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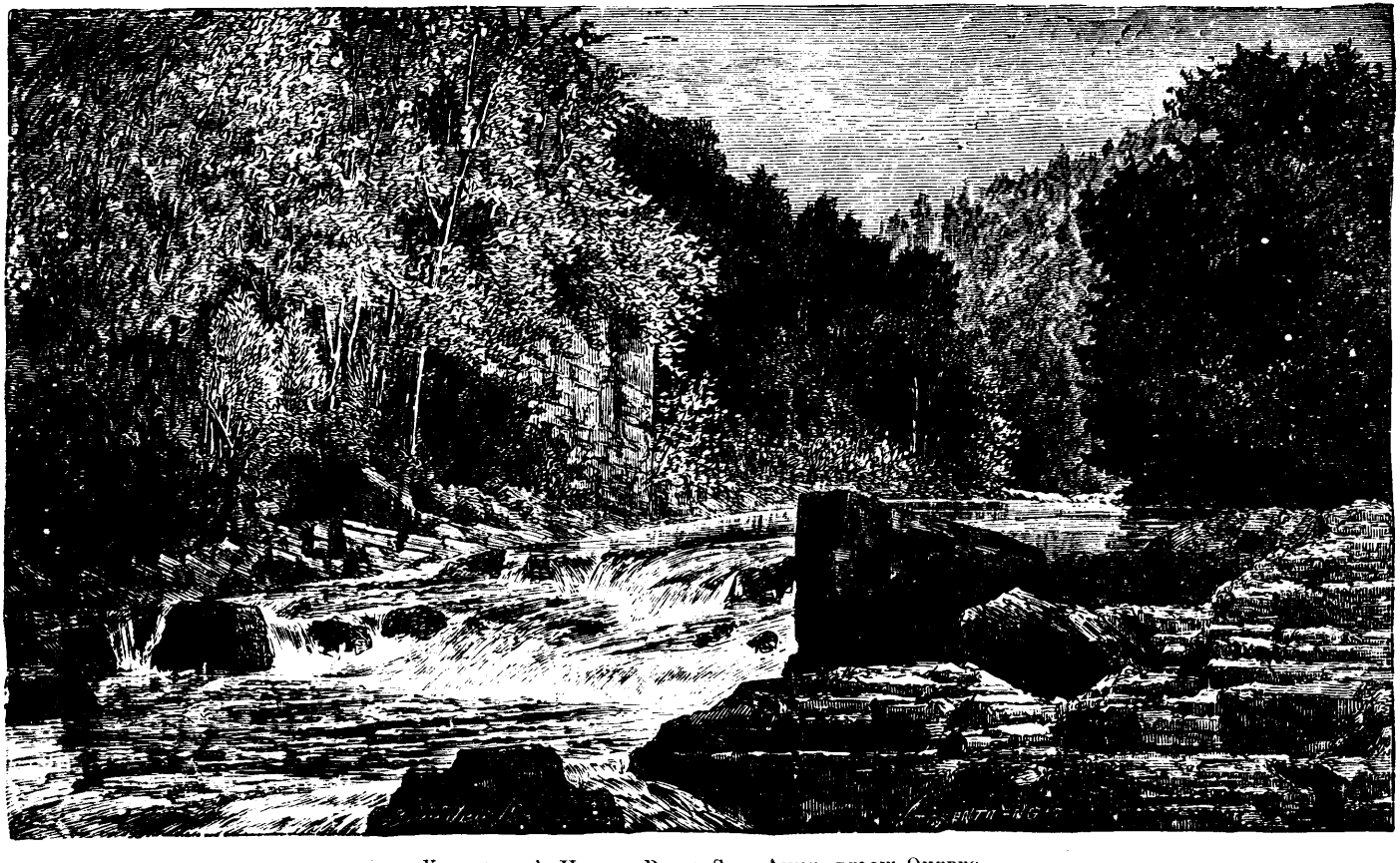


KINGFISHER'S HAUNT, RIVER STE. ANNE, BELOW QUEBEC.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE.
SEPTEMBER, 1883.

THE LAST FORTY YEARS.

*CANADA SINCE THE UNION OF 1841.**

III.

WE have already noted, as one of the most striking features of Mr. Dent's history, the admirable pen-portraits of public persons. One of the most discriminative of these is that of Lord Elgin. We have space for only its introductory paragraphs:—

"James Bruce, eighth Earl of Elgin and twelfth Earl of Kincardine, in the peerage of Scotland; afterwards first Baron Elgin, of Elgin, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; enjoyed the distinction of having sprung from one of the royal houses of Scotland—the historic house which numbers among its representatives the hero of Bannockburn. The chronicles of the Bruces in early and mediæval times abound with thrilling and romantic incidents, and form some of the most memorable passages of Scottish history. For centuries before the period to which this work relates the family had been settled in Fifeshire, and during the greater part of that time had been more or less connected with the diplomatic service. The father of the future Governor-General of Canada was that well-known despoiler of the Parthenon who was so mercilessly, and at the same time so unjustifiably, pilloried by Lord Byron in 'The Curse of Minerva,' for removing the Elgin marbles, as they are now called, from Athens to England. The archæological

**The Last Forty Years—Canada since the Union of 1841.* By JOHN CHARLES DENT. 2 vols. Pages 392, 649: 76 full page engravings. Toronto: George Virtue. Twenty parts. Price fifty cents per part. Bound in two volumes. Cloth, gilt, $12.

extravagances of this nobleman did much to impoverish the family estate. He had a numerous progeny, for most of whom

he was able to make but slender provision.

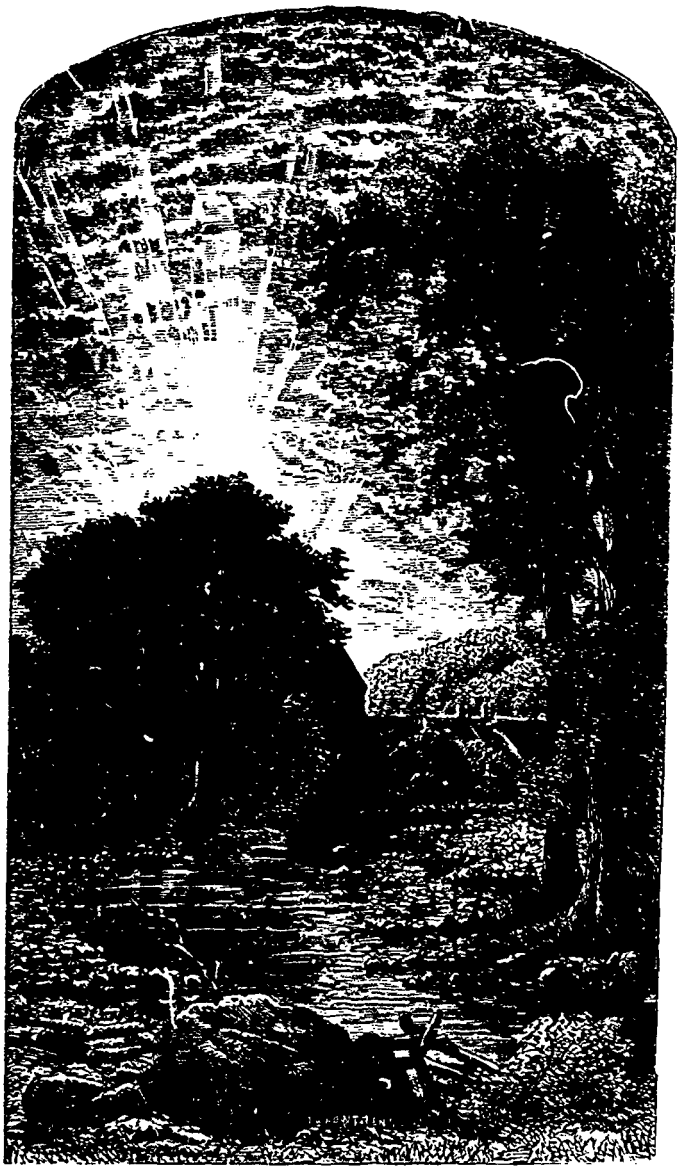
"The member of his family with whom we in this country are

more immediately concerned was born in London, on the 20th of July, 1811. Being a second son, and having no expectation of succeeding to the title and estates, he was from an early age taught to regard himself as one who must largely depend upon himself for his future position in life. As a boy he spent some time at Eton, whence he passed to Christ Church, Oxford, where he won a well-deserved reputation for diligence, and was accredited with the possession of a shrewdness and native sagacity beyond his years. During his University career he had for his friends and contemporaries many young men who afterwards became eminent in political and professional life. Among the number were William Ewart Gladstone, Roundell Palmer (now Lord Selborne), James Ramsey (afterwards Lord Dalhousie), Sidney Herbert (afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea), Robert Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke), and the young gentleman who subsequently became Duke of Newcastle, and who at a much more mature phase of his existence accompanied the Prince of Wales to Canada as his friend and guardian in 1860. It was something to shine in such a galaxy, and young James Bruce fully held his own with the brightest of his compeers at the Union debating club.

"Illness, induced by over-study, prevented him from competing for double honours, but he obtained a first-class in classics at the Michaelmas Examination of 1832, and was currently spoken of as 'The best first of his year.' He was soon after elected to a fellowship of Merton College. In June, 1835, he entered himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn, but does not seem to have had any serious idea of devoting himself to the legal profession. He gave much attention to politics, and published one or two pamphlets on important public questions. In 1837 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the representation of Fifeshire in the House of Commons. He had made very insufficient preparation for his candidature, which was suddenly determined upon in consequence of an unexpected vacancy in the representation of the Shire, combined with the injudicious importunities of some of his friends. As a consequence he was defeated by a large majority. He made no further attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament until 1841, when he was returned in the Conservative interest for the Borough of Southampton.

"In April of the previous year he had married Elizabeth Mary, daughter of Mr. C. L. Cumming Bruce, of Roseisle. Accom-

panied by his wife, he set sail for Jamaica within a month from the date of his appointment. The vessel was wrecked on the



A CANADIAN SUNSET.

voyage, and though no lives were lost, Lady Elgin's system received a shock from which it never entirely recovered. She

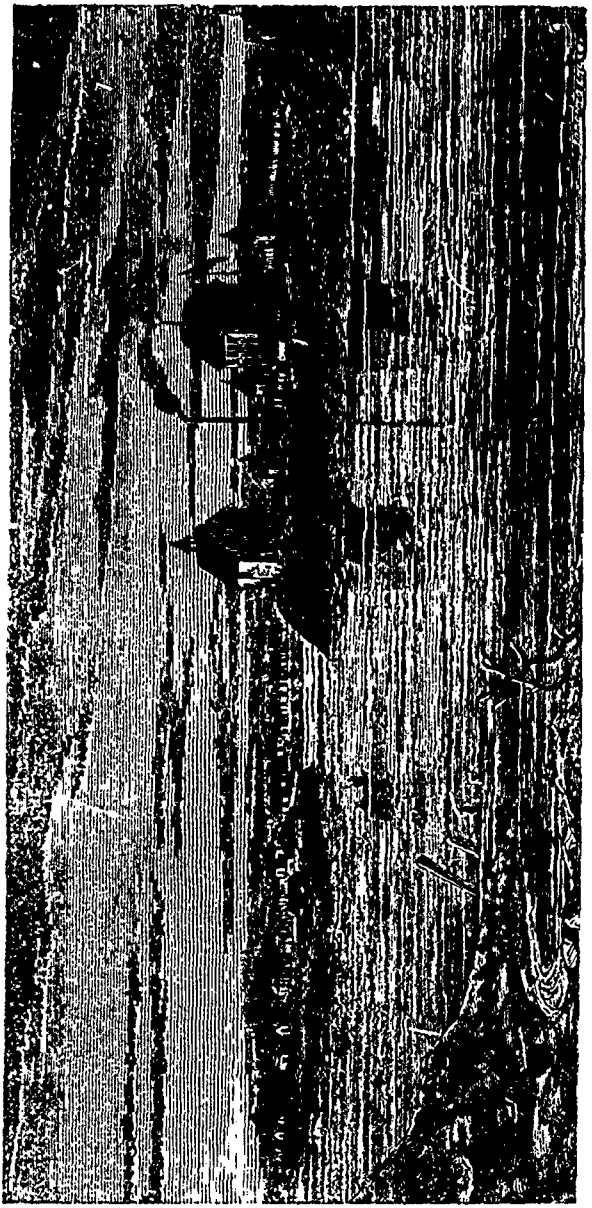
died in the summer of the following year, having meanwhile given birth to a daughter, the present Baroness Thurlow. Lord Elgin spent somewhat more than four years in Jamaica, during which he fully justified the good opinion of the Government to which he owed his appointment. His moderation, eloquence and high sense of justice commended him to the goodwill of all classes. He did much to promote the education and general welfare of the emancipated negroes, and his administration of affairs was marked by considerable moral and social progress in the colony. He left for Great Britain in the spring of 1846, and, though he had merely obtained leave of absence, it was understood that he was not to be asked to return.

"Upon the change of Government in the summer of 1846, as has been seen, Lord Grey became Secretary of State for the Colonies. His politics were opposed to those of Lord Elgin, but he was wise and just enough to recognize merit wherever he found it. Before the summer came to an end Lord Elgin recieved at his hands an offer of the Governor-Generalship of British North America. The offer was accepted; "not," says Lord Elgin's Biographer, "in the spirit of mere selfish ambition, but with a deep sense of the responsibilities attached to it" It was arranged that His Lordship should leave for Canada early in the following year.

"Two months before departing for the seat of his Government, Lord Elgin married his second wife—Lady Mary Louisa Lambton, daughter of the first Earl of Durham, whose connection with Canadian affairs has been outlined in the first chapter of this work Leaving his bride behind in England, to follow him across the sea at a less inclement season, His Lordship set out from Liverpool early in January, 1847, in the Cunard steamship 'Hibernia.'

"Lord Elgin's manners and his power of utterance proclaimed him to be no mere office-holder, but a cultured and polished statesman, inspired with a high sense of the responsibilities of his position. "I am sensible," said he, in reply to an address from the inhabitants of Montreal, "that I shall maintain the prerogative of the Crown, and most effectually carry out the instructions with which Her Majesty has honoured me, by manifesting a due regard for the wishes and feelings of the people and by seeking the advice and assistance of those who enjoy their confidence.

