into the Church. Among his converts were the Japanese Consul and his wife.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church celebrates this year its threescore years and ten. In that time it has disbursed more than \$20,000,000, or about twice last year's receipts by all the missionary societies, American and European.

The Methodist ladies in Chicago are labouring earnestly on behalf of the "Wesley Hospital," which in five weeks has made a record which amply pays for the work of five years. There are a dozen beds, and all are filling up. It is hoped that there will soon be fifty beds.

African News is the name of a magazine just started in Philadelphia. Bishop Taylor is the editor, and it is published in the interest of his African work.

A Deaconess' Home has been started in Calcutta. Mrs. Bishop Thoburn is in charge of it, and there are already inmates busy with plans and preparatory work.

Since the above statistics were compiled, land has been selected at Ogden, Utah, for a university. The citizens of Ogden have subscribed \$50,000 in cash, and an equal sum in land. Ogden is right in the heart of the Mormon territory.

The Japanese translation of the Old Testament has been completed, and the New Testament published at one penny is, by order of the Government, to be read in all the State schools.

Dr. Harrison, of the *Southern Methodist Review*, writes respecting Romanism in England, and says, that one hundred years ago the Protestants numbered twelve millions, and Roman Catholics one hundred and fifty millions; but to-day Romanism has less than she had a century ago in her household, while Protestants have increased to one hundred and forty-three millions.

Father O'Connor, the converted priest, has been the means of the conversion of 800 Catholics during the past five years.

The Hon. John Bright, who has just gone to his reward, wrote some time ago to General Clinton B. Fish, and said: "There is nothing that is going to give such stability to this Government as the religious instruction of our children in the Protestant Sunday-schools of the realm, and I have read all about them in your country, and your people are going to be safe if you only stand by your Sunday-school men, and train up your children in the way of the Lord.

The Pope is reported to be uneasy about the anti-Jesuit agitation in Canada. It is said that he fears that if a bitter feeling should arise it might cause serious complications.

Dr. Lavartha, of Chicago, is at work in England and the United States organizing a movement for the settlement of Palestine, and a scheme for the development of the great Euphrates valley, which is capable of sustaining one million people, and of being the centre of the world's activities.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The annual meeting of the Publishing House was held in May. The total business from all departments is \$300,644.20. The profits \$56,334.66; of which \$12,500 was appropriated to the Conference claimants—superannuates.

The income of the Woman's Missionary Society during the past year amounted to \$70,000. Ten additional missionaries have been accepted, and assigned to various parts of the mission field.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

A bazaar was lately held at Halifax, when the magnificent sum of \$6,511 was announced as the result of four days' sale.

A fortnight's mission was recently held in one of the London churches, one principle feature of which was the singing and speaking of Mrs. Dawson, an evangelist. A band of music missioned the streets every night and also played several pieces in the church. Much good was done.

The Evangelistic Union in Leeds and Halifax districts have held a successful convention at Bradford. The services were held morning, afternoon and evening. The evening service was crowded. A great impetus was given to the work of personal holiness.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

While these notes are in course of preparation, the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, General Missionary Secretary, is on his way to Japan, and will doubtless form a Canada Methodist Conference before he returns.

The Japan District Meeting was held in March, sixteen unordained preachers, fifteen ordained ministers and thirteen laymen, making forty-five in all, were present. Three were admitted on trial for the ministry. There are also thirteen evangelists employed, and ten young men were admitted into the theological school. The membership has increased three hundred and thirty-one, giving a total of one thousand six hundred. The financial exhibit was eighty per cent. in advance of the previous year. Three Methodist Episcopal ministers were present as fraternal delegates.

A new church was dedicated at Shitaya by Dr. Macdonald, Dr. Eby preached the sermon. Several Japanese and foreign pastors took part.

