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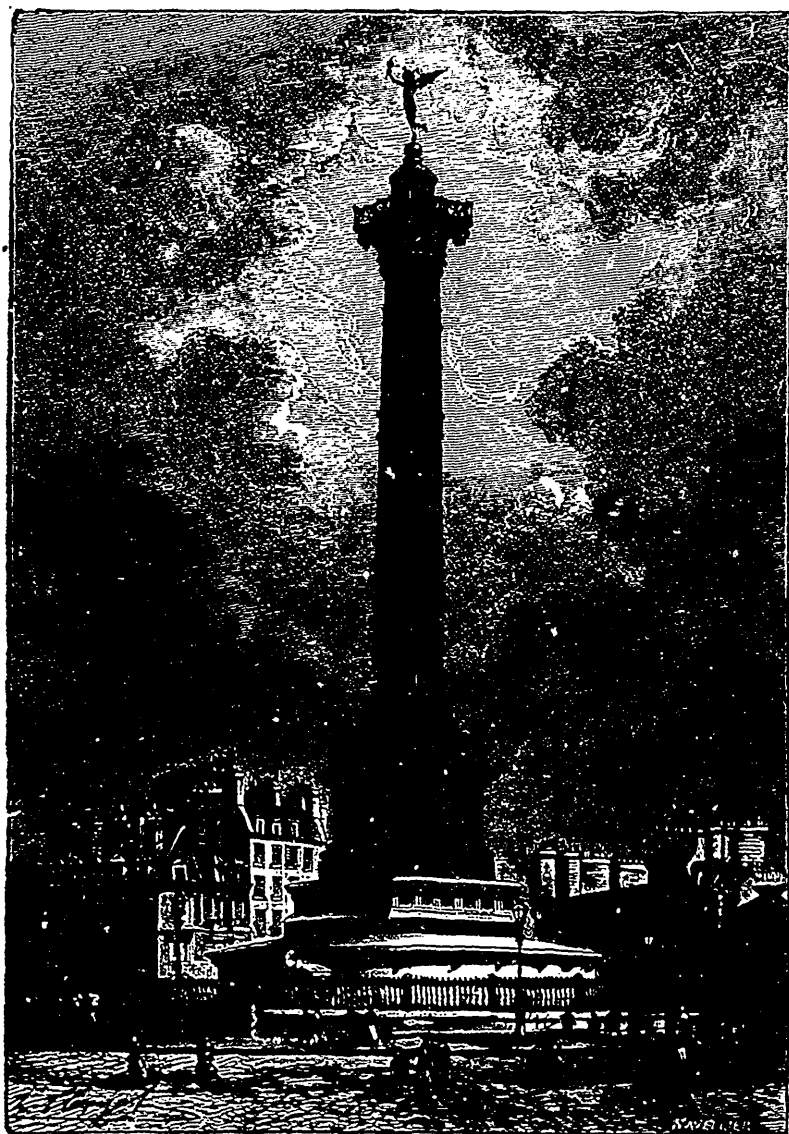
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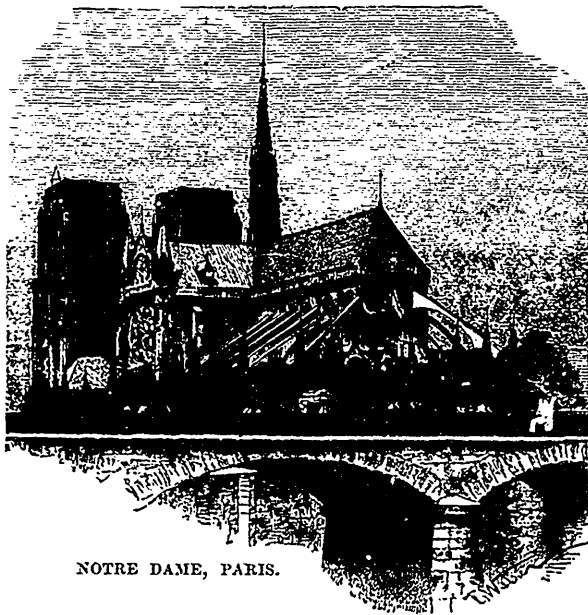


COLUMN OF JULY.—ON THE SITE OF THE BASTILLE.

THE Methodist Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1889.

PARIS DURING THE EXPOSITION.



NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

THE most brilliant pleasure city in Europe never looked so brilliant as during the World's Exposition just closed. All summer long was one continual festival. But the very acme and crisis of the festival was the historic 14th of July, the hundredth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille, the overthrow of the French monarchy and the establishment of the first French Republic. The Canadian tourist party, under the care of the present writer, were in Paris for several days, both before and after this, and so saw the city in holiday dress as it never was before. For days busy workmen were clambering over the

principal buildings, decorating them with the tricolour, arranged in various designs—in sheaves, in festoons, in endless lines of bannered splendour—and the French have exquisite taste in such decorations. In every direction as we drove through the city this bright array, made more bright by the brilliant sunshine, greeted the sight.

The historic 14th of July fell on Sunday, and the French exhibited their characteristic indifference to the Sabbath by making it the chief day of the festival. The elements, however, were not propitious, heavy rain fell nearly all day, and in a very literal sense threw a most effectual damper over the proceedings. A great review of 80,000 troops took place at Longchamps, near the city, which must have been a very bedraggled affair. In the evening the rain ceased, and the city presented a most brilliant aspect. Almost every street was gaily illuminated. The whole length of the Champs Elysées was festooned with lights, and the trees, with which it is lined, bore a strange-looking luminous fruit—innumerable orange-coloured lanterns—which gleamed like apples of the Hesperides amid the boughs. The Place de la Concorde was ablaze with light, and gigantic symbols of the *Republique Française*, in flaming gas, flared and flickered across the Seine from the pediment of the *Corps Legislatif* and other buildings, and over all streamed, in many-coloured bands, the powerful beams of electric light of the Eiffel Tower. To quiet, church-going people, it seemed more like the Mohammedan festival of Ramazan, than like a Sabbath evening in a Christian city.

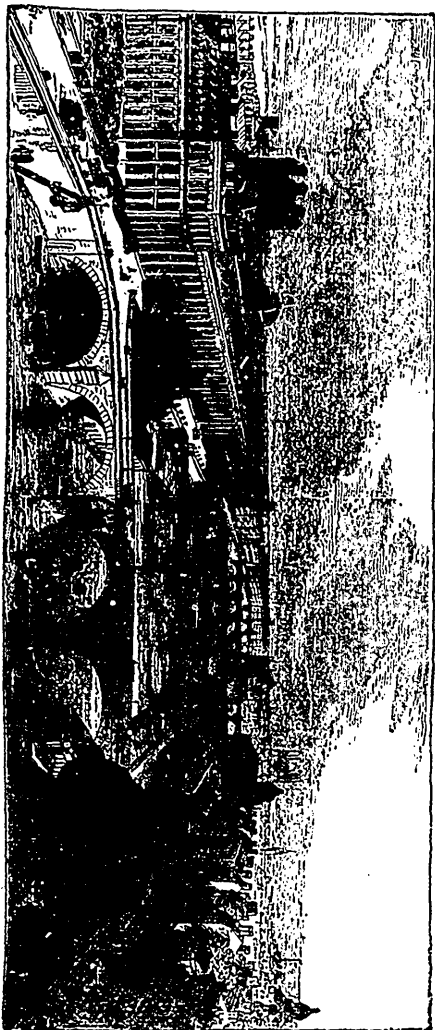
During three days drives, in the comfortable and well-appointed carriages provided by Thomas Cook & Son, were arranged for the whole party—forty-five in number—under the direction of a well-informed guide, M. La Firme, whose politeness and intelligence made him a universal favourite. His slightly foreign accent and droll idioms added piquancy to his descriptions and reminiscences. Our drivers wore a gay livery—scarlet waistcoat, buff-faced coat and glazed conical hat—and managed their four-in-hands with professional skill and grace.

Most of us, I think, were surprised at the brand new appearance of Paris, much of the characteristic mediæval architecture having disappeared before the “deadly march of improvement”—except such ancient survivals as the *Sainte Chappelle* and the venerable *Notre Dame*. We were struck also with the monotony—a splendid monotony, it is true—of its street architecture. Broad boulevards and streets radiate from numerous points, so, according to Baron

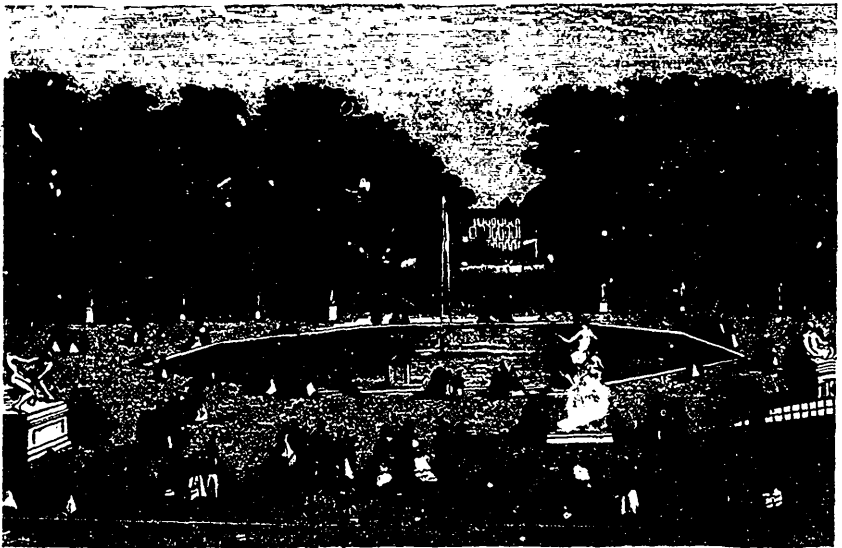
Hausmann's design, as to be commanded by cannon from these strategic points. On either side of these streets rise uniform blocks and wedges of houses, of cream-coloured stone—five, six, or seven stories high, with iron balconies and bright shop fronts. Many of the boulevards are lined with noble trees, giving a refreshing shade and coolness amid the glare and heat of the city. Many of them are also paved with concrete or asphalt, which has the double advantage of being noiseless and of furnishing poor material for the erection of barricades—the favourite amusement of the Parisians in times of political excitement. At night the streets are brilliant with light—electric lamps, glowing like mimic suns; the cafés ablaze with gas, and occupying with their little round tables half of the broad sidewalks; and the numerous shops flashing with jewellery or glowing with costly fabrics.

Oh! those shops—“the ladies' paradise, but the husband's purgatory”—as the guide called them. The ladies of the party fairly revelled in the dear delight—dear in a double sense—of shopping. The brilliant display always makes me think how many things there are I did not want.

PARIS, FROM PONT ROYAL.



The public squares, of which there are many, are full of life and movement and rich in colour, adorned with noble trees, flashing fountains and snowy statuary, and filled with brilliant equipages and promenaders, with everywhere the ubiquitous gens d'armes. Of all the parks in the world I suppose the Champs Elysées is the grandest—not so much in natural beauty, for it shares the splendid monotony of the city, but in the stately architecture by which it is surrounded, the noble vista it presents, and the brilliant concourse by which it is thronged; and over all is thrown an intense historic interest by the tragic memories with

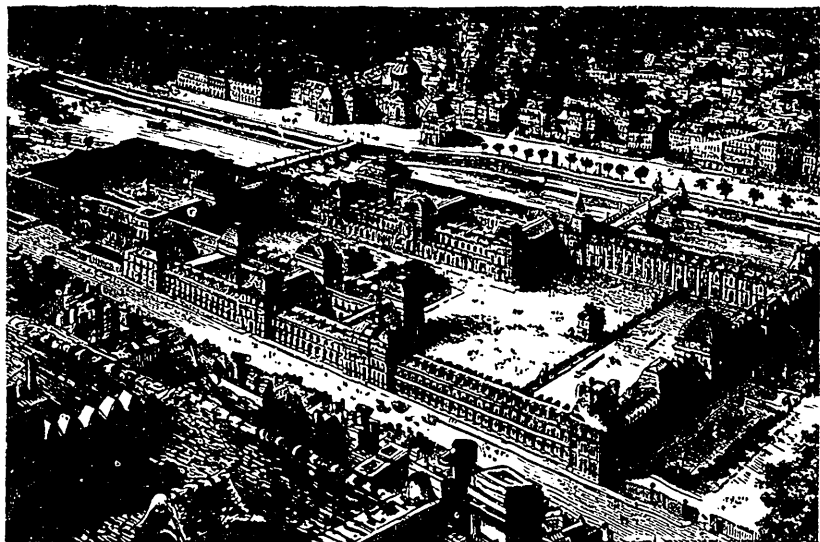


THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

which it is haunted. On its broad Place de la Concorde, the guillotine began its bloody work with the execution of Louis XVI. Then in swift succession followed the judicial murders of his ill-fated and lovely queen Marie Antoinette, his sister Madame Elizabeth, and Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orléans; and here, too, the arch-conspirator Robespierre, with many of his companions in crime, met a stern retribution. Nearly three thousand persons in all here became the victims of that tremendous social earthquake, which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust, and shook all Europe with its throes. And here were renewed, in the wild orgies of the Commune, the darkest tragedies of the Reign of Terror.

I was surprised on the whole to see so little evidence of the most memorable siege of history. Except a few ruins, there was little to remind one of the dreadful scenes of the Commune or the siege. The Colonne de Vendôme, hurled from its base in detestation of the Imperialism which it commemorates, again rears its majestic form in air; and throughout the gay pleasure-city nearly all trace of its "baptism of fire" has disappeared.

The Tuileries, however, even in their best estate would not compare with the stately architecture of the Louvre, the abode of a long line of sovereigns, and now the home of the immortal



THE TUILERIES AND LOUVRE, PARIS.

works of the mightier sovereigns of art. Its majestic façades, with their sculptured and columned fronts, its noble statuary, its spacious courts, its vast galleries, and its priceless treasures of art, make it almost without a rival in the world.

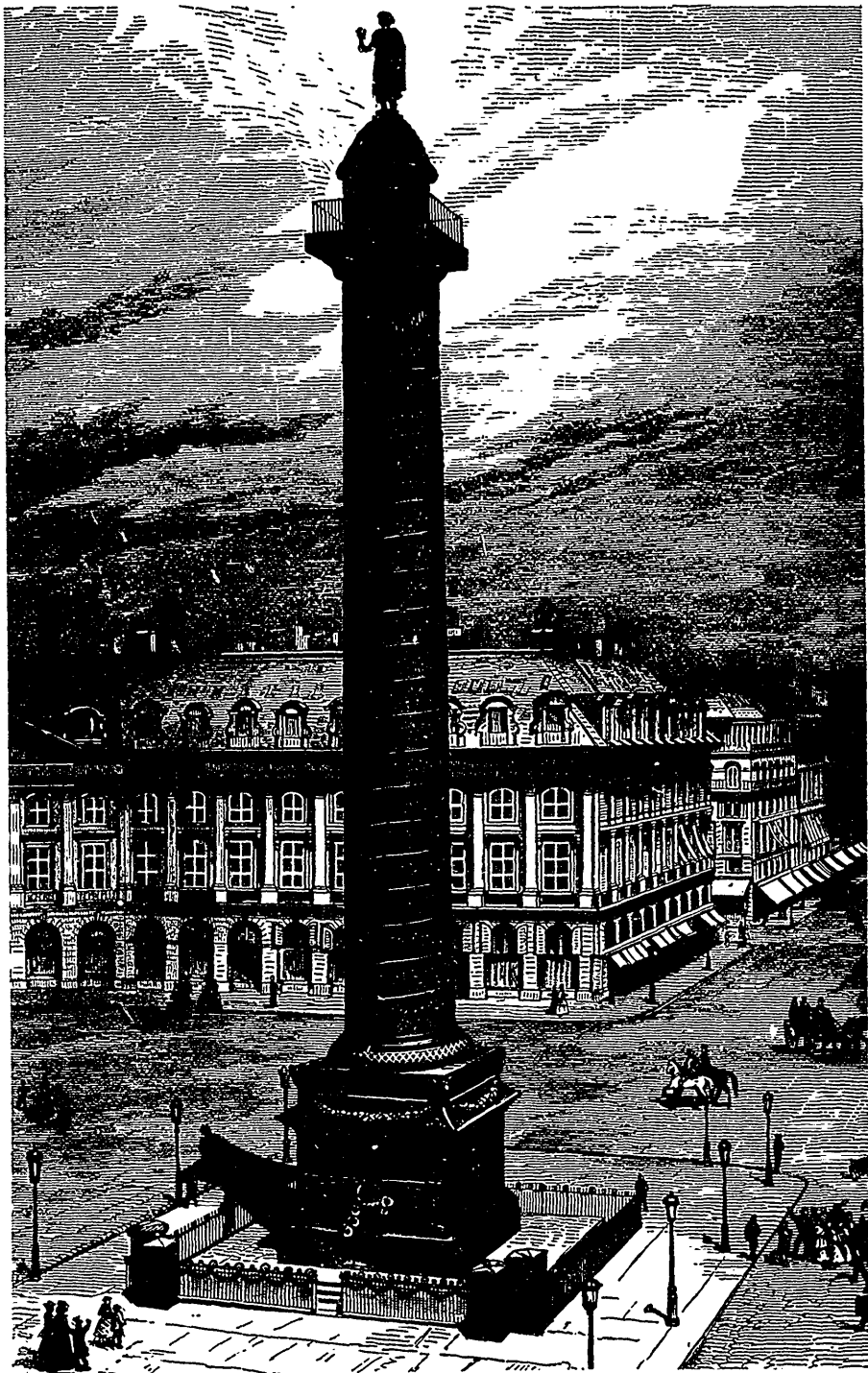
Several of the old French palaces are surrendered to purposes of trade. One of these, the Palais Royal, is entirely occupied by shops and cafés. It was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and was the palace of Anne of Austria, Louis XIV. and Philip of Orléans. Here were celebrated those disgraceful orgies which helped to bring on the Revolution. It is a vast court adorned with fountains, statuary, trees, and surrounded by the palace buildings.

Here in a café, overlooking the garden—in the ancient hall of kings—we twice had lunch, and then enjoyed a saunter in the old historic gardens, where Camille Desmoulins aroused the populace to the attack on the Bastille.

The most interesting palace, however, in or near Paris, is the Palace of Versailles, to which we drove out through the lovely park of St. Cloud, the forest of Ville d'Ivray and the long and noble avenue de la Picarde. We lunched *al fresco* in an old garden beneath a long arbour of trellised vines, through whose interstices the sunlight sifted down on a picnic scene like one of Watteau's pictures. After lunch we set out to explore the vast Palace of Versailles. The palace cost the treasury of Louis XIV. the enormous sum of a thousand million francs, and at one time 36,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed in constructing its terraces. When the starving people sent a deputation demanding, "What shall we eat?" they received the mocking answer, "Eat grass." No wonder a revolution swept away the evil dynasty with a besom of destruction. The chief consolation in visiting these monuments of royal tyranny is the fact that they are no longer the palaces of kings, but the palaces of the people—the private apartments of once mighty sovereigns, and the boudoirs of queens, are open to the poorest in the land. How time brings its revenges!

The palace is a quarter of a mile long and contains some of the grandest courts, galleries, and saloons in the world, adorned with priceless paintings—one of Vernet's battlepieces is seventy-one feet long and sixteen feet high—Sèvres vases, malachite tables, marble mantels and the like, beyond computation. During the late war these stately apartments were turned into hospitals for the German wounded; and in the celebrated *Salle des Glaces*, by a strange irony of fate, the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of United Germany. Here also is shown the bed-chamber of Louis XIV., where the Grand Monarque used to receive his courtiers as he arose from bed—hence our word *levée*—and the royal chamberlains had the honour of arraying his sacred majesty in his wig, robes, and shoes and stockings. Here also is shown the state bed on which he died, and the window where the herald proclaimed, 'Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!'

Of greater interest, however, are the private apartments of the amiable and unfortunate Louis XVI. and of his high-born but low-laid consort, Marie Antoinette. Here is her boudoir, her writing and work-table, her library; and on the doors are the



THE VENDOME COLUMN, PARIS.

identical locks, of excellent workmanship, wrought by the royal locksmith, her husband. From the window is seen the long and noble avenue, up which swarmed the riotous mob of enraged men and women clamouring for blood. On this marble stairway the

ON THE BOULEVARD.



gentlemen of the guard kept the mob at bay, faithful unto death. The narrow passage through which the Queen attempted to escape is also pointed out. It makes the tragic story of those horrible days very real to see these mementos of their horrors.

The vast and monotonous park, with its formal parterres, its long avenues of trees clipped into accurate cubes, its terraces and fountains with their Neptunes and Tritons and river-gods, have a weary monotony that palls upon the mind. The Great and Little Trianons, built for royal mistresses, and the collection of unwieldy and heavily gilt state-carriages recall only memories of guilty pomp and pride.

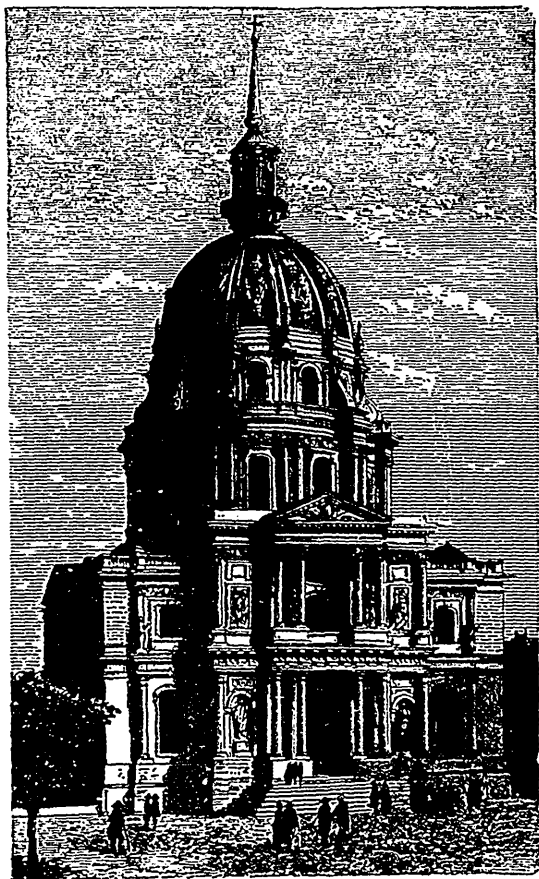
Far more beautiful, because more natural, is the noble park of St. Cloud, with its avenues of stately trees, its bosky solitudes, its swelling hills and magnificent panorama of Paris and the winding Seine. Here Louis XIV. erected a pleasure palace and filled it with every luxury that despotic power could command. The shells of the Prussians, however, spared not the pride of kings, and the blackened walls of the ruined palace are a monument of the vicissitudes of earthly greatness. Here, on a ruined terrace, with a background of magnificent trees, we were photographed in a group—the picture making a pleasant souvenir of our visit.

We visited, with special interest, on a bright and sunny day, the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise—the last resting-place of so many of the noblest dead of France. Our feet turned first to the tomb of Abélard and Heloïse, whose tale of love and sorrow, after the lapse of seven long centuries, still touches the heart of the world with perennial power. Their effigies lie, with hands clasped in prayer, side by side, and the simple inscription reads, "Les restes d'Héloïse et d'Abélard sont réunis dans ce tombeau." Dissevered in their lives, their dust mingles together with its kindred clay. Garlands of fresh and fragrant flowers, placed by loving hands upon their tomb, attested the living sympathy which is still felt for their sorrow. Here, too, is the narrow house of the money-king, Rothschild, and of those queens of tragedy, Rachel and Menken.

Among the other distinguished dead, interred in this populous city of the dead, are Fourier, Champollion, Abbé Seiyès, Pastor Monod, Eugene Scribe, Michelet, Talma, Cherubini, Chopin, Rossini, Béranger, La Fontaine, Molière, Gay-Lussac, Laplace, Arago, Madame de Genlis, Alfred de Musset, and many another whose name and fame have filled the world.

The French exhibit much kindly sentiment in decorating the graves of their departed with wreaths of flowers and immortelles; and over many of these are constructed glass pent-houses for their protection. Even rough fellows in their blouses reverently took off their hats when a funeral passed. In the mortuary chapel was

a beautiful marble angel crowned with living flowers, bearing a Bible, open at the text so full of hope for all the sorrowing: "Beati mortui qui in Domino morientur." The cemetery was one of the last strongholds of the Commune, and amid the funereal cypress and marble monuments of the dead was waged one of

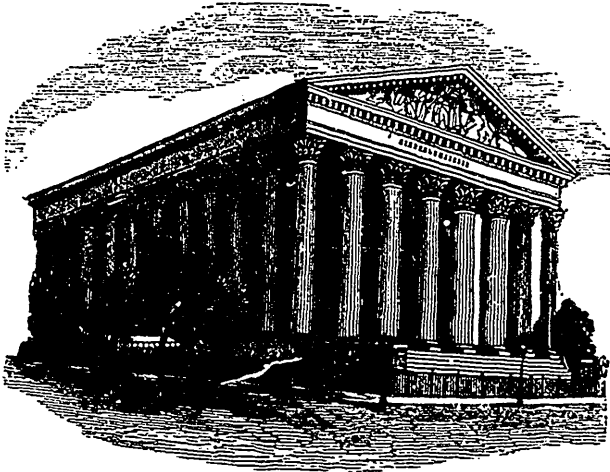


DOME DES INVALIDES.

the most desperate conflicts of the living. In the neighbouring prison of La Roquette was perpetrated one of the most lurid crimes of that reign of terror.