"As for Lord Elgin himself he grew in favour day by day. Physically, as well as mentally, he furnished a marked contrast



CONFLUENCE OF THE RED RIVER AND ASSINIBOINE, MANITOBA.
(From a Sketch by His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin.)

to his immediate predecessors. He was young, and enjoyed vigorous health. He could, upon occasion, work eighteen hours

a day, and felt himself entirely independent of the state of the weather. If his presence was needed at a public meeting, the howling blasts and keen frosts of a Canadian winter offered no obstacle to him. He possessed an admirable temper, and always displayed a pleasant demeanor before the public eye. He did not consider it derogatory to his dignity to walk to church, instead of being conveyed thither in his carriage. He was ever ready to respond impromptu to any address which might be presented to him, and, like Lord Dufferin in more recent times, he always contrived to say something appropriate to the occasion. It was soon discovered that he was the most effective speaker in the Province. His marriage to the daughter of Lord Durham was an additional recommendation in the eyes of most Canadians, who regarded his Lordship's memory with the respect due to one who had fought and suffered in their cause."

For an account of his able administration, of the Rebellion Losses Bill Agitation, of the burning of the Parliament Buildings, at Montreal, and the riotous proceedings by which the Act was accompanied and followed, we must refer our readers to Mr Dent's instructive and interesting pages.

On the 18th of December, 1854, Lord Elgin resigned the Governor-Generalship of Canada. He had won the lasting esteem and admiration of a people who had been largely alienated in sympathy from his administration. He subsequently employed his distinguished abilities in the service of his sovereign, in the discharge of difficult and important missions in China and Japan. As the highest gift of the crown, he received, in 1862, the appointment of Governor-General of India; and the following year, worn out with excessive labours, he died beneath the shadows of the Himalayas, leaving behind him the blameless reputation of a Christian statesman.

The last pen-portrait we shall give from Mr. Dent's history is that of Lord Elgin's memorable successor in office :—

"Sir Edmund Walker Head, the new Governor, was a kinsman of Sir Francis Bond Head, whose disastrous administration of Upper Canadian affairs, nearly twenty years before this time had done much to provoke the rebellion which broke out in that Province towards the close of 1837. Sir Edmund and Sir Francis were descended from a common stock;

> 'But there
> I doubt all likeness ends between the pair.'

"Sir Francis was a shallow, impulsive, superficial man, who never made a study of politics in their widest sense, and whose mental tone unfitted him for important public responsibility. Sir Edmund was a scholar and a thinker, who had had the advantage of a careful intellectual training, and had devoted much time to the study of politics as a science. He was the only son of the Rev. Sir John Head, Baronet, Perpetual Curate of Egerton, in Kent, and Rector of Raleigh, Essex. He was born near Rochester, Kent, in 1805, and was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, where he obtained a first-class in classics in 1827. He subsequently became a Fellow of Merton College, and in 1834 was appointed a University Examiner, in which capacity, as already mentioned, it fell to his lot to examine the future Earl of Elgin for a Merton Fellowship. In point of scholastic acquirements we have never had a Governor of Canada who could seriously claim to be the peer of Sir Edmund Head. He was, more especially during his early life, a frequent contributor to the periodical press. A clever article of his in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* is said to have been the means of determining his vocation in life, by attracting the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who in consequence of it advised him to turn his attention to ecclesiastical law. Such advice, from such a quarter, was not to be despised, as it implied a tacit promise of patronage. He devoted himself industriously to the prescribed course of study, and was soon after appointed an Assistant Poor-Law Commissioner, which led ere long to a chief Commissionership, at a salary of £2,000 a year. Having meanwhile suceeded, upon the death of his father in 1838, to the baronetcy, he in the same year married Miss Yorke, a great-grand-daughter of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. He gave much attention to colonial affairs, and in 1847 reaped the reward of his studies by receiving the appointment of Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick. This position he retained until his appointment as Lord Elgin's successor, in September, 1854."

Sir Edmund Head's occupancy of office was not altogether a bed of roses. He had to encounter a good deal of adverse criticism. With a considerable section of the community his popularity greatly waned, on account of his alleged sympathy with one of the political parties of the country,—an allegation which, if true, was probably more his misfortune than his fault.

FALLS ON MUSKOKA, SOUTH BRANCH.

We proceed to notice briefly, in conclusion, the selection of engravings in this number from the admirable series given in Mr. Dent's volumes. Several of these we have been unable to use as being too large for our page. An important feature in this series is the large number of historical portraits of the Governors and leading statesmen and public men of Canada.

Our Frontispiece presents a characteristic Canadian scene—a sylvan solitude on the River St. Anne, in Quebec—a favourite resort of the fisher, both feathered and human.

The picture facing page 200 transports us again to the wilds of Muskoka—a region of most romantic scenery, within a few hours of Toronto. The stranded sawlogs in the foreground bear witness to some mighty flood, or log jam, to which these northern streams are no strangers. The cut on page 194 presents a view of the picturesque falls on the Muskoka River at Bracebridge, in the same region.

The beautiful engraving on page 196—which is a credit alike to Canadian artistic feeling and to the technical skill of the engraver—gives a not inadequate idea of the glory of one of our Canadian sunsets. The magnificent foliage of the elms, and the glowing sky beyond are well brought out by pencil and burin.

The engraving, on page 198, presents the appearance some five years ago—now greatly changed—of the confluence of the Red River and Assiniboine—from a sketch by the facile pencil of Lord Dufferin. This is a point destined, unquestionably, to be one of the most important commercial centres on the continent. It is difficult to realize that so recently the following few lines of Whittier were descriptive of this spot—

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long, red chain
Through belts of dusky pine-land
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only, at times, a smoke-wreath
With the drifting cloud-rack joins,—
The smoke of the hunting lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines!

Drearily blows the north-wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

Is it the clang of wild-geese?
Is it the Indian's yell,
That lends to the voice of the north wind
The tones of a far-off bell?

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row,

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
And our heart faint at the oar.

Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace!

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

IX.

UBUJWE AND UGUHA HEAD-DRESS.

ON 5th January, 1877, we resumed our journey down the Livingstone. Early on the 6th I began to explore the First Cataract of the Stanley Falls. The waves were enormous, and the slope so great that the river's face was all afoam. We had to hew a path through the jungle and drag the canoes two miles overland. But soon we heard the roar of another cataract, sounding solemnly and terribly near. Presently we heard drums and war-horns sounding on the left bank. We had no time for consultation or even thought—the current was swift, and the hoarse roar of the Second Cataract was more sonorous than that of the first, thundering into our affrighted ears that, if we were swept over, destruction, sudden and utter, awaited us. There was one way to resolve the problem, and that was to meet the savages and dare their worst, and then to drag the canoes through the dense forests on the left bank. We divided the Expedition into two parties, or relays, one to work by night, the other by day, after which I took a picked body of pioneers with axes and guns and cut a narrow path three miles in length, and after seventy-eight hours' terrific exertion, succeeded in reaching the welcome river and launching our canoes.

We camped on the night of the 19th on the right bank. I flattered myself that I was tolerably well acquainted with the arts of savages, but my astonishment was very great to find myself but a novice after all. But in the morning one of my people came to inform me, with a grave face, that we were netted!

"Netted!" I said. "What do you mean?"

"True, master; there is a tall high net round the camp from above to below, and the net is made of cord."

"Ah, if there is a net, there must be men behind waiting to spear the game." We fired at random into the bushes, and made a rush forward, and captured eight of the savages. They confessed that they lay in wait for man-meat.

At noon of the 23rd, we found ourselves four miles north of the Equator, by observation. I dropped the lead with twenty fathoms of line into the river, but found no bottom. On the

M'SEHAZY HAVEN AND CAMP, AT THE MOUTH OF M'SEHAZY RIVER.

25th the roar of the Seventh and last cataract of the Stanley Falls burst upon our ears with a tremendous crash. The sonorous boom of the great war-drums was soon heard mustering every fisherman from the creeks, and every hunter from the woods that clothed the banks, to the war. While I wondered at the senseless hate and ferocity which appeared to animate these primitive aborigines, we were compelled to adopt speedy measures for defence and security; for these people, if confident in numbers, do not require much time to snatch up their spears and shields and rush to the fight. Accordingly, we seized upon a position in the dense forest, and, posting the riflemen in form in our front, heaped

up a high dense wall of brushwood for our protection. At five a.m. we discovered to our good fortune that the people had abandoned the villages. The entire population might be moderately estimated at 6,000. As the calm river, 1,300 yards wide one mile above the falls, becomes narrowed, the current quickens and rushes with resistless speed for a few hundred yards, and then falls about ten feet into a boiling and tumultuous gulf, wherein are lines of brown waves six feet high leaping with terrific bounds, and hurling themselves against each other in dreadful fury. Here was a stupendous river flung in full volume over a waterfall only 500 yards across. The river at the last cataract of the Stanley Falls does not merely *fall;* it is precipitated downwards. Again we dragged the boats around the falls. The next day we were attacked both from front and rear, and almost the whole of the afternoon we were occupied in defending a rude camp we had hastily thrown up. On the morning of the 28th we resumed our labours with great energy, and by ten a.m. we were clear of the last of the Stanley Falls, thus closing a series of desperate labours which had occupied us from the 6th January, a period of twenty-two days, during the nights and days of which we had been beset by the perverse cannibals and insensate savages who have made the islands amid the cataracts their fastnesses.

The Livingstone now deflected west-north-west, between hilly banks—

> "Where highest woods, impenetrable
> To star, or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
> And brown as evening."

We are once again afloat upon a magnificient stream, whose broad and grey-brown waters woo us with its mystery. The boat-boys are apt, if permitted thinking-time to brood upon our situation, to become disquieted and melancholy, to reflect on the fate of those who have already been lost, and to anticipate a like dolorous ending to their own lives. I thought even Frank was half affected by the sudden cessation of trouble; for after the boat-boys had become hoarse from chanting, his voice was heard in a doleful and sad strain, of which the words were as follows:—

> "The home land, the fair land,
> Refuge for all distressed,

Where pain, and sin ne'er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.

"The home land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes, the weary feet,
Rest on that happy shore.

"The home land, the bright land!
My eyes are filled with tears,
Remembering all the happy band,
Passed from my sight for years.

"When will it dawn upon my soul?
When shall I meet that strand?
By night and day I watch and pray
For thee, dear, blest home land."

I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended—and lest I should be affected also, by no means a desirable thing, I said cheerily, "Frank, my dear fellow, you will make everybody cry with such tunes as those. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire, and drive our canoes down stream as though we were driven by steam."

"All right, sir," he replied with a bright, smiling face, and sang the following:—

"Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

"Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way."

"Ah, Frank, I should think you would prefer the homeward way, for that is the way I pray to be permitted to lead you"

"How do you like this, sir?" he asked.

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.

"Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,

Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

"What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh!
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy will be done."

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. It is of no use, my son; we must drive on—drive right through to the sea. The time for regret and sorrow will come by and by, but just now we are in the centre of Africa; savages before you, savages behind you, savages on either side of you. Onward, I say; onward to death, if it is to be. I will not listen to regrets now. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

He responded by singing:—

"Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!"

Again and again as we sailed onward we were attacked by the savages on the shore. They were hideously be-painted for war,

THE SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

one half of their bodies being white, the other ochreous. Shouting their war-cries, they rushed on our stockade fences like a herd of buffaloes several times, in one of which charges two of our

men were killed. Up to the afternoon of the 29th of January we had fought twenty-four times, and out of these struggles we had obtained sixty-five door-like shields, which upon the commencement of a fight on the river at all times had been raised by the women, children, and non-combatants, as bulwarks before the riflemen, from behind which, cool and confident, the forty-three guns were of more avail than though there were 150 riflemen unprotected. At sunset our antagonists retired, leaving us to dress our wounds and bury our dead, and prepare for the morrow by distributing a new store of cartridges.

About ten o'clock of the 30th another conflict began, in the usual way, by a determined assault on us in canoes. By charging under cover of our shields we captured one canoe and eight men. Through our captives we were enabled to negotiate for an unmolested passage. Though hostilities ceased, the drumming continued with unabated fury; bass and kettle-drums gave out a thunderous sound, which must have been heard to an immense distance.

We were *getting weary with fighting every day.* The strain to which we were exposed had been too long; the incessant, long-lasting enmity shown to us was beginning to make us feel baited, harassed, and bitter. Dared we but dash down by night? Ah, but who could tell us what lay below! Whom could we ask, when everything in the shape of man raised his spear and screamed his rage at us as soon as we were observed? So we emerged out of the forest shades of the islands with soured and embittered feelings. But we would turn our eyes resolutely away from the advancing cannibals until they came within spear-throw of us, and then, why—we must fight again.

Destiny urged us on. There were no retreats for us. Man refused us, and the forest rejected us, for it had nothing to support us.

In these wild regions our mere presence excited the most furious passions of hate and murder, just as in shallow waters a deep vessel stirs up muddy sediments.

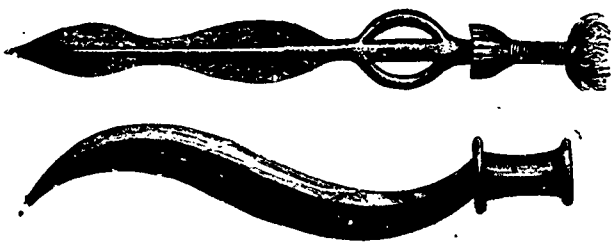
At 2 p.m. on February 1st we see a great concourse of canoes hovering about some islets, which stud the middle of the stream. The canoe-men, standing up, give a loud shout as they discern us, and blow their horns louder than ever. We pull briskly on, when, looking up stream, we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of the body, *arouses not*

only our most lively interest, but also our most lively apprehensions—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us, which

both in size and numbers utterly eclipse anything encountered hitherto! We form in line, and keep straight down the river,

the *Lady Alice* taking position behind. Yet after a moment's reflection, as I note the numbers of the savages and the daring manner of the pursuit, and the apparent desire of our canoes to abandon the steady compact line, I gave the order to drop anchor. Four of our canoes affect not to listen, until I chase them, and threaten them with my guns. This compelled them to return to the line, which is formed of eleven double canoes, anchored ten yards apart. The shields are next lifted by the non-combatants, men, women, and children in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind these the muskets and rifles are aimed.

We have sufficient time to take a view of the mighty force bearing down on us, and to count the number of the war-vessels which have been collected from the Livingstone and its great



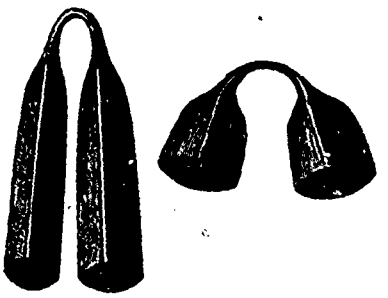
KNIVES, RUBUNGA.

affluent. There are fifty-four of them! A monster canoe leads the way, with two rows of upstanding paddles, forty men on a side, their bodies bending and swaying in unison as with a swelling barbarous chorus they drive her down towards us. In the bow, standing on what appears to be a platform, are ten prime young warriors, their heads gay with feathers; at the stern, eight men, with long paddles, guide the monster vessel; and dancing up and down, from stem to stern, are ten men, who appear to be chiefs. The crashing sound of large drums, a hundred blasts from ivory horns, and a thrilling chant from two thousand human throats, do not tend to soothe our nerves or to increase our confidence. As the foremost canoe comes rushing down, and its consorts on either side beat the water into foam, I turn to take a last look at our people, and say to them:—

"Boys, be firm as iron; wait until you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't think of running away, for only your guns can save you."