A journal states that a course of lectures was recently delivered before the students and Faculty of the Imperial University, by different persons, among others our own missionary, Dr. Eby, who is thus described: "Dr. Eby enjoys the distinction of having by invitation delivered a course of lectures on 'Right Basis of Ethics.' He is recognized as a man of broad learning and thorough Japanese scholarship."

Mr. Tom Chew is a native of China, but was converted to God in British Columbia, under the Rev. C. Watson. Mr. Chew is studying hard, and intends to devote himself to missionary work in China. He is now being cared for by some ladies in connection with the Metropolitan

Church, Toronto. There is a Chinese class of sixteen persons in the Sunday-school of the Metropolitan, and a class of Italians is being formed.

The Methodists first began their French mission in Canada in 1817, when the Rev. John de Putron was sent to begin the work. Had it been faithfully prosecuted, no doubt there would now have been less dense darkness in the Province of Quebec.

The following may illustrate the difficulties to be encountered in the French work. At Acton Vale and St. Theodore a young woman recently died, fully trusting in the Saviour and with no fear as to her eternal happiness. Yet the Roman Catholic priest on the Sabbath after her death declared from the pulpit that she had gone to the lowest depths of hell, and, of course, forbade the congregation to attend her funeral.

The Rev. J. M. Wilkinson, pastor of Agnes Street Church, Toronto, wishes to build a central tabernacle for public services. We hope he may succeed. Both Toronto District meetings approve the scheme.

As we are preparing these notes, Broadway Tabernacle, Toronto, is being dedicated. Dr. Stone, Chairman of the District, preached the first sermon. Bishop Vincent, Drs. Douglas, Potts, Briggs, and Stafford preached the other sermons.

The closing exercises of Victoria University were deeply interesting, notwithstanding the peculiar circumstances now surrounding that venerable seat of learning. The young ladies and gentlemen who received their respective diplomas and prizes acquitted themselves very creditably. A number of brethren received higher honours than they have hitherto enjoyed. The following received the degree of D.D.: Revs. E. A. Stafford, M.A., LL.D.; Hugh Johnston, M.A., B.D.; D. G. Sutherland, LL.B., and T. B. Stephenson, LL.D., of the Children's Home, London. Professor Reynar also received the degree of LL.D.

[We congratulate our friend, Bro. Barrass, on also receiving from another University the degree of D.D.—ED.]

It was a subject of universal regret that Professor Haanel's connection with Victoria University has now ceased. He has accepted a Professorship in Syracuse University, and will remove hither at an early day. Dr. Haanel is an enthusiast in science, and infuses a good deal of enthusiasm into all who sit at his feet. Hundreds will pray that he may have a successful career in the University to which he is going.

The Rev. J. W. Wadman, of British Columbia Conference, has offered himself for mission work in Japan.

Mr. E. W. Rathbun, of Desoronto, Ontario, has contributed \$10,000 to the Jubilee Fund of Queen's College, Kingston.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Forty-six student catechists are being employed this summer in the various mission fields in the Maritime Provinces.

The French Evangelization Society has purchased the Ottawa Ladies' College, which they will open in September, under a French lady principal and a staff of efficient teachers of pronounced Christian character and missionary spirit.

ITEMS.

Six Protestant Journals are published in Mexico, by the Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and Friends. Protestant influence is extending to every part of the Republic, and the journals in question have been one of the chief factors in promoting this work.

The African Methodist Church—which has not a single white man among its members, reports a membership of four hundred and sixty thousand; it has one thousand two hundred places of worship, numbers ten thousand ministers, has fifteen thousand Sabbath-schools; supports its own denominational papers; has missions in the West Indies, Mexico, and Africa; and its reported contributions foot up more than \$2,000,000 annually for the support of Church work.

There are eighteen churches of

coloured people in Richmond, Va., which have an aggregate membership of twelve thousand seven hundred and forty-three. One of these churches, the first African, reports three thousand two hundred and seventy members, another reports two thousand four hundred. Two others report over one thousand five hundred members each. About one-half of the adult coloured population of the city "belong to the Church."