Near Père la Chaise, rise the heights of Les Buttes-Chaumont, the most picturesque park in Paris. It is situated on the Belleville faubourg, the very heart of the Commune despotism. The

park was a waste where the rubbish of the city was deposited, till the civic government of the late Emperor converted it into a garden of fairy-like loveliness. Artificial lakes, cascades, and grottoes; cliff and crag mantled with foliage and climbing-plants, and gay with flowers of brightest hue; and a magnificent view from a Belvidere crowning a lofty height, make it the most attractive bit of scenery in the city. The large and fashionable Bois de Boulogne is tame and uninteresting in comparison. The latter was denuded of its trees during its siege, and those since planted have attained only a rather meagre growth. Its



THE MADELEINE, PARIS.

walks and bosky vistas, its lakes and cascades, and its magnificent parterres of flowers, and masses of rich shrubbery are very charming.

The tomb of Napoleon I., beneath the vast dome of the Church des Invalides, is the noblest mausoleum, I think, I ever saw. In the centre of a large circular crypt sunk in the marble floor lies the huge sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of Finland granite, weighing sixty-seven tons. Twelve colossal marble Victories, with wreath and palm, guard the dust of that stormy heart, now still forever, which shook all Europe with its throbs. A faint bluish light streams down from the lofty dome, and the sombre aspect of the crypt and its surroundings contributes greatly to the solemn grandeur of the scene.

The Panthéon and the Madeleine are more like pagan temples

than like Christian churches; but in the Sainte Chapelle, Gothic architecture has achieved one of its most splendid triumphs. Of sinister interest is the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois; for from its tower the fatal tocsin tolled forth the funeral knell of the awful night of St. Bartholomew's dread massacre.

I had not much opportunity of judging of the moral or religious



ST. VINCENT DE PAUL IN THE CONVENT.

condition of Paris. There may be vice, but it certainly does not flaunt itself on the highway. Nowhere have I seen public order or decorum better observed. I was surprised to find French Protestantism so strong. Some of the largest churches of the city belong to the old Calvinistic communion, which shares with Romanism the support of the State. English Methodism has an elegant church. A grand evangelical work is going on through the agency of Mr. McAll, who has numerous mission-halls through-

out the city. On the heights of Montmartre a noble church commemorates the famous St. Vincent de Paul, who devoted his life to the succour of the suffering—especially to the rescue and training of orphan children. A fine fresco represents him kneeling before our Lord and presenting children to Him. The accompanying picture touchingly illustrates his beneficence.

The last night we were all in Paris we had a little farewell supper at the hotel, with toasts drunk in lemonade, and speeches, when Dr. Hare perpetrated a very successful surprise by presenting the conductor of the party, on behalf of the tourist company, with a handsome gold watch-chain and complimentary address. It was exceedingly gratifying to receive such hearty appreciation. The landlord, to whose courtesy we were much indebted, in a very neat speech for a foreigner—he was a Hungarian—assured us that we were the most agreeable party who had ever been his guests; which was, I believe, an honest tribute to as congenial a company of tourists as ever travelled together.

There remains only to be noted the Exposition of Art and Industry. This was so unique, so comprehensive, so vast and varied, that I avail myself of the following admirable account by Eugène-Melchoir de Vogué.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

STAR of the East! Guide o'er the desert sand
 Heaven's guide of the Magi's way;
 Thy bright beams flashed, 'till they reached the land
 Where the Infant Jesus lay.

Sentinel Star! Guard of the humble khan
 Which sheltered the new-born King;
 While angels aloft, their sweet song began,
 That men will ne'er cease to sing.

Star of Devotion! Myrrh, incense and gold—
 Offering of Magi's joy!
 Fit signs of the world's great love untold,
 Gratitude's grandest employ.

Star of Bright Hope! The long darkness is passed,
 Christ the Redeemer is here;
 Salvation's glory appeareth at last,
 Ever the ages to cheer.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

BY EUGENE-MELCHOIR DE VOGUE.*

This year it is useless for the French people to travel abroad, since the world has come to us. The beneficent gods have reduced the size of the great globe and have rolled it along the shores of the Seine river; they have sampled the universe for our benefit. Let us take our summer outing, then, in the Paris Exposition. The notes gathered by the way I will report to the unknown friends who may wish to follow us in our rambles.

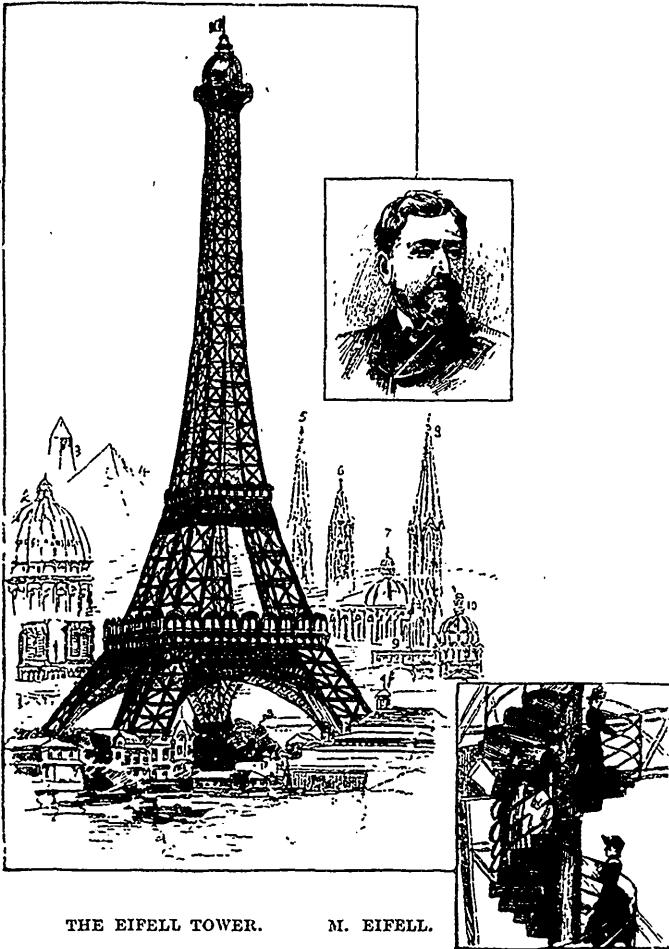
A first inspection permits us to affirm the following: The Exposition is not only a retrospective review, it is a point of departure for an infinity of new things. In this monumental chaos which has arisen in the Champ de Mars, in these edifices of iron and of decorative tile, in the machinery which obeys a new dynamic power, in these encampments of men of every race, and, above all, in the new ways of thinking which suggest new ways of living, are to be seen the lineaments of a civilization which is as yet only outlined, the promise of the world which will be to-morrow.

But we are talking at the gates and time presses. Let us enter by one of the wickets. What an elegant perspective of lawns, of water and of flowers is spread out before us between the many coloured domes of the great palace and the labyrinth of variegated pavilions. Where shall we go first? Let us follow the crowd to the great centre of attraction, the Eiffel Tower.

For some years such a construction had struggled obscurely in the brain of engineers, seeking to be born. In different places in the Old World and in the New, had men dreamed of it, and tried to design it on paper. Some had even attempted it, as at Turin, in wood, at Washington, in stone. At last the approach of the Universal Exposition hastened the unfolding of the idea. A Parisian constructor succeeded in making his projected scheme for the undertaking prevail. At first he encountered general incredulity. The word Babel sprang from all lips. But at last, in spite of derision, the Tower was decreed.

*Translated for "The Chautauquan," from the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

We saw them lay the foundations deep down on a bed of solid clay; soon the four megalithic feet of the elephant-like structure pressed upon the soil; from these stone pedestals rafters sprang at



THE EIFELL TOWER.

M. EIFELL.

WINDING STAIRWAY.

COMPARATIVE HEIGHTS OF OTHER STRUCTURES.

1. NOTRE DAME, PARIS.
2. ST. PETER'S, ROME.
3. WASHINGTON MONUMENT.
4. PYRAMID (GREAT.)

5. CATHEDRAL, ROUEN.
6. CATHEDRAL, STRASBURG.
7. DES INVALIDES, PARIS.

8. CATHEDRAL, COLOGNE.
9. ARC DE TRIOMPHE, PARIS.
10. PANTHEON, PARIS.

such angles as to upset all our ideas as regarding the equilibrium of an edifice; a forest of plate-iron work took root and grew, revealing nothing to the eyes watching as to its object. At a

certain height the rising up of the material became very difficult; cranes were fastened to the structure, which like huge crabs grasped with their pincers the needed articles, and, unmindful of their enormous weight, easily lifted them to their required places. A second story was thrown up from the first; all of the framework seemed like an enormous carapace which gave neither the impression of height nor of beauty. However, the great difficulties were now conquered. The first story had presented to the constructor the hardest problems; the second was finished with much less trouble in six months.

Starting from this story rose the slender column, making its way rapidly into space. The work of its construction largely escaped public view. The autumn mists often entirely concealed the aerial work-yard; in the twilight of the winter afternoons might be seen reddening against the sky the fire of the forge; one could scarcely hear the hammers which riveted the iron-work. There was this peculiarity about it, one seldom saw any workmen on the Tower; it rose apparently alone, as if by the incantation of genii. The great works of other ages, the Pyramids for example, are associated in our minds with the idea of a multitude of human beings bending over handspikes and groaning under chains. The modern pyramid arose by the power of calculation, which made it require only a small number of workers. Each part of the great structure, each one of its bones of iron—to the number of twelve thousand—arrived perfect from the manufactory, and had only to be adjusted to its proper place in the gigantic skeleton. The structure presented an example of what mathematicians call “an elegant demonstration.”

At last, one beautiful morning in the spring, the Parisians who had watched the beginning of the great column, saw the shaft bordered by an entablature. A campanile rose from this platform, and on its summit our flag displayed its colours. In the evening there appeared in place of the flag a giant carbuncle, the red eye of a Cyclops who darted his glance over all Paris. “The Tower is finished,” cried the voice of fame.

My readers will not expect a detailed description of this gigantic work. Nearly all have already climbed it, or will climb it. The great hive is now in full activity. Several cities have arisen in its interior, with their varied commerce and their special customs. A Victor Hugo is needed in order to concentrate into the soul of a Quasimodo the interior life of the Tower.

I want to seek upon the summit the impressions which my guide-

book described as commonly experienced there, but I learned with astonishment that my views did not agree with them. The book said that one would at first feel surprised at the arrest of all movement in Paris, at the immobility of the crowds in the streets and at the foot of the edifice. My companions and myself were unanimous in remarking the acceleration of motion, the feverish haste of the Lilliputian people. The pedestrians seemed to run, throwing forward their tiny limbs with automatic gestures. A moment of reflection, however, will explain the apparent contradiction in impressions; the eye judges men from a height of one thousand feet as it habitually judges ants from a height of five feet, the relation is about the same. Who does not often exclaim, "How can such little animals run so fast?" But the actual distance covered is so small that in one sense movement seems arrested. The comparison to an ant-hill is exact at every point, for the agitation of these multitudes of human atoms, rushing in every direction, seems at this distance, as inexplicable, as bizarre, as the flurry of movement seen in an ant-hill. Again, the book said that oscillation was perceptible in high winds. I questioned the keeper of the lighthouse as to this, and he replied that occasionally when the air was very calm a slight swinging was noticed, but never any when the wind blew. With these exceptions our experience justified all that was written.

In the daytime one might prefer, to the urban view spread out from the height of this Tower, the vast and picturesque horizons which open from a peak of the Alps; but in the evening it is without an equal in the world.

Late one evening I remained alone on the summit. I was struck with the strong resemblance of all my surroundings to those of a man standing on the deck of a vessel at sea. There were the chains, the windlass, the electric lamps fixed to the ceiling. To complete the illusion the wind was raging through the sheet-iron rigging. Even the ocean was not lacking, there it lay under my feet—Paris. The night fell, or rather the clouds, as great veils of crape which steadily grew thicker, rose from below and spread out between the city and the sky still clear from my standpoint. It seemed as if the night was being drawn up from Paris. The different parts of the city vanished slowly one after another, and soon all were enveloped in darkness. Then lights began to appear, fast multiplying to infinity. Myriads of stars filled this abyss, assuming the forms of strange constellations joining at the horizon with those of the celestial vault.

Suddenly two luminous bars stretched themselves over the earth. They were the great pencils of light sent out by the two reflectors which revolved above my head. Seen here at their source, the two beams seem to feel their way into the night with sudden, eager movements, as if they were searching for something lost. I could not weary of their movements, so voluntary they seemed, and so anxious. One instant they drew out of the shadows a hilly wood having white spots here and there in its foreground; it was the cemetery of Père la Chaise; and the next, replacing this, they stopped upon Notre Dame, throwing out into strong relief its great towers. As, shortly after, I was descending the long spiral staircase, stopping on one of the landings, I looked back to the top. The two illuminated arms seemed then to be raised into space, and were continuing their revolutions. Suddenly they met at right angles; for a moment against the black sky they formed a shining cross, the sign of pity and of prayer; a fitting crown for the great Tower.

The Exposition has revealed the advent of a new art, the art of building with iron. The reconciliation of the engineer and the artist will date from this event. Cinderella has made herself known to her sisters upon the Champ de Mars; industrial architecture with iron for its basis has henceforward an æsthetic value.

We notice first the great central dome over the main building, from which sweep out the five great wings. Here the iron was not a success, because it followed the old errors of construction and decoration, because it subordinated its own properties to those of stone, which it replaced. The ornamentation is heavy and gaudy. The imagination of the artist was evidently possessed with the magnificence of great opera-houses—those bad counsellors—and he tried to reproduce their leading features, the niches, the human figures, the overloadings of carved iron. Within and upon the façade this debasement of art is marked; emblematic knops alternate with large nude figures; upon the summits of pillars are to be seen engines, complicated machines, gods, beasts, reptiles, and all the symbolism pertinent to agriculture. There are too many reliefs, too many colours, too much gilding. For this attempt the iron was forced to be too sumptuous; it presents the appearance of a rude workman dressed out in his Sunday best. In this fine apparel can be seen no longer the only beauty which it possesses, a powerful and flexible muscularity.

Let us now enter the Palace of Machines. All the terms expressive of admiration have been exhausted before its nave, 150 feet

high, and 1,380 feet in length. We would know in what its beauty consists, and find the answer in this: the iron, refusing to vie with stone, has sought means of expression only in its own proper nature—in its strength, its lightness, its elasticity. It has resolutely sacrificed all decorative ironmongery and has clung to the fundamental law of æsthetics; beauty is only harmony between form and destination. Those who erected this construction were not occupied in imitating any known type; they consulted the properties of iron, calculated its resistance, and, having become assured of what they could demand of the metal, they proceeded with their work. They modified the arch into the tierce-point, and so created a new Gothic arch, with inflections and elongations of an incomparable elegance. The Palace of Machines in every way contents the eye and interests the mind.

The Tower and this Palace have taught us what can be done with iron, reduced to its own resources. But the exclusive employment of great metallic net-work responds only to exceptional needs; for many other uses iron has to call in the assistance of other materials. It was a new problem to determine the choice, the æsthetic conditions, of these alliances. The solution of it was sought in the construction of the twin Palaces of Fine Arts and Liberal Arts, two of the wings from the main building, and was found in using decorated terra-cotta as the auxiliary material. The result was brilliant. Here the highest and most inventive taste has directed the co-labour of the smelter, the potter, and the ceramist. I do not know what to extol most in these buildings: the just apportionment of the iron and the brick, inspired, it would seem, by the structure of the human body with its bones visible under the flesh, the light and simple ornamentation consisting wholly of terra-cotta and encaustic tile; or the wise blending of colours, in which two tones predominate—the mild blue of the iron and the soft rose of the brick.

One especially remarks in connection with these structures the domes of glazed tile, a happy borrowing made from the old masons of Persia. Upon the frontiers of that land I admired last year cupolas of enamel upon mosques in ruins, which reflected all the colours of the sky above them. It seemed to me that I was looking upon their mirage, when in Paris I saw such cupolas upon these palaces of the arts. It remains only to mingle with these geometric designs a little of the characteristic ornamentation of that land, a few of their flowers and arabesques, to give to Parisians the visions of Ispahan and Samarcand. Nor are

the domes the only example of this able adaptation of Oriental art, which is not an imitation. In archways, in stairways, on columns, everywhere, these Eastern elements of decoration have been blended in a Western arrangement with that which is best in our country—the country of Limosin and Palissy—the medallions, the friezes, the cartouches, in which the ceramic art appears in a delicacy of relief and colour which is purely French.

If one could separate the Palace of Fine Arts from the accumulation upon the Champ de Mars, where the particular value of each building is lost sight of in the general effect of the kaleidoscope, if he could isolate it upon some eminence, all eyes would be struck by the beauty, grace, and novelty of the monument—Monument! Some will perhaps judge the word a misnomer for these temporary structures. It is not necessary to exaggerate, and I do not pretend that they have erected here the Parthenon of the future. I believe simply that when the exact history of iron shall be written, these original creations constructed from it will be mentioned with honour.

I foresee objection: How found a principle of art upon ephemeral buildings which will be demolished in a few months? That is not entirely proved; there is a question of preserving these palaces upon the Champ de Mars, or of removing them elsewhere. The vast pavilion of the Argentine Republic, attracting the attention of all visitors by its cordons of rubies and emeralds which the electric lights set into a brilliant glow, was transported in pieces from that land in an ocean vessel; and it will be carried back there to remain for a long time yet, the pride of Buenos Ayres. But whatever may be the fate of the palaces of the Exposition, it is necessary to remember that iron constructions will have this added character of being movable.

These light domes, with their glass-like coverings, recall to me those I saw not long ago in Asia—for their temporary purpose they recall more strongly the tent of felt where a Turcoman received me. Without going so far, you can see upon the right hand of the esplanade this ancestor of all dwellings sheltering the red man, the Lapp, the African. If I understand the history of habitations such as it is unrolled here before our eyes, from the primitive hut to the Gallery of Machinery, man has made a long effort to give to his house proportions always more vast, and a stability always more enduring. But behold at the end of the effort, by one of those ironies of which history is so full,

the circle where we turn closes upon itself; the last degree of civilization rejoins the first, the nomadic instinct awakens under other forms. The little tent of skin at the beginning, the colossal tent of iron at the close; the two differ only in their materials and in their size. This one, like that, is made to shelter multitudes in movement, no longer a pastoral people, but still a working people.

The electric fountains next attract our attention. The people seek more and more this supreme feast of the eyes, which may be seen every evening; they even wait long hours in crowded ranks around the basins; and when the jets spout up, a cry arises from the crowd. No wonder, illuminated by the invisible fire, they blend in their changing combinations all the shades and tints of the prism, and form rainbows which raise themselves up into the air and fall back again shattered into cascades of pearls and diamonds.

I went to visit in their subterranean cave the brave workmen who make in the heat and in the darkness the preparations for this fairy scene. Like their brothers in coal mines, although with less hardships, they go to extract for other men the light and the joy which they themselves do not see. A bell is sounded; some orders in cipher are flashed across a signal board, directing the men in the use of their levers. Immediately in the funnel-formed reflectors rays of light appear and are seized in the chimneys by inclined mirrors which send them to the openings above. Plates of blue, red, yellow, all-coloured, glass glisten over our heads. One could easily imagine himself in the central forge of the earth, where the kobolds elaborate the precious stones and form the crystals. These workmen—the good gnomes of actual service—throw themselves upon their levers, and by their toil cause to spring up above that eruption of gems.

In leaving the underground works I stopped at the bell-turret of the commander. That musician gives his orders upon a table which resembles a piano having two key-boards. A line of electric buttons, coloured white, corresponds to the scale of coloured glass plates, and behind this a row of black buttons corresponds to the plugs of the jets of water. The present system which necessitates the transmission of the orders to the intermediate places under the basins marks the infancy of the art. With a few simplifications which will not surpass the genius of an ordinary mechanism, a single man will be able to work directly from his bell-turret the stop-cocks of the water jets and the plates of glass.

Our next visit will be to the Earth, our mother. There is presented here in a special pavilion of the Exposition, for the millionth time, a new representation of it. It is expedient on going there, to get a good view of the *ensemble* before studying in detail the different examples of men which it bears and the different works with which these men have embellished it. One does not know how sufficiently to felicitate Messrs. Villard and Cotard upon their intelligent enterprise. If we have reason to congratulate ourselves over our ancestors on any one thing, it is that we know a little of geography. It is necessary that our children should have still a much better knowledge of it. When we leave to them the earth it will be more than ever inhospitable and rude to those who do not understand it. I wish I could see all the youth of France coming again and again into the pavilion of this great hall. They would learn more here in one moment from the keen and singular impressions they would receive, than from hours of half-hearted study over books. Flat maps demand of a child an effort disproportionate to his intelligence. His eyes believe only in appearances, and the false appearances of the maps contradict the explanations given. Here all is truth and joyfulness for young imaginations: the form, the motion of the globe, the immensity of its oceans, the red lines of great voyages, and the discoveries of cities and countries which they actually make for themselves as they search over it.

We will go up in the elevator. It leaves us at the North Pole. With its diameter of about forty feet the earth presents a really imposing appearance. It turns—sometimes. When this slow movement makes to file under the feet of the spectator “the great silent country,” the first impression is startling. A spiral staircase leads to the opposite pole, and as we slowly descend it, coloured wires permit us to trace on the revolving globe the lines of navigation, of railroads, of telegraphs, and the wanderings of famous explorers. Clusters of nails mark the principal veins and mines of metals—the colour and material of the nails indicating the kind of metal. When I expressed my surprise that the great mountain chains were not brought out in stronger relief, it was replied to me that to keep the proportion exact the highest peak of the Himalayas required only an elevation of about one-fortieth of a foot. This must be very humiliating to the Alps and the Pyrenees.

Along the adjacent walls a succession of placards gives in large figures the statistics of the different countries of the world. I learned there that China has about seven miles of railroad and the

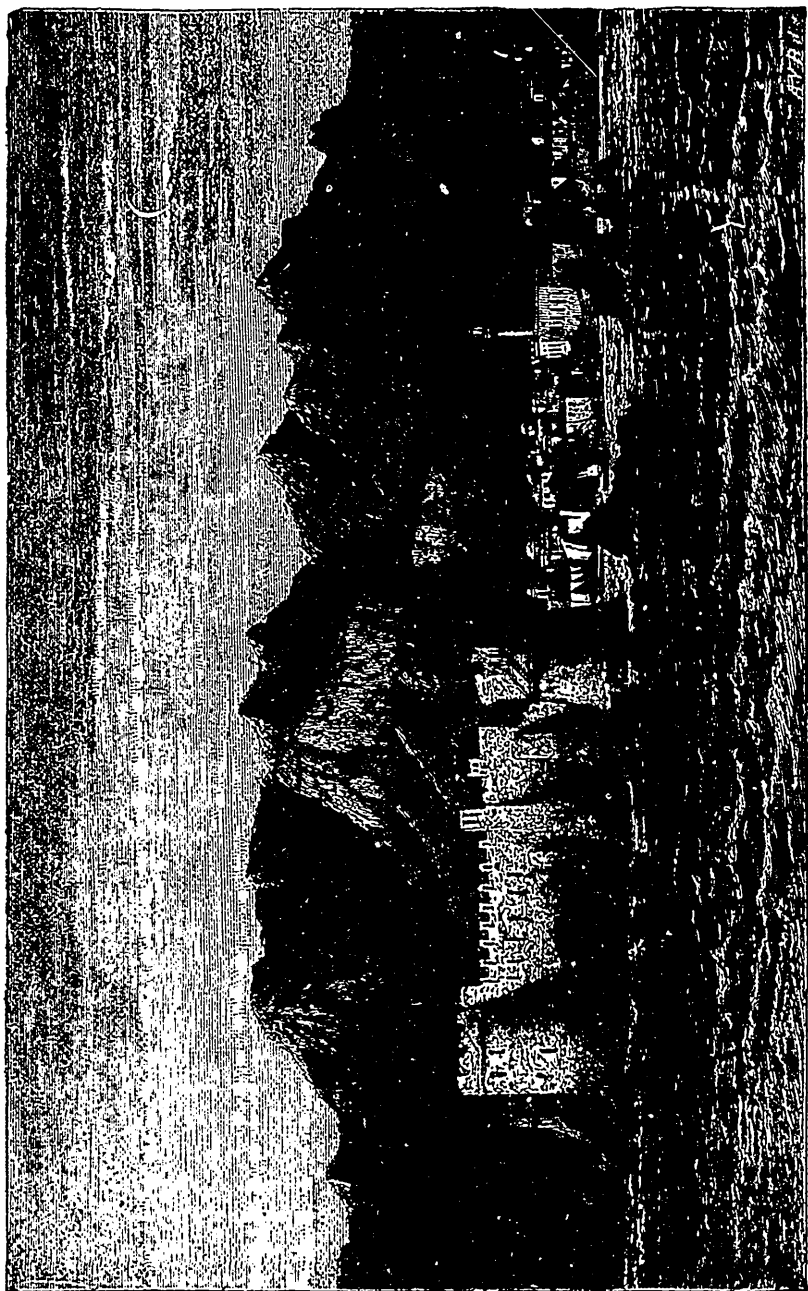
American Union about 140,000, and I understand without any other comment the actual march of civilization around the globe. Commercial statistics showed me for England a figure double that of Germany and France taken together. These figures sufficed to explain the history and the policy of England. Another table recalled to me that there are nearly five hundred millions of Buddhists in the world, one-third of humanity; that increased my consideration for the bronze Buddha which smiles in the vestibule of the Palace of Liberal Arts.

Let no one exclaim over my weakness for this great plaything. By very puerile means, I grant, it suggests grave thoughts, rectifies errors, and establishes knowledge. Even to those who have no passion for our planet I would say that no theatre can offer them so abundant a source of enjoyment. Let them listen to the public. One cannot imagine how many men lay bare their souls in the presence of the Earth, nor how it serves to bring out diversity of mind. You hear there actually all dialects, even those of the slightest local colour; and all questions are answered. The adventurers trace out the route of a great navigator; a crowd attaches itself to the steps of a well-known traveller; bending over the balcony a company of explorers search the boundaries of Pamir and exchange views upon the disclosure of recent explorations. Other persons propose to the one on guard certain rectifications. It is thus both very instructive and very amusing to follow the people who make this circumnavigation. So humanity circles around the world.