Frank is with the *Ocean* on the right flank, and has a choice crew, and a good bulwark of black wooden shields. Manwa Sera has the *London Town* on the left flank, the sides of the canoe bristling with guns, in the hands of tolerably steady men.

The monster canoe aims straight for my boat, as though it would run us down; but, when within fifty yards off, the warriors let fly their spears. But every sound is soon lost in the ripping, crackling musketry. For five minutes we are so absorbed in firing that we take no note of anything else; but at the end of that time we are made aware that the enemy is reforming about 200 yards above us. We therefore lift our anchors, and pursue them up-stream along the right bank, until rounding a point we see their villages. We make straight for the banks, and continue the fight in the village streets with those who have landed, hunt them out into the woods, and there only sound the retreat, having returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit.

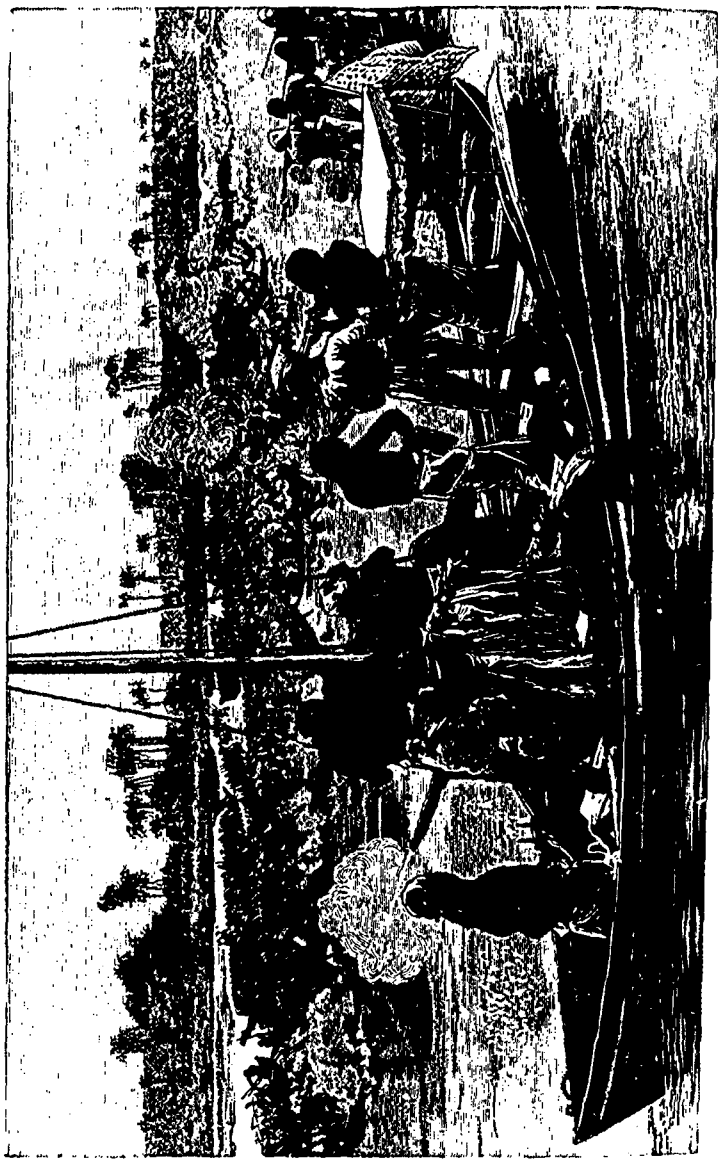


DOUBLE IRON BELLS OF URANGI.

Evidences of cannibalism were numerous in the human skulls that grinned on many poles, and the bones that were freely scattered in the neighbourhood.

We feel it to be unwise to stay long in the vicinity of such powerful, well-equipped, and warlike tribes. We, therefore, lifted anchor, and began to descend the stream, but as we turned away the savages lined the banks, beat their drums, shouted their war-cries. This last of the twenty-eight desperate combats which we had had with the insensate furies of savage-land begun to inspire us with a suspicion of everything bearing the least semblance of man, and to infuse into our hearts something of that feeling which possibly the hard-pressed stag feels when, after distancing the hounds many times, and having resorted to many stratagems to avoid them, he hears with terror and trembling the hideous and startling yells of the ever-pursuing pack. We also had laboured strenuously through ranks upon ranks of savages, had endured persistent attacks night and day, had resorted to all modes of defence, and yet at every curve of this fearful river the yell of

the savages broke loud on our ears, the snake-like canoes darted forward impetuously to the attack, while the drums and horns



THE ATTACK OF THE SIXTY-THREE CANOES OF THE PIRATICAL BANGALA.

and shouts raised a fierce and deafening uproar. We were becoming exhausted. Yet we were still only on the middle line

of the continent! We were also being weeded out by units and twos and threes. There were not thirty in the entire Expedition that had not received a wound. To continue this fearful life was not possible. Some day we should lie down, and offer our throats like lambs to the cannibal butchers.

The following entries are from my note-book:—

"Livingstone called floating down the Lualaba a foolhardy feat. So it has proved, indeed, and I pen these lines with half a feeling that they will never be read by any man; still, as we persist in floating down, I persist in writing, leaving events to an all-gracious Providence. Day and night we are stunned with the dreadful drumming which announces our arrival and presence on their waters. It may well be said we are 'running the gauntlet.'

"Our terrors are numerous. First, the rocks and rapids, the plunging cataract and whirling pool. Then the sudden storm, which now blows each day up river, and soon raises heavy brown waves, like those of a lake; but the greatest danger, an ever-recurring one, is that which we have to encounter each time the wild, howling cannibal aborigines observe us. To add to our troubles, our food is finished; we have no more, and to attempt to obtain it will cost human life. I solemnly addressed my people, and, while telling them to prepare every weapon, gun, spear, axe, and knife, reminded them that it was an awful thing to commence hostilities; whether for food or anything else. They groaned in spirit, and asked what they should do when they yearned for something to satisfy their hunger.

"I prepared the brightest and most showy wares close by me, and by barter with some friendly natives procured an ample supply of food. Our gnawing emptiness banished, and our long-harassed minds are at rest. May this happy friendship be the first of many more!"

While we rested on a jungle-covered islet we experienced that repose of spirit which only the happy few, who know neither care nor anxiety, can enjoy. For the first time for many weeks we had slept well.

On the morning of the 10th February we arrived at the very populous settlement of Urangi. Our appearance was the signal for a great number of the elegant canoes of this region to approach us. These ranged in length from 15 to 45 feet, and were beautifully carved. We received a noisy and demonstrative welcome. They pressed on us in great numbers, which, considering our late eventful life, did not tend to promote a perfect feeling of security. Still we bore it good-humouredly. As for Frank and myself, our behaviour was characterized by an angelic

benignity worthy of canonization. I sat smiling in the midst of a tatooed group, remarkable for their filed teeth and ugly gashed bodies, and bearing in their hands fearfully dangerous-looking naked knives or swords, with which the crowd might have hacked me to pieces before I could have even divined their intentions.

But presently murmurs were heard, and finally the camp was in an uproar. One man complained of his mat being stolen, another of his knife, another of his cloth, another of his store of beads; three or four spears were next abstracted; and finally, the thieving culminated in two guns being stolen. Then we fell back upon the old rule of never forgetting that an unsophisticated savage was not trustworthy, except when our eyes were on him.

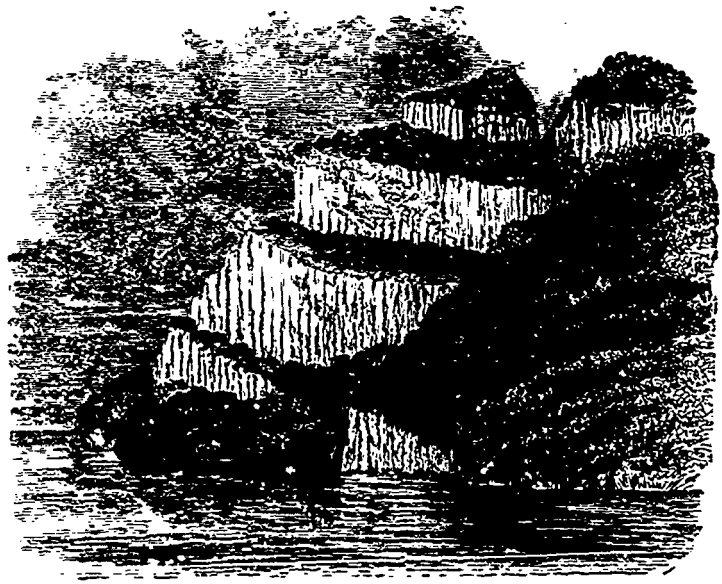
NATIVES OF UBUJWÉ.

We refused admission to the camp, but a market was fixed in a special place without, where, the natives were told, those who possessed articles for sale would find purchasers.

At sunset our strange friends departed, and paddled across the river to their villages, very amiably disposed, if one might judge from smiles and pleasant nods of the head. After 8 p.m. a terrific drumming and some half a dozen musket-shots were heard from the Urangi villages. An hour before dawn we were alert, preparing our morning meal, packing up, etc. As we began to move from our camp we observed scores of canoes approaching us. For ten minutes we glided down smoothly and agreeably. Suddenly I heard a shot, and a whistling of slugs. I turned my head, and observed the smoke of gunpowder drifting away from a native canoe. One of my people cried out, "Master, one of our men is killed. The people are firing on us." Anxious for the safety of the Expedition, I permitted my canoes to pass by me, and then formed them into line, the boat in the rear. The natives advanced on us in gallant style, and after firing their

heavily-charged guns withdrew rapidly again to re-load. Of course the shields were raised like bulwarks around our flotilla, and the fire from behind them was deadly. But they persistently followed us until other natives heard the firing, and rushed to the assault, and maintained it with a pertinacity that made us almost despair.

On one of the islands we saw an elephant, with a pair of magnificent tusks. The channels swarmed with the hippopotamus, crocodile, and monitor.



MTOMBWA.

On the morning of the 13th we discovered ourselves in the presence of a large number of villages. It was too late to return. The great war-drums and horns thundered through the woods, and startled the wild echoes of many a forested isle. With an intuitive feeling that we should again "catch it," and become soon engaged in all the horrors of a savage warfare, we prepared with all the skill in our power to defend ourselves. The women and children were told to lie down in the bottom of the canoes, and the spearmen to "stand by shields" to protect the riflemen. At this time we possessed only thirty-nine guns—nineteen Sniders and twenty muskets—besides my own rifles. When

within 300 yards of the first settlement, we sheered off into mid-river, and paddled slowly down in close line, with a vague sense that there would be no rest for us until we either sank into the grave, or Providence should endow us with wings to enable us to vanish from this fearful savage world. Before I was on the alert, there were three canoes in front of me, and over the gunwales I saw nine bright musket barrels aimed at me. As my position was in the bow of the boat while leading the Expedition down river, I soon became a target for a few more. But, as on several other occasions, I was saved, because my very appearance startled them. Had I been a black man I should have long before been slain, but even in the midst of a battle, curiosity, stronger than hate or bloodthirstiness, arrested the sinewy arm which drew the bow, and delayed the flying spear. And now, while their thin flint hammers were at full cock, and the fingers pressing the triggers of the deadly muskets, the savages became absorbed in contemplating the silent form of a being who was *White!*

ONE OF THE WAHYEYA OF UHOMBO (BACK VIEW).

Of course the slightest movement on my part would have been instantly followed by my death. Though it was unpleasant to sit and feel oneself to be a target for so many guns, yet it was the wisest plan. Five minutes afterwards, a vicious black aborigine fired and killed one of our finest men. Instinctively the Wangwana raised their shields, and rowing up swiftly to meet them, to defend the people like a hen her chickens, the boat opened its battery of small-arms to avenge the death of Rehani, and in thirty minutes the seventy musket-armed canoes of the Marunja were retreating to a more respectful distance. After following us for five miles they abandoned the pursuit, and we happily saw no more of them.

During the forenoon of the 14th February, while anxiously looking out, we came in full view of a settlement on the right bank. Too late to return, we crept along down river, hugging the left bank as closely as possible, lest the natives should sight

us. But, alas! even in the midst of our prayers for deliverance, sharp, quick taps on a native kettle-drum sent our blood bounding to the heart, and we listened in agony for the response. Presently one drum after another sounded the alarm, until the Titanic drums of war sounded the call to arms.

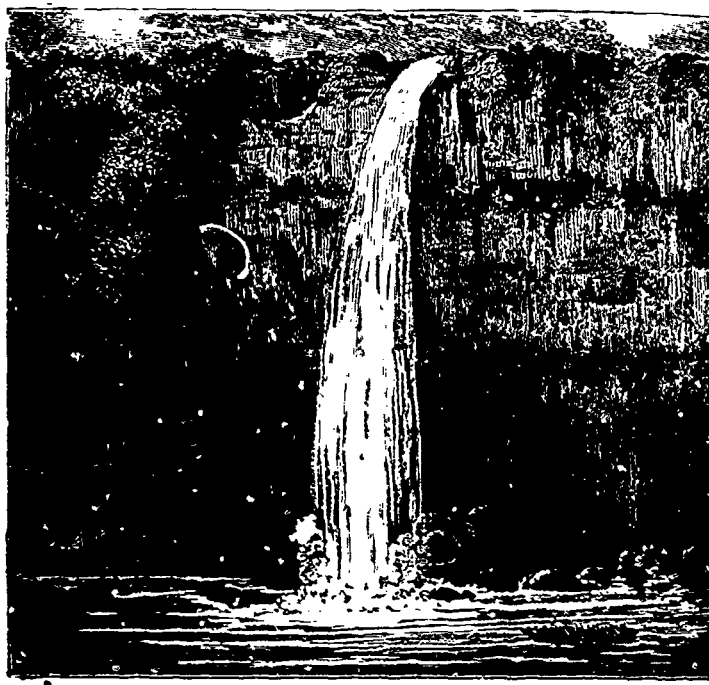
In very despair, I sprang to my feet, and, addressing my distressed and long-suffering followers, said, "It is of no use, my friends, to hope to escape these blood-thirsty pagans. Those drums mean war. Prepare your guns, your powder, and bullets, see that every shield is ready to lift at once, as soon as you see or hear one gun-shot. It is only in that way I can save you, for

CAMP AT KILOLO.

every pagan now, from here to the sea, is armed with a gun, and they have a hundred guns to your one. While I am trying to make friendship with them, let no one speak or move." Meanwhile savage madness was being heated by the thunder of drums, canoes were mustering, guns were being loaded, spears and broadswords were being sharpened, all against us, merely because we were strangers, and afloat on their waters. Yet we were ready to submit to any tax, imposition, or insolent demand for the privilege of a peaceful passage. Except life, we would sacrifice anything.