Within the past two years over fifty ladies have gone from Toronto and neighbouring towns to foreign mission fields. Others have since been sent, one of whom was Miss Crosswaite, of Agnes Street Methodist Church, Toronto, who, with a young lady from Hamilton, went to China. The present writer witnessed their departure from the Union Station, where a memorable religious service was held. It was a season never to be forgotten by those who were present.

The young people of Cowansville Congregational Church, Que., presented the Rev. Wilberforce Lee with \$58 towards purchasing an organ to take with him to Africa. This is only one out of many tokens of appreciation made by this Church to their late pastor.

There are two thousand Icelanders in the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and a Presbyterian mission has been formed under the care of a converted Icelander. An Icelandic hymn-book has been printed, and there are two Icelandic newspapers.

A colporteur in the Algoma District reports that during the past year he distributed one thousand Scriptures and Scriptural books, printed in fourteen languages, and fifty religious services were held.

Zion Church, Toronto, which has long been without a pastor, has at last been supplied by the Rev. Mr. Sandwell from England.

The World's Sunday-school Convention will assemble in London early in July. It is expected that six hundred and fifty delegates will be sent from America, several of whom will be from Canada.

It is said that there are some fifty thousand persons who were formerly

Free Thinkers, that are now under the influence of the McAll Mission in France.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Marmaduke Miller, long the foremost minister of the United Methodist Free Church in England, has finished his course. He was an earnest advocate for the unification of Methodism. A few years ago he refused the offer of a pastorate which promised a salary \$5,000, though he was not receiving a quarter of this amount.

Father Damien, widely known as the leper priest of Molokai, died at Kalawa, Hawaii, April 10. For the last sixteen years his labours were confined to the leper settlement of Molokai, where he contracted the dread disease which cost him his life.

Miss Whateley, daughter of the well-known Archbishop of Dublin, was a successful missionary in Egypt more than thirty years. She was a lady of great culture, but laboured solely for others. Her mission was carried on at her own expense. She established schools, a hospital, a Bible Mission and itinerancy among the villages on the banks of the Nile.

The Methodist Church in Newfoundland has lost a valuable member in the death of the Hon. Charles R. Ayre. He was a native of Exeter, England, but about half a century ago he left his native land, and became a successful merchant in his adopted country. He was formerly a member of the Legislative Assembly, and at the time of his death was a member of the Legislative Council in the colony. For nearly half a century he was a member of the Methodist Church, in which he occupied important offices. He loved the Church of his choice, and liberally sustained all its interests. His last act was to found a Methodist Orphanage. He was beloved by all classes. His funeral was an imposing one; such as was seldom, if ever before, seen in Newfoundland.

Book Notices.

The Last Voyage to India and Australia, in the "Sunbeam." By the late LADY BRASSEY. 8vo. Pp. xxiv.-490. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Price \$7.35.

"The Last Voyage" possesses a pathetic interest, as indeed the last work of Lady Brassey's graceful pen, which slipped from her fingers ere her task was completed. The book is marked by the same fascinating interest which made her former volumes read with such keen zest—alike in the cottage of the poor and in the abodes of wealth and culture, by Bismarck in his palace and by the backwoodsman in his hut—and which have been translated into nearly all the languages of the civilized world.

Lady Brassey had a widely sympathetic nature, which she manifested by the active interest she took in all classes, especially in the poor and lowly. It is characteristic of this sympathy that the very last words she penned had reference to the establishment of an Ambulance Association, of which organization she was for several years an active and bountiful patron.

The volume before us is marked by even more than the sumptuousness of illustration of the former products of her pen. Indeed, it is one of the most magnificent specimens of book-making we have seen. No expense has been spared in its preparation, and it is in some sense a beautiful monument to the graceful writer and the noble-hearted woman, whose last work it enshrines. The monotone engravings and headings of many of the chapters are printed by E. Nister, of Nuremberg, and the wood cuts are in the highest style of the art.