CHRISTMAS.

O BLESSED day, which givest the eternal lie
 To self and sense, and all the brute within!
 O! come to us, amid this war of life;
 To hall and hovel, come; to all who toil
 In senate, shop, or study; and to those
 Who, sundered by the wastes of half a world,
 Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
 Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to brutes,
 Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas Day.
 Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehen,
 The kneeling shepherds and the Babe divine,
 And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day.

—*Charles Kingsley.*



KYRENIA, CYPRUS.

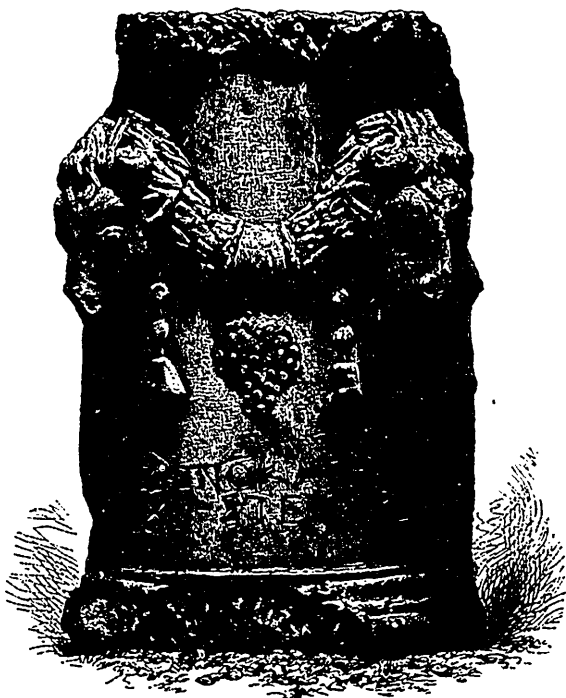
CYPRUS AND THE LEVANT.

THE island of Cyprus occupies a distinguished place in both sacred and profane history. It early belonged to the Phœnicians of the neighbouring coast. It was afterwards colonized by the Greeks, who founded there several independent kingdoms, and it passed successively under the power of the Pharaohs, Ptolemies, and Romans. At the time of the Crusades it was detached from the Greek Empire, and made a kingdom for Guy of Lusignan. Then it fell to the Venetians, and in 1570 was subdued by the Turks after a brave defence. And now it has passed under the protection of Great Britain, and is held as a pledge for the fulfilment by the Sultan of the convention entered into before the Treaty of Berlin.

The island is about 140 miles in length, by a breadth of 40 miles at its widest part. Its population, which, under the Venetians, was over 1,000,000, under the misrule of the Turks has dwindled to one-fifth of that number, of whom two-thirds are Greeks, and the rest Moslems, Maronites, Jews, Armenians, and Roman Catholics. The Greek Church in the island was made independent by the Council of Ephesus in the fifth century, and so it has remained to this day.

This fair and fertile island lies in the extreme north-east angle of the Mediterranean, about sixty-five miles from the Syrian coast and forty-four miles south of Asia Minor. Through its centre runs the mountain range, rising to a height of over 6,000 feet, known to the ancients as Olympus—not, however, the fabled residence of the gods, which was another mountain of the same name in Macedon and Thessaly. The wine of Cyprus was famous in ancient times, but has now little reputation. Famagusta, a commodious port under the Venetians, under Turkish neglect has been so choked up as to hold only about a dozen small craft. Larnaka, where the consuls and foreign merchants reside, is the chief port. Its trade consists of exports of colocynth, cotton, carob beans, madder, and wine. Its imports are all kinds of manufactured goods. It has valuable mines, but they are neglected. Special interest has of late been awakened by the rich "finds" of antiquities of classic times. Turkish oppression and tax-farming have greatly injured the island, but under British administration it is recovering a degree, at least, of its former prosperity.

We will now be better able to appreciate the late Lady Brassey's charming account of her visit to this picturesque and historically interesting island. On the 7th of November, 1878, the *Sunbeam* made the western extremity of Cyprus, and anchored off the port of Papho, the ancient Paphos, where were once the famous temple and gardens of Venus. Going ashore, our tourists explored the ruins of Ktima, the adjacent fields and roads being strewn with fragments of white marble capitals and acanthus leaf ornaments.



ANCIENT GREEK ALTAR.

The column to which St. Paul, it is alleged, was bound, and then scourged, for preaching in the island, was also shown them. The British camp was visited, and one-fourth of the men found ill with Cyprus fever, and the convalescents looking like ghosts. Limasol, the second port in the island, was the next place visited. The country is described as naturally very fertile, but the vine-culture is very slovenly, the water bad, and the climate insalubrious. At Larnaka they found that the troops had been despatched to Afghanistan on account of the outbreak of the war.

Their horses and stores were sold at a fearful loss—a good horse fetching only from 17s. to 20s. Almost every one was ill with the fever, or only convalescent. On the whole, the military occupation of the island seemed to have been hardly a success.

Having accepted an invitation to visit the camp of Sir Garnet Wolseley, the commander of our Canadian Red River Expedition, our tourists started for the interior. They reached the town of Mikosia late at night, only to find the gates closed, and with much trouble effected an entrance and found the camp. The weather was excessively hot by day and cold by night. In summer the heat rose to 120°, and the troops died like sheep. The Ghoorkas, and other Indian troops, suffered as much as the British. The officers had seen nothing like it, even in India. The difficulties of interment were great, as some burned and some buried the dead, with peculiar religious ceremonies. An interesting visit was made to the Archimandrate, or Greek Archbishop of Cyprus, and to his church. The pulpit is entered by a rope ladder, which forms the only communication with the floor.

The next place visited was the once magnificent Famagousta, founded by Ptolemy Philadelphus, and re-named Fama Augusti, by Augustus, the victor of Actium. Here Shakespeare's Othello was once governor. "In the midst of the dust and ruins of houses and palaces," writes our author, "once containing a population of 300,000 souls, are now to be found a few miserable mud huts, the habitation of some 300 people. Three churches remain standing where there were once 200; and in the streets only a few cadaverous-looking creatures may be seen gliding about like ghosts." The predominant features were ruin, desolation, and dirt. The once capacious harbour is now choked with rubbish. Here our tourists met a famous Syrian brigand, who used to rob the rich and give to the poor. He was said to have given dowries to 2,000 Greek girls. After seven years' confinement, chained to a wall, he was doing duty as a groom at the Government stables.

Sailing round the eastern end of the island, on the 10th of November, our tourists reached the ancient port of Kyrenia, shown in the cut facing page 503—a charming spot, but smitten with the fever. The natives said the very dogs in the streets died of it. The 42nd Regiment, most of whom were invalided, were preparing to escape the pestilence by immediate departure. As the steward was sick, Lady Brassey did the marketing, and found vegetables remarkably cheap—a supply for forty persons costing only 2s. An interesting visit was made to the old Gothic convent

of La Pais, on a bluff five hundred feet above the sea. The ancient cloisters and vast halls one was one hundred by fifty feet—with their Gothic tracery, were very noteworthy, though quite ruinous. The English engineer had fitted up the convent

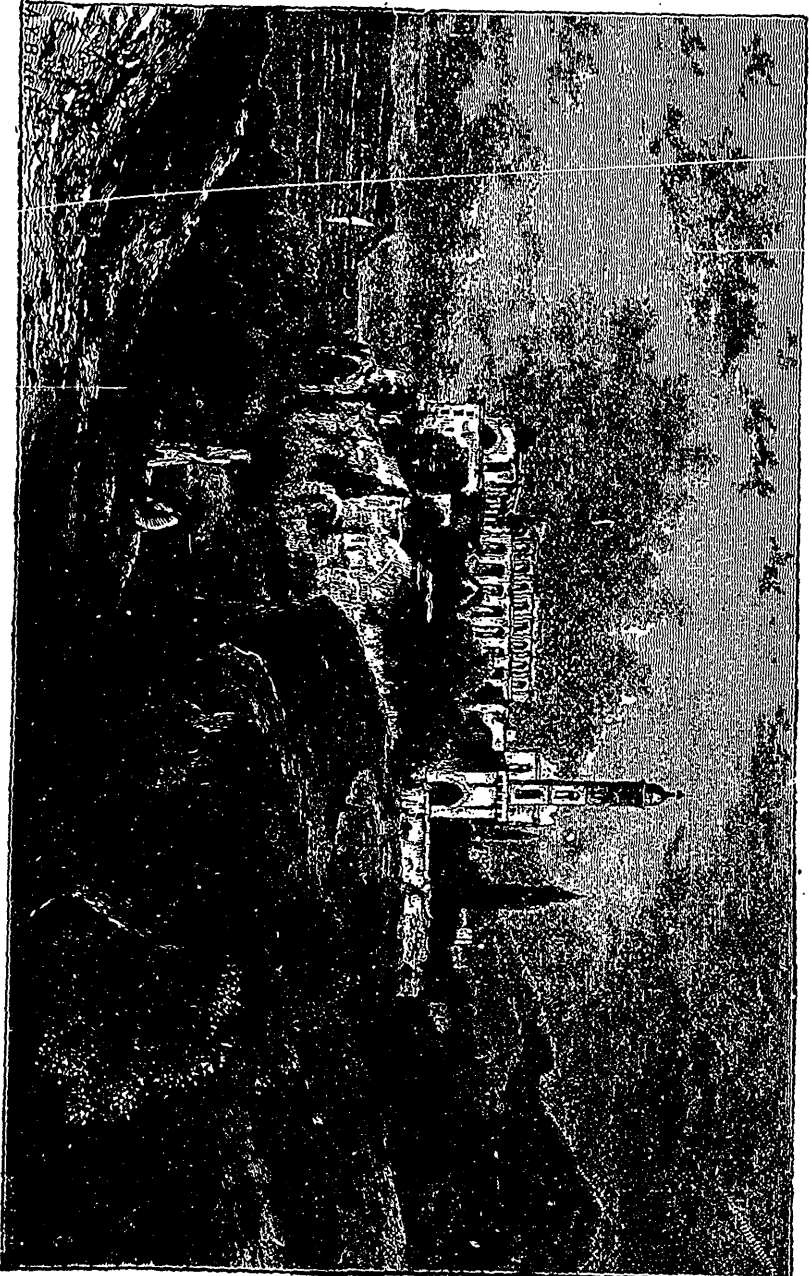


TURKISH CEMETERY.

for a hospital, but it was found that the sick were worse than in their stuffy tents. The fever seems to be caused by the bad water of the island. In dry seasons many of the people have to be shipped to the mainland to prevent their starving. The island will probably be available only for a coaling station. Our brave tourists visited another convent, where the barefooted monks were extremely kind, though unable to communicate, except by signs, with their guests. Four of them assisted Lady Brassey and her daughter to perform

their ablutions—one holding a basin, another a towel, a third soap, and the fourth a candle.

Leaving Cyprus, the famous Isle of Rhodes was soon reached. The capital, Rhodes, was founded, B. C. 408, and Strabo says, in his time was the finest city in the world—finer even than Rome. Its celebrated Colossus was a brazen statue of Apollo, 105 feet high, bestriding the harbour, between whose legs ships could sail. After standing fifty-six years, it was thrown down by an earthquake, B. C. 224. It lay for nearly a thousand years on the ground, and was sold by the Saracens to a Jew, who loaded 900 camels with the bronze. The Knights of St. John, when driven from Jerusalem, captured the island from the Moslems, and held it for 200 years. In 1522, Solyman the Magnificent besieged it



CONVENT OF LA PAIS, CYPRUS.

with an army of 200,000 men. Its garrison of only 6,000 defended it with heroic valour for many months, and only yielded in the last extremity. It has since been held by the Turks. The Grand Hospital of the Knights, a fine building, is now used as a barrack. The church and the palace also exhibit evidences of their former grandeur; but the blight and curse of Turkish domination broods over all.

A more striking evidence of this is seen in the island of Chios, which—after passing Patmos, where the cavern in which St. John wrote the Apocalypse is shown, and Icaria, where Icarus, flying too near the sun, fell into the sea—our tourists visited. In consequence of a revolt against the Turks in 1822, the island was invaded; 45,000 of its inhabitants were carried off as slaves, 25,000 were slain, 15,000 escaped penniless to other countries, and of 75,000 Greeks, not 2,000 were left. As an illustration of the wealth of classic art buried beneath the soil of these lands, our author mentions seeing on the beach of the Bosphorus a piece of statuary of the finest Greek period, which had been brought to Cyzicus as ballast, and then pitched ashore as of no further use.

Our tourists stopped also at Smyrna, where Polycarp was martyred, and went by rail to Sardis, one of the Seven Churches of Asia, and visited the ruins of Ephesus. Here were shown the ruins of the church of St. John, and close by his grave and that of the Virgin Mary.

Ephesus was one of the twelve Ionian cities of Asia Minor, and was said to have been founded by the Amazons, whose legend is connected with Artemis or Diana, the deity of Ephesus. The Romans made it the capital of the proconsular province of Western Asia, and the centre of a great commerce. Its rich territory, central situation, and the energy of the Greek population gave Ephesus great prosperity. Its chief glory was its magnificent temple of Diana, and the city did not fall into decay until the Goths destroyed the temple. The Ionian colonists found the worship of Diana established and the foundations of the temple laid. It was enlarged and seven times restored at the expense of all Asia. During the night on which Alexander the Great was born, in 356 B. C., this magnificent structure was burned to the ground by the caprice of a certain Erostratus, who avowed that he had no other object than to immortalize his name. While it was rebuilding Alexander offered to pay all the expense if he might be allowed to place his name upon it; but the Ephesians refused, and the temple was built by the people generally, the work extending over 220 years. It was 425 feet long and 220

feet wide, being the largest of the Greek temples, and four times as large as the Parthenon at Athens. It was magnificently decorated with sculptures by Praxiteles and a great painting by



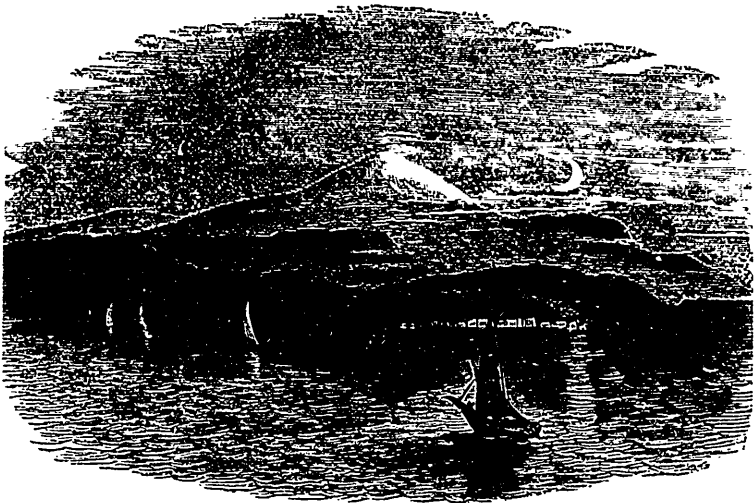
*FAIR HAVEN OF CRETE—ACTS XXVII. 8.

Apelles. The statue of Diana was of ivory, furnished with exquisitely wrought golden ornaments. The temple had the right of asylum, which extended to the land around it, and caused the city to be overrun with criminals until the limits were narrowed by Augustus. The medals of Ephesus under the emperors bore a

representation of the temple, which was counted one of the seven wonders of the world. It was still the most notable thing about the city when St. Paul preached there in the year 54. The commerce of the place attracted many Jews in apostolic times, and this led the Apostle Paul to found there a Christian church, and to remain there over two years. The Apostle John also lived in Ephesus, and addressed to the church there one of the messages in the Apocalypse. It was the resort of sorcerers and magicians, and the "Ephesian letters" were celebrated magical charms, even to the sixth century. Several Christian councils were held here; the most important of which was the assembly of the bishops of Asia, convoked in 196 to fix the day for the celebration of Easter. About A. D. 260 the city was sacked by the Goths, who burnt the temple. During the Byzantine period Ephesus was the see of an archbishop, but it dwindled in population, its port became choked, and its plains, from want of drainage and cultivation, unhealthy. In the thirteenth century it was alternately in the hands of the Mussulmans and their foes, but in 1308 fell finally under the Turks, and was held by one or another Turkish Sultan. The ancient city almost entirely disappeared before the modern era, even the site of the temple being lost, the ruins having been in great part carried away for the construction of later buildings, while the rapid formation of alluvial soil buried many beneath the surface. Several small Turkish villages occupy the ground, the most important of which is Ayasalook, 48 miles south of Smyrna by the railway to Aidin. The great theatre appears to have been large enough to contain 50,000 persons. It is here, probably, that St. Paul preached. Near the city is the grotto of the seven sleepers, who are said to have taken refuge here from the persecutions during the reign of Diocletian, and, falling asleep, to have waked two hundred years after and come into the city. The tradition was received by Mohammed and embodied in the Koran, and the cave is a place of pilgrimage with Moslems and Christians. The names of the seven sleepers, and also of the dog Ketmehr which slept with them, are revered throughout the East as of talismanic power. Not far from here tradition places the grave of St. John the Apostle.

Crete, now Candia, is one of the three great islands of the Mediterranean Sea, lying at nearly the same distance from each of the three quarters of the globe, but accounted a part of Europe, whose southern point it may be considered. It was celebrated from a very early period. Homer, in consequence of its large population, speaks of its hundred cities. A range of mountains stretching

east and west, and sending out spurs north and south, gives to the surface of the island an essentially hilly character, and determines its leading features of river, valley, and plain. The highest point, Mount Ida, famous in classic mythology, which in some parts is covered with perpetual snow, lies near the middle of the island, rising from its broadest part in the form of a cone. North-east from Ida, on the river Cairatos (hence Krete), lay Gnosso, the ancient city of Minos. Crete contained of old other distinguished towns. In Acts xxvii. 8, mention is made of Lasea, of which there is no other record. The same may be said of Phoenice



CRETE.

(12). Not far from Lasea was the port denominated "Fair Haven" (8), which is recognized in a bay still bearing a name of the same import.

Crete was in a special manner favoured by nature. These blessings were, however, abused; for the Cretans have come down to us with some discreditable epithets affixed on their character. From profane authorities we learn that the Cretans were accounted avaricious, luxurious, deceptive, and lying. Hence *to cretise* was used as signifying *to lie*. The facts throw light on the peculiar exhortations given of Paul to Titus in Crete, and particularly on the apostle's assertion, Titus i. 12.

Salamis is another of the storied "Isles of Greece," whose very name, with the adjacent Marathon, recalls heroic recollections—

“The mountains looked on Marathon,
And Marathon looked on the sea.”

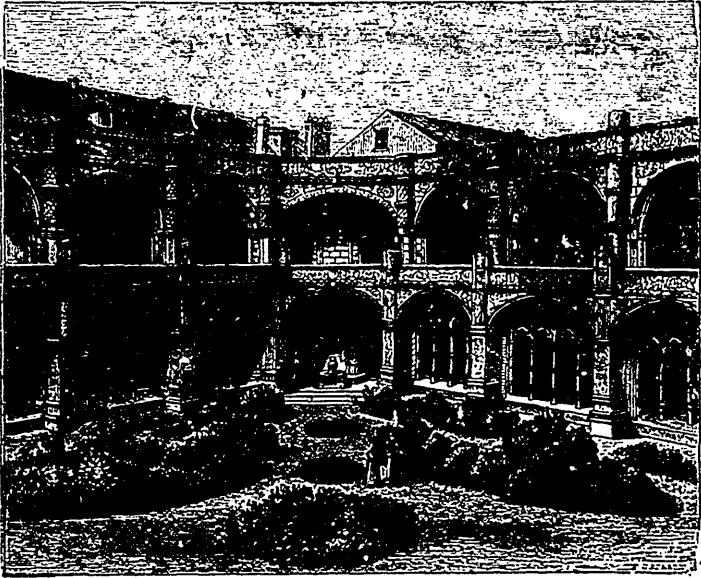
The little island is famous as the birthplace of Solon and Euripides, but most of all for the great naval victory gained by the

VALABIS.—ACTS XIII. 5.



Greeks, under Themistocles, over the fleet of Xerxes, twenty-three hundred years ago. The story still thrills our pulses like a clarion. To-day the golden sunshine falls, the sapphire seas expand, and the gentle waters of the placid bay reflect the shadows of the purple mountains and the lateen-sails of a fisherman's bark.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN SPAIN.



CLOISTER GARDENS.

"AFRICA begins with the Pyrenees," says a French proverb; and certainly in crossing that mountain barrier one seems to have entered another continent rather than another country. Everything has a strange, half-oriental look. The blazing summer sun, the broad and arid plains, the dried-up river-beds,* and sterile and verdureless mountains, have all a strikingly African appearance. Indeed, it has been said that geologically Spain is an extension of the Sahara. The hedges of cactus and prickly pears, narrow streets, and flat-roofed, windowless Moorish houses, heighten the illusion. In the country is heard the creaking of the Moorish water-wheel, and in the hotels servants are summoned, as in the tales of the Arabian Nights, by the clapping of hands.

Everywhere the traveller is struck by the contrast between the past and the present. Three hundred years ago the Spanish

* "What! has the river run away, too?" asked the French troops when they entered Madrid. "Pour it into the Manzanares, it has more need of it than I," said a Spanish youth, fainting at a bull-fight, in quaint parody on Sir Philip Sidney, when a cup of water was handed him.

monarchy was the most powerful in the world. The sun never set upon her dominions, and the eastern and western hemispheres poured their wealth into her lap. Now decay and desolation are everywhere apparent. We are confronted with the evidences of a glorious past and an ignoble present. What their ancestors built the degenerate descendants do not even keep in repair.

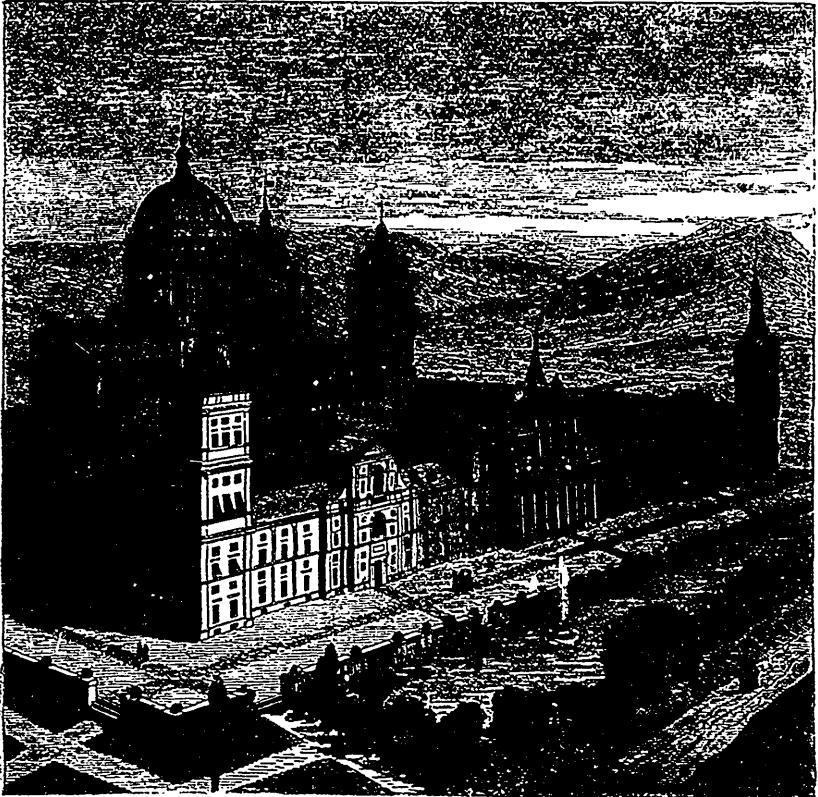
What is the secret of this national decay? "Only one reply," says an intelligent tourist, "is possible. The iniquitous Inquisition crushed out all freedom alike of thought and action. Jew, Moor, and Protestant were sentenced to the flames." Poverty, ignorance, and superstition are the present characteristics of the mass of the people.

Yet no one can travel through this now degraded land without stirrings of soul at its chivalric traditions and its famous history. For eight hundred years it fought the battles of Christendom against the Moor. The story of its knightly champion, the Cid Campeador, still stirs the pulses, and the tender Moorish lays of love suffuse the eyes with tears. The Moorish architecture, with its graceful arabesques, horse-shoe arches, and fretted vaults, finds its culmination in the fairy loveliness of the Alhambra, the most exquisite ruin in Europe. The wonderful development of Saracenic influence in Spain is one of the most striking events in history. When the rest of Europe was sunken in ignorance, fair and flourishing cities—Cordova, Granada, Seville, Segovia, Toledo—with their famous mosques, colleges, palaces, and castellated strongholds, attested the splendour of the brilliant but short-lived exotic Mohammedan civilization of the land.

The pride and dignity and punctilious etiquette of the Spaniard has passed into a proverb. Even the railway porters address each other as "Your distinguished excellency," "Your honourable highness." The gloomy bigotry which seemed incarnated in Philip II. appears to brood over society, and nowhere is the antipathy to Protestantism more intense than in Spain.

There are in Spain a great number of gypsies—that mysterious people whose origin and history are the standing puzzle of the ethnologist. They are the same clever, unscrupulous, thieving charlatans that they are elsewhere in Europe. George Borrow, the distinguished Bible Society agent in Spain, who shared for years the wandering life of the gypsies, has given an interesting account of their manners and customs. Many of their women, with their lithe figures, sloe-black eyes, and ivory-white teeth, are exceedingly beautiful.