Slowly and silently we began the descent of the stream. Soon the prows of many canoes were seen to emerge out of the creek.

I stood up and edged towards them, holding a long piece of red cloth in one hand, and a coil of brass wire in another. I hailed the natives, who were the most brilliantly decorated of any yet seen. At a distance they all appeared to wear something like English University caps, though of a white colour. There was a great deal of glitter and flash of metal. shining brass, copper, and bright steel among them.



FALL OF THE EDWIN ARNOLD RIVER INTO THE POCOCK BASIN.

The natives returned no answer to my hail. I observed three or four canoes approaching Frank's vessel with a most suspicious air about them, at which Frank stood up and menaced them with his weapon. I thought the act premature, and ordered him to sit down and to look away from them. I again raised the crimson cloth and wire, and by pantomime offered to give it to them· but almost immediately they fired into my boat, wounding three of my crew. After this murderous outrage there was no effort made to secure peace. The shields were lifted. The conflict began in earnest, and lasted so long that ammunition had to be

redistributed. We perceived that as the conflict continued, each village sent out its quota. At three o'clock I counted sixty-three canoes opposed to us. Allowing five guns on an average to each, there were 315 muskets opposed to our forty-four. After a prolonged and strenuous struggle our antagonists retired, leaving us to attend to our wounded, and to give three hearty cheers at our success. This was our thirty-first fight on the terrible river—the last but one—and certainly the most determined conflict that we had endured.

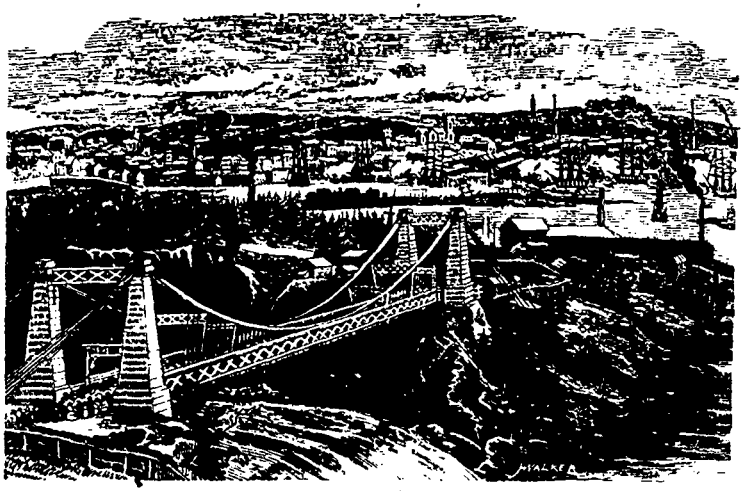
One remarkable fact connected with our life in this region is, that though we endured more anxiety of mind and more strain on the body, were subject to constant peril, and fared harder, we —Frank and I—enjoyed better health on the Livingstone than at any other period of the journey; but whether this unusual health might not be attributed to having become more acclimatized is a question.

Since the 10th we have been unable to purchase food. The natives appeared to be so unapproachable, that again the questions naturally arose in each mind, "Where shall we obtain food?" "What shall we do?" "What will be the end of all this?" "Whither, oh whither are we going on this cruel, cruel river.?" Yet my poor people bore the dire period with Spartan stoicism. They had become trained to rely on my judgment and discretion, and with a child-like faith they trusted me. Knowing this but too well, my anxiety to show myself worthy of their love and duty was increased. But where should I get food, when the mere sight of us put the natives into a rage for murder?

CAIRN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERICK BARKER: MAJITA, AND URURI MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE, ACROSS SPEKE GULF.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.*

I.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND FALLS, ST. JOHN, N.B.

THE Dominion of Canada occupies the northern half of the Continent of North America. It has a territory of about the extent of the whole of Europe, and larger than that of the United States, without Alaska. The southern frontier of Manitoba and the North-West Territory is a little below the latitude of Paris; while the southern point of the Province of Ontario is as far south as the latitude of Rome. Canada is therefore the physical equivalent on the continent of America of the great empires and kingdoms of Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria, the British Islands, Russia in Europe, and Sweden and Norway.

This vast territory comprises an area in round numbers of 3,500,000 square miles. From east to west it stretches from the

* Through the courtesy of the Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, we are enabled to present to our readers the series of engravings illustrative of the progress of our country, which accompany these articles. We have availed ourselves freely of the information contained in the special supplement to the *Canadian Illustrated News*, designed for distribution by the Lacrosse team in Great Britain.

Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from the southern latitude above stated in the Arctic Circle.

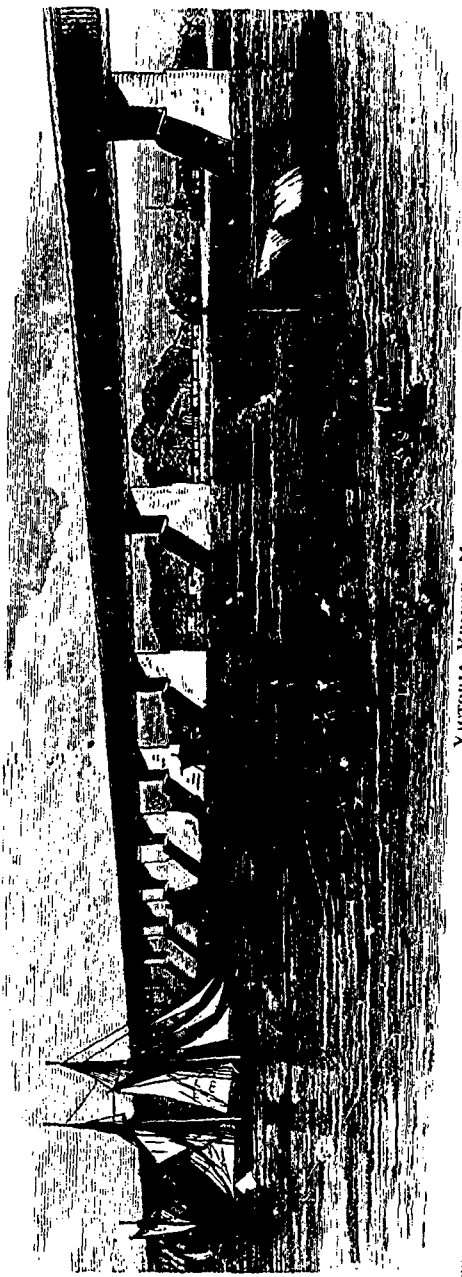
Very large portions of this great territory are arable; and those portions not arable are rich in mineral wealth. The proportion of arable land, suited to the productions of the temperate zones, in the Dominion, is quite as large as that in the United States. It possesses the largest extent of land yet open for settlement adapted to the growth of the grasses, cereals, and

QUEBEC.

other productions of the temperate climates, not only on the continent, but in the world.

It has many thousands of square miles of the finest forests on the continent, and many thousands of square miles of the most fertile prairie land. Its rivers and lakes form one of the most remarkable physical features of the continent. This water system furnishes important facilities for communication; and the course of the St. Lawrence is in the line of the shortest sailing circle across the Atlantic. The same favourable condition prevails on the west coast from the terminus of the Pacific Railway, now well advanced in construction, across the Pacific Ocean, to

the markets of China, Japan, and also to Australia. Coupled with these important commercial conditions there is the fact that the Canada Pacific Railway crosses the continent on the shortest line through the fertile belt, and at the "gate" of the Rocky Mountains, crossing them on immensely more favourable conditions than the line of railway which reaches the Pacific Coast at San Francisco.



VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

Canada has fisheries of almost boundless extent, both on its Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, which are without equals on the continent, or, it is believed, in the world. It has coal fields of immense extent, both on its Atlantic and Pacific Coasts; and there are large deposits beneath the surface of its prairie lands east of the Rocky Mountains. It has also iron, gold, silver, copper, lead, and other mines of great richness; together with almost every description of the most valuable building materials; also petroleum, salt, etc.

It has great variety of climates, from the Arctic to that of almost the most southern of the temperate zones. The climates of the settled portions of the Dominion, and of the lands open for settlement, are among the most pleasant and healthy in the world, and favourable to the highest development of human energy.

The Dominion of Canada must, therefore, from these facts, become, in the not distant future, the home of one of the most populous and powerful peoples of the earth. Every immigrant will have an inheritance in the great future of the Dominion, and help to build it up.

As regard the land system of the Dominion, it may be stated that, excluding Manitoba and the North-West, and with the exception of a tract in British Columbia ceded to the Dominion for the purpose of the Pacific Railway, the lands are held by the several Provincial Governments. In several of the Provinces free grants are given, and in almost all cases Government land is offered at prices which are merely nominal, and which really only amount to settlement duties.

The lands in the Province of Manitoba and the North-West Territories are held by the Dominion Government, which gives a free grant of 160 acres to every settler on the condition of three years' residence, and the payment of an office or entry fee of $10.00. The Colonization Companies also offer free grants to actual settlers.

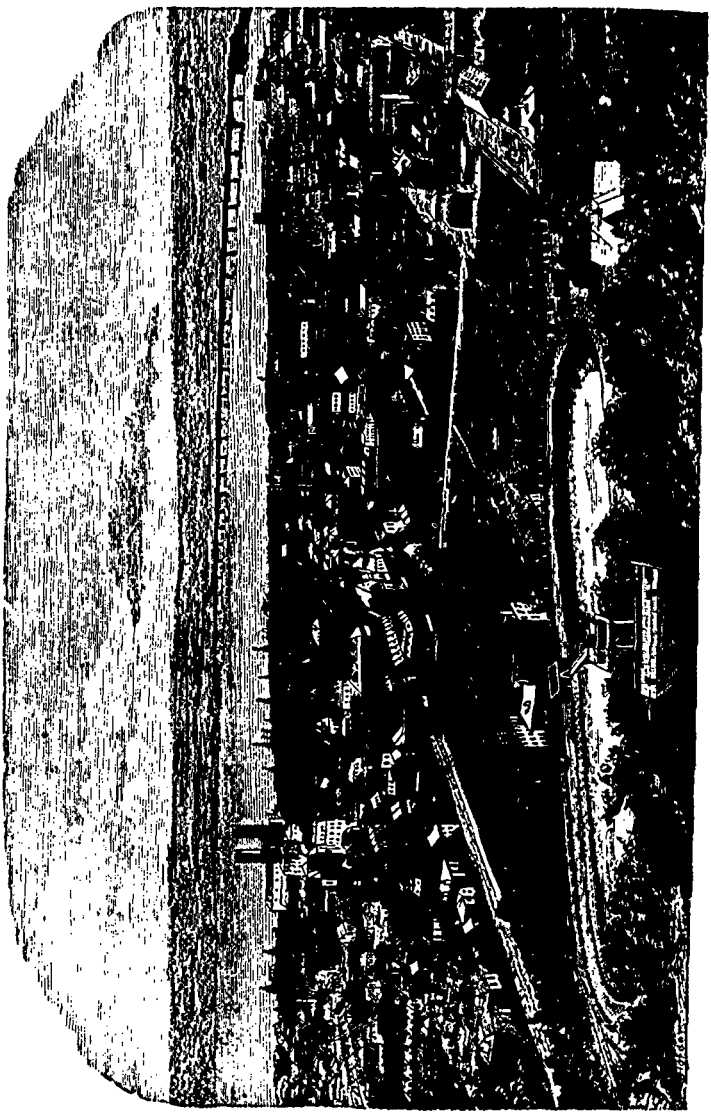
The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has received a grant from the Government of 25,000,000 acres, in alternate sections, which they offer for sale at $2.50 an acre, giving a rebate of $1.25 for every acre cultivated within four years.

The Hudson Bay Company has yet to dispose of nearly 7,000,000 acres of land in the fertile belt; which it acquired at the cession of this territory to the Dominion. This company sells its lands at prices varying from $5.00 to $10.00 per acre, its interest being simply to obtain fair market values.

Lands are bought and sold as readily in Canada as any kind of merchandise, and the system of conveying them is not much more intricate or expensive than that of making out bills of parcels. This extreme simplicity and conciseness in conveyancing very frequently excites the astonishment of those who have been accustomed to the skins of parchment, and long and

dreary nomenclature common in such instruments in the Mother Country.

In Manitoba, for instance, a parcel of ground may be described



CITY OF MONTREAL — FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

by a few figures, namely, the number of the section or part of a section, the number of the township, and the number of the range. These three figures afford an instant and absolute descrip-

tion of any land in the surveyed portions of the North-West. The words "sell and assign," for so much money, cover the transfer. This is signed before a notary or a commissioner, the deed is registered, and the transaction is complete. In the other Provinces the forms are very little different and very little longer, although the definitions of property cannot be simply expressed by the number of the section, township and range.

This simple system does not give rise to any ambiguity or doubtfulness of title; and the people who have become used to these concise and convenient forms would not endure any other.

Canada, as England's oldest and nearest dependency, has always had some rightful claim upon the mother-land. When England fought so hard to keep this country, the presumption was that she never intended to desert it; British policy pointed to the strong perpetuation of British institutions and British connections in Canada; and with many sacrifices and sufferings, our fathers gave themselves to the loyal maintenance of this principle. That is why we, who are of Canadian birth, are here.

But Canada to-day can afford to put aside all sentimental argument, and appeal to the Mother Country upon no other plea than the practical one, that at last she is a real live rival to the American Colonies England lost, and whose strength has been mainly fed from English and Irish soil.

Only a few years have elapsed since the Provinces have been brought under one central government, and to-day Canada holds up her head as the strong and loyal daughter of the Mother Country; the best hope of the English and Irish settler! She can—though she will not—lay sentiment aside and point to her great prairie lands, and to the live development of her many resources in the older Provinces, and offer to those who desire it prosperous and happy homes.