Of very touching interest is the introductory chapter of Lord Brassey, entitled, "For my children; a brief memoir of their dear mother." With loving pen he describes her many

virtues, and sets forth the plans of usefulness, by means of Working Men's Clubs and the like, which she so generously promoted. We quote the following golden words, "Your mother was always doing good to those from whom she had no hope to receive. She did not do her alms before men: when she prayed she entered into her closet and shut the door. Her life was passed in the spirit of the apostle's exhortation, 'Be ye kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.' Her praise to God was sung in her work of practical good. Her psalm was the generous sacrifice of self to works that she believed would be of advantage to others. Your mother's heart was as large as it was tender. She was devoted as a wife to her husband, as a mother to her children. She was kind to dependents, ever thoughtful of the poor, and there was a large place in her heart for her dumb companions. In all my remembrance of her I can recall no period of life when her face was so dear to look upon as in the days of her last illness. . . . With not a murmur from her lips, nor a shade of unrest on her serene countenance, the peculiar sweetness of her expression seemed a foretaste of the peace of heaven. My dear children, I might write more. I could never tell you what your mother was to me."

Truly this is the fulfilment of the promise concerning the virtuous woman of Scripture, "The heart of her husband shall trust in her, her children shall rise up and call her blessed." We hope to give at an early date an ampler sketch of this beautiful life. We think it safe to say that no woman in the world ever before had such opportunities to see many lands and many peoples under such favourable auspices. The official position of her husband as a Lord of the Admiralty gave him

everywhere the *entree* in the highest official circles, and everything that wealth and love could lavish upon her was given to make her many journeys pleasant and instructive. This last book, for instance, describes her progress through the great cities of India, like a royal princess, with her private train and with troops of elephants and camels, etc., placed at her service. Her journeys through the Eastern seas in her elegant yacht, surrounded by love, obedience, troops of friends, have never been paralleled. There seems a sort of fitness that she should find her last resting-place in the deep, wide, wandering sea she loved so well. We hope to give a somewhat detailed account of those last journeyings, which we are sure our readers will follow with no less avidity than those we have previously described in these pages.

LITERARY NOTES.

The second number of the *Methodist Quarterly* sustains the reputation gained by its initial number. Chancellor Burwash concludes his admirable study of "The Perfect Christian Character." Prof. Shaw contributes an able and conservative article on "The Inspiration of Bible Writers," and Prof. Stewart an inspiring paper on recent Missionary Progress. The Managing Editor,

A. M. Phillips, concludes his able discussion of the august theme "Who is God? What is God?" The Rev. J. Scott, writes on the "Supernatural in Revelation and Modern Thought." The Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A., gives a judicious paper on "Faith Healing." The legal studies of Dr. Donald Sutherland enable him to write with authority on the Criminal Code of the Jews. We congratulate the Church on its new periodical of higher Christian literature, and on the deserved success which has already attended this enterprise.

The literary activity of our Maritime neighbours is continually evidenced by new issues from the press of conspicuous merit. One of these is a clever study of "Haliburton; the Man and the Writer," by F. Blake Crofton, B.A., in which he claims that the author of "Sam Slick" is the most prominent man of letters yet produced in any existing province of British North America, and gives a thoroughly appreciative study of his writings.

Miss Sophie M. Almon issues a dainty little volume of Sonnets and Rondeaux, which evince marked poetical ability. The tender, touching story of Eurydice is treated in a fine poem.

Any of the standard works noticed in this department may be ordered through WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East Toronto. In ordering, please give the date of the MAGAZINE in which the book was noticed.

THERE are no fairy-folk that ride
 About the world at night,
 Who give you rings and other things
 To pay for doing right ;
 But if you do to others what
 You'd have them do to you,
 You'll be as blest as if the best
 Of story-books were true.