"Some few miles away from Madrid and its gaities," writes Miss Annie E. Keeling, "there stands a gloomy, wonderful palace; not airily graceful and rich in fretted traceries and glowing mosaics, like the buildings in which the ancient Moorish masters of the realm delighted; but heavy, solid, frowning, like a monastery or a prison; imposing itself strongly on the land like a tyranny.



ESCÓRIAL.

This is the Escorial, built in gridiron-shape by Philip II. of Spain, in fulfilment of his vow to St. Lawrence, on whose day the battle of St. Quentin was won by Count Egmont for that most orthodox of all Catholic sovereigns.

"It is well that the favourite abode of a king unsurpassed among royal bigots for grim superstition should bear the name and the form of the instrument whereby a saint was tortured to death; for many were the saints of God who were sent by a rough and

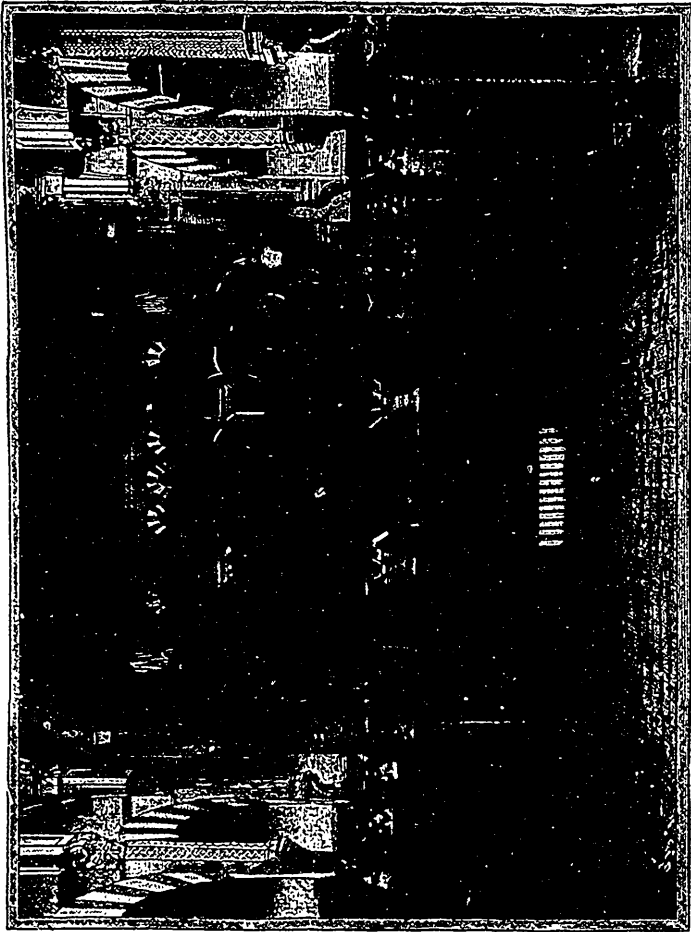
bloody road to heaven through the agency of Philip and his servants. Visitors whose curiosity leads them to inspect the Escorial, can find in it nothing of greater historic interest than a modest suite of rooms on the ground-floor, almost subterranean, in fact, and dimly lighted even at noon-day through their deep-set windows. This suite is composed of an ante-chamber, a cabinet, and a bedroom, the latter being so arranged that a person occupying a bed in it could look upon the altar in the adjacent chapel, and so participate in religious functions there proceeding. The antique furniture, costly but sombre and scanty, the writing-table in the cabinet, the devotional apparatus in the bedchamber, the very paintings on the wall, are such as they were well-nigh three hundred years ago. Some objects may have been removed, none have been added since, in the September of 1598, Philip, King of Spain, son and successor of the mighty emperor Charles V., having lived seventy-one years in this world and misgoverned many great, fair and rich dominions for forty-three of those years, died in these very rooms a death not like the death of other men.

“In the first days of his fatal sickness, Philip had caused himself to be transported to the Escorial; and there, in his favourite retirement, he lay for many a week, bearing horrible sufferings with unvarying gentleness and patience.

“For the conscience of this great persecutor was utterly at rest. During all his life he averred—during all those seventy-one years, so full of murders, treasons, falsehoods, private vice and public iniquity, to the eyes of his historians—King Philip had never wittingly done wrong to any one. If he had erred, if he had been betrayed into any one act of injustice, it was done ignorantly, through defect of judgment or of information. We cannot but stand appalled at the moral darkness revealed by this tremendous avowal, at the destructive influence exerted by a set of religious opinions which taught a sinful man to believe that those who resisted his authority incurred thereby a guilt so enormous that every form of injury—loss of means, of liberty, of life; cruel sufferings, unimaginable anguish—was but justice when employed against them, and could not be regarded as any wrong.

“Resting, then, on this conviction as on a couch of softest down, the King bore himself with marvellous sweetness and serenity toward all about him, and his fierce torments never wrung from him an impatient or angry word. Full time was granted him to meditate on his ways and prepare for the momentous change awaiting him. He employed it in a constant round of those ob-

servances which during all his life had replaced for him 'the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy.' He sent to Rome to obtain the Papal benediction; he made a detailed confession which lasted three-days, receiving thereafter the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and from time to time while his life lasted



INTERIOR OF MOSQUE AT CORDOVA.

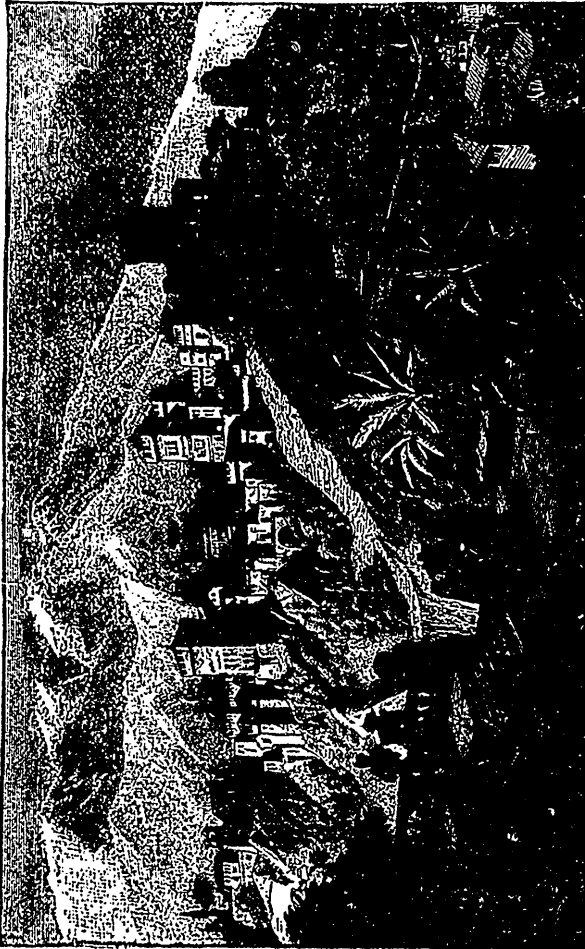
the rites were repeated, so that death should never overtake him while he was not 'fortified with all the rites of the Holy Church.' For the relics of saints this monarch had always a great devotion, and now comforted himself much with contemplating and handling these sacred objects, which he had been collecting diligently for years. Three fragments of bone, of peculiar sanctity, were

always kept in his sight on the altar, and he daily rubbed his sores with them, deeming them of higher healing efficacy than the most precious ointments. A human skull stood on a sideboard in his chamber, for a perpetual reminder of man's nothingness; to to make its mute teaching more impressive, the King bade that its fleshless temples should be encircled with a golden crown; and taking his own bodily humiliation for a text, he discoursed to his attendants and his heir on the transitory and frail tenure of worldly glory and bliss, and exhorted the prince who should reign after him to keep, *as he had done*, 'a conscience void of offence;' that he, too, might meet death with undismayed tranquillity. That he might more efficiently mortify his soul, the King busied himself in giving the minutest directions for his funeral, shrinking from no detail of that grim solemnity, inspecting the coffin prepared to hold his yet breathing body, and specifying with some anxiety what style of decoration should be employed for it, and what rich material should cover it as a pall. All these matters being settled, he turned with new earnestness to devotion; and being afresh strengthened by Holy Communion and Extreme Unction, he passed away, in amazing peace and composure of soul; his last action, while he remained conscious, having been to clasp and kiss the crucifix which had been held in the dying grasp of his imperial father.

"Were we ignorant of the previous tenor of King Philip the Second's life, did we but know him by the record, undoubtedly veracious, of his dying illness and last moments, we must judge of him as of the saintliest of Catholic men. In face of the portraiture which his own hand had drawn for us of his life-long conduct—for it is he himself who has written down Philip of Spain for the blackest of dissemblers and most ruthless of butchers, in the carefully-preserved State archives of his reign—we remain amazed and horror-struck at the judicial blindness which was the most terrible penalty of his heavy sins, and which held his dying eyes from seeing the handwriting of God's wrath against sin blazoned on his walls—in defeat, discomfiture, and ruinous calamity for the King—in almost unparalleled sufferings, inevitably avenging the sins of the man."

"If Cordova," writes Dr. Buckley, "were reduced to huts it would still command the respect, if not the reverence, of every intelligent member of the human race. It was founded two hundred and six years before Christ, and is the site of the first

Roman colony, then became the capital of 'ulterior Spain.' It was captured by the Goths in 572, and one hundred years afterwards by the Moors. The real glory of the city of Cordova is the cathedral, formerly a mosque. Probably it gives a better idea of



THE ALHAMBRA.

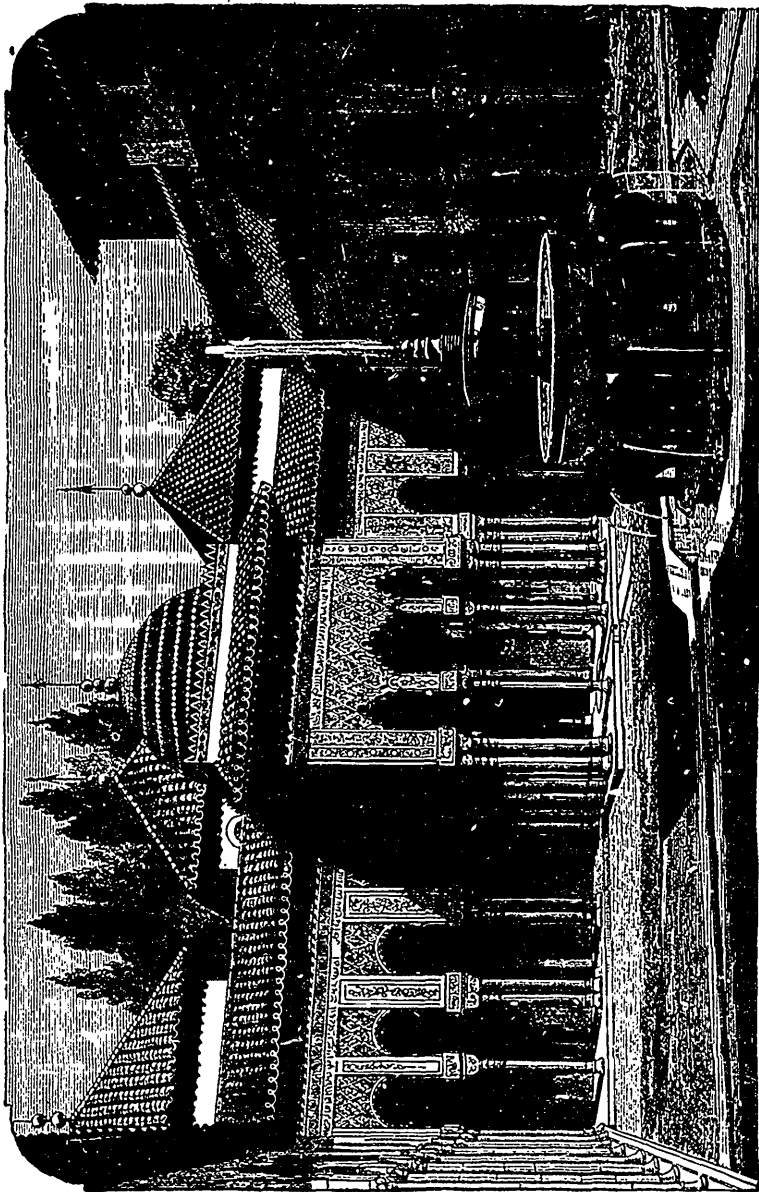
the grandeur of the ecclesiastical edifices erected by the Mohammedans than any other which can be seen in Europe. It was begun in 786, and finished in about ten years. It ranked among the Arabian mosques as third in sanctity. The entire area is six hundred and forty-two feet long by four hundred and sixty-two wide. On entering, the first impression is that of astonishment.

Twelve hundred pillars originally supported the roof, every one of a solid block of marble brought from various parts of the world—capitals and all, from different countries over which the Saracens had become rulers; some from Constantinople, Spain, France, and Carthage. Here can be seen every conceivable hue and kind of marble, and other suitable stones; pink and white marbles, dark brown, black streaked with white, pale yellow, jasper, blood red, green, and different colours of porphyry. About nine hundred and twenty columns still remain. The effect of the whole is unique. It has been well described as a roofed-in forest. In whichever direction one looks the rows are perfect. When the mosque was lighted on the great festivities, 10,805 lights were used. The mosque is almost as vast as the Escorial; but it is massive without being severe, original without monstrosity, elegant in its curves and profiles, and instead of making the impression of a huge stone quarry, slightly altered, it is obviously a happy combination of the gems of many a quarry.

“What must it have been when its roof was higher and glistening with gilding and vivid colours, and thousands of gold and silver lamps; when its walls were worked like lace, and looked like cashmere shawls illuminated from behind! And what must Cordova have been when it was the centre of riches and of the highest civilization of the age, with its vast university, its population of a million, its three hundred mosques, and nine hundred baths, and six hundred hotels!

“The Alhambra,” continues Dr. Buckley, “is not one building, but many. In the deepest valley or the most gloomy desert on the globe, it would intoxicate and enthral; but its situation increases its fascination immeasurably. I doubt if the earth can show a grander natural setting for a more astonishing human creation.

“In approaching Granada, for more than sixty miles the scenery becomes most grand. The Sierra Nevada mountains rise to the south-east, attaining a height of nearly twelve thousand feet, while other ranges bound the horizon in every direction. The city is built on several hills, spurs of the Sierra Nevada, at a height of more than two thousand feet above the sea-level. Beneath is a magnificent valley, continually watered by rain and streams from the Sierras, the summits of which are above the snow-line. The ascent from the bed of the river Darro to the Alhambra is a steep climb by coach of nearly half an hour. The prospect is enrapturing. The long line of the Sierras, ever visible



COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

except, when lost in the clouds; the valley smooth as a prairie, seventy miles in circumference, studded with 'villas and villages;' the river, like a thread of silver, winding through it, guarded, as Jerusalem, by the mountains that were round about it; and

Granada itself, with its picturesque white or gray stone houses, tile roofs, cathedral, churches, towers, private residences of varying height and forms. The Alhambra, both in what it is and in what it leaves for the imagination and requires of it, transcends not only the formulated expectations, but the vague, indefinable fancies of the mind.

"Its external and internal aspects present a complete contrast. The Moors never cared much for the exterior, made it as plain as possible, in everything differing from the Greeks and Romans; but the interior revealed, as with a sudden burst of sunrise, a profusion and wealth of decoration which would alike astonish and captivate.

"From our hotel, built against the wall of the Alhambra, we entered the enclosure through the most wondrous scenery. Deep ravines on either hand, their sides filled with elm trees a hundred feet in height (presented by the Duke of Wellington), growing there for three-quarters of a century, interspersed with cherry trees which almost overtop them in height. Here and there streams of water, pure and translucent as rock crystal, burst from the mountain-side. These trees are the habitation of countless nightingales, which, at the proper seasons, make the slopes vocal.

"We entered by the Porch of Justice. Over the door-way the name of the founder is inscribed, with this Mohammedan prayer: 'May the Almighty make this a protecting bulwark and write down its erection among the imperishable actions of the just.' Over the outer arch a hand is sculptured; over the inner a key. The legend says that the Moors boasted that this gate would never open to the Christians 'till the hand took the key.' But the hand never took the key, and the Christians entered nevertheless. Then we passed through the fountains, baths, the Hall of Ambassadors, and the courts. The supports in some of the rooms and concealed, 'so that the apparent supports, thin pillars and cashmere, perforated fabric which seemed fairy-work, appear incapable of sustaining the roof.' Divans, alcoves, courts of oranges, gardens filled with tropical vegetation, in the midst of the building, with inscriptions from the Koran, such as 'There is no conqueror but Allah,' everywhere, the whole culminating in the Court of Lions, with its one hundred and twenty-eight pillars of white marble, eleven feet high, supporting porticos on each side, transformed the Arabian Nights' entertainment into prose.

"The name *Alhambra* is mentioned for the first time after the Moors had been in power in Spain for one hundred and fifty

years. Its meaning was simply a 'Red Tower.' But no extraordinary edifice was erected until the time of Ibn-l-ahmar, in 1248. He enlarged the former edifices and erected an addition, which he intended should excel in grandeur the renowned palaces of Bagdad, Fez, and Damascus. His successors carried on the work, adding to the buildings, summoning the finest artists from all parts of the world, and giving them free access to his treasures.



LIONS' FOUNTAIN, ALHAMBRA.

"Here, then, we have the Alhambra, a fortress palace, in which an oriental monarch was to live, intended 'to awe the city below with the forbidding exterior of power, to keep out heat and enemies, foreign and domestic, and to keep in women.'

"The Alhambra is not one house, but many. Like the Kremlin, in Moscow, it is an enclosure, a half mile long and an eighth of a mile wide, but of irregular confines. The Alhambra, as the word is generally used, occupies a very small part of it. The hill is

surrounded by walls thirty feet high and six feet thick, but as it is on the hill-side these walls do not shut out the view from it. It is cut off from the mountain by an artificial ravine.

“Mr. Richard Ford, who lived for a year within the Alhambra, says: ‘To understand the Alhambra it must be visited often and alone; at night, when the moon floats above it in the air like its crescent symbol, the tender beam tips the filigree arches, a depth is given to the shadows and a misty, undefined magnitude to the salons beyond, * * * then, in proportion to the silence around, does the fancy and imagination become alive. The shadows of the cypresses on the walls assume the form of the dusky Moor as, dressed in his silken robes, he comes to lament over the profanation of the Infidel and the devourment by the destroyer.’”

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

THE quiet day in winter beauty closes,
 And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
 As if the blushes of our faded roses
 Came back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly,
 Dies the last gleam upon the lone hill-side,
 And in the stillness, growing deep and holy,
 Our Christmas guests come in the eventide.

They enter softly; some with baby faces,
 Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life:
 We bid them welcome to their vacant places;
 They won the peace and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,
 Their hands point backward to the paths they trod:
 Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
 And died upon the battle-field of God!

And some are here whose patient souls were riven
 By our hard words and looks of cold disdain:
 Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven,
 Ye come to visit our dark world again!

But One there is, more kind than any other,
 Whose presence fills the silent house with light,
 The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother:
 Come to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger
 Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest;
 O best beloved, come not as a stranger,
 But tarry, Lord, our Friend and Christmas guest.

WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., D.D.,

President of Toronto Conference.

II.

MR. GOODERHAM began to speak late in life, but he developed into one of the readiest and most effective speakers to be found among the laity of our churches. His services were in demand in all the churches. His addresses were plain, forcible, straight forward, direct, searching, sympathetic, and adapted to the heart-wants of the people. In the day of the Lord how many will own him as the instrument under God in leading them to Christ! Said a gentleman to a mutual friend, "Four years' ago I first met Mr. Gooderham. What he said then led me to immediate decision for Christ. Since that time I have never seen him on the street, or read his name in the newspaper, without its being an inspiration to me." He was instant in season and out of season; he pressed as much as possible into every day, adopting the watchword of the Saviour, "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work." The favourite text upon which he preached was: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." He felt like redeeming the closing years of his life and filling them brimful with service, because of his years of inactivity. It was like writing an epistle in which we commence with making the letters large and the lines wide, but as we proceed we find there is so much to say in the diminishing space that we crush the words and lines together as close as possible, to crowd in all that we desire to express. He had allowed so many years of his past life to go unimproved that he gave himself to untiring effort and "patient continuance in well-doing."

He took a broad and general interest in business matters, as well as in the things that accompany salvation. He was at the time of his death a Director in the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company, the British American Insurance Company, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Great North-Western Telegraph Company, and other business enterprises. He was "not slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." The conviction was upon him "I must work," and he never slackened until he dropped with the harness on.

He was rich, but as the Editor of *Saturday Night* has well put it, "he seemed to administer his estate as if it were the Lord's, and dying, left it to do the greatest possible good." The use of money is one of the surest tests of Christian character. Mr. Gooderham never clutched after money simply to hold it or to squander it on himself. He lived without ostentation and without covetousness, and used his wealth as a golden trowel by which to build up structures for the good of his fellows and for the honour of God.

He might have built up a colossal fortune, but he realized that he was a trustee for the Lord, and should use his abundance in ministering to the comfort of those around him. Few men were so ready to listen with open mind and generous spirit to the appeals of charity. We have no conception of the frequency and abundance of his bestowments for the causes of charity and the fairest enterprises of religion. There was a constant stream of applicants to his home, and he was ready with open ear and warm heart to listen to every appeal for money. He gave abundantly, variously, perpetually and unostentatiously of his means toward every good cause. Oh, if our rich men in all the churches were as ready to give in such proportion of their abundance as Mr. Gooderham was during his life, how many hundreds of places, now barren and desert for lack of Christian ministrations, would rejoice and blossom as the rose. His public benefactions are as monuments to his noble beneficence; but his private benefactions are only known in the hearts and homes where they are held in grateful remembrance. The remark of the afflicted Mrs. Yeomans, who had received much kind consideration from Mr. Gooderham, on hearing of his death, "I have lost one of my best friends," would also find a response in many a heart.

And what a noble will he left behind him! How generous, and what a grand reflex of his life! His property not used to aggrandize his family or to be applied to private interests and the gratification of luxurious tastes, but to irrigate the land with streams of blessing. Scarcely a charitable institution in the city was overlooked. His bequests to the cause of higher Christian education alone shows how deeply seated in his breast was his love and loyalty to Christ and His Church. It is no small thing to contribute to the establishment or endowment of an institution of learning that shall go on with ever-increasing usefulness, sending forth students whose earnest and consecrated lives shall ennoble every department of human activity and hasten the triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom. The founders of these great schools of sacred learning shall live in honoured memory as long as the

earth endures. It was fondly hoped that his decease, a removal which came upon us with a feeling of suddenness and surprise, would, in the providence of God, heal the great division and end the unseemly strife which has agitated the Church on the question of the federation of Victoria with our national University. But the fact that this munificent bequest is regarded as available either for Independence or for Federation, has revived the hope that a highly equipped denominational University can be established in Toronto. One thing is certain, the matter of location is settled, and henceforth the only question to be decided is, Federation or Independence in Toronto—which?

Knowing, as I do, Mr. Gooderham's views on this question, that an opportunity had come which would not soon come again, for us to take our share in the inheritance of a common University, and to help to give tone, influence and Christian impress to the future education of this land, and that this scheme served to reconcile the breadth and freedom of the State Institution with the moral safety of our young men and their loyalty to the Church, I am free to say that his wishes would be best carried out by putting Victoria College in the park and organizing a collective Methodist life about our national University.

There was another outstanding feature in the character of this great-hearted man, and that was his deep practical sympathy with the unfortunate and struggling, the laborious and suffering. It is one thing to give money, it is quite another thing to give time, thought and heart to the rude and ignorant; to be hands and feet to men, teaching them to work, lifting up before them a higher standard and a larger manhood, making their sufferings less painful and their poverty more hopeful. As an illustration of his work among the lapsed classes. He obtained from a friend \$5.00 for a suffering family, and then persuaded him to accompany him to their wretched abode. The filth, the air, the surroundings, were too much for the friend, and after they had talked and prayed with the household and found their way out of the stifling and unhealthy quarters, he said to Mr. Gooderham, "William, this is too bad, you will never catch me in such a place as that again. I do not mind giving \$5.00 when you want it for such purposes, but don't ask me to go along with you, and don't go yourself; you will contract some infectious disease; you are risking your life." What cared he so long as he could help his brother man. If the code of medical honour requires that at any risk a physician should use his skill in the service of those who are sick and send for him, is it any wonder that a true Christian should be ready to imperil life itself to lift up the fallen and ready to perish?

Only a few weeks before his death, when we were talking together in his beautiful home, glancing around, he said, "I have made up my mind to sell this place, I do not feel right in keeping up such an establishment when there is so much suffering and poverty around." I answered, "Mr. Gooderham, you will make a mistake. This house is not a bit too large for you nor too well furnished. It is consecrated by precious memories; you would not feel at home in any other house. How could you leave a room in which your precious wife was a sufferer for so many years and from which she went home to heaven. Besides," I said, "it is an open house; it is free to the poorest and humblest. Think how many servants of God you have cheered and strengthened by your hospitality here. Do not sell your home." The tears were in his eyes; we little thought that so soon the question would be decided for him by his removal to the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Royal home of a royal man! I never pass it without thinking how much food has gone out of this mansion for the sick; how much raiment for the naked; how much bounty for the widow, the orphans, the friendless, and those in circumstances of embarrassment. How open were its doors; how free as the air for his fellow-men to come in. As was said at the memorial service: "Let the world have ten thousand more such men and there would be less difficulty between the employer and the employee, less difficulty between capital and labour."