The prairie lands of the United States have been opened since 1830. Misunderstood in Europe and misrepresented by the United States agents, the Dominion of Canada had no chance to prove that her North-West empire was alone a richer grain and stock-growing land than any country in the world. England had granted huge monopolies to the Hudson's Bay Company and other corporations; had tied the hands of those who sought to open up the territories. It is only about sixteen years ago since Canadian statesmen went to England to get the cession to Canada

of the rights of the Hudson's Bay Company, and succeeded in purchasing this rich claim for ½ of a cent per acre, or 1-15th the amount paid by the United States for frozen Alaska! From Canada proper to the Rocky Mountains, there was until this time no regular government. It is not much more than half a century since Canada was a wilderness from the Ottawa to the St. Clair. Men are now living who can remember when settlements, which are now prosperous cities, were threatened by famine if the snow fell so deep that the wolves killed the deer. All this is changed. The old superstitions about our North-West are gone. The opening of Manitoba and the North-West have revealed the truth, and Canada at last stands a real live rival with the United States, with advantage, however, for English, Irish and Scotch settlers, which only a dependency of England can offer. Her debt of $23.50 per head registers no civil or foreign war, but her peaceful development. On the other hand, the United States debt of $80.18 per head registers national disasters as well as national success.

Canada is no longer a mere province, but a united Dominion. Isolated as were Nova Scotia and New Brunswick before the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, so were Manitoba and the North-West territories before the building of the Canadian Pacific. The completion of the Canada Pacific Railway will become a powerful factor in our political security, and settle for ever the question of annexation.

We proceed now to notice the separate provinces of the Dominion:—

Nova Scotia is a peninsula, connected with the Province of New Brunswick by a narrow isthmus, about 16 miles wide, its area is about 350 miles in length, by 100 miles in width, its length running about north-east and south-west. The Province contains about 13,000,000 acres, of which about one-fifth part consists of lakes and small rivers. About 7,000,000 acres of land are fit for tillage.

There is no finer scenery in America than in many parts of Nova Scotia, there is a great variety of hill and dale, small quiet, glassy lakes, and pretty land-locked inlets of the sea, which would afford charming studies for an artist. The gloriously bright tints of the autumn forest scenery, warmed by an Indian summer sun, cannot be surpassed anywhere.

AN EARLY SETTLEMENT IN CANADA.

There are now in Nova Scotia nearly four millions of acres of ungranted lands, a considerable quantity of which is barren, but there is a great deal in blocks of from five thousand to ten thousand acres of really valuable land, and some of it the best in the Province, and quite accessible, being very near present settlements. The price of crown lands is $44 per 100 acres Any quantity over one hundred acres must be paid for at the rate of 44 cents per acre.

The next Province to the east of Quebec is New Brunswick. This, with Nova Scotia, is nearer to Europe than any of the populated portions of the Continent of America. It is larger than both Belgium and Holland united, and nearly two-thirds as large as England. It is 210 miles in length, and 180 miles in breadth; having a coast line of 500 miles, indented with spacious bays and inlets; and it is intersected in every direction by large navigable rivers. The surface of the country is generally very undulating, and on its west coast, from the Bay of Chaleurs to the boundary of Nova Scotia, there is scarcely a hill exceeding 300 feet in height. There are elevated lands skirting the Bay of Fundy and the River St. John, but the only section of a mountainous character is that bordering on the Province of Quebec on the north, while the country is beautifully diversified by oval-topped hills, ranging from 500 to 800 feet in height, clothed with lofty forest trees almost to their summits, and surrounded by fertile valleys and table lands.

New Brunswick is a farming country; also a lumber country and it has great fisheries, both coast and river. According to the record of the British Army, it is one of the healthiest countries in the world. Ship-building is one of its industries. It has fine harbours, open all the year, and as already stated, its rivers water every part of the Province, floating down to the sea-board the products of a fertile country. It has many manufactories, and is well opened up by railways and waggon-roads. *It is said that* New Brunswick has the greatest number of miles of railway in proportion to population, of any country in the world.

The Province of Prince Edward Island, so called from Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. is about equal to a square of 46 miles. It is noted for its ship-building, fisheries, fertility, and salubrious climate. It is separated from the mainland by the Straits of Northumberland The sur-

face is slightly undulating. A chain of hills extend nearly west of Richmond Bay, but they are not very high, and the land is very level. The soil is free from rock, easy of tillage and very productive. Agriculture is the chief occupation of the inhabitants. The climate is remarkably healthy, and the air is dry and bracing. The inhabitants consists of Scottish, Irish, Acadian and English settlers. The chief town is Charlottetown, consisting of 10,000 inhabitants. Its harbour is one of the best on the Atlantic shore, and on one of its four public squares the Parliament buildings are erected. The commerce of the Island consists in the exchange of its agricultural produce, timber, fish, and ships, for British and American products.

The Province of Quebec has an area of 188,688 square miles as taken from the census returns, but if the map is measured, in-

cluding the waters which comprise a portion of this Province, the area may be stated at 210,000 square miles. The soil of a considerable portion of this immense area is quite fertile, and capable of high cultivation. The cereals, grasses, root crops, and many of the fruits of the temperate zones, grow in abundance and to perfection. In the southern parts of the Province, Indian corn is a large crop, and fully ripens. Quebec has vast tracts of forest land, and a very large lumber trade. It is rich in minerals, including gold, silver, copper, iron, plumbago, etc., and has especially immense deposits of phosphate of lime, but it has no coal. It has large deposits of valuable peat. Its fisheries are of immense extent, and among the most valuable in the world.

Among the first English settlers who fixed their homes in Quebec were the United Empire Loyalists, whom the war of Independence in the United States caused to emigrate to Canada. To recompense their allegiance, the British Government gave them magnificent grants of land in the Eastern Townships in Quebec.

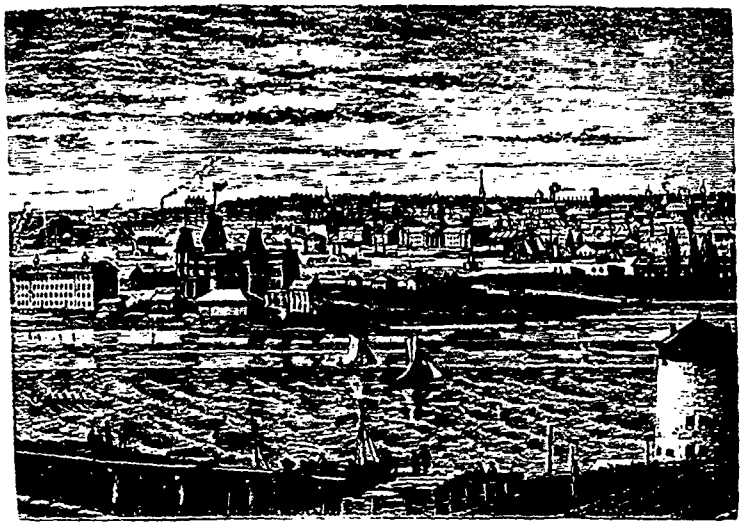
The great River St. Lawrence, which forms so remarkable a feature in the continent of North America, gives to the Province of Quebec a commercial position of commanding importance not only in relation to the Province of Ontario and the North-West of Canada, but also to a large portion of the adjoining United States. Its waters are everywhere clear, being in this respect the opposite of the muddy waters of the Mississippi, and many of its affluents, some of which are a hundred miles in length, would be considered great rivers on the Continent of Europe.

The Eastern Townships comprise a portion of the Province of Quebec, south of the River St. Lawrence, and adjoining the frontier of the United States. They are the most English part of the Province of Quebec, having been originally settled by United Empire Loyalists, who left the present United States at the time of their separation from England, and who thereby made enormous sacrifices to preserve their allegiance. There are also many French-Canadian settlers in the Townships, who live in the most perfect harmony with their brethren who speak the English tongue.

The Eastern Townships form the most southern part of the Province of Quebec, the frontier being on the line 45° north latitude, which corresponds in Europe with that of the south of France. This condition gives a decided warmth in summer, sufficient to make Indian corn one of the chief and most profitable

crops. They are favourably situated for feeding and fattening and sending stock to the markets of the United Kingdom Cheese factories, and creameries for the manufacture of butter, are carried on with success; as are also several kinds of manufactures.

The soil of the Eastern Townships is very fertile, and susceptible of the highest cultivation. The features of the country are rolling or hilly, and in some parts these hills rise into mountains. They are all however, clothed with a rich growth of forest. The whole country is intersected with streams and rivulets, the waters of which are clear and cold; and, almost everywhere, before the



CITY OF KINGSTON.

sawmill is erected, the home of the red trout. There are many lakes of great natural beauty, and one of them, Lake Memphremagog, even exceeds Loch Lomond in loveliness of scenery. These lakes, as well as the streams, are rich in valuable fish.

The Government of the Province of Quebec has about 900,000 acres of wild or forest land for sale in the Eastern Townships. The lands are sold at from fifty to sixty cents per acre, on condition of settlement.

Ontario is the most populous and wealthy province of the Dominion of Canada, and its growth has been exceedingly rapid. The area within its old limits, as taken from the census returns, is 101,733 square miles. It should further be stated, that the award of the recent arbitration, not yet ratified, would add about 80,000 square miles additional to the Province of Ontario.

The Province of Ontario reaches the most southern point of the Dominion, namely to the latitude of Rome in Italy, and being in a large measure surrounded by the great lakes of the Continent of North America, its climate is much modified by their influence. The principal source of its wealth is agriculture. The number of acres of land surveyed in this Province is about 31,000,000, and the number of acres already granted and sold, is about 22,000,000.

The soil varies in different localities, but a large proportion of the whole is the very best for agricultural and horticultural purposes, including the growing of all kinds of fruit which flourish in the temperate zone. Its water communication by means of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence River system, improved by the magnificent series of Dominion canals, is unsurpassed. Its mineral wealth, excluding the one article of coal, is probably equal to that of any part of the world, abounding as it does, in iron, copper, lead, silver, gold, marble, petroleum, salt, etc. Its numerous forests of pine timber are too well known to need any description. The great lakes abound with fish, and the forests with game.

It is further to be stated in this connection that Ontario is rapidly becoming a manufacturing country. The leading industries are, works for making all kinds of agricultural implements in iron and wood, waggons, carriages, railroad rolling stock (including locomotives); cotton factories, woollen factories, tanneries, furniture factories, flax works, ordinary iron and hardware works, paper factories, soap works, wooden ware, etc. The bountiful water supply in Ontario is used in these manufactures, as is also steam, for motive power.

In coming to Ontario, old country people will find themselves surrounded by appliances of comfort and civilization similar to those which they left in the old land, the means of educating their children universally diffused: religious privileges almost identically the same, and the old natural feeling for the land of their fathers loyally cherished.

On the 1st of January, 1881, there were 122 townships open for location under the Free Grant and Homestead Act of 1868, each containing between 50,000 and 60,000 acres, making altogether about 6,710,000 acres of free grant lands. Other townships will be opened up as railways and colonization roads are constructed, and the Georgian Bay Branch of the Canadian Pacific

Railway will, in its construction, pass through townships in Ontario that will be opened up to settlers as free grants.

Two hundred acres of land can be obtained, on condition of settlement, by every head of a family having children under eighteen years of age; and any male over eighteen years of age can obtain a free grant of 100 acres on condition of settlement. These lands are protected from seizure for any debt incurred before the issue of the patent, and for twenty years after its issue by a "Homestead Exemption Act."

We proceed to notice briefly the engravings which illustrate this number. Beginning with the far east, we present a partial view of St. John, N. B., with the Suspension Bridge, across the

HAMILTON.—FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

St. John River, in the foreground—nearly 100 feet above low water. A peculiarity of the falls here shown is that at certain stages of flood-tide the falls are overcome—"levelled up"—so that vessels and barges may sail up the river where a short time before there was a waterfall of several feet.

Coming further west we get a view of Quebec, with its crowded shipping, the long extension of Durham Terrace and the fortress-crowned Cape Diamond — for picturesque beauty and historic association one of the most interesting spots on the continent.

The view of Montreal, from the mountain, is one that it would be hard to surpass. In the foreground the observatory, reservoir,

McGill College, and the elegant villas of its merchant princes; further off the clustering spires of its churches and massy architecture of its palaces of trade; then the far-shimmering St. Lawrence, the great highway of commerce; and in the purple distance the hazy hills of Belœil and mountains of the Eastern Townships.

One of the chief objects of interest at Montreal is the famous Victoria Bridge, over a mile and a quarter long, with twenty-three spans of 242 feet each (the centre one 330 feet), costing $6,800,000. At a distance it looks like some vast many-footed dragon crossing the stream; but the river steamers glide safely beneath it. Near the northern end is a monument of pathetic interest—a huge boulder, commemorating the burial-place of 6,500 Irish immigrants, who died here of ship fever in 1847.

One of the most picturesque and beautiful parts of Lower Canada is found in the same Eastern Townships, with their towering hills, their lovely lakes, their fertile valleys. Cuts 5 and 6 show the appearance of an Eastern Township farmstead at the period of its early settlement and after an interval of some ten years. It is only by the stream and waterfall in the foreground that we can recognize the two pictures as being of the same place. The log house and barn and corduroy bridge have given place to the elegant villa and surrrounding structures, and the busy hum of the sawmill supplements the noise of the waterfall. In our next number, in pictures of Winnipeg in 1872 and 1882, we shall see the still more striking contrast wrought by the progress of ten years.

The view of Kingston shows in the foreground one of the martello towers which guard the harbour, in the middle distance the military college, and in the back ground the city with its imposing public buildings and churches. The engraving of Toronto is unfortunately too large for our page, and has therefore to be omitted.

The last cut in this number gives a view of Hamilton from the mountain—one of the most beautiful city views to be had in the Dominion. Beneath lies the garden city, before us the sail-dotted harbour, with the rolling hills beyond; to the right the blue waters of Ontario, and to the left the lovely Dundas Valley, which, seen under a westering sun, is a vision of delight. In our two following numbers we will present engravings of the striking scenery of the North-West.

SELF-SUPPORT OF THE NATIVE CHURCH IN JAPAN.

A Paper read at the General Conference of Protestant Missionaries in Japan, held in the City of Ozaka, in April, 1883.*

BY THE REV. G. M. MEACHAM, D.D.

Two methods at least of dealing with native ministers and churches are before us for criticism: the one practised from the outset by many missionaries in Japan and other heathen lands; the other as a kind of reaction against the abuses of the past.

The First Method is to contribute freely for the support of native pastors and churches without asking them to bear any portion of the burden. There is this to be said in behalf of those who have practised it, that it grew out of the very enthusiasm of humanity which glowed in them, a thirst for the conversion of souls, and a fear lest, by interposing the question of self-support, they might check the work of God. This system commends itself to us as being easily workable. It requires no careful foresight, no study of the capabilities of churches, no line-upon-line enforcement of the Gospel principles of giving, and no painful exhortations to unwilling ears touching a subject seldom popular, and as little so in Japan as elsewhere. All that is needed is a long purse and open-handed liberality. But there are serious objections to this plan.