His departure was sudden; one touch of the Divine hand and "He was not, for God took him." He lived in constant preparedness for death. Beneath his well-girded working-dress he wore the well-guarded wedding-dress, and was ready to drop his work and meet his Lord. At the close of the day on which he died he was unusually weary, and said before leaving his home, "I am very tired, but will have an eternity to rest in by-and-by. Oh, won't it be grand when we all get home."

"It matters not at what hour of the day
The Christian falls asleep, Death cannot come
To him untimely, who is fit to die;
The less of this cold world the more of heaven."

He had not time even to utter a dying testimony: but, as Dr. Punshon said of another, "His life was his testimony." Character is of more consequence than speech. When Mr. Wesley was asked "If you knew you were going to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" He answered, "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this evening at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning.

After that I should ride to Tewkesbury, to preach in the afternoon, and meet the Societies in the evening. I should then repair to the house of friend Martin, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commit myself to my Heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory." This is the true ideal of a Christian life, because it makes living everything and dying comparatively nothing. Dying is easy enough; dying will take care of itself if we attend to the living.

There was an abruptness in the termination of his earthly career. The last stages of his life were the richest, the noblest, the best of all, and new possibilities of work and of usefulness seemed opening up before him. There are few deaths in which there is no feeling of something interrupted, something unfinished, something unfulfilled. But when a man of tender sympathies, true affections, lofty purposes and aims, full of noble philanthropy and a many-sided activity, who lives not for himself but for the good of others and in devotion to Christ; when such a man is suddenly cut off there is a sense of incompleteness, of something still to be done that can never more be done, a life that is not full-orbed and finished. Yet he has not left his work undone. The individual life at best is but the fragment of a larger whole, and has no completeness in itself. We spend our years gathering knowledge, and die just as we are prepared to live. We learn how to live nobler and better lives, and then pass on. Though, no doubt, it may not seem so to us, this life was rounded into completeness, and that in the Master's presence His servant can say, "I have finished the work Thou didst give me to do." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." They rest, but the works follow on. The good set in motion does not die when they die. Goodness perpetuates itself; there is something which appeals to the gratitude of men, their generous sentiments, all that is best in them. There is universal sympathy with men who seek the good of their fellows; their memories do not sink below the horizon out of sight; they exert a subtle invisible power which is ever working on for blessing. William Gooderham is not dead. His words, his thoughts, his deeds live on in the lives and character of those who knew him.

"Can that man be dead

Whose spirit-influence is felt upon

His kind? He lives in glory, and his speaking dust

Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

A pure, strong, steady light has been suddenly withdrawn, but

he has left behind him a track of glory along which others will follow, even as he followed Christ. His body has been laid away in the family vault, but there is built for him a mausoleum, not of fretted stone, but of living hearts—the hearts of the thousands and tens of thousands who knew and loved him. Farewell, dear and honoured friend. We shall not see thy strongly marked face nor hear thy well-known voice again—never again, till the eternal morning dawns, and we shall wake in the likeness of Him “who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God.”

The following beautiful poem is a fitting tribute of affection to this saintly man.

IN MEMORY OF MR. WM. GOODERHAM.

“Entered into Rest,” September 12, 1889.

At home! safe home! the angels wake the melody of heaven,
While to the blood-washed throng, another soul is given—

The gold harps ring
The angels sing,
They tell the same old story;
And welcome home,
No more to roam,
An heir of God and glory.

At home! safe home with her he loved—forever and forever,
They sit beneath the tree of life, they walk beside the river;

Oh! happy land,
Where God's own hand
Shall join our lives in one—
Where heart from heart
No more shall part,
And sorrow's days are done.

At home! safe home! not merely saved, but an abundant greeting,
With those he won for Jesus' crown, oh! what a joyful meeting—

A work well done
Souls nobly won,
And now he stands victorious
Before the throne,
“Saved” not “alone,”
His rest shall be all glorious.

Lord, give us help so now to work, that when our call shall come,
We may but lay our banner down and gladly enter home—

Henceforth each day
Along our way,
We'll serve Thee by Thy grace,
And others sing
To love our King
Till we see Him face to face.

—Katie A. Clarke.

CHRISTMAS.

BY THE REV. W. A. VROOMAN.

“This is the month and this the happy morn,
 Wherein the Son of heaven’s eternal King,
 Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring;
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.”

—*Milton.*

“It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth
 To touch their harps of gold;
 ‘Peace on earth, good will to men
 From heaven’s all-gracious King!’
 The earth in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.”

—*R. Sears.*

“MERRIE CHRISTMAS!” These words express the spirit of the season. They spring gaily from the lips of the millions of America, and floating across the oceans join the joyous exclamations of multitudes on every continent, till every breeze that blows bears upon its bosom the burden of a song—“Merrie Christmas!” Now, memories awake, in hearts grown old, of days long past, the days of happy childhood. Now, fall the tears of “Rachel weeping for her children,” for the angel of death has come and taken the darlings of the household to a fairer land; and the home is dreary on Christmas morning without their childish, gleeful prattle. Now, humanity puts forth its fairest flowers, and strives to realize in experience that, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” The merriment of the gift-laden children reminds us of the joy of the herald angels, and of the words, “of such is the kingdom of heaven.” The love, which shows itself in the good wishes and tokens of esteem, makes Christmas a prophecy of the golden age to come, when all men shall continually rejoice before the Lord, when sorrow and sighing shall flee away, when the desert shall blossom as the rose, and the wilderness and the solitary place shall be made glad; when no man shall say to his neighbours “Know ye the Lord,” for all shall know Him, and His great law of love shall be inscribed on all hearts and obeyed in all lives.

The celebration of Christmas festivities is not, as all know, of Bible origin. In fact, much uncertainty shrouds the days of their birth. But practically, we are little affected with question of their first institution; and when we learn that the first traces of them are found during the reign of that disgraceful tyrant, Commodus, in the latter part of the second century, we are satisfied that they are recommended by venerable antiquity.

Christmas is ostensibly the anniversary and celebration of the birth of Christ; and in it the secular and religious are strangely blended, the former usually quite eclipsing the latter. How often it seems as though the word "Santaclausmas" would be a more appropriate name! The mythical and mysterious donor of the good things of the season is often given more prominence than the historical Christ, whose birth is the real occasion of the festivities. Notwithstanding this tendency, how inspiring is the appearance of Christendom, in its pride of civilization and culture, standing in reverence before the cradle of the once despised Nazarene! The inner circle of worshippers is composed of humble shepherds from the plains of Bethlehem, and near them are bowing the wise men of the East, with the gifts of their wealth; around these are standing the twelve apostles, whose zeal was undiminished under the terrors of martyrdom. Each century is represented by a host of believers, who were rescued from the darkness of heathendom and the eternal misery of death. As the centuries increase the hosts are multiplied. Surely the little one has grown to be a thousand. On the outer margin of this vast conclave of souls, we of this generation stand as living witnesses of a living Lord, taken from every people and nation under the sun. We stand as millions of monuments of the grace of God, gazing in mute meditation upon the multitude before us, who prepared the world for our coming, mingling their blood with the blood of their Master, that we might be free from the thralldom of tyranny, ignorance, and sin.

It has been customary among nearly all nations to set apart certain days or seasons for special festivities and rejoicings in memory of some religious or secular events. Those most familiar to us are doubtless the Jewish festivals—the Sabbath, the Passover, the Pentecost, and the Feast of Tabernacles; of these, the Passover is in its meaning the most nearly allied to our Easter season, and the Feast of the Tabernacles reminds us somewhat of Christmas rejoicing.

The nature of religious rites and festivals of a nation may be taken here, broadly speaking, as the outward representation of the religious spirit pervading the nation. The gorgeous pageantry

of sensuous Oriental idolatry, and the exhibitions of physical and intellectual skill in the games of the West, alike stand strongly contrasted with the simple and homely celebration of the Christian Christmas. We see in the great annual Christian festival the reflection of the Gospel of peace with God and good-will to men; whilst in heathen festivals the vain strivings of man to satisfy the hunger of his religious nature with ceremonial magnificence are plainly manifested.

From among peoples brought up among the traditions and educated to enjoy the seductive pleasures and hilarious worship of paganism, and the almost equally gorgeous rites of Judaism, the first of Christian converts came forth, as champions of the simple, child-like, spiritual worship of God, whose character had been revealed in Jesus Christ. During the early ages of the Church, however, we find her more and more compromising with heathen formality in the introduction of many ceremonies into Christian worship which were of heathen origin. Thus, the Romans had a favourite annual festival called the *Saturnalia*, and this grotesque masquerade of society, in the face of the solemn anathemas of the Fathers and Councils, kept its place among the Christian masses. It was called in different places and at different times by various names, of which the commonest is—The Feast of Fools. The circumstances of its observance were almost infinitely varied, but it was everywhere marked by the same boisterous drollery and coarseness. The donkey played a frequent part in this pageant, and in every instance there was a greater or less attempt at dramatic representation, the theatre being usually the chief church of the city. A boy-bishop was elected with boy-abbots, boy-deacons, etc. He conducted service in the church, interspersing the liturgical acts with parodies and buffooneries of the coarsest description. It was not until the revival of pure religion at the time of the Reformation that these irreverent travesties were suppressed. This grotesque festival but illustrates the vast influence exerted over the Church by the traditions and festivals of heathen nations.

From the riotous revelry of the heathen festivals, the great Fathers of the Church sought to lead the people to a holy *spiritual* rejoicing at the seasons of the Christian festivals, and taught that the joy of these seasons should pervade the entire year. Chrysostom says:

“Our first feast is that of Christmas. What is the object of this feast? That God appeared on earth and walked with men. But this is for all times, for He said: ‘I am with you always, even to the end of the world.’ We can, therefore, celebrate Christmas at all times.”

Leo the Great, Bishop of Rome, in 440 A. D., spoke as follows at a Christmas festival :

“Our Saviour was born to-day that we might rejoice; for no mourning is admissible, when that life is born which destroys the fear of death and pours into our hearts the joy of a promised eternity. No one is excluded from participation in this joy; for our Lord, the destroyer of death and sin, when He found no one free from guilt, came to free all. Let the saint triumph, because he hastens to receive the crown of victory; let the sinner rejoice, because he is invited to the forgiveness of sins; let the heathen be awakened, because he is called to life.”

Augustine, at another Christmas festival, said :

“Rejoice, ye righteous, this is the birthday of the Justifier; rejoice, ye weak and sick, this is the birthday of the Saviour; rejoice, ye prisoners, this is the birthday of the Redeemer; rejoice, ye slaves, it is the birthday of the Lord; rejoice, ye freemen, it is the birthday of the Liberator; rejoice, all ye Christians, it is the birthday of Christ.”

There appears to be no reason for asserting that Christmas is a festival of heathen origin. It appears to be a spontaneous outgrowth of a desire among Christians to celebrate upon one day of each year the birth of their Redeemer. As the exact date of His birth was unknown, entire liberty of choice was given as to the day which should be dedicated for that purpose. The 25th day of December was chosen, and not casually or arbitrarily does the choice appear to have been made.

Among the causes which co-operated in securing this date, perhaps one of the most powerful was the fact that the winter solstice occurred about this time. Almost all nations regarded this period as the most sacred of the year. This time of the shortest day was often called the birthday of the sun, from which time he increased in power and brilliancy until the summer solstice was attained. It was the beginning of renewed life and activity in nature, and it is easy to see how the superstitious ignorance of the ancient peoples would look upon this change in the sun's apparent course with peculiar awe and veneration. At this season the Germans and Celts held their great Yule feast in commemoration of the fiery sun-wheel. The analogy which this “birthday of the sun” bore to the birthday of the “Sun of Righteousness” was evidently remarked by the early Christians. As the one marked the dawn of a new summer, with its blossoms and harvests, so the other marked the dawn of a new era in the spiritual history of men. From the shortest day the sun began to increase in power and brilliancy unto the perfect summer, and in this they saw an analogy to Christ, whose light in the world's darkness, from His

birth, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. This analogy and the already prevailing sanctity of the season exerted a strong influence in deciding the date of Christmas.

In addition to this, the Romans celebrated their great festival of the Saturnalia from the 17th to the 24th of December. Saturn, a mythical king of Italy, was regarded as the most ancient of the divinities, and his reign was considered the golden age of Italy. It was said that he introduced agriculture, civilization and morality among the barbarous tribes. In memory of this mythical golden age, the recollection of which lingers among all races of fallen man, the Romans held their great festival. It was a "harvest-home," after the fruits of the year had been gathered in and the populace was free to join in jocund ceremonies, merriment, and festivity. There was an intermixture of all ranks upon equal terms, and an interchange of presents among friends. All social distinctions, for one week, were broken down. The slave reclined on his master's seat and his master waited on him. The distance between freeman and slave was, for a brief interval, removed. Fun, joviality and good fellowship were supposed to reign during the week; and at the close was the children's festival, at which they received presents of little earthenware figures.

Here Christianity found a point of contact with what was noblest and best in heathen mythology. The golden age, the mild paternal reign of old Saturn, the spirit of thankfulness for the harvest, the breaking down of social distinctions, the general good-fellowship of the people, all combined to make the period of this festival a happy one for the transition from heathen to Christian rejoicing. These influences, probably concurring with others, led to the choice of our present Christmas season; and many of the customs of other festivals held at the same season, passed naturally and easily into the celebration of the Christians; of which might be enumerated the burning of lights, the giving of presents, the children's feast, and the burning of the Yule log; and the Christian world, recognizing their innocency, has never found reason for their exclusion.

Of all the celebrations of the world the anniversary of the birth of Christ should be the most joyous. For Him the centuries had been preparing, and while the religious spirit of man was weary in the search for Truth, men were universally looking for some mysterious event to occur, when the problems of human life and destiny would receive satisfactory solution. All religious systems which could be devised by human ingenuity and art had proved their inability to ameliorate the moral condition of the race. The world was standing giddy upon the brink, and ready

to reel into an unfathomable precipice of ruin. The nations were smitten by the blasting simoons of vice, and were perishing in their iniquities under the curse of God. Yet, the inextinguishable instincts of the human heart, which feels after God, even in the midst of universal pollution, uttered, in various forms, most pathetic prayers to the great Creator for salvation.

Canon Farrar says of this period :

“Gluttony, caprice, extravagance, ostentation, and impurity rioted in the heart of society, which knew of no other means by which to break the monotony of its weariness or alleviate the anguish of its despair. Speaking of this age, I need but make a passing allusion to its enormous wealth, its unbounded self-indulgence; its coarse and tasteless luxury; its greedy avarice; its sense of insecurity and terror; its apathy, debauchery, and cruelty; its hopeless fatalism; its unspeakable sadness and weariness; its strange extravagances both of infidelity and superstition.”

Amid the crumbling ruins of ancient mythologies, amid the widespread consternation and scepticism of a hopeless world, amid universal self-indulgence and unbridled licentiousness, there appeared at times a mighty yearning after God and a holier, happier manner of life.

“The desire for salvation had come out more distinct and purer from its various mythological evolutions, and the Greco-Ronian world had abundantly proved its own incapacity to satisfy that desire. Fallen man had never lost for a single day his sense of the need of pardon and reparation, as is shown by the multitude of sacrifices and the smoke of the holocausts rising to heaven on all sides, and uttering an inarticulate cry for mercy. This desire was, indeed, dim and undefined. Though it was present in all classes of society, it lay buried deep in the heart; and only the leaping sparks now and again betrayed the hidden fire. It was never fully realized until the religion of Christ had come; for great religious movements not only satisfy the cravings of which humanity is conscious, but make manifest to it its deeper needs. This explains the rapidity of the early conquests of Christianity in the pagan world. If it met with opposition no less strong and determined than the welcomes which it won, this was because the masses were too deeply corrupted not to hate the revealing light. This terrible corruption of the Greco-Roman world, at the time when the greatest revolution of history was about to be effected, is only another proof that the fulness of the time had come.”*

In response to the widespread desire and anticipations of heathendom, from the banks of the sacred Ganges to the waters of the mighty Atlantic; in response to the long-deferred Messianic hopes of Judaism; God sent, on that first Christmas morning, His only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believes on Him

* Pressensè, “Anc. World and Christ,” p. 455.

might not perish but have everlasting life. To the Babe of Bethlehem all ancient history converges, and from Him all modern history takes its organization and law. He, in the words of Richter, "with His pierced hand raised up empires from their foundations, turned the stream of history from its old channel, and still continues to rule and guide the ages." The blessings of the advent of the Lord are not confined to the spiritual and religious sphere, but overflow into all departments of human nature and activity.

Hence the singular mingling of the secular and religious in commemorating His birth. For what He has done to improve the temporal condition of our race, as well as for His revelation of God's character and law, and for His atonement for our sins, we, at this season, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"He set before the conscience an ideal so sublime, and yet so truly human, that it satisfied, and even surpassed, man's highest aspirations. His soul, like a pure mirror, reflected the image of God, as at once the High and Holy One and our heavenly Father. Nor did He only bring God near to man in this new and tender relation; He also reconciled man to God, making peace by the blood of His cross. Though He was put to death by the hands of men, who could not endure the presence of such awful holiness, yet He died for man, and saved him by His dying, offering to God, as man's representative, the true atoning sacrifice of love—the full, living surrender of heart and life and will, sealed by His blood. The Deliverer is at length come! He, for whom the old Chaldean was yearning, when with terror-stricken conscience, he used the incantation to his seven demons, and weeping for his sins, called upon a God whom he knew not. The Deliverer is come! whom Egypt dimly foresaw when she spoke in words which she understood not, of a God who was wounded in all the wounds of His creatures. The Deliverer is come! for whom the India of the Vedas panted when she lifted her eyes for a moment above her Pantheism by the intuition of a Holy God—One who could satisfy the burning thirst for pardon, which none of the springs of her own religion could avail to quench. The Deliverer is come! He who can have compassion on the sufferer and oppressed, without plunging Himself and the whole world into the Buddhist sea of annihilation. The Deliverer is come! He whom Greece had prefigured at Delphi and at Eleusis—the God who saves because He has suffered. The Deliverer is come! He who was foretold and foreshadowed by the holy religion of Judea; which was designed to free from every impure element, the universal aspiration of mankind. He has come to obey, to love, to die, and by dying to save."*

"Joy to the world, the Lord has come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing."

RAT PORTAGE, Ont.

* Pressensè, "Anc. World and Christ," p. 469.

ENVIRONMENT AND RELIGION.

BY THE REV. JOHN McLEAN, PH.D.

THE rapid extension of the kingdom of the Nazarene, its acceptance by some tribes of men and rejection by others, has caused students of missions to inquire concerning the causes of the different attitudes of races and communities toward the superior religion. At first sight it seems strange that one tribe should eagerly embrace the teachings of the Divine Book, and another, removed two hundred miles distant, should persistently refuse to accept the same truths. Yet there are causes which time, patience and devotion can overcome. It is a well recognized fact, that the physical features of a country wherein a race of people is located have much to do in developing the individual members, and the race as a whole. The people who dwell in a thickly wooded country differ from those who live on inland rivers. The stunted Eskimo and Lapp are not to be compared to the stalwart Indians of the plains. Geographical position and climate exert powerful influences in producing a progressive or retrogressive civilization. Tribes physically and intellectually well developed are not found in the remote places of the earth. War, famine, or crime has driven the cowardly, weak, or immoral to seek a shelter out of the reach of their enemies.

When comparing savage races and their characteristics, we are unable to push our study to its utmost conclusions from lack of data, as their history is unwritten, save in their languages and arts. Yet we can gather sufficient from their languages, mythology, traditions, native religions and arts, to give us true ideas as to the influences which geographical position and climate exert upon the minds of peoples in their relation to Christian missions. In the study of the Indian races of the American continent, a striking difference in development, physical, mental, and moral, and in their attitude toward Christianity in any form, when first presented to them, will be found between the Indians of the forest, the coast, the mountains, the prairie and the inland rivers.

The Blackfeet of the plains are tall, with well proportioned bodies, but their arms and limbs lack muscular strength, elasticity and form; the Mountain Stony is short of stature, lithe in form, and active in his movements, and the Chinook Indians, on the rivers, are short, stout, and heavy. The place of residence creates its own peculiar kind of labour, which acts upon the mental power of the individual, and upon his morality.

The study of a single nation will reveal the influence of environment upon labour, and the civilization resulting therefrom. The grandeur of the sea produced the adventurous Norse rovers, and the daring Venetians. The mountainous scenery of Switzerland, Wales and Scotland nursed a race of heroes and bards, and subsequently of eloquent preachers and people famed for their intelligence and thrift. The language and literature of a mountain people is grand and rugged, presenting a striking contrast to the mellow tones and gentle strains of the famous Troubadours of the sunny plains of Provence. Some countries are better adapted than others for developing a high state of mental activity. The resources of land and sea which bound the residence of a tribe determine the kinds of labour in which they shall engage. These necessarily act upon their intellectual development and morals. Labour requiring energy and daring will create corresponding mental excitement and moral courage; while idleness, or a desultory kind of toil, will beget debasing appetites, bestial thoughts, and a listlessness toward a spiritual life.

The Chinook Indians lived for a time in a wild section of country where their food was berries and grasshoppers pounded together, and their abject condition made them cowardly and sensual in the extreme. That kind of labour which necessitates the constant use of the reasoning faculties will prepare a tribe for thinking upon matters of religion. This may result in its acceptance or rejection, according to the ability of the religious messenger, or the motives which prompt the tribal leaders to admit the approach of the missionary.

The reception of Christianity by different Indian tribes will be seen to depend somewhat upon the influence of country and climate, as related to labour, mental activity, morals, and native religion, making all due allowance for the hindrances arising from inefficient religious teachers, and the advantages resulting from isolation and excellent food.

The Indian tribes of the Dominion may be conveniently divided into five classes, namely: Forest, Coast and Island, Mountain, Prairie, and Inland River Indians.

The Hurons and Iroquois, when first met by Jacques Cartier, dwelt in the beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence. Subsequently they went westward to the region of the lakes, and lived within the area embraced by Ontario and the western part of the State of New York. Though at that time separate tribes and allied races, they were bitter enemies, and for a long term of years waged deadly war against each other. Dwelling in palisaded towns, they still belonged to the class which I have named—Forest

Indians. The Iroquois were tall, proud, and energetic, fitly called by Parkman, "the Indian of Indians." Morgan, in his "League of the Iroquois," says of them: "They achieved for themselves a more remarkable civil organization, and acquired a higher degree of influence than any other race of Indian lineage, except those of Mexico and Peru. Under their federal system the Iroquois flourished in independence, and were capable of self-protection long after the New England and Virginian races had surrendered their jurisdictions and fallen into the condition of dependent nations; and they now stand forth upon the canvas of Indian history, prominent alike for the wisdom of their civil institutions, their sagacity in the administration of the league, and their courage in its defence."

The Hurons were a "patrician order of savages," fitful in temper, superstitious in religion, and terrible in war. The attitude of this "typical race of American aborigines" toward Christianity will present one phase of the subject under consideration. The Hurons were taught Roman Catholic Christianity by the Jesuit missionaries, under the guidance of Brebeuf and Lalemant, and the spiritual teachers laboured for a long time before there were any permanent results.

The influence of the French under Champlain, the missionary-soldier, on the side of the Hurons against the Iroquois, prepared the way for religious instruction. Success in war was of greater consequence to them than the religion of the pale-face, but if they could gain the former, they were willing to adopt the latter. The sensuousness of the native religion appealed to their minds with stronger force than the truths taught by the priests. They found nothing in the new religion to replace the "medicine" of the old. The wretchedness and poverty induced by frequent wars broke the power of the Hurons; and the missionaries, by nursing the sick, feeding the hungry, teaching incessantly by precept and example, at length won the affections of the people and gained adherents to the cross.

Isaac Jogues, the founder of the "Martyr's Mission" among the Iroquois, after many months of intense suffering, trod the way of the cross, and went home to God. As he entered the wigwam of an Iroquois chief, in obedience to a summons, the swift stroke of a tomahawk smote him to the ground, and his red-handed parishioners rejoiced in his death. The story of this pious Jesuit and his mission, as told in Withrow's "Adventures of Isaac Jogues," reads like a thrilling romance.

Not till war had weakened the Iroquois, and laid their hearts on the ground, did they accept the teachings of their spiritual

advisers. The strength of intellect that devised the wonderful political organization of this race should have caused them to examine the new religion for themselves, but there were reasons for postponing its acceptance. They were a race of warriors, who devoted all their energy to gaining a superiority over other tribes. They loved intensely their native religion, and the "medicine men" opposed the new religion, as they foresaw the loss of prestige and power. Bloody warfare does not prepare the hearts of men for spiritual meditation; and the history of the introduction of Christianity among the Huron-Iroquois by the Jesuits strongly enforces this truth.

The Coast and Island Indians, although addicted to many barbarous customs, are possessed of considerable power of intellect. Living near the sea, and constant adventurous toil to gain a livelihood, increase and sustain this mental power. Sir George Simpson wrote concerning the Indians of British Columbia, residing near Fort Simpson, that they were very clever and ingenious. They carved steamers, animals and many other objects very neatly in stone, wood and ivory, imitating, in short, everything that they saw, either in reality or in drawings. One man had prepared very accurate charts of most parts of the adjacent shores.

Large quantities of salmon are caught by the coast tribes, and were they to engage in this kind of work in order to get sufficient for food only, there would follow periods of idleness and mental inertia. They have, however, sought other kinds of labour, making oil from the oolachan and dogfish, and working in saw-mills and canneries. When the natives first came in contact with the teachers of Christianity, their wars, prevailing superstitious practices, and opposition from the "medicine-men," presented a strong obstacle to the new doctrines. The missionaries employed the Chinook jargon for a time, only to discard it as useless for the purpose of teaching religious truth. Assiduously studying the native languages, they preached, worked and lived heroically, and the artistic natives gradually pondered over, and finally accepted, the Gospel. The different denominations engaged in Christianizing the natives of British Columbia have been eminently successful in their labours. Whilst not detracting in the least from the honours due these earnest and worthy teachers of the faith, their success, in part, follows from the influence of country and climate.

The Mountain Tribes introduce to us a people with environment and mode of life entirely different from those that have been mentioned. Feelings of reverence and awe take possession of the

soul when contemplating the eternal hills of God. The grandeur of the hills, however, implies hard toil for the Indian. Hunting on foot, climbing the slippery slopes, is excellent exercise, inducing good digestion, sound health, clear intellect, strength of limb, cheerfulness of spirit, and courage. Surely there should follow religious thoughts—reverence for the Supreme, dread of evil, and a prayerful disposition. The Mountain Stonies are a hardy race. They listened reverently to the story of the Cross as told them by Rundle, Woolsey and the McDougalls. The truth has found good soil, and the harvest is abundant.

The Prairie Tribes are the Goths and Huns of the New World. The introduction of the horse to the new continent by the Spanish conquerors, and the later reception of firearms by the Indians, have changed the life and labour of the natives of the plains. Expansion of intellect and sterling independence, closely allied to a lordly haughtiness, are begotten by a life on the broad prairies of the South and West. The excitement of the chase and continual warfare nourished the pride of these people, and made them feel that in everything, even in religion, they were superior to all other peoples. With the simplicity of children, curiosity and a love of novelty caused them to listen attentively to the teachings of the Bible. When they heard of salvation they were eager to embrace everything included in the new religion; but they would not give up their practice of polygamy, their sun-dances, religious and social festivals, and their martial raids upon their foes. They expected that by submitting to the rites of religion, some mysterious influence would be imparted to them whereby they would become superior to all the other tribes. But the tree of knowledge yielded evil only. There came not the fulfilment of their expectations, and they were disappointed. The advent of the white man brought disease and death. The native prophets of the plains said the Great Spirit was angry, and was punishing them for allowing the white men to enter their country, and for listening to the white praying men.

Drs. Riggs and Williamson, of the Dakota Mission, with the brothers Pond, toiled earnestly for years, seeing little fruit and enduring many hardships at the hands of the Sioux. After twenty-five years of labour, there came the Minnesota massacre, when the mission was destroyed. But in the prison the Sioux began to see that their medicine-men and their religion had failed, and they sought help in Christianity. Three hundred were baptized in one day.

The Prairie Tribes lived by hunting the buffalo, and so great were the numbers of these that in a few days enough meat

could be procured for making pemmican that would last for months.

After the excitement of the chase, there was feasting, revelry and idleness, and wars with the neighbouring tribes. Camp-life was then debasing to the intellect and morals. What has been the attitude of the other Plain Indians besides the Sioux? The Plain Crees have been harder to reach in religious matters than the same people included in forest tribes; these are the Swampy Crees. The Blackfeet, Bloods and Piegans have had Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries for nearly a decade, and still there is not a single conversion. What are the causes of this? Country, climate, modes of life and labour, proximity of white population, missionary sectarianism, and tribal relationship. The Indians expected physical benefits from religion, and their expectations were not met. The whiskey trader preceded the missionary, and the people were debased in mind and morals, while they were fast going to destruction physically. Disease, immorality, the departure of the buffalo, and consequent change of labour from hunters to agriculturists; the opposition of the medicine-men, the influence of tribal relationship, by means of which a leading chief can control the confederacy in favour of the native religion, are some of the influences that have thus far hindered the progress of Christianity among the people. But the day is coming when they shall follow the other tribes in accepting the truth, and become disciples of the Master of Life.

The Inland River Indians are the lowest in the scale of civilization, that is, in comparing the tribes in their native state, before the influences of the white population have reached them. The Chinook Indians, a tribe of the Flathead confederacy, may be regarded as representative of this class. A distinction must be made in this classification on the scale of civilization between the Chinooks whom I include under coast tribes, and those of the inland rivers. It is not an ethnological division, but nevertheless, in the study of the Indians, is an important one. The Chinook Indians on the Columbia may be regarded as the most uncouth and lazy, in their native state, of all the Indian tribes, if we except the Digger Indians of California.

The country in which these people lived, when Paul Kane visited them, was almost destitute of furs. Fish were easily caught; and although they were expert in the management of their boats, and could ride safely over the boisterous waves, their mode of labour induced laziness, and exerted a stunting influence upon their intellects. They were deficient in decorative ability, and showed little taste in the arrangement of their dress, or in

ornamenting the implements of peace and war. The tribes of the interior of British Columbia and Washington Territory were in a similar state. Missions were established among the inland river tribes, and success has followed the labour of faithful men. When they receive the Gospel there is imparted an incentive to toil, desire for improvement, domestic and social, and a love for justice and truth.

The Gospel was preached to the Indians on the Fraser river, and in a short time many were converted. The Indians have become missionaries to other tribes. In the vast territory of Alaska, converted Indians were the pioneers of Christianity; and now many Alaskans are rejoicing in the presence of churches, schools, missionaries, and teachers.

Studying the tribes as a whole, making all due allowances for exceptions as to persons and individual tribes, and for all the influences which affect them before and during the time Christian agencies are brought to bear upon them, the following, according to my judgment, as affected by the study of the history of American Indian missions, is the order in which they will receive the Gospel: 1. The artistic tribes residing on the coasts. 2. The mountain tribes. 3. The inland river tribes. 4. The forest tribes. 5. The prairie tribes.

The Divine Spirit does not, however, act according to any set rules, and there are individuals and tribes that have been reached despite the influences of country and climate.

HYMN OF THE NATIVITY.

Dost Thou in a manger lie,
 Who hast all created,
 Stretching infant hands on high,
 Saviour long awaited!
 If a monarch, where Thy state?
 Where Thy court on Thee to wait?
 Royal purple where?
 Here no regal pomp to see,
 Nought but need and penury;
 Why thus cradled here?
 "Pitying love for fallen man
 Brought Me thus down low,
 For a race deep lost in sin,
 Rushing into woe.
 By this lowly birth of Mine,

Countless riches shall be thine,
 Matchless gifts and free;
 Willingly this yoke I take,
 And this sacrifice I make,
 Heaping joys for thee."

Fervent praise would I to Thee
 Evermore be raising;
 For Thy wondrous love to me
 Praising, praising, praising.
 Glory, glory be forever
 Unto that most bounteous Giver,
 And that loving Lord!
 Better witness to Thy worth,
 Purer praise than ours on earth,
 Angels' songs afford.

A NOBLE REVENGE.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY JOHN COLWELL.

I.—A CHRISTMAS BOX.

“Thou art born wealthy, but who knows whether thou wilt live worthy.”
—OLD AUTHOR.

“A FINE mornin’, Master Catchpole.”

“Yes, but bein’ as I didn’t say it, were *not* a fine mornin’, an’ as furdernore everybody can see as it *is* a fine mornin’, that obserwation is a *leetle* out o’ place, Master Timothy.”

“Well, well,” replied friend Timothy, “never mind the obserwation, ‘e don’t matter much any way; the mornin’s right, Master Catchpole, an’ so will you be ef you’ll just take a pinch o’ my new mixture.”

“Now, thur you be agen, Master Timothy, allus pullin’ out that snuff-box an’ thinkin’ as *that* ‘ll cure all the ills as flesh is ‘eir to, as wise old Solomon do put it in one o’ his proverbs. What do make folk take to snuffin’ *I* can’t think. I’d snuff ‘em out, *that* I would.”

But Master Timothy waited, well knowing that, notwithstanding his talk, old Master Catchpole was quite as fond of a “good mixture” as he was of the use of italics or of the Proverbs of Solomon.

“Well, just to oblige *you*,” Catchpole said at length, “I’ll take *one* pinch,” at the same time helping himself to nearly all that the little box contained. This, however, sufficed to put him into tolerable humour, and he forthwith proceeded to be agreeable.

“What *I* do allus say,” he remarked, “is that *men* should be good tempered. Ef they can’t be, let ‘em bide at home, an’ not go pokin’ their ill ways upon *other* folk. *Women*—well, o’ course you can’t expect much good temper from them; they be fearfully and wonderfully made, as Solomon said, an’ by *all* account ‘e knowd a good deal about ‘em, yes ‘e did.”

“Talkin’ o’ women,” broke in Master Timothy, “the Squire’s wife ‘ll be in a fine state o’ pleasure this mornin’, an’ this bein’ Christmas mornin’, too, of all others.”

“An’ *why* should the Squire’s wife be specially ‘appy o’ *this* mornin’?” inquired Master Catchpole.

“Ain’t you ‘eard the news, then?” was the astonished reply.

“Now, Master Timothy, you *do* vex me. If you’d read the Proverbs, oh, if you only would, you’d have more *sense*. Don’t it say thur plain enough, ‘never beat about the bush?’ If you got any news why don’t you *tell* ‘em?”

"So I will, Master Catchpole, an' so I would have done long ago, only I thought you know'd 'em. I quite think, as you do, that men ought to be good-tempered, specially when they do 'ear as the old Squire 'ave got a son an' 'eir. That's the brave news. The very bells do seem to know it. 'Ark at 'em."

"An' for *which* partikler reason shud *they* be such very good news, eh, Master Timothy? The Squire ain't as young as 'e was, 'e ain't as rich as 'is father was, an' if the boy turns out a bad 'un, what then? 'It 'll be great pain and small gains,' as Solomon do say."

"I don't know aught about that," replied Timothy. "But whatever you do say, I know as it's a proper, an' I might say even a Christian thing to be pleasant with folk, an' as the old Squire 'll rejoice to-day specially as the young Squire 'ave come into the world of a Christmas mornin', I rejoices with 'im. Besides which, Master Catchpole, I'm invited to go up to the 'All to-night, an' I'm sent invite you, an' the whole villiage 'll be there, an' there 'll be bonny times, I warrant you."

"Well, I'll be thur," grunted old Catchpole. "I mean the folks up there no 'arm, although I will say that in *my* opinion its a' ill wind that have blown the young Squire *this* road; but then, again, it's an ill wind that blows luck to *nobody*, as we do read in the Proverbs."

Such was the discourse that passed between Master Elijah Catchpole, cordwainer (shoemaker), and Master Timothy Hardiron, blacksmith, of the village of Little Bubbleton, in the county of Faircester, on Christmas-day in the morning in the year of our Lord 1820.

As the reader will have gathered already, a wonderful event had taken place that morning—nothing other, nothing less than the birth of a son, which proved to be the only one ever born to Squire Hardnut, of Beechwoods Park, Little Bubbleton, aforesaid.

Beechwoods Park was grandly situated. The park itself was very extensive, having been enclosed and laid out when land was of less consequence in this snug little island than it is to-day. Amid its glades one might have walked for miles in an almost straight line, and have obtained widely different views of the surrounding country from the many openings of its stately timber. In this delicious spot the Hardnuts had nestled for many generations, and, being blessed with good constitutions and good opinions of themselves, had managed to enjoy the things that be. But human hearts were frail even in Eden, and the earthly paradise in which they dwelt did not save the Hardnuts from the perils and disasters of life. Possibly, if they had taken the good advice of old Master Catchpole, and have read the Proverbs of Solomon, certainly had they both read and heeded them, "their earthly path might have been peaceabler." But every now and again in the course of their generations human ill broke out stiff and strong, and some Hardnut appeared who wasted his substance in riotous living. Thus the fair patrimony was curtailed, and the

Beechwood of to-day is but a poor representative of that which extended its ample shade abroad two hundred years ago. The present Squire is, however, one of the best of his kin. Religious, in any true sense, he does not profess to be, but frugal, careful of his estate, and hospitable he certainly is. He drinks and hunts as his forefathers have since Doomsday, and as his descendants will probably do the day of doom. Quite late in life he married, to-day his only son is born, and this jubilant Christmas morning the little church tower rocks with the music that peals forth the news to all the country-side. In the after-part of the day the village folk are feasted in the Hall; good cheer and good wishes pass around, song and mirth jostle each other, and rejoicing abounds; while the stars from the midnight heaven look down upon it all—as they did upon that other birth which gave us Christmas so long ago.

II.—SUNSHINE IN SHADOW.

“Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.”—
THE PSALMIST.

On the northern side of the Beechwoods Park, right against the park wall, there dwelt a young and sorrowful widow. Only a few months before, she was led to the altar by one whose absence she now mourned, she the belle of the village and he its manliest youth. Their wedded happiness was alas! speedily broken. But a few weeks after the marriage the young husband started one early morn, almost as early as the lark, and well-nigh as blithe and gay, to his accustomed toil. Throughout the day he sturdily plied his axe upon the “monarchs of the shade,” but the last that fell, by some untoward accident, crushed to death the young woodman. His comrades lifted the bleeding form, hastily carried it to the cottage in the dell, but as they crossed the threshold the spirit passed to its final home, and bright young Edward Barton ceased to live. Over all the weary wailings and stony griefs that now befel the young widow we draw a veil. Time, little by little, soothed her bruised heart, and, led by his hand, she has reached this Christmas-day. No sounds of mirth come from the humble cottage, and yet the very same event has happened there as that which stirs the Hall so famously—namely, the birth of a son. Leaving the sharp, crisp atmosphere of the early morning, let us enter the cottage. It presents a charming picture of neatness and humble simplicity. The furniture is scant but clean, and every part of the little dwelling bears witness to the “busy housewife’s daily care.” The mother and the babe are in the upper room, while two ancient dames—who are doctor and nurse between them—sit croning over the “wee bit fire” in the room below.

“I met old Elijah Catchpole as I came up,” said Dame Jones, “and he tells me that the Squire’s lady have made him a present

of a fine son this morning. Eh me! what a pity this 'un didn't go thur, too. One more would make no difference to rich people like they, and what poor Maggie is to do with it heaven only knows. My old Missis used to say 'when God sends mouths He do send meat.' Well, p'raps so, but it often seems to me that the meat, at any rate, gits wrong in the carriage, and so all the meat goes one road and all the mouths another."

"Why," replied Dame Shaw, rather slyly, "how strange a thing it is that you should have met old Catchpole this mornin'. I do believe you never goes out without meetin' him. Old as you both be, you'll meet at the church door some fine mornin', I shouldn't wonder. But I don't agree with you about this bairn. I think it's a good thing it is come this road. If you'd seen poor Maggie's eyes as she looked upon his bright little face! 'Edward over again,' she said. 'I'll try to make thee as brave and strong as thy good father was before thee,' she went on. She's got something to live for now, and we shall be seein' the smile come back to her bonny face once more, I reckon. Why shouldn't it? Her boy will never be a squire, but he may very easy be a deal better nor some squires is, and he'll grow up to love his mother and to work for her, and to marry some merry lass——." But there Dame Shaw stopped short, and a cloud came over her face. She had her own private griefs, as most of us have, and one of these had suddenly given her a twinge which brought her talk to an unexpected close.

In the meantime the babe nestled in its mother's bosom and slept, not so luxuriantly, but with quite as much health and comfort, thank God, as did the better born child that lay in the great room at the Hall.

The two little wayfarers thus started on the uncertain road of life on Christmas morning in the year of our Lord 1820 did well. Master Hardnut struggled through infancy in spite of many nurses and cordials, and Master Barton in spite of much pinching and poverty, for both were desperately determined to live. So soon as they were old enough to escape the vigilance of nurse and mother, in that delightful interim between the cradle and the school, they often played together. Gradually, however, as education began to lead the rich man's son farther away from his companions, and as the social chasm began to yawn between them, they separated. Such was the case with young Hardnut and the widow's son, and when they had reached their eighteenth year an event happened which not only drove them asunder, but filled the breast of one with a sense of wrong and hatred toward the other.

In the year 1838 an election contest that will never be forgotten took place in the eastern division of the county of Faircester. For a fortnight, at least, Little Bubbleton was fairly alive. The "Bull" and the "Bear" kept open house at Squire Hardnut's expense; a public meeting was held every other night, at which gentlemen who could not make speeches haw-hawed and a hummed and ——. But why try to describe the indescribable?

An election in a country-side fifty years ago was confusion itself; and thus was it in Little Bubbleton. Only Master Catchpole held his own. His serenity was undisturbed, his great nature alone was calm, while all else was turmoil.

"You'll vote for the Honourable Reginald Finewater, will you not, *Mister* Catchpole?" sweetly asked Squire Hardnut.

"Not if I *knows* it," replied Master Catchpole. "I be not like poor Timothy Hardiron, an' yet I *be* like 'im, Squire. To spake in order, I *be* like 'im because I've a got four good argyments why I should vote, but I be *not* like 'im because my argyments be different to 'is, and leads to a different conclusion. 'Is argyments be, first, a wife an' five children—six argyments in one; secondly, three parts of the work 'e does comes from Squire Hardnut; thirdly, 'is 'ouse belongs to the 'Onable Reginald 'issel^f; fourthly, if 'e *don't* vote for Reginald 'e'll have to starve—from all which 'e do conclude—as the pason do say—that 'e *must* vote for the 'Onable Reginald, an' 'e *do* vote for 'im accordingly. *My* argyments, be—firstly, I got no family but myself an' the cat; secondly, my father bein' born before me, left me my cot and half-a-crown a-week; thirdly, I do cobble the shoes o' the entire parish, an' thur's a lot on 'em wunt ax Squire nor Reginald whether I *must* cobble 'em; and, fourthly, that bein' so, I can please myself. Now, Squire, I do read the Proverbs o' Solomon, an' thur I do find it said, 'When a man can do as he likes let 'im do as 'e ought.' A gold proverb, that, Squire. That bein' so, I votes *against* 'Onable Reginald, strait and clur."

And he did.

Now, the misfortune of Widow Barton was, not that she had a vote and gave it wrongly, but that she had no vote at all to give, for when the Honourable Reginald found himself shut out of the House of Commons because five men, who, had they been sensible, would have voted for him, were so foolish as to vote against him, and so place him ten votes below his opponent, he looked about him. One result of which was that he addressed his landed supporters on the sin and folly of allowing widows to live in houses which would give votes to occupiers were those occupiers men. Squire Hardnut heard the address with tingling ears, for had he not—political sinner that he was—allowed three widows to live in houses upon his own estate, thereby contributing the lion's share to the defeat of the Honourable Reginald? But he repented, and his repentance was practical. Widow Hardnut received notice to quit. The Squire took it himself, softened it down as he best could, folded half-a-crown in the notice paper, and with many sincere regrets told the sorrowful woman that nothing but "grave reasons of State" would cause him to act thus. Though silenced, Widow Barton was still saddened, and unfolded her news, with many a sad foreboding, to her son, upon his return home. The effect upon him was bad. He had had many a chat lately with old Master Catchpole, from whom he had heard many things fit to turn older heads than his, and here, to give them point, was a

deliberate act of oppression done upon that most defenceless of creatures—a widow—and that widow his own mother. Whatever there was of the "Village Hampden" in the breast of young Edward was now on fire, and he was from that day an enemy of the House of Hardnut. When there is enmity within us, alas! how frequently does the arch-fiend give us means and opportunities of indulging it!

It chanced a few evenings after widow Barton had received her notice, that as Edward was walking gloomily to the house he must soon leave, a rabbit struck across the path and made for the opposite cover. Its retreat, however, seemed barred, and with timid steps it ran first this way and then that, while Edward watched its movements. Moved by a sudden impulse—for respect for the game laws was strong within him—he forgot himself, raised a stone, took unerring aim, and the rabbit fell. He lifted it in his hand to see that it was but stunned, and nursed the pretty little creature until its life returned. Then taking it in his arms, he proceeded on his way. Scarcely had he started when he heard steps before him, and a moment afterwards the young Squire came into view, with his gun upon his shoulder. The situation was naturally recognized in a moment, and in a way boded ill for both.

"We have had many poachers here lately," said the young Squire to himself, "but little did we think they were of our own people. This must be stopped. Besides, this young upstart keeps the company of old Catchpole, and now I have a chance of putting him down."

"Here," said Edward to himself, "is the son of the man who has oppressed my mother, and who, in his turn, will oppress me. Came over with the Conqueror, did they? But, as Elijah says, the Conqueror was only a thief that succeeded, instead of being caught, as some less lucky thieves are. I hate the young stuck-up!"

The young Squire was the first to break the silence.

"Put down that rabbit."

"No, not for you nor anybody belongin' to you, if you tell me a thousand times, an' then shoot me with your fine gun at the end of it all," was the reply.

"Now," said the young Squire, "we used to play together, and I don't want to be too hard upon you. If the animal was dead, I might have thought you had picked it up, and I would have said nothing; but it is alive, which shows that you caught it of set purpose, and that you are a poacher. Put it down, and I will not tell my father."

"I care as little for your father as I do for you," was the response. "Your father is a robber of the widow, an' you will make a good second to 'im, for you want to rob the widow's son."

"There is no use in wasting words," answered the youth, "if you won't put it down I'll make you."

But in his wrath he was true to the instincts of an English gen-

tleman. He would take no unfair advantage. He laid aside his gun, took off his shot-pouch and his game-bag, stripped himself of his coat, and made ready on equal terms with his antagonist.

But if the spirit of an English gentleman was in the young Squire, the spirit of an English yeoman was in the young woodman; they were both sons of the same tough, much-enduring stock, their forefathers had fought side by side upon many a well-won field, and it would have been dreadful to men of hotter blood to watch the cool preparations they made for the impending conflict.

"I'll tie the rabbit up in my smock," said Edward, "till we've settled who is to 'ave 'im."

And then they fought. Evenly matched they were. The young Squire had been trained "in the noble art of self-defence," as was then the custom, and his little science now stood him in good stead. But he had unhappily become a drinker already, and his flushed face and beclouded vision more than counter-balanced his skill. Edward, on the other hand, had no advantage save those which sprung from a hardy nature and a burning sense of wrong. So, through the deeping twilight and amid the shadows of the ancient woods, they fought on.

"Oh, the combat, long and fearful !
Oh, the strife, so blood and tearful !
Oh, the agony and anguish
Borne through all the lonely places ;
Where they fought with flashing faces
For the mastery and possession !"

But let us veil the scene, it has no attraction for us. Suffice it to say that after an hour's fierce struggle the young Squire fell heavily, his head striking a fallen tree, and lay senseless upon the ground. When Edward stood still and gazed upon the prostrate form of his old playmate he felt unutterable things. Passion fled, and remorse now occupied her seat. What a sight! The moon was just rising and as she sent her slanting beams through the timber—

"One ray of moonlight falling,
Through the outer gloom appalling,
Crept upon the young man's forehead,
Glittering like a coat of mail,
On his cheeks and closed eyelids.
On his lips so lovely pale."

Edward stooped over him, called him by the names of childhood, bathed his temples with water from the brook, and when signs of returning consciousness drew near, laid his head gently down, stole silently away, and gat him up and fled.

The Squire's son was soon afterwards found by his father's gamekeepers, and led home but little worse for the events of the hour.

CHAPTER III.—MISSING.

“O my heart is sick a-wishing and waiting :
 The lad took up his knapsack, he went, he went his way ;
 And I looked on for his coming, as a prisoner through the grating
 Looks and longs, and longs and wishes, for its opening day.”

—JEAN INGELOW.

“Whereupon, O King, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.”—
 THE APOSTLE PAUL.

Pride, passion, and remorse played sad havoc with young Barton, as he fled from the scene of his evening's exploit. A sense of wrong and oppression also lay upon him, a feeling that things around him were not as they should be, and that he could do nothing to right them; in a word, he was not in his best or happiest place. Add to this the wonderful stories that Catchpole had told him of the lands beyond the sea, and the fact that after what had just occurred he hardly dare remain in his native village, and we shall not wonder that, ere he reached his mother's door, his resolve was finally taken to quit his native land at once and forever.

Gathering his little wardrobe together in one small bundle, he bade his mother a hurried farewell, promised to help regularly in her support and to write her often, and turned his back on the home of his youth—as he firmly believed—once and for all. Many a fond look did he throw toward the little cot as it lay bathed in the moonlight, and sadly enough did the trees whisper to him as they moaned above him in the night breeze, but he halted not until he found himself before the door of Master Catchpole, in the midst of the village. With a timid knock Edward entered the old man's abode. He found him still at his work, “cobbling the shoes of the parish.” A very brief story had Edward to tell, and it was soon told.

“Now,” said the old man at the close, “two things I'll do, Master Ned, for 'e. First, I'll *look* after your mother as you do ax me. I'm not old, my lad, yet. Livin' here all alone so long do make folks think I be, but I'm not yet sixty. Your mother's the only 'oman that ever made me think I should like to change my lot, an'—, but thur, let that a be. I'll look after her 'owsomdever, if she'll let me. Then, secondly, my lad, there's yourself. Now, I have a got a few suvrins by me, an' you must take some on 'em. Now, *no* objectin', I'm only a *lendin'* on 'em to you, for, Edward, I wouldn't *give* neyther you nor nobody else—no, not a *shillin'*. My *worst* enemies can't accuse me of *givin'* anythin'. There was once a Methody preacher cum this way, an' c'd *very nigh* converted me, but I found out *just* in time as it would cost some coppers to be a Methody; so I give up *all* thoughts o' religion *at once*, an' stuck to me parish church. But you take these five suvrins (which he then forced upon the unwilling youth). You've a got a wary way afore you, an' you'll *want* 'em. When you

cums 'ome rich you can *pay 'em me back, an' the interest.* An' now, my lad, *don't 'e forget to do right.* Our pason's a rum 'un, I know, but what 'e *says* is right, an' the *Bible 'e preaches* out of is right. *Stick to it, lad, an', whatever cums, don't 'e forget the Proverbs o' Solomon.* You've *often* heard me quote 'em." And then, waxing quite solemn, and wiping a tear from his eye, he lifted his hands over the lad, and said: "God bless 'e, my boy. May the Almighty, who is a deal broader an' bigger than some o' His friends in Little Bubbleton, be with 'e, an' take care on 'e forever. Amen!"