First: it deteriorates the character of both native ministers and their churches. The tendency of the system is to produce loss of self-respect and a disregard of the effect upon the world of the unseemly spectacle of their entire dependence for support upon mission funds. The moral sense becomes blunted, the spring of manliness dries up, and, if a long, sickly and dependent pupilage continues, that despondency sets in of which we read in the experience of prisoners condemned for life. "If," says the *Princeton Missionary Review*, "this system does not thoroughly emasculate native Christian helpers, it does sadly eliminate their independence and manly elements of character. The monthly

*Two papers discussed the question: "Should Foreign Money be used at all?" The first answered—"No, not one cent." The second is the one here published.

stipend doled out to such native helpers by the missionary becomes a force unconsciously transforming him into a petty nabob, and them into pliant if not cringing servants, far more intent on pleasing him than on pleasing Christ and saving souls." Clearly—under such a method as this that we oppose—money is to our native brethren an unclean and paralyzing thing.

Again . receiving money under such conditions belittles them before their countrymen, and brings Christianity into contempt. It is a fact known to many that there is a large class of Japanese disposed to regard Christianity favourably, but disgusted at the relation towards the mission of the native preachers, whom they regard as babes in leading strings, or slaves at the oars of the galley. Doubting their sincerity, and despising them for their lack of manliness, is it any wonder that they hold themselves aloof from the Christian Church? The system is condemned by this simple fact.

Further: it is a serious objection to this open-handed subsidizing, that it separates the native preachers from the Churches on which they ought to be dependent. The normal relation of the pastor to his people is that of a man devoting himself to their spiritual improvement, while they yield him an adequate support (*1 Cor. 9. 11*). But this system, because it subverts the Scriptural order, works mischief. A brother missionary said to me years ago that the conduct of one of the pastors—conduct attributable to his independence of his flock—was such as to alieniate his people, especially the poor and ignorant, from the Christian Church.

Still further: it is an objection to this system that it cuts the sinews of healthy endeavour among native ministers and churches. What they most need is a passionate longing, an insatiate hunger, for the souls of men, such as is felt in Polynesia, where "there are 350,000 native Christians supporting their own churches, pastors, and teachers, and having their own organizations for promoting efforts to evangelize the heathen of neighbouring islands." This spirit in other spheres has been the encourager of all the labour, the producer of all the wealth, the originator of the arts, the civilizer of the race. In the form which the pastor should possess, it is not usually born in a moment, and is not developed by being pampered To pamper it is to destroy it. Says Dr. J. L. Phillips: "Eye-service has been the

bane of our work so far. The heart set firmly on God's service is vastly better than both eyes fixed on the missionary, who holds the mission purse." Sirs, it is in accordance with the principles of human nature, that those you help most will be least disposed to help themselves. If riches are "the baggage of virtue," salaries paid to native pastors by missions are *impedimenta* with which they will be so weighted as to be unable to move with celerity and to execute those deeds of chivalry without which this country will be long in being won to Christ. If this system were good, then the more of it the better—more money to spend, more free-handedness in its distribution. So thought the native preacher of Lodiana Mission of the American Presbyterian Board: "I do not see," said he, "any other way of increasing the number of our community by baptism, so long as we are unable to provide employment for those who come to us by baptism." Thank God! the evils of the compound-system are not known to any serious extent in Japan as in India, where it seems to be taken for granted that "it is impossible for persons converted from Hinduism, or Mohammedanism, or Parseeism, to remain at home with their own people but must be at once protected and provided for. Hence the compound with houses for native converts under the eye and protection of the missionaries." Quite bad enough is the system of liberal givings obtaining here, and illustrative of the language of the poet:—

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart."

Thoughtless good nature here as elsewhere has encouraged imposture, improvidence, idleness, and pauperism. If we do not want our churches to be Lazarettoes, Lady Bountiful must not stand in the Beautiful Gate of the Temple indiscriminately dispensing her largesses, else beggars will flock there in multitudes, and many who never begged before, unable to stand the strain of the temptation, will sink the man in the beggar. The truth is, Japan would not be like other countries, if we could not build up here almost any institution by that lavish-giving which caricatures the Divine bounty.* But what kind of institution

*Missionaries of all shades of opinion on this question agree that *schools* must be supported from abroad for the most part.

will it be when it is built up? Would it have the element of permanence? Shall we not rather be reminded of the statue moulded out of snow by Michael Angelo at the command of his patron? Beautiful to the view, perhaps, and evincing the skill of the master, may be, yet may we not be very confident that when summer suns begin to shine, and summer winds to blow, it will pass away in a cloud of mist?

Finally: this system diverts money from quarters where it should be spent. The churches contribute a given amount for mission-work. Nothing is clearer than that if more money than is necessary is spent on a mission, the overplus is abstracted from the missionary exchequer, and work that ought to have been done by it elsewhere cannot be done. At a time when the world, which needs the Gospel so much, is open to the missionary, and vast fields are still unoccupied, what a breach of trust and an abuse of our stewardship it is to waste or misappropriate one dollar of that fund to objects, for favouring which we cannot be sure that we shall be exonerated on the day of doom! But this system, which makes no discrimination in its outlays, is chargeable with the stupendous abuse of stewardship which has left multitudes in other regions to perish for lack of knowledge.

Here then are reasons sufficient to show that the old system of unrestrained givings for the support of pastors and churches is not founded on common sense or Scripture, but, on the contrary, is productive of manifold evil.

The Second Method is to contribute nothing at all in the form of money to the support of native churches and ministers. Here is none of the looseness of the first method; on the contrary, there are indications of a moral fibre which will stand us in good stead in our efforts to carry out a system that aims at perfection in dealing with this question. This method is a reaction from the abuses of the first. It is a confession that the Golden Age of the administration of missions has not yet come—that, at the best, we are only in the Silver Age. The swing of the pendulum just now is strongly towards this new method. The brethren who lead the movement merit high praise for the zeal and ability with which they have awakened and directed in the hearts of their native converts a manly resolve to be independent of foreign churches. They belong to the class who—

"Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

Joseph Cook recently wrote: "No other set of missionaries has carried its system of self-support in native churches so far as those of the American Board. I am not inclined to criticise the policy of the Board in requiring native churches to support themselves as far as possible. This system has the hearty support of the Japanese; but I think this system has been pushed by the Board in the Far East quite as far as the present condition of the native churches will warrant." And in a recent lecture he said: "The American Board has the high respect of all other missionary bodies, because it leads them all, unless we except William Taylor's missions, in applying the principle of self-support." This witness is true.

Now, the position that this paper takes is, that, considering the condition of things among us, the standard which the second method erects is in many cases too high to be reached, and that while it is good as an ideal, it would often be very unwise to insist upon it as a rule. Bacon, discussing nature in men, says: "Neither is the ancient rule amiss to bend nature as a wand to a contrary extreme whereby to set it right." On this his commentator admirably remarks: "The ancient rule needs to be qualified by a caution against bending the wand too far." Precisely here, in my opinion, is where the authors of the method err. For if it be true, as Whateley elsewhere remarks: "that relief afforded to want as mere want tends to increase that want; while relief afforded to the sick, the infirm, or the disabled, has plainly no tendency to multiply its own objects," evidently there are cases where assistance may be safely rendered, and the gratitude of Christian churches for the blessings of the Gospel may, with great advantage to the cause of God throughout the world, manifest itself in sending the bearer of good tidings to the infirm or disabled church as yet unable to support adequately him whose beautiful feet upon the mountains it hails with joy.

But it is said that there is warrant in Scripture for the hard-and-fast rule of giving not one cent toward the assistance of feeble churches gathered out of the wilderness and unable to support a pastor. Is the warrant to be found in the example of Paul, of which Dr. Curry says: "It was to strike out into new fields, to live among the people, to gather the first converts into societies for further instruction and Christian fellow-

ship, and to expect that these converts would contribute needed carnal things to supply requisites for worship and for the support of those who ministered to them." But who shall say that Paul did not himself expend a fortune upon mission-work? If, as is more likely, at all events later in life, he had no funds, why, no other course was open to him. Dr. Curry says there were no Foreign Missionary Societies then. If he had forgotten that fact, it would have been well for his argument. The Church at that time was unable to undertake such work. She could truly say: "Silver and gold have I none." Times have changed, and there are such societies now, for the Church is wealthy. It is in her power to give both money and the Gospel, and grossly neglectful of her duty she must be if she withholds either the one or the other from worthy recipients of her bounty.

Is the Scriptural warrant for establishing missions on this basis to be found in the charge of our Lord to the twelve (Matt. 10. 5-42; Mark 6. 7-13; Luke 9. 1-6), or in the subsequent charge (Luke 10. 1-16) to the seventy? If so, too much is proved; for no bird that flies in the heavens, and no beast that hides in the thicket, but is better provided for than those commissioned by our Lord to be the founders of the kingdom which shall not be moved. If this rule is to be applied now, not only native ministers but missionaries are not at liberty to take money, or purse, or scrip, or two coats, or a home. No, no! Our times and circumstances are entirely unlike those of the Apostles. The twelve went to their own, and found comparatively easy access everywhere. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, was a citizen of an Empire beyond the limits of which he never travelled, and to all the nations of which he could make his message known; while the customs, usages, and food of the different nations through which he journeyed were not so unlike his own that he could not adapt himself to them.

Well, then, if not found here, where is the warrant found? Is it in the example of the priest and Levite of the Gospel parable, who left the poor Jew, whose life was slowly ebbing away, to welter in his blood? Our brethren, the advocates of method number two, will not so contend, for their spirit is rather that of the stranger, best image of our Lord, who had com-

passion on the wayside sufferer, and at the risk of property and life hastened to his rescue, mollified his wounds and stanched their bleeding, lifted him tenderly in his arms, placed him on his own beast, conveyed him to an inn, left money in the landlord's care for the supply of the wounded man's immediate wants, and promised to make good any deficiency when next he should pass by.

To apply to the present case a rule suitable to a very different system of things would be in many cases to put on the Japanese a burden they cannot bear. The Hebraistic sternness of the advocates of method number two is good, but it is good only at particular times and in special cases. In the churches' treatment of this question there is room for strength,—for sternness of conscience, the characteristic of the Hebrew and of the Puritan Roundhead—and for beauty—sweetness and light,—the æsthetics of the Hellenist and of the English Cavalier—for "strength and beauty" both "are in His sanctuary."

To conclude this portion of the discussion. An insuperable objection to method number two is, that if you apply the rule rigidly there are some whom you leave to die.

Thus gradually we have approached the thesis of this paper, and prepared the way for the statement of the conviction that between these wide extremes of unquestioning and undiscriminating generosity and the policy of leaving the native churches entirely to their own resources there is a golden mean. A few years ago a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, discussing the methods of Poor Relief, made use of this happy illustration: "Our work must be in the same direction as God's work. The wild birds of the country are useful—they eat the grubs and vermin; therefore don't interfere with them. If you don't you will find they will eat seed and poultry as well as worms and weasels. The wild birds are harmful; they are destroying all our seeds and all our poultry; let us exterminate them. If you do, the vermin will multiply upon you and you will need a Birds' Preservation Act. So it is not in morals only that you have to keep the exact middle, to recognize that either of two opposing courses of conduct, if carried to extremes, will be productive of harm." There are, it is true, times when two extreme courses may be united to the advantage of the interest concerned. As for instance when Lord Palmerston gave some advice to the Scottish

Church and people regarding the national attitude when the Asiatic cholera, was threatening. He said that they needed rather to look to material things, such as cleanliness and ventilation, than to fasting and prayer. Purify the over-crowded tenements of the poor and get rid "of those causes and sources of contagion, which if allowed to remain will infallibly breed pestilence, and be fruitful in death in spite of all the prayers and fastings of a united but inactive nation." It cannot be denied that there was a party of inaction which looked to God to do everything in answer to prayer, and in view of their fasting for the sin of the nation. But Mr. Great-heart, wiser than my Lord Worldly Wiseman on the one hand, and Mr. Feeble Mind on the other, and with a spirit inclusive of what was good in both,—found voice in Dr. Buchanan's reply to the Home Secretary "True, we must use all these means, but the men of prayer will be the men of performance."

The case before us, however, is of another sort. The old maxim here holds true: "*Medio tutissimus ibis.*" It is the case of our coming between two distinct courses with neither of which must one identify oneself; though as each is sometimes nearer the right than the other, one cannot keep equidistant from the two. Why, even rivers, which Ruskin compares to wise men, have a fashion of leaning now a little to one side and now to the other. Indeed, advocates of the theory of "no help" come over to us occasionally, so that we have no occasion to go towards them. Says Dr. Curry: "Any departure from it (the practice of giving no pecuniary help) must be clearly exceptional—to be submitted to only in emergencies and for a little while, and not in any case to be continued as a settled policy to be extended indefinitely." That is to say—each case must be dealt with on its own merits, and, if need be, help reached out to it. This is conceding all we insist upon. Even the Rev. William Taylor begins his work on "Ten Years' Self-support in India" with the statement that "missionary work, like rail-roading, requires a vast initiative outlay of mind, and muscle, and money before any commensurate results can be realized." And in his "Four Years' Campaign in India" he says: "The opening pioneer work in any country may require, and in most cases has required and does require some independent resources which the pioneer missionary brings to his new work before he can develop it, or

make it self-supporting." Let us come nearer home. A letter from Pastor Ise published in the *Missionary Herald,* shows the Church at Imabari is evidently no limpy, boneless organization. "In three days," he says, "$650 were subscribed by members of the church and congregation and a few outsiders. There is a prospect that the sum will reach $800. I think the church will be glad to receive from you any contribution either in money or furniture. Your contributions will help to knit the hearts of foreign and native Christians together, and will show to outsiders we are one." It is apparent that Pastor Ise does not sue in *formâ pauperis,* on the contrary, he makes a dignified and manly appeal for assistance on very proper grounds. They have done what they could. Now, in their extremity, which is God's opportunity, for love of humanity and of God, give them help. Tell us who can what better ends mission funds can serve than to afford help in such a case.