Edward loved queer old Master Catchpole, and felt so affected at parting with him that he dared not stay to take a formal farewell, but at once rushed off to hide his emotion. Without loss of a moment he struck into the high road for Bristol. As he passed the "Bear" he gathered from the words of a group of men who conversed before the door that the young Squire had safely reached his home. At this news all his late remorse left him; his old feelings of bitterness returned with increased force; and, as he watched the lights through the windows of the distant Hall, he muttered between his teeth: "Would that the place were on fire, so that the nest of oppressors might be burned out. My mother will soon be 'ouseless, an' I'm a vagabond runnin' from home, an' all through their wickedness. Ah! if I *do* come back, I'll make it 'ot for 'em, see if I don't!" And, shaking his fist at the Hall in his bitter but puny wrath, he passed on under the shadow of the woods.

We will not follow him in his journeyings, but will content ourselves by saying that at the end of a weary fortnight he succeeded in persuading a ship's captain, who was just sailing from Plymouth to Melbourne, and who was hardly put to it to make up his crew, to take him over for such help as he could render on the way.

The experiences of the first week need not be chronicled, and, indeed, could not be; they are from any point of view, better imagined than felt or described. But the voyage was a wonderful one to Edward Barton. It opened up the earth and sea to him as a new world; but it did infinitely more than that—it changed his whole manhood, and "lifted him and his destinies upwards for evermore," which fell out in this wise: On board the ship in which he sailed was a little band of missionaries, all of whom were men of God, but one of whom was a remarkable man in many ways. He had been wild and reckless as a youth, then the leader of a desperate band of smugglers on the Cornish coast, had been converted to God in a Cornish revival, and was now on his way to preach in distant lands the wonderful Saviour he had found in his own. When the weather permitted services were held on Sundays upon the deck of the vessel, and the evening service was always conducted by the young Cornishman. On the second Sunday evening Edward Barton was among the audience. The night was superb. The vessel sailed quietly on under a light

breeze over a smooth sea and beneath a cloudless sky. Everything inspired to worship, to contentment, to peace. Not so, however, with the young Cornishman's sermon. It was full of fire, of denunciation against sin, and of overwhelming appeals for instant religious decision:

"Were they then and there in Christ by a living faith that brought Him into their hearts? No; many of them were not. Some of them were full of hatred; others were full of lust—the lust of pleasure or of gold; while others were full of carelessness. One of them was, perhaps, even at that moment running away from the consequences of his wrong-doings, but not from the wrong itself. *That* he loved, would do it again if he could, would do even worse than that. How dared that man stand there and look up in the face of heaven? His very existence, in his present state, was an insult to the Almighty." "Look," cried the preacher, "I see a black cloud lowering upon the horizon. It is but small and dimly seen, but it is the harbinger of ill. That cloud foretells a storm. The night is very still. Behold how gentle are the waters. A man who did not know the signs of ocean would predict an endless calm. But not so. The storm is brewing, and ere to-morrow's sun every timber in the vessel will shiver, all hearts will tremble, and nothing but good seamanship and a kindly Providence will bring us through. May we be safe!" "Amen," broke out the excited audience. Then, after an effective pause, he resumed, "But I see another cloud, the cloud of God's wrath against sin. See! it gathers, it deepens, it spreads. It may be long ere it bursts, but burst it will, and woe to that man upon whose undefended head it falls." For the next few minutes the preacher poured an indescribable torrent of fiery oratory upon his congregation, which trembled and swayed as the leaves of the forest. When he closed with an earnest appeal to those who desired to hide themselves from present sin and coming condemnation in Christ to meet him "aft," at the close of the service, many did so, and Edward Barton was of the number. His nature was virgin soil for such truths as he had now heard. God, conscience, sin, the future—these things had no real existence for him in the past, and now they thundered about his spirit in a way too dreadful to bear. What could he do? What did the strange preacher know about him? And yet he had described his case with terrible truth. For hours Edward prayed or listened to the directions of the young missionary. But all in vain. Days and nights passed, during which his soul was tossed upon a dreadful sea. But at length the storm ceased and the calm came. He was at rest in Christ. His hardness and bitterness departed. He loved everybody. He could have blessed old Squire Hardnut, and have carried his son upon his back again, as he had often done in early boyhood. Now, he was ready for life. He feared nothing, he hoped everything; and when the vessel reached her port he pushed his way inland, entered the wide Australian bush, took service

under a large sheep-owner, and entered upon a career of happiness and ever-increasing prosperity.

There we now may leave him while we inquire after the people of Little Bubbleton. Not many months after Edward's departure Master Catchpole was married to the Widow Barton. How it was brought about nobody knew, least of all the parties most concerned. But, as the worthy shoemaker remarked, "the most nat'ral thing in the world is natur'," and thus it happened by that strange legerdemain which all men understand and very few women can ever resist, that the widow's scruples were overcome, and she became Mrs. Catchpole. "Now," said Elijah, "I can *kip* me promise an' *look* after 'e." When teased about in the village he really quoted—for the first and only time in his life—one of the Proverbs of Solomon. "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing," he said, "as wise old Solomon *do* say. If you as 'aint got wives can laugh, I, as 'as got one, and a *good* 'un too, can laugh *sure-ly*; so thur's no harm done."

It grieves us to have now to chronicle that, which as truthful historians we must do, Master Catchpole's sombre prediction had been fulfilled, and that the young Squire had "turned out a bad 'un." The free use of wine at his father's table had led to the formation of intemperate habits; the free use of money supplied by an indulgent mother had led him into betting and gambling at school; and evil associations and unfortunate opportunities had completed what had been so ill begun. The evil fruit of all was that at twenty-one the young Squire was fairly launched on the road to ruin. His "coming of age" was a mad orgie. Far in the night he rose from the table, mounted his horse, rode him wildly up and down amid the lawns and flower-beds in front of the Hall, dashed him headlong into the glass of the conservatories, and then made a final leap into the moat that surrounded the house. Here he fell from his horse, was dragged out half dead, and amid silence and sorrow carried to his chamber. When sense and daylight returned his remorse and shame were such that he resolved to leave those whom he felt he dared not face again. He had oft sinned, repented, and been forgiven, but he would not go through that farce any more. Giving out among the servants, therefore, that he was going to the Shuffledown races, and knew not when he should return, he laid hold of all the money he could command, bade good-bye to his ancestral home, and became a rover over the face of the wide earth.

IV.—A STRANGE MEETING.

Young Hardnut left a sad house behind him. The old Squire bowed beneath the stroke; and, as the truth slowly fixed itself in his mind that his son had deserted him and would come back no more, hope died within him, and he refused to be comforted. His lady was younger, and better able to bear the shock, but even she was smitten with sore grief, and would sit for hours in "the lonely oriel," watching for the prodigal that returned not, and weeping his absence from the halls of his fathers. Tears did not bring him, however, and days changed to months and months to years, and still he came not, "nor yet beside the rill, nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he."

"He was far, far away, wandering over the wide earth, no man save himself knew whither. Passion, lust, pride, shame, strong drink, and other evil demons were driving him through the lonely places of the world to his wretched doom, while hearts at home were breaking for the sight of his face and the sound of his voice.

But while young Arthur Hardnut wandered, and the friends who loved him wist not where he was, Edward Barton was flourishing in the distant Australian bush. His country training, his upright character, and his natural intelligence had made him invaluable to his employer, and he was now in charge of a large sheep-run, with a number of shepherds and servants under him. He had great responsibilities and heavy cares with hard toil, but it was not all bootless; for his employer, besides paying him well, had arranged to give him a share in his profits. His only drawback seemed to be the distance, nay, the almost entire absence, of the ordinances of religion. Happily for him, the ardent young missionary who had become his spiritual father during the voyage was stationed within a hundred miles of his shanty, and included him and his little settlement in his ministrations. But the distances were so great and the services to be held so numerous, that Edward's place could only be visited once in three months. But what blessed times those visits were! Richly enjoyed, and gone all too soon! Otherwise Edward greatly enjoyed his new life. True, he was absent from his mother, but he was now in a position to contribute to her comfort, and was gladdened to hear from time to time that eccentric Master Catchpole was truly kind to her, though he did little worry her with "what wise old Solomon do say!"

"One evening, during a trying period of drought, as Edward sat in the veranda of his little house, watching the fiery sun set, and enjoying the gentle breeze that had sprung up, one of his shepherds hastily called him.

"What is it, Mike?" said David.

"Och, thin, ye must be quick," was the reply. "There's a man

down in Sandy's hut, an' if he doant have the doctor he'll die, an' what will be done thin, for we ain't a praste within a 'undred mile. The poor craythur is kilt intirely, tho' he ain't quite dead yit, so ye must be quick."

Edward followed the Irishman to Sandy's hut. There lay in the open doorway, placed where the draught, such as it was, might fan his heated brow, the remnant of a fine young Englishman. His auburn locks lay matted and tangled upon his expansive forehead, his hands were clutched convulsively in the throes of fever, his form was wasted, his eye was closed, his lips mottled, and upon his entire manhood there lay the marks of dissipation and disease. Edward saw that instant action was necessary, and stepped forward to make such examination and administer such remedies as his little skill in such matters might enable him to do. He took up the hand to ascertain the nature of the pulse, when the man's lips moved, and Edward was startled as he heard his own name—Barton—spoken. The man did not recognize him, he was too far gone to recognize anything; that word Barton was a part of some old-world life in which the sufferer's mind was wandering. "Barton," said the man again. "Strange," said Edward. "I know this face—yes, it is, and, O God, in this horrible plight, young Arthur Hardnut. Here is the very face, just as I left it in the moonlight among the shadows of the wood after that dreadful fight; older, more dissipated, but the same, the very same. Oh, that it should have come to this!"

But this was the hour for action rather than for reflection. A trusty man was despatched, on the fleetest horse the station could command, to the nearest doctor, who if all went well might be by the sick man's side in three days. But what might not happen in the meantime? Edward hastily arranged for his duties to be performed by others, carried the patient into his own room, and constituted himself both nurse and doctor. No woman lived among these shepherds, and had any woman been there the sick man would not have been entrusted to her care. "No hands but mine," said Edward, "shall minister to his needs." When all had been done that the rude skill of the shepherds could suggest, and night had settled down upon all things, Edward took his station by the side of the little pallet to watch through the hours of darkness. The sufferer slumbered at times, and his attendant had time to think and to pray. "What should I have done now had I not found religion?" he asked himself. "I do not know," was the answer; "what was right I hope, but now Christ's spirit is in my heart I know what to do, and I will do it. Here lies my old enemy, all in my power. The last thing these hands did for me was to knock me down in Beechwoods dell, and I have never seen this face since it flashed on me in anger, but old things are passed away; thank God they are. I feel I love this man, and if it is in human power to save him he shall be saved. I see now what Mister Truelove meant in his last sermon when he said, 'Live up to all your present opportunities of being and doing

good, then if God calls you to something higher you will be able to rise to it.' God has called me to something higher to-night, and He helps me to rise to it." Then Edward knelt to pray. He had prayed before, but never like this. His soul lay like plastic clay in the hands of the Divine. God moved him, met him, blessed him there. He seemed to be in a furnace of love where all the base alloy of his nature was melted down, and in which all his soul was transformed into God-like fashion. When he rose up there was light upon his face not there of yore, and for life or death he devoted himself to the physical and spiritual salvation of Arthur Hardnut.

In that little hut, my lords and gentlemen, there is a sight worthy of your attention—there is, indeed. This young man kneels in the silent night, alone with his enemy, and fights the dreadful battle against *self*, against the *lower nature*, against the *evil that is in him*. What demons are there that can match the demons that nestle in the heart of each one of us? But, hard as they are to conquer, this young man conquered them, and emerged from the conflict into the light of God. And if your lordships and ladyships have not fought the same battle and won the same victory, who can expect you to sympathize with Edward Barton? But if you have, you will look upon that Australian hut as a veritable temple, and upon young Barton as a Christian giant!

By the most careful and loving attention the hard fight with disease was at last changed into victory, and Arthur Hardnut progressed toward recovery. His surprise at finding himself in the hands of such a nurse was great, as may be imagined; but his gratitude, the gratitude of a noble and generous nature, was unbounded. As he became able to converse that gratitude was often expressed. One day, as he lay awake with closed eyes, Edward, who thought him to be asleep, was occupying the moments in prayer, prayer for the man who now first became conscious that he was prayed for.

"Oh," said Arthur, "*this* accounts for his great change then. I could not make it out. But I'm sorry, it is such a pity for a fine young fellow like Edward to be spoiled by cant."

"Did you speak, Mister Arthur?" asked Edward.

"No," replied he, "but let us talk a bit. That very primitive doctor of yours said I might sit up to-morrow, and if so, there will be no harm in my talking to-day. How did I come here, Edward?"

Edward told him all he knew—namely, how Sandy found him lying against the door of his hut, and all that had followed. "Ah!" replied Arthur, "I remember. I had been ill for days, my money was all gone, and the night before you found me I lost my horse. Dazed, weary, and half-mad, I wandered on until at last I espied the hut. Here is a refuge, I said, but my heart sank within me when I saw the hut was empty, and I laid me down to die."

"You *were* in a bad way when I first saw you certainly," was the reply.

"In a bad way? You don't know, can't know, in what a bad way I have been for years and years," replied Arthur. "I am like the prodigal I used to read about when I was a little boy. Only I am worse off than him. I have stayed away so long that my earthly father is dead, and if I have a Father in heaven I know nothing about Him."

"But I do," said Edward. "I have found Him, or rather He has found me. I can't tell you how thankful I am that the good Spirit has led you to speak thus, Mister Arthur; this is what I have been praying and waiting for for days. I am ignorant by the side of you, but I *can* show the way to your Father. Speak to Him yourself, Mister Arthur. Go to Him, that was what the prodigal did. Go to Him in prayer through Christ, and He will receive you."

But we need not prolong the story. The young missionary came on his periodical visit soon after the above conversation took place, a visit which was greatly blessed to Arthur Hardnut; and with God's blessing upon earnest prayer and wise counsel the young Squire came, as the young woodman came before him, in lowly penitence to that Saviour who knows neither squire nor woodman, as such, but is rich unto all that call upon Him in truth. He came not in vain.

What was to be done in the future was now the all-engrossing question. Arthur felt there was but one course open to him—namely, to return to his native home, to comfort his widowed mother, and to redeem his lost character and misspent moments past by a new life. But Edward desired to stay in the land of his adoption. His mother was provided for, and his past life had no special power to allure him back. But Arthur was obstinate. "No," he said, "I cannot leave you behind. I want somebody to confirm me in that which is good, and who can do that so well as the friend of my boyhood? Besides, the Home Farm is waiting a tenant, and that is just the place for you. There we can be neighbours again, you on the Farm and I in the Hall; you as the best farmer in the parish, and I the best Squire in all the country-side, as I humbly pray God I may be. And if you don't go back, Edward, what will become of pretty Susan? Ah! I remember all about it."

"I'm afraid *that's* all over," replied Edward; but he arranged to go back. Ere long the two companions sailed. "What became of the rabbit?" asked Arthur, one day. "Oh, while we fought the rabbit ran away," said Edward. "Wise rabbit," replied Arthur, "wisest of the three. How often do men fight for that which is gone ere the battle ends!"

On Christmas-eve, in the year of our Lord 1850, Little Bubbleton was mightily astir! Bells pealed, bonfires blazed, and all rejoiced save the "Bull" and the "Bear," who were doing a bad trade.

"A fine 'ome-comin' this is," growled the "Bear," "they've gone an' made the young Squire teetotal among 'em, an' the orders is as nobody is to be treated with any drink."

"Just like 'em," snorted the "Bull," "when tectotals and pasons do come to the top, 'onest folk like you an' me must go to the bottom."

Nevertheless, Little Bubbleton rejoiced famously. The fatted calf was killed, the old Squire's lady dried her tears, Mrs. Catchpole wept on the bosom of her son, old Elijah quoted the proverbs faster than ever, and declared that it was nothing else than wise old Solomon that brought the two bonny lads home again, while the gossips said, what this truthful historian will not venture to confirm, that pretty Susan herself looked younger than she had done for many a day. To this day Hall and Farmstead dwell in brotherhood and peace! Ring on, sweet Christmas bells, ring on!

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I said in underbreath, All our life is mixed with death,
And who knoweth which is best?"

"Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incom-
pleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

LORD, still Thou givest gifts to me;
Thy mercy, like the dew,
From day to day my glad eyes see,
Forever fresh and new.

Thou giv'st me loss, and joy, and pain,
My peace, my grief are Thine,
The need that is my greater gain,
Grief lost in love divine.

Thy face is hid behind the cloud
That darkens all my days;
I know without that veiling shroud
I could not bear Thy gaze.

Thou giv'st me lessons every hour;
Thou giv'st me faith to trust
The gracious hidings of Thy power;
To know Thee true and just.

Thou gavest me Thy greatest gift,
When on earth that distant morn,
Thou did the gates of glory lift,
And Christ my Lord was born.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

It has passed into a truism that the religious training of its young people is the most important duty of the Church. These are especially, by the providence of God, committed to its care. These are, in the most emphatic sense, the hope of the Church and of the world. Methodism, in both the old world and the new, by means of its admirable Sunday-school system, has done her full share in training the young generations in religious knowledge and duty. She is now preparing to step out into the still wider field, that of following up these young people as they attain the years of adolescence, of finding the missing link between the school and the Church, and of promoting the development of all their faculties under Christian auspices. She is seeking, first of all and most of all, the cultivation among her young people of personal piety. She then seeks the organizing and training of the young life of Methodism in practical Christian effort, in intelligent acquaintance, and deep sympathy, and active co-operation with its great enterprises of evangelistic and missionary work. She seeks, thirdly, to promote their intellectual culture—to make them better acquainted, first of all, with that grandest book in the universe, the Word of God—to study it as a whole; to study it in the relations of its various parts; to know when, where, why, by whom, and for whom, were written its different books. She seeks to make them better acquainted with the providential dealings of God with the race as recorded on the page of history; especially of the history of the great religious movements of the ages; and most of all, as recorded in the soul-stirring story of the great revival called Methodism—to make them familiar with its noble traditions, and to bring them into sympathy with its religious spirit.

Nor does this movement overlook the social and æsthetic natures of

the young. All that can elevate the taste, all that can ennoble the character, all that can dignify the life—whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—these things she seeks to cultivate and promote as the noblest heritage our young people can possess.

Such are, in brief, the aims and objects of the new social and religious movement known as the "Epworth League." Like most things in Methodism, it is a growth, a development—the adaptation of new means to a pressing need. For some years the Methodism of this continent has been feeling its way to such an organization. In the affiliated Methodism of the neighbouring Republic they have had their local and sporadic associations—the Church Lyceum, the Christian Alliance, the Methodist Young People's Alliance, the Oxford League, the Chautauqua Movement, and other associations. But none of these seemed to be sufficiently broad, sufficiently flexible, sufficiently vital in its organization, to meet the varied needs and varied circumstances of societies in town and country, in the east and west, in the north and south. At length, last May, these various associations met, through their representatives, in the city of Cleveland, and mutually agreed to disband and to reorganize as a united society—the Epworth League. The success of the League has been phenomenal. Since the month of May over 1,300 branches have been formed, some with a membership of 400, and that during a period of the year least favourable for such work. The utmost enthusiasm has been manifested, and the most beneficial practical results have been realized. The vast possibilities of the movement led Bishop Newman to designate it one of the most important movements of modern Methodism. It is taking hold of the young life of the Church and consecrating it to Christian culture

and Christian service as no other agency has ever done.

Canadian Methodism has, meantime, been feeling the need of a similar organization, and endeavouring to supply that need. Seven years ago, at the Hamilton General Conference, the present writer procured the passage of a resolution recommending the formation, wherever practicable, of young people's associations for home reading and religious culture on the lines of the Church Lyceum. The union of Methodism and reconstruction of our organization caused that scheme for the time to remain in abeyance. At the last General Conference the effort was repeated, and an influential committee* was appointed "to arrange for and carry out, at as early a period as possible," such a course of home reading and culture. That committee met twice, arranged and published a course of reading, chiefly in lines of Bible study. A considerable number of readers adopted and for some time followed it up, not without marked benefit. But still the association was not sufficiently well organized, nor sufficiently wide in its scope, and it did not take as was hoped, "like fire among the heather."

Meanwhile other associations for young people were springing up among us, excellent in their way, but owing no allegiance to Methodism, and in no way under the control of our Church, either as to the courses of prescribed reading, or general management, and having their chief affiliated relations in a foreign land. It is a bad thing for a young man to feel that he must go from his father's house to seek for the enjoyments and benefits which he ought to find at home. It is not a good thing for young people to think that they must leave the Church of their fathers for helpful religious association and religious enjoyment. The Methodist Church

is strong enough, its sympathies with its young people are warm enough to enable it to offer them every advantage and enjoyment that they can find anywhere. The need was felt for an organization which should be frankly and distinctively Methodist—which should cultivate, first of all, loyalty to the Church under whose fostering watch-care these young people are placed, and to the institutions of the country in which they live. The General Conference Committee was, therefore, again summoned, and the outlook considered. The newly-formed Epworth League was found to furnish just the nucleus of what seemed required for our needs. Its constitution and course of reading was remodelled to suit the special necessities of our Church and country, with the hearty and generous concurrence of the officials of the American Epworth League. It has met with the heartiest endorsement of many of our most successful pastors, Sunday-school officers, teachers and other workers among our young people.

It is commended to the Church, to the warm sympathy and co-operation of all pastors and teachers, of all existing Young Peoples' Associations, which can readily become affiliated with this new organization, and to all interested in the welfare of the young, with the prayer that, under the blessing of God, it may be a means of great spiritual and intellectual benefit to all who may be brought within the range of its influence.

The times are especially appropriate for such an organization. The age offers special opportunities and advantages to the young—opportunities of education, and of social and material advancement. It is the young in shop, and store, and factory, and office, who are largely carrying on the active business of the world. "I write unto you young men that

*The following are the names of the committee: Rev. John Potts, D.D., Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D., LL.D., Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., Rev. B. F. Austin, B.D., Rev. Alex. Burns, D.D., LL.D., L. C. Peake, Esq., R. Brown, Esq., J. B. Boustead, Esq., and Rev. A. M. Phillips, M.A., Rev. Prof. Shaw, LL.D., Rev. S. Card, Rev. Dr. Burwash, S.T.D., George Bishop, Esq., Advisory Members. Rev. W. H. Withrow, Secretary.

ye be strong," says the Apostle John. We wish to enlist the consecrated enthusiasm of

"The young and strong, who cherish
Noble longings for the strife,"

in the service of Christ and His Church, to train them in Christian culture and Christian work, that they may in turn take up the burdens of those whose places shall soon know them no more. If the Church will not find work for its young people, the world will. Their eager activities will find employment somewhere. The engrossments of business, the ambitions of life, the allurements of pleasure, will present to them perilous temptations. The increased opportunities which young people have nowadays for intellectual culture, if their culture be not consecrated to the service of Christ, present a subtle temptation to the indulgence of a refined selfishness; to the seeking of mere personal gratification, in reading, in music, in art, even in the austerer walks of science. Increased culture brings with it the responsibility of using it for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

Young women, especially, have not only greater educational advantages than their mothers and grandmothers, they have also greater leisure. Their time is not engrossed in the carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, knitting and sewing that were necessary fifty years ago. Almost everything is now done by the nimble fingers and tireless sinews of machinery. At this juncture God has providentially opened a thousand doors of usefulness which were then closed. The wide missionary interests, belting the world with their bonds of sympathy, have sprung up. Women's Missionary Societies, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, woman's work for the poor, the ignorant, the suffering and the sorrowing, have found a channel for the employment of the energies of women of incalculable benefit to the Church and to the world, and especially to Christian workers themselves. This heavenly mercy is "twice blessed; it blesses him that

gives and him that takes." And for this work we wish our young people to be trained. A noble altruism is now demonstrating the brotherhood of man, the solidarity of the race, and the responsibilities of wealth, of leisure, of culture. This is, as never before, the age of organized co-operation for mutual help and mutual improvement. There are opportunities of usefulness on every side—in home mission work, in Sunday-school work, in visiting the sick, in teaching the ignorant, and in reclaiming those who are out of the way.

Much time is wasted, and worse than wasted, in frivolous or pernicious reading. One object of the League is to prepare and recommend courses of useful, interesting, and religiously profitable reading—reading that shall give a mental and moral uplift to the whole being—reading whereby the earnest student of Christian literature shall be "thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Loyalty to the doctrines of their own Church and to the institutions of their own country will not disqualify our young people for Christian work in wider fields. It will all the better prepare them for it. While they feel that they belong to one of the chiefest of the Churches of Christendom, they will also, in the catholic spirit of the founder of Methodism, be ready to say, "I desire to form a league, offensive, and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus." Like the grand old Covenanting heroes of Scotland, they will be ready to "form a solemn league and covenant against all sin and the man of sin." Most of all and best of all, they will be in league with God Himself, and with all the moral forces of the universe in the battle of eternal right against ancient wrong—and in effort to bring back the erring to the feet of Jesus and to the joys of salvation. They shall be soldiers of a new holy war, of a new crusade, of a nobler chivalry than that of arms, the symbols of which shall be the white shield and the white cross—its great purpose to maintain purity of soul, and through that sign of grace to

conquer; in true heroism to trample beneath the feet the world, the flesh, and the devil; and to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.

The members of this sacred alliance will not have to seek in the pleasures of the world, amid the glitter of fashionable society, those intellectual and social enjoyments that our nature craves. These can be found under the sanction of religion and in connection with the house of God. Upon all the enjoyments, upon all the amusements, as well as upon all the business activities and enterprises of the age, shall be written "Holiness to the Lord." Thus shall daily life be dignified and ennobled; the Christian community shall set an example to the world of what truly refined, elegant, rational, social enjoyment really is—and shall be still more fully in the higher Christian civilization of the future—instead of, as is too often the case, taking its tone from the world, and catching its worldly spirit. We covet for our young people all the intellectual endowments and attainments, all the graces and accomplishments, and especially all the spiritual gifts and charisms that are within the Divine bestowment; so shall our

sons be as plants, grown up in their youth, so shall our daughters be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

The Epworth League, whose object is to secure all these benefits and blessings for the young people of our Churches, is heartily commended to the sympathies and co-operation of all pastors and Sunday-school officers and teachers, and of all who have an interest in their spiritual and intellectual welfare,* to all young peoples' associations already in existence, and to all young people who desire counsel and aid.

The motto of the Epworth League expresses its whole purpose and aim "Look up; Lift up." Look up to God for help, for pardon and divine grace, and then help to lift up our fellow-creatures, to make them partakers of the like precious faith. Its aim may be more fully paraphrased by these lines:

"O live for those who love you,
 For those who know you true,
 For the heaven that bends above you,
 And awaits your coming too;
 For the good that lacks assistance,
 For the wrong that needs resistance,
 For the future in the distance,
 And the good that you may do."

CHRISTMAS.

LIGHT to the shepherds! and the star
 Gilded their silent midnight fold—
 Light to the Wise Men from afar,
 Bearing their gifts of gold—

Light on a tangled path of thorns,
 Though leading to a martyr's throne—
 A Light to guide till Christ returns
 In glory to His own.

There still it shines, while far abroad
 The Christmas choir sings now, as then,
 "Glory, glory, unto God!
 Peace and good-will to men!"

—T. Buchanan Read.

* For pamphlets containing the constitution and by-laws, and fully explaining the methods, aims, and objects of the League, write to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Most of the young men whose names were on the President's list of reserve at the late Conference for whom circuits could not be provided, have been sent to various places to commence real aggressive work.

City Road Chapel, the cathedral of Methodism, has become the scene of great home mission work. Mission bands and tract societies have been formed. Already much good has been accomplished, and it is hoped that by the various evangelistic meetings which will be held during the winter, that the time-honoured sanctuary will be the birth-place of many souls.

A mission is to be inaugurated among the aristocratic portion of the people in the West End of London. A systematic visitation of the districts is to be made not only by the "Sisters of the People," but by influential Wesleyans.

The Rev. Thomas Champness has opened his new *Joyful News Home* at Rochdale. Several influential ministers and laymen took part in the dedicatory services.

Birmingham mission, which is in charge of the Rev. F. L. Wiseman, son of the late Dr. Wiseman, who visited Canada during Dr. Punshon's presidency, has had a career of great prosperity. In two years, two large congregations of more than 1,000 each have been raised in the centre of the town. A third place has been taken, and another hall is about to be opened in one of the lowest quarters of the town.

Liverpool Methodists are proposing great things for Christ. A convention of all the circuits in the city has been held, to make arrangements for holding a series of evangelistic services during the winter.

It is contemplated to adopt extra means to recreate an infelligent and prayerful interest in foreign missions, by urging ministers to preach special sermons on the subject and hold prayer-meetings and missionary conventions in large centres.

The venerable James Calvert saw eighty prisoners killed, roasted and eaten, at one time, in one of the Fiji Islands; but he lived to see cannibalism vanish, 1,250 churches rise for Christian worship, and 103,000 out of 113,000 of the inhabitants regular attendants at the sanctuary on the Sabbath.

Two English laymen offered a prize of \$250 for the best essays on class-meetings. No less than 203 essays were sent in for adjudication. The essayists were residents of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Newfoundland, Sierra Leone, Canada, West Indies and China, an evidence of the deep interest that is felt in class-meetings.

A good man in London has commenced holding open-air services in a poor neighbourhood on Saturday nights at 11.15. Lighted torches are used, and efforts are made to get the poor people out of the public houses at closing time and see them safely home. This is certainly very practical philanthropy.

Four Church of England clergymen recently attended a Wesleyan bazaar in North Staffordshire, and indulged in very pleasant compliments with the Wesleyan ministers and laymen present. This is a novelty for England.

Mr. Stead, the editor the *Pall Mall Gazette*, says, "There are more Methodists in the world to-day than there were Englishmen of all creeds when John Wesley was at Oxford." The rapid growth of Methodism has

often been a subject of recent remark and comment. It is not so important a consideration that there are millions of Methodists in the world, but it is an important inquiry whether those millions are doing what they ought for the conversion of the world? The prayers, the money and the efforts of so many Christians ought to produce an immense harvest every year.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

A Deaconesses' Home has been secured at Cleveland, Ohio. A lady gave a house of twelve rooms for five years free of charge. It will be furnished by the churches, and the deaconesses will look after the infirm, the sick and the dying.

A university is wanted at Peking, China, to supersede the Wiley Institute. Dr. Martin, Bishops Warren and Fowler believe that the proposed seat of learning would contribute largely to that form of development which China has long resisted. The Chinese Imperial Commission to the United States warmly commends the enterprise. A quarter of a million of dollars is wanted for the project.

The National Association of Local Preachers recently held its annual meeting in Jane Street Church, New York. Gratifying reports of work done were presented from several States. There was also an animated discussion on temperance.

Mr. Daniel Ayres, of Brooklyn, has given \$25,000 to the Middleton University for the founding of a chair in biology.

Mr. George J. Seney, of Brooklyn, has given no less than \$3,000,000 to various educational, benevolent and philanthropic objects.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Rev. B. Senior, who recently visited this country, gave an account of his visit to the western world, in which he stated that he had travelled 10,000 miles, and preached and lectured to 50,000 at the great camp meetings and the largest churches, Brooklyn Tabernacle, Plymouth

Church, and the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

The Forward Movement has taken hold of the seven Sheffield circuits. Two special evangelists are to be employed in the district. A great effort is to be made during the winter in aid of evangelistic services.

The applications for the services of evangelists are so numerous that the staff will of necessity have to be increased. Already about forty persons have been sent out. Rev. J. Odell has charge of the work.

BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

The new hymn-book is selling wonderfully well. It is a very handsome volume, and there are some useful features in it which will not be found in any other collection of hymns. Rev. F. Bourne prepared the prefaces and the indexes, and he saw five editions of the hymn-book through the press last year, although he was ill in bed a great part of the time.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

A three days' meeting was recently held by the Ministers' Evangelistic Association in the interest of the doctrine of holiness. Rev. Thomas Rider, President, said: "They had not come to impose particular dogmatic views on any mind. They believed in a definite act of consecration to God, but if a brother said, 'I don't believe in a definite moment of sanctification,' our answer is, 'Very well, if you are a definitely consecrated person, and live as such, it is all right.' We don't quarrel about terms. Whether the blessing has been consciously realized in a heightened flash of feeling, or slowly and gradually, the thing is that the man has come to it, and to know that is enough."

The Editor of *Zion's Herald*, in commenting on these choice words, says: "If those who assume to be teachers in this specialty were as charitable, Biblical and as clearly in harmony with Christian experience, much unhappy confusion of statement and apprehension of the doctrine would be avoided."

A Forward Movement has been commenced at Hopetown, in the Wakefield Circuit. The Wesleyans, Primitives and Free Methodists have united for the purpose of promoting popular meetings for taking hold of the people. Already many largely attended meetings have been held, and much is hoped for during the winter.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Central Board of Missions met in London. Representatives were present from all the Conferences in the Dominion and Newfoundland.

The following scale of appropriations was adopted: Married ministers in towns and cities, \$900; in Manitoba, \$900; in Newfoundland, \$800; in British Columbia and the Pacific Coast, \$1,000. Married ministers in other missions, \$750. Scale for single ordained and unordained ministers—British Columbia and Pacific Coast, \$600 and \$550; towns and cities in Manitoba, \$500 and \$450; Newfoundland, \$450 and \$400. Other missions, \$400 and \$350. The above amounts were regarded as a basis; but as the amount at the disposal of the Board would not meet those requirements, a *pro rata* reduction had to be made.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society was held in St. James' Church, Montreal. About a hundred ladies were present.

Reports from the various branches were read, all of which indicated a gratifying increase in the membership.

The funds were in a good state, there being an increase of more than \$3,000.

The Society sustains agents in Japan, also French schools in Quebec, Indian schools in Manitoba, and Chinese missions in British Columbia, in all of which much good has been done.

Lord Stanley is making a tour in the West, and while in Manitoba he addressed the Methodist Sabbath-school at Portage la Prairie, which a journalist describes as "singularly wise and graceful."

It is gratifying to record the fact that Victoria University has a larger number of students at the present time than was ever present at this period of the year during the half century of its existence. Drs. Workman and Bell have recently returned from Germany, and Professor Petch has taken the chair of Romance languages. The teaching staff is therefore strong.

Revs. Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have had a grand campaign in Kingston, and by the time these notes are printed Hamilton will be the scene of their labours.

The Rev. A. A. Holmes has been a missionary for two years at Labrador. He recently visited Halifax, and stated that he had to traverse over 500 miles of stormy coast extending to within 300 miles of the Moravian mission. In that region the Gospel has been carried to those who really need it most; but the missionary has to endure hardships and privations which try men's souls.

The Rev. Benjamin Chapelle has gone to Japan, and has entered the Methodist Episcopal College as Professor, and will give special attention to "Evidences of Christianity and History."

The corner-stone of a church, to cost \$65,000, was recently laid at Parkdale. The church is to supersede the present place of worship on Dunn Avenue, which has proved too small for the congregation, though only built three years ago.

ITEMS.

The Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions of the United States lately met in New York. Bishop Walker, of North Dakota, described the travelling car which he proposes to use for episcopal visitations. It is to be an itinerant house, an occasional social meeting place for his scattered flock, and a chapel of worship, all in one.

A strong wave of evangelistic zeal seems to be spreading over England, in illustration of which we may notice the two following facts. The London Baptists have held special meetings to devise ways of more

thoroughly evangelizing the great metropolis. They aim to enlist all the Nonconformist bodies in this movement for the masses, and by united work to reach greater results than ever before. In Liverpool a similar work is in progress also among the Baptists.

The Bishop of Bedford, wise in his generation, has issued an appeal for ladies who can provide for their own maintenance and are ready to devote themselves to church work among the poor of East London.

There are two thousand Icelanders in Winnipeg, 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.

The mission of the Free Church of Scotland on the Sea of Galilee in Palestine is prospering. A liberal friend of the cause in Scotland has promised \$6,500 to build another house for the missionaries at Tiberias. This is chiefly a medical mission.

The "Pilgrim's Progress," rendered into more living languages than any other book except the Bible, has just been translated into the language of Abyssinia.

The American Baptist Education Society reports that one-half of the \$400,000 needed to secure John D. Rockefeller's gift of \$600,000 for a Baptist university in Chicago, has been secured.

The English Baptists are endeavouring to secure complete organic union of their two bodies, the General and the Particular Baptists. The union is thought to be large enough to contain them all.

RECENT DEATHS.

We deeply regret to record the death of our old friend, the Rev. W. Stephenson, D.D. We knew him intimately for more than thirty years. He was a native of Yorkshire, was converted under the ministry of the Primitive Methodists, and travelled a few years in that denomination. He joined the Wesleyan Conference in Canada, in 1858, and in 1876 he united with the Presbyterian Church

in the United States. For several years he was very popular. When stationed in Adelaide Street Church, Toronto, the building was often crowded to its utmost capacity. He died at Flushing, Long Island, in October.

The Rev. James Currie entered the ministry of the Methodist Church in Canada, and travelled until 1843, when he located, but was ever afterwards a useful local preacher and Sabbath-school labourer until obliged to desist through increased infirmities. He was a good man, and served his generation faithfully. He died in East Whitby, October, at the great age of eighty-two.

The Rev. Henry Graham, of the Wesleyan Conference, England, closed his career on September 8th, having been in the ministry fifty-two years. It was the privilege of the writer of this notice to be sometimes associated with him in circuit work, and he can testify to his great kindness and faithfulness in the performance of the duties of his office.

The Rev. Arthur Brooks, a Central African missionary, died in January, one hundred miles from Zanzibar, as he was returning to Canada. He left \$1,600 of real estate. His mother resides at Whitechurch, Ontario.

A beautiful tablet has been erected in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, in honour of the late Bishop Hannington. It bears this inscription. "His bones are with the Africans, his soul is with the martyrs."

A bust to the memory of Dr. Thomas Chalmers was lately unveiled in Edinburgh. The Moderators of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland took part in the ceremony, and both expressed the hope that before long the churches might be united.

ERRATUM.—In the October MAGAZINE, p. 379, on the twenty-eighth line from the foot of the first column, instead of "early next spring," please read "the spring of 1891, the centenary of John Wesley's death."

Book Notices.

Darwinism: An Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection, with some of its Applications. By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE, LL.D., F.L.S., etc., with Map and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, pp. xvi-494. London & New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.75.

To Dr. Wallace as much as to any man is due the credit of discovering and working out the laws of natural selection, which have wrought such a change in the whole circle of the sciences in recent years. Yet of this we find no mention in this volume in which he expounds and elucidates with admirable skill the doctrine of development as taught by Darwin. He employs a strictly scientific method. It is, we think, impossible to candidly examine the evidence without accepting the conclusions as to the origin of species, at least of many species, by modification through environment, or by "concurrent adaptation," to use the happy phrase of Dr. Dallinger. Dr. Wallace deals frankly with difficulties, and gives almost innumerable illustrations from his vast acquaintance with nature corroborative of his conclusions. The book is one of fascinating interest. The chapters on the struggle for existence; the vindication of the ethics of this struggle on the principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number; the chapters on the origin and uses of colouring and mimicry in plants and animals; the problems of variation and heredity are exceedingly instructive. Dr. Wallace differs widely from Darwin in his theory of the moral development of man. His is a distinctly theistic evolution. He recognizes at least three stages in the development of the organic world, when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action. The first is the change from inorganic to organic—the impartation of that mysterious thing called

"life." The second, still more marvellous and still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces, is the introduction of sensation or consciousness. The third is the existence in man of his spiritual nature, the love of truth, the delight in beauty, the passion for justice, the thrill of exultation with which we hear of any act of courageous self-sacrifice—these, says Mr. Wallace, are the workings within us of a higher nature which has not been developed by means of the struggle for material existence. For the origin of these intellectual and moral faculties we can find only an adequate cause in the unseen universe of Spirit.

The outcome of this book, written in the purest scientific spirit, is, that behind every secondary cause sits God, the great First Cause of all things. If the undevout astronomer is mad, no less is the undevout biologist. Sir William Herschell was unable to account for the law of gravitation except as the constant exercise of the Divine Will. So the wondrous working of the laws of life are but the expression of the immanence of God—His omniscience and omnipotence and omnipresence throughout the universe which He has made.

Florida Days. By MARGARET DELAND, Author of "John Ward, Preacher," etc., illustrated by LOUIS K. HARLOW. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, full gilt. Price \$4.00.

This book comes to us fragrant with the breath of the South, and its exquisite coloured plates glow with the golden light of the land of the palmetto and orange. Mrs. Ward is known to fame as the author of one of the most successful of theological novels, recently reviewed in these pages. In this elegant volume she writes with the intense apprecia-

tion of an artist and poet, as she is. With a keen sense of humour, she describes the varied phases of Negro and "Cracker" life in Florida. The book is devoted chiefly to the quaint old Spanish city of St. Augustine and to the strange rivers and subtropical animal and vegetable life of the Upper St. John and the Ocklawaha. No city in America, except our own quaint old Quebec, can present such a strange blending of the architecture and life of mediæval Europe and the busy hotel life of a modern fashionable resort as Augustine. Its striking contrasts and scenic and historic attractions are well brought out by pen and pencil in this handsome volume. The coloured plates of the old gates, old fort, of moss-festooned live oaks, the fine etchings and the numerous wood-cuts, bring vividly before the reader the many varied beauties of that lovely land where it seems always afternoon. Many Canadians of delicate health go to Florida to escape the rigours of our winters. To such the book will be especially interesting as an elegant souvenir of the Land of Flowers.

Lake Lyrics, and Other Poems. By WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL. St. John, N.B.: J. & A. Macmillan.

This book has remained too long unnoticed on our table. Indeed, we have been waiting for time and space to give it more adequate treatment than we can even now afford. There are here lyric touches that reveal the true poet. Our author has caught the liquid lapse of the waves upon our lake beaches and among their thousand isles. We had marked several passages for quotation, but limits of space prevent. The "Canadian Folksong" is a gem. The author adds to the magnificent scenery of our Northern lakes and rivers that which is required to give highest interest:

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

We can only quote three stanzas of

the noble ode "Canada to Great Britain:"

"Great mother of nations whose hand
Holds half the world's sway in its grasp;
With commerce's shimmering band
Encircling all earth in thy clasp.

Thou breaker of fetters and thralls,
Thou maker of wars and of peace;
The mighty sea waves for thy walls,
The people of earth thy increase.

With torch of the age in thy hands,
God given — then be it Christ spent;
From all continents, nations, all lands,
Are truth-seeking eyes on thee bent."

The Land of the Vikings and the Empire of the Tsar. By E. FRAZER BLACKSTOCK. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

It adds much to the interest of this handsome little volume of travel among the Lapps and Mujiks to know that it is written by an accomplished townswoman. She describes with a light and graceful touch her adventures with a party of genial tourists in a journey to the North Cape, thence to Christiana, Stockholm, St. Petersburg and Moscow. There is an avoidance of mere guide-book information, and the substitution therefor of the vivacious comments of a keen observer and graphic writer. The illustrations are very good. The portrait of the Tsar exhibits a typical Cossack, but that of the Empress reveals a lovely woman, exceedingly like her sister, the Princess of Wales.

Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced. By WILLIAM HENRY PHYFE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

This book claims to be a complete hand-book of difficulties in English pronunciation, including an unusually large number of proper names and phrases from foreign languages. After careful examination, we are pre-

pared to admit the claim. It will be a very useful book to keep on the desk for ready reference. Nothing is a surer mark of careful education than correct pronunciation. There are few persons who do not fall into some solecisms or errors which this book would correct. Its merit is shown by its reaching a second edition.

Three Vassar Girls in Russia and Turkey. By ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY. Fully illustrated, small 4to. Boards \$1.50, cloth \$2. Boston: Estes & Laureat. Toronto: William Briggs.

The success of the Vassar Girls' series has been phenomenal, over 80,000 volumes having been sold. They have the merit of being exceedingly readable, and of conveying a large amount of information in a very agreeable form. The volume before us describes some of the striking scenes of the Turko-Russian war. The illustrations of persons and places, costumes and customs, are very graphic and numerous. The stately architecture of modern Athens will be a surprise to many readers. Such out-of-the-way places as Ragusa, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Nijni-Novgorod, the Crimea, Shipka Pass and Plevna furnish singular attractions for the reader.

Zig-Zag Journeys in the British Isles. By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. Small 4to, pp. 320. Boston: Estes & Laureat. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$2.00; fancy boards, \$1.75.

Still more popular than the "Vassar Girls'" series are Mr. Butterworth's interesting books, of which no less than a quarter of a million have been sold. They combine in a remarkable degree amusement and instruction. In this volume an American family take a vacation ramble through their old ancestral home-land. They travel through the country of Moore and Goldsmith in Ireland; through the English Lake District of the poets; through Abbotsford, Melrose and the scenes made famous by the Wizard of the

North; through Scrooby, the land of the pilgrims, old Boston, Windsor, the West of England and the Isle of Avalon—the scene of King Arthur's legends. A thousand sidelights are thrown upon the page of history, and a fine anthology of English legendary verse is given. The engravings, over 100 in number, are admirable. The book will make an excellent Christmas present.

Man and His Maladies; or, The Way to Health. A Popular Handbook of Physiology and Domestic Medicine in Accord with the Advance in Medical Science. By A. E. BRIDGER, B.A., M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.P.E. 12mo, cloth, pp. xvi-593. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.00.

The title of this book fully describes its scope and purpose. The author wisely avoids prescribing medicines, except some harmless simples; and points out that true curative treatment is not a war between medicines and disease, but a partnership between nature and her disciple, working harmoniously together for the sufferer's good. The book will be very useful, as showing how to preserve health by the avoidance of the causes of disease and by hygienic modes of living. The author is a distinguished English physician and writes with full knowledge of the recent progress of the science of medicine.

Summer Holidays: Travelling Notes in Europe. By THEODORE CHILD. Pp. 304. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Many poor books of travel attain a certain degree of popularity on account of their superior illustration. This is not one of that character. It depends entirely upon its literary interest and on the out-of-the-way places which it describes. It is made up of contributions to such high-class periodicals as the *Atlantic*, *Cornhill*, and other magazines. It describes travel down the Danube to Constantinople, the city of the Sultan, Milan, Limoges, Rheims, the

Grand Chartreuse, etc. The book has a sustained literary interest that makes amends for the lack of illustration, now so common in books of this class.

Select Poems of William Wordsworth.
Edited with notes by WILLIAM J. ROLPHE, Litt. D. Cloth, pp. 258. Price 56 cents. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

Dr. Rolphe has rendered inestimable service to English literature by his series of annotated English classics, of which this is the forty-seventh volume. The text is beautifully printed, with a number of excellent illustrations and a map of what Lowell happily calls "Wordsworthshire." The notes are concise, amply illustrative, and give a choice selection of criticisms by great commentators on Wordsworth.

The Red Mountain of Alaska. By WILLIS BOYD ALLEN. 8vo. Cloth, gilt, pp. 348. Boston: Estes & Laureat. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.50.

Campbell's descriptive line—

"The wolf's long howl on Oonalaska's shore,"

indicates all that was known of this remote region till within a few years. It has now become the favourite tourist and hunting ground of the continent. This graphic story of adventure will make its scenic and sporting attractions better known. The descriptions are vouched for as accurate. The numerous illustrations are admirably done. Young readers will delight in the wholesome adventure of the story. We have seldom read anything more touching than the account of the Christmas of the explorers in the heart of Alaska.

Tales by Heinrich Zschöcke. Pp. 283. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price \$1.

The "Knickerbocker Nuggets" are among the daintiest little books, within and without, ever issued from

the press—fit companions of the Aldines and Elzevirs which are the delight of the bibliophile. They will include the standard classics of many languages. The present volume contains four of Zschöcke's most characteristic tales, translated by Parke Goodwin and W. P. Prentice. They have the quaint and half allegorical flavour of much of the best German fiction. "The Walpurgis Night Tale," is a powerful parable, showing how dallying with temptation may lead a man, to his own horror, to violate almost all the commands in the decalogue. The tragedy of the situation is relieved, but the moral is not impaired, by the discovery that it is only a Walpurgis night dream, and not a real occurrence.

Vitus Bering. By PETER LAURIDSEN, with introduction by FREDERICK SCHWATKA. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The name of this great explorer and that of the straits which he discovered, have been incorrectly spelled Behring; but Professor Lauridsen has shown this the true spelling to be Bering. In the first half of the eighteenth century the Russians were charting the North Polar lands as the English were exploring other unknown parts of the earth. There is a fascination in this adventurous toil that neither the rigours of the climate nor the dangers of the navigation could repress. To Canadian readers this volume will have a special interest, as throwing light upon the recent Bering Strait controversy. Some quaint and interesting contemporary maps illustrate the geography of this out-of-the-way part of the world.

Short Talks for the Times. By MARK GUY PEARSE. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The new Book Steward of the Wesleyan Conference Office signalizes his entry upon his official duties by the issue of a fine series of books of high character and elegantly printed and bound. These sermons, which were preached at the West London Mission, have that

nameless charm which pervades all Mr. Pearse's books. They are not all sermons; some are parables or allegories, which point and barb a lesson more sharply and surely than even a sermon.

The King and the Cross. By JESSIE ARMSTRONG. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is a well-written story, illustrating the stormy period of the French Revolution. A good deal of history, as well as an excellent moral lesson, can be learned from its pages. It is decidedly above the average of Sunday-school books.

More Than Kin. By EMMA E. HORN-BROOK. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This excellent story of rural life in England during the time of the Chartist agitation, will give to Canadian readers an interesting insight into a condition of society very different from what obtains in this free country.

The Church and the Sunday-School Normal Guide. By JOHN H. VINCENT. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

The Sunday-school system of this continent owes more of its development to Bishop Vincent than to any other man. Whatever he writes on this subject deserves careful attention. The books here reprinted are of permanent importance. A number of excellent cuts and diagrams enhance the value of these pages.

The Book Divine: How do I Know the Bible is the Word of God. By JACOB EMBURY. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

This is an excellent book on an important subject. It is not intended to be an exhaustive treatise for scholars, but to put in brief space for thoughtful readers the striking evidences of the Divine inspiration of the Word of God. Two engravings of the Rosetta stone are given.

Memorials of George William Baxter.
Edited by A. R. W. ALLEN. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a life-sketch of a brave young Wesleyan missionary, who after twenty-two months' toil in Western Africa and four months' service in Egypt, ended a life of brilliant promise at the early age of twenty-five.

Superior to Circumstances. By EMILY LUCAS BLACKALL. Boston: D. Lothrop Company.

This is a well-written story of American social life, giving evidence of wide and keen observation. We think the report of the transcendental sermon of the Rev. J. Augustus Blanding must be somewhat exaggerated. We hope there are not many such literary fops.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The high opinion which we expressed last year of the *Andover Review* has not been impaired by the issues of the last twelve months. For freshness, breadth and ability of treatment and importance of topics discussed, it is not surpassed by any of the Reviews. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The *Atlantic Monthly* (same publishers) maintains unabated its high-class literary character. In the keen competition with the great illustrated Monthlies it relies solely upon the superior merit of its articles. Nearly all the foremost writers of American literature have been contributors to its pages. The announcement for 1890 is not excelled, if indeed it is equalled, by any Magazine in existence.

Professor Alexander's inaugural lecture on English Literature at Toronto University is an excellent introduction to the great theme of his chair. We congratulate the favoured youth who pursue this fascinating study under his skilful guidance.