Of course each case must be dealt with separately and judged on its own merits. The other two methods are very simple and easily worked. The answer to a request for pecuniary help is either a prompt and unequivocal "Yes," or an equally prompt and peremptory "No." Method number three is not so easily worked. To disburse help aright, as we all know, is one of the most perplexing problems of our age. If help is given it should be judiciously given, so as not to relieve at the expense of subsequent weakness and distress. The answer to an appeal, therefore, cannot be given at once. We need, what a great critic ascribes to Goethe, a third eye, besides the eyes he slept and wept with, to take note of his own sleep and of his own tears, and an extra will at the command of the third eye, ready to rescue the ordinary will from the intricacies of human emotion. For one really requires the perfect intellectual vision of Plato's φιλομαθης, the power of seeing things as they really are, if one would reach perfection of method. Remedies are mere quack medicines unless administered by skilled hands. If Coleridge was right when he said that "every human face was a history or a prophecy," then when like Peter we *fasten* our eyes on the impotent man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, we shall find much in the glance that meets ours that will appeal to the compassion of our inmost hearts. The third eye, and the extra will at its command, will be

needed to enable us to say "No," even when the heart aches in its desire to relieve, and when at little cost one can enjoy the gratification of one's feelings of compassion. One requires to be, I will not say of stern stuff, but one must be possessed of great self-poise, so as by no weak compromise of principle to give present relief when present relief is likely to turn out cruelty. If a church ask help when we are satisfied that it is a case where the three-fold conversion of which Christlieb speaks has not taken place—the conversion of the head, the conversion of the heart, and the conversion of the purse—for the lack of which it is reduced to the condition of the impotent man of the Apostolic story, there can be no manner of doubt as to what the answer should be even at the risk of being misunderstood: "Silver and gold have we none for you; but we have something better. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." And if that church be receptive of the grace and power of God, new life will palpitate in every member, and in due time it will rise up and leap and praise God, and run in the path of the Divine commandments. For Thomas Aquinas, in replying to the Pope who said: "The Church cannot say 'Silver and gold have I none,'" did not speak for all coming time when he retorted: "No, neither can it say 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.'" And God forbid that the Church of *to-day* should lose the power of being filled with the Spirit so as to be able to touch dead men to life and to give strength to the feet and ankle-bones of impotent churches!

But here is another appeal for help. Conscientiously and deliberately you study the case in the same careful way in which Christ seemed to hesitate and deliberate before working some of His miracles; and this is your judgment of it. "They hunger for the bread of life. They need the ministrations of a pastor. They require a church building. They *can* do but little. They will do what they can." Now, what shall we do? Once said our Lord: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." Of whom spake He? Of a certain foreigner who built a synagogue for the Jews. Ah! will it not be well if, having compassion now on the needy, some day in our time of need, we have the prevailing prayer offered in our behalf: "He *is* worthy" (albeit we shall say with a sense of our unworthiness 'I am not worthy that Thou should'st come under my roof') "He is

worthy for whom Thou should'st do this, for he loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." Well said Dr. Gordon (of the A. B. C. F. M. in Japan) speaking of a church which had shown a spirit of self-devotion: "Could we not wisely help our churches which show such a spirit?" Yes, a thousand times yes! Christianity is not merely a theory of existence. Its precepts are practical. It enjoins not merely states of mind and heart but also conditions of activity. It bids us love our neighbour as ourselves and to evince that love by practical help.

It is objected—let them give as they gave to Buddhism and Shintooism. The objector forgets that those systems of religion in the olden time had magnificent endowments from the great and the rich, and that the *rin* and the *tempo*, and the *sen*,* which the mass of the people gave were in comparison but as—

"A drop uncounted in a shower of rain."

Such givings in our churches would go but a little way to support a pastor who receives a salary of from 15 to 30 *yen*† per month. For the most part the people in our churches (though for the most part *samurai*) are very poor. Our work is lowly. But we try to ennoble it with the thought of how great the honour is of ministering to Christ's little ones,

"And with the lofty sanctify the low!"

Again our objector cries: "We should not be more merciful than God." Is there any likelihood? Certainly we ought to make it our aim to be *no less* merciful than He (Matt. 5. 48). Trace His footsteps in the days of His flesh. He healed the sick continually. We never hear of any being sent away unrelieved. Thrice He raised the dead. Nor did He abstain from feeding the hungry. He who had compassion on the hungry multitudes would not be without pity for the few sheep, gathered here and there out of the wilderness, and folded, but without a shepherd!

The objective point of method number three is precisely the same as that of number two. But we believe that it is safer and wiser to "make haste slowly." "Raw haste" is always "the

*Very small copper coins, the largest of which, the *sen*, is not equal to one cent with us.

†The *yen* is considerably less than a dollar.

sister of delay." While we would help the needy, we regard the assistance as only temporary and in order to tide over a present difficulty. Meanwhile these churches thus assisted should be plied with arguments and reasons why they should aim at self-support, and by all legitimate means pressed to the point when the work of evangelization will become rooted in the land and self-support pass into the phase of self-propagation. The earlier a church is inspired with this purpose the more vigorous it will become. The comparisons of Horace have all the force of an argument: "The young hound from the time that he barked at the skin of a stag in the court-yard campaigns it in the woods. . . . A jar will long preserve the flavour of the liquor with which when new it was impregnated."

One day these poor will be rich. Poverty in alliance with Christianity breeds wealth. The acorns of the present will be the oaks of by and by. As the botanist, having seen elsewhere the tree and its seed, predicts from the seed planted here the immense proportions of the *cryptomeria*, so we, remembering that the work of God grew in America, Canada, and Australia from the same seed precisely in this way, much money having been spent on the work, can confidently predict from the seed planted in Japan the growth of a tree, which shall stand in pillared majesty against the sky, whose height shall reach to heaven and the sight thereof to the ends of the earth, while from the withered branches of the false religions and mythologies which it overtops, birds of every wing, and song, and plumage, shall flock to its boughs and build their nests and rear their young down to the end of time.

Tokio, Japan.

EVERY little flower that grows,
Every little grassy blade,
Every little dew-drop shows
Jesus cares for all He made.
Jesus loves, and Jesus knows,
So you need not be afraid.

AT LAST;

OR, JAMES DARYLL'S CONVERSION.

BY RUTH ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER XVII.

"DEAR JAMES,—By this post I send the books you asked for. I have been too busy to hunt them up before, but to-day I have had actually nothing to do. Now don't jump to any rash conclusion, and imagine the hospital burned down, or any other summary end put to my daily duties. Nothing of the sort; I am merely trying the refreshing process of a day's rest. The last week or two I have been awful seedy—everything has been a trouble; and now, to-day, I am forced to give in and rest. I never felt so tempted in my life to run out of town as I do now. I sit and fancy the white-crested waves breaking at the foot of the old grey cliffs, and absolutely long to feel the cool spray on my face. You will wonder what mood I am in to write like this. I scarcely know. It is not often I feel inclined to run away from work, but such is really the case now. I suppose I am growing lazy. Do you think of coming up to town soon? I should like to see you. I rather think I am in for typhoid fever. I will let you know in a day or two. Don't forget to send Winnifred my sea-weed book; I promised she should have it this week.—Faithfully yours, PHILIP ERICSON."

With this letter in his hand James stood buried in thought at the open window. It was a bright, sunny day in April, and the white-crested waves, of which Ericson had spoken, were dashing against the breakwater below. The sound of the children's merry voices fell upon his ear with an unwonted sense of unfitness; it jarred upon him, and with a feeling of irritation he shut down the window and turned away. Twice that week he had seen the fatal effects of typhoid, and the very name filled him with anxious forebodings.

"I declare I'm getting as nervous as an old woman!" he exclaimed. "Why shouldn't Eric have the fever as well as anyone else? He has plenty of strength to pull through."

He went off to his work, and under its influence lost much of his anxiety. All his patients seemed to be going on unusually well, and gradually his spirits rose. It is so difficult to associate the idea of death with the ordinary routine of every-day life. In the evening he went to a large dinner party, where everything combined to banish serious thought. He wondered at himself as he returned joke for joke, and rattled on in his usual style. He excelled himself in brilliant repartee, and was the life of the party. Of course it was to a certain extent forced. He could not in his present state of mind, wholly forget the thoughts which had arisen on reading Ericson's letter. It had brought so forcibly before him scene after scene from the past. First he recalled the only time he had known him ill, when he had had that accident, more than a year ago. Then his mind reverted to that night by Roper's bed, and very painfully fresh was the recollection. All that it had revealed to them of their own utter powerlessness and weakness rushed over him with overwhelming force.

As the evening wore on it became more and more an effort to join in the general conversation, and at last he slipped quietly away and went home. The next day he looked anxiously for a letter, but was disappointed. The day after, he received a long letter from Errol, telling him what he had dreaded to hear, and asking him, if possible to run up, as Ericson wished to see him. He made arrangements for having his place supplied, and then started. Never before had he had such a journey. At every station they seemed to stop longer than they had done before, and he had worked himself into a perfect fever of impatience. He could not understand his feelings. Why should he be so anxious? why shouldn't Philip pull through, as many others had done? Still the fear, it might be called presentiment, weighed upon him. Of course it was probable that he would recover, but still it was also possible that he would not, and James shrank from the thought. He went straight to the hospital, and at the door met one of the students, with whom he was acquainted. They stopped to speak, and they went up to Ericson's room together.

"I saw him this morning," said Lisle; "he was perfectly conscious then. Errol has been here since daybreak, but he has just gone out."

James paused at the door. All was silent; and turning the handle, he quietly entered. The nurse, who was sitting by the fire, rose and came forward.

"He is asleep, sir," she said: and he passed round the screen and stood at the foot of the bed. He was not prepared for any change in Ericson's face, and the sight of the beautifully chiselled features, sharpened and refined by illness, gave him a sudden shock. He stepped hastily to his side, and bent down. As he did so, Ericson opened his eyes and looked wonderingly up into his face.

"You know me, Eric?" said James; and the words fell curiously upon his ear. Could it be that he was putting such a question to Philip Ericson? It seemed to amuse Philip, too, for he smiled.

"Know you!"

"I have come up to nurse you, old fellow. We'll manage to pull you through."

There was no reply; but the large eyes gazed into his with earnest questioning.

"What is it, Eric? What can I do for you?" he asked, bending low.

"My promise—does not bind me—not to speak of myself?"

For the moment James was bewildered. What did he mean? Then it flashed across his mind, and he answered, hastily, "No, no, Eric! Speak to me as much as you can."

"I was afraid you couldn't come."

"Not come! I would have thrown up the appointment first! Lytton has taken my place."

"How long?"

"How long can I stay, do you mean? Till you are well, or, at any rate, convalescent."

"Or——"

There was no mistaking his meaning; and urged by some perfectly irresistible impulse, James answered almost unconsciously, "And what then?" The words were scarcely off his lips when he would have given anything to recall them; and yet he listened with absolute painful intensity for the answer. Upon it, in that one moment, he hung his whole hope for the future. If Ericson's faith failed him: if at this hour, when Death stood before him, the God whom he had served refused

to acknowledge him; if the light of his trust faded, leaving only the gloom and darkness of an unknown beyond—every gleam of hope for himself would be dashed to the ground for ever and ever! The answer came, but so low that he could scarcely hear. "What then? A shadowy valley, lone—no, not lone nor dim! and then a deep and darkly-rolling river; and then a flood of light, a seraph hymn, and God's own smile ——"

He did not finish it: consciousness had flown again; but he had said enough to set at rest all doubt or fear. A feeling of intense relief came over James—more than relief; absolute gladness. There was no mistake about it, then! the faith that was sufficient for life was sufficient also for death. The testing-time had come, and God was found true to His promises. The light was shining in the valley, dispelling all gloom and loneliness.

Daylight slowly faded away, and night closed around. Errol came quietly in, and laid his hand on his shoulder and they went out together on the balcony. Before them lay the busy city, with its myriad lights and its rush of human life, behind them at the farther end of the corridor, the long silent ward, with its rows of white beds, and quiet, patient occupants. Never was there a greater contrast. On the one hand, life in the midst of its unchecked career after worldly interest and gain; on the other hand, life brought by sin and suffering to the very verge of the unseen world.

For some moments the young men leaned over the parapet in silence. After the first greeting, neither felt inclined to speak. "He has asked so often for you," said Errol, at last; "I am so glad you have come. He wished me to write. There is some thought about you pressing on his mind, I think, James; try to find out what it is, will you?"

"I do know what it is," answered James briefly. That reference to the promise had told him much.

Errol went on talking, telling him of Ericson's late life—how he had worked early and late in a fever-stricken neighbourhood battling with the foe, almost single-handed. All this, with his hospital work, had been too much for him, and he himself had succumbed at last. "He kept up as long as he possibly could, but that sort of thing could not go on for ever. He was just in a state to take anything; and then came this wretched typhoid!

I told him the last time I was up that he would kill himself if he didn't take care; but he only laughed at me, and talked about his iron constitution! No constitution could stand such incessant toil as he has had the last six months or more. Poor old Eric! we cannot afford to lose him, James; he is so much to us."

All night Ericson lay restlessly sleeping, or in a half-conscious state. Once he recognised James, and tried to speak; but they could not understand what he said. Only those who have experienced it can realise what it it is to watch for the gleam of consciousness, to listen with strained ears to catch the scarcely uttered words, to wait for the coming of the light of recognition into the loved eyes. Over and over again James bent eagerly down, thinking Philip called him; but either he was mistaken, or the power to speak had vanished ere the longed-for words could be even whispered. Towards morning he gradually became less restless, and fell into a quiet sleep. About ten he awoke, and looked up with a smile as he recognised James. "You are here still?" he said.

"Of course! I am head-nurse, you know; isn't this my place?" replied James, only too glad to hear his voice again. "You have had a splendid sleep, old fellow."

"Have I? Is it late?"

"Just striking ten. What is it you want, Eric?" It was the wistful questioning of Ericson's eyes that made him ask.

"Come closer," he answered, after a pause, "I want you to tell me something."

His voice was so low that James could scarcely hear it. He drew his chair close, and bent forward.

"What do you want me to tell you, Eric?"

"Can you see it yet?"

"See what?" asked James, gently.

"Infinite love."

James was silent. What could he say? He could not answer, "yes!" yet his whole nature shrank from saying—"no!" That, indeed, would seem to set a seal upon all his doubts. While he hesitated Ericson spoke again.

"I cannot rest till I know that all the influence I had over you in the old days has been counteracted. I tried to do it myself, but it could not be; you made me promise. James,

dear old boy, it is the one thing I want; can't you give it me!" The beseeching tone was more than James could bear. Resting his head upon his hand, he tried in vain to think of some reply that would satisfy Ericson, without being more than the truth. He would willingly have given all he possessed to be able to set his mind at rest; but it was impossible, and with bitter regret he was forced to acknowledge it. Looking up, he met Philip's eyes, and the tender, yearning look touched him more than words.

"I cannot say it, Ericson," he said, sadly. "I would only too gladly, if I could; but it is too late now."

"Too late for you when it was not too late for me? James, that cannot be! I know Him now; He is all, and more than I thought, or even hoped. Cannot you trust His love?"

James could not answer.

"I was farther from Him than you, and yet He brought me near; my night was darker than yours, yet He shed upon it His own marvellous light. Am I more to Him than you?"

Still silence.

"I am nearing the shadowy valley, but He is with me. I have rested my whole hope upon Him, and He has not failed me. Now I am going to see Him face to face, not through a glass, darkly. James, can the love which takes all the sting and bitterness from death ——?"

Strength to finish the sentence was gone. Even consciousness seemed to have flown, for James spoke to him in vain. Again silence fell upon the darkened room, and the time passed slowly and wearily.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Day succeeded day, night followed night, and the fatal fever steadily gained ground. Sometimes the temperature fell, and then James and Charlie took fresh hope; but in a short time it was even higher than it had been before, and the hope slowly sank again. They took it in turns to watch, though James, in his restless anxiety, could not bear to be out of the room. It was his constant fear that during his absence, Ericson, in an

interval of consciousness would want him, would have some especial charge for him. Until then he had not known what a strong hold he had upon him; the very thought of losing him gave him a sharp and bitter pang, all the sharper and more bitter that, in all probability, the parting would be forever. Painful as it was to sit and listen to the wild, delirious ravings, it was far worse to imagine from a distance all that might be going on in that darkened room. His first eager question after he had been away was, "Has he asked for me?" and with a feeling of relief, he heard the usual "No." It was a new and strange experience for him, this watching and waiting for recognition from eyes once so full of friendship's truest, kindliest light. It came at last. He was standing by the window, absorbed in thought, when that curious feeling of being watched, which perhaps most have experienced, came over him. Turning hastily round he found Philip's eyes fixed earnestly upon him, and in a moment he was at his side. Bending closely down he wiped the drops of perspiration from the broad, white forehead.

"James, promise."

"What shall I promise?" said James, with a thrill of gladness at once more hearing the old familiar voice.

"Promise that—you will not—cease searching until you have found."

There was no need to explain his meaning; James knew it, and in a moment his resolution was taken. I promise, Eric," he said, quietly; "I will never give up seeking while I have life. I cannot say more than that."

"It is enough—it is all I ask."

"If I do not find what I seek, it will not be your fault, Eric," continued James, trying to steady his voice. "You have done all you could; your life has been the one grand proof of the truth and reality of your religion."

"Not much of my life—only a few short months. I cannot understand it, James; it seems so strange that God should send for me now, just when I am beginning my real life. I suppose I shall know it all soon."

"Neither can I understand it," replied James, sadly. "Yes, you will know all soon: but I ——" he stopped, and Ericson took up the words: "But you will have to wait a little longer

for the perfect knowledge—that is all. Now, you must trust Him—as I am doing."

"It is hard to see any good in it, Eric. But it may not have to be; you may get well, yet! I cannot bear to give you up!"

"If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice, because I go to My Father." The words were scarcely audible, strength and voice alike failing. All that night James listened with aching heart to the utterances of delirium, some of which fell upon his ear with strange meaning.

"He will keep his promise; he was always true to his word," cried Ericson, suddenly, after a short silence. "I can rest with that. Ah, yes! and worse than that! But I have tried to undo it. I have got his promise."

"I cannot think what he has got in his head," said Errol. "He is always talking about some promise. It was his own promise before, and now it seems to be some other person's."

James did not answer; he could not that moment speak of what had passed between Ericson and himself. Strange though it may seem, he had felt more at rest after he had *given that* promise than he had ever done since that time, more than a year ago, when a doubt as to the correctness of his views had been roused. It seemed to a certain extent to free him from a dreaded responsibility, that of deciding his own fate. If he sought all his life for the freedom promised to God's acknowledged sons, he could not possibly be blamed for the result, be it what it might. His part in the matter would be fulfilled.

"If I only had the assurance that it would be of any use at the end I should not care," he thought, moodily; "but it is only spoiling my life as it is."

As if Ericson knew his thoughts and answered them, he spoke: "What is the good of waiting, James? Settle the whole affair at once, and have done with it. It isn't like you to be undecided." For the moment James thought he was conscious, but the next words undeceived him; he was *referring to his* appointment, which at first he had hesitated to accept.

"Write and tell me you will take it; it is the best thing you can do now. It is only for a year." Here the thread broke again, and his mind reverted to old Donald. "The end is

very near, Donald; and you are not sorry for that, I suppose. Of cours not! the end of the earth is the beginning of heaven. What a long life! Seventy-seven times did you say? and sixty of them spent in God's service. That is something worth living for." Then he was with his patients: "It is better to tell you the truth, my poor fellow; you will never have the use of that limb again. There are worse things than the loss of an arm. Perhaps God has done it to make you go to Him for help and strength. His ways are not our ways, you know." And so he wandered on all the weary night. With the morning light again came the lowered temperature and quiet sleep, and with the awakening again came a brief consciousness and recognition. Both Errol and James were there. "Charlie!" he said, as the former bent over him, "I did not expect—to see you again—at least—" he paused, and a smile lighted up the weary eyes, "not on this side," he added, with an effort. "We shall meet beyond. Tell Winnie ——"

"Tell Winnie what?" said Charlie, trying to recall his wandering thoughts; but they had gone from the subject, and he had turned to James with an earnest, almost expectant look. Again and again his lips moved, but had not power to frame the words.

At that moment Errol was called out, and James was left alone by the bed. For some minutes he sat with his face buried in his hands, while from his heart went one bitter cry for power to give Ericson the answer he was waiting for. But it seemed as if God would not hear, or would not answer; and unable to bear it any longer, he hastily rose and walked to the window. Still Ericson's eyes followed him, with their silent, anxious questioning.

"What is the hindrance? Why cannot I find what Charlie and Philip have found? Am I never to know Thee, O God? Wilt Thou not be my Father as well as theirs? I have come to Thee through Thy Son; I have urged the efficacy of that death on the cross; and yet I do not know Thee; I am as far from Thee as ever."

On the table beside him was a little book, worn and old. His eye rested upon it, and something familiar in its appearance arrested his attention. Taking it up he opened it mechanically; it was Ericson's pocket Testament, and full of his

marks. Turning over the leaves, he stopped at the eleventh of St. John; one or two of the verses were strongly underlined, and scarcely knowing what he was doing, he read them:

"I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest *thou* this?"

The question seemed almost to possess actual voice and for the moment he was startled. Was it really a question to him, for him to answer? If so, what reply could he make? He read the words again, and they appealed to him still more forcibly. "Believest thou this?" Did he believe it? Did the words come to him as an indisputable fact, proclaimed by the Giver of life Himself? Did belief in Christ really bestow everlasting life? Then, if so, why not rest his whole faith upon the promise, and leave the fulfilment of that promise to Him who made it? Was it possible for God to break His word? *No*; a thousand times no! Better the miserable old creed of "No God" than a cruel God! Thought followed thought in rapid succession. Was not this all he wanted, a hold on Christ? and did not this promise give it him! Surely he could trust! surely it was sufficient! Such a promise could not be broken; it was utterly impossible! And while he had been blaming God for not giving him the sense of security for ever, it was he who was refusing to take God's own way. What could God do more than He had done? Had He not given him a solemn promise that by fulfilling certain conditions he should be received into His kingdom? It was then for him *to fulfil those* conditions, and leave the rest to God. And what were the conditions? That he trusted a promise most solemnly given, that he obeyed the laws of the Gospel! What were those laws? In themselves so high and noble that they appealed to the loftiest part of his nature, and satisfied his craving for the good and true. Then why should he refuse to obey—because God made them? Why should he rebel—because admittance to heaven depended upon his obedience? And that death on the cross—ought it not to win his love? Surely there was nothing of the tyrant in the heart of Him who laid down His life without one murmur to save an erring race. In *that* thought shone the grandeur of the Atonement. He could

understand the love that prompted the sacrifice; it satisfied his conception of a perfect nature, at once human and divine, and at the thought of a fellowship and brotherhood with such an one his heart throbbed with a strange new joy Was it possible? Memory supplied the answer: Christ Himself had declared it possible. This, then, was the Gospel plan of salvation, of which Ericson had spoken. No wonder he had told him the obstacle was in himself! No wonder he had said its very simplicity was to many a stumbling-block! He had read the words often before, but had never seen their real meaning. Influenced by an irresistible impulse, he turned to the bed and knelt down, bringing his face to a level with Ericson's. "Philip!" he said—and his voice shook with eagerness—"listen: 'I am the Resurrection, and the Life: whosoever believeth in Me shall never die.' I have taken it for my own at last! I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ! Philip, do you hear me?"

Yes, Philip heard; every nerve seemed to thrill to the sound of the long-looked-for words, and the glad light of a realised hope flushed his face into a strange beauty.

"I can see it now—the Infinite Love!" continued James, rapidly. "It is all true, Philip; God is Love. I told you if ever the time came for me to endorse it, I would do so gladly; and the time has come. I have accepted God's own terms at last; I must have been blind not to do so before. It is all plain enough now. Speak to me, Eric, dear old boy, just one word!"

No answer from the silent lips; only the glad satisfied look in the loving eyes.

"It is your doing, Eric. No one else had the influence over me you had. I could not rest as I was; I was always trying to banish the memory of the past, but never succeeded. Your life was a perpetual reminder of what I ought to be, what I might have been. God knows I tried hard enough to go to the devil; but He placed you in my way, and forced me back."

Only the eyelids gently closing; only the light slowly fading.

"Eric, listen! only one moment! Can you hear? If you are going—if our Father has sent for you—take with you this knowledge; I shall meet you in heaven!"

No answering look even, from the closed eyes—no sound from the voiceless lips.

"Be the years many or few, it matters not. Watch for me, Eric: I shall come. I claim my home now."

The last effort of the weary brain, the last words whispered low—"*At last!*"

Long hours of patient waiting. Shadows lengthening into night. The first grey dawn of light in the far east, then the golden splendour of the rising sun. Higher, higher in the blue, clear sky. Down into the radiant west. Again the hush of night, and at the midnight hour the summons. No battling for life; no struggle with the great destroyer; only one sigh, one faint quiver of the drooping eyelids: only one step into the silent valley, and Philip Ericson is dead.

Dead! in all the rich promise of his noble manhood. Dead! in the very commencement of his Christian career, in the glorious morning of life. Stilled for ever the beating of the generous heart—hushed for ever the dear familiar voice. Heavily, upon those whom he had left, fell the shadow from the valley; for they saw not the flood of light beyond.

"If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice—because I go to My Father." The words rang in James Daryll's ears, and found an echo in his heart; for was not God his Father too? Not parted for ever now, only for a few short years. Was it any disgrace to his manhood that hot tears fell upon the marble forehead of one who had been truest friend? for though the sting of death is taken away for those who go, it possesses a very bitter one for those who stay. For the one, a triumphant entry into the golden city, a glad welcome to the fatherland, a home among the many mansions. For the other, a vacant chair, a bitterly missed "good-night," a restless, unsatisfied yearning for the sound of a silent voice, the grasp of a lifeless hand; the only gleam of light being the sure and certain "I know that I shall meet him again."

From the depths of Daryll's heart there went up a glad thanksgiving psalm. "God! I thank Thee for Philip Ericson—I thank Thee for what Thou gavest him to do. For his beautiful life—for his finished work—I thank Thee. Ever sacred and holy will his memory be—his influence lasting through time into eternity. At last I can understand the love which led him,

the principle which guided him, and I thank Thee for the light and knowlege. Thou hast taken him to Thyself; to his own chosen Home; I shall hear his voice no more—and his place can never be filled. A shadow has fallen on my life—but in the glorious light of my promised and certain hereafter it will vanish for evermore—I shall see Philip Ericson again."

And "so He giveth His beloved sleep." "His beloved!" dear words, and true! Sleep from the busy toils of earth—sleep from its anxious care and unending strife; sleep, yes—but beyond the sleep—the glad awakening in His likeness in the land where "the walls are all Salvation, and the gates are called Praise"—where the eyes that have looked their last on us who are left "shall see the King in His beauty," all tears for ever wiped away by God's own hand—where "they shall hunger no more," but "serve Him day and night in His temple;" where "the Lord Himself shall be their everlasting Light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended."

"LIGHT IS SOWN."

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, B.A.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."
Psalm 97: 11.

THE *light* is sown. And yet life's flowing stream,
Through night and shadow bears most trusting hearts;
All real things unlike the promised seem;
As knowledge grows, earth's dream of bliss departs.

And is the Lord unmindful of our pain?
His word of promise nought but empty sound?
Are faith, and hope, and patience all in vain?
Or will our pangs in fruitage yet abound?

The light is *sown*. For weary months the harvest waits,
And frost and night join sunny days to bring
The golden sheaves. At yonder radiant gates
So we shall reap. In "gladness" then we'll sing!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.*

BY J. C.

A BEAUTIFUL life! What a wonderful thing is human personality in its far-reaching influence. How true the old simile of a pebble thrown into a smooth pool, the movement caused spreading out in ever widening circles. What a solemn thing is the life given to us when thought of in this way. As a word pronounced where there is an echo will go on repeating itself again and again, so the word or deed carelessly or conscientiously said or done may incite others to good or evil long after the author is laid in dust. How much we owe to some who little thought their names might thus be as "foot-prints on the sands of time." As an example of patriotic courage take royal Esther; of generosity, the poor woman who cast into the treasury two mites; of martyr courage, the young girls in the Roman amphitheatre, or chained on Scottish sands waiting for slow death with the rising tide. The events of real life have a power wanting in the most skilfully contrived fiction, so that the biography of the pure and good and true of all ages and nations has always been a great power, a mighty influence for good. The life of Frances Ridley Havergal may show what one person can do, if entirely devoted to the cause of right, with every faculty of an active mind and body literally, to use the title of one of her little works, "Kept for the Master's Use."

One cannot but be struck by the different tone of so-called religious people: the narrowness of some, the self-righteousness of others; the gloomy views of these, impractical ones of those, the lack of common sense of still another class. Truly the bigotry, or pharisaism, or mistaken views of the "unco guid" have oftentimes injured the cause of truth. From thoughts like these, there is no less pleasure than profit in turning to the life of the devoted woman whose name heads this paper—a woman possessed of mental qualities of a high order, well educated, not

*We are glad to exemplify the catholicity of this METHODIST MAGAZINE by the accompanying article by a Presbyterian lady upon a daughter of the Church of England who is beloved throughout Christendom.—ED

only skilled in modern languages, but also delving in the dust of those dead and gone; having a good knowledge of French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; having literary ability of a high order, as shown in her sparkling descriptions of natural scenery, owning also the gift of poetry. She was besides a gifted musical composer, possessed a voice of wonderful sweetness and power, exhibited remarkable administrative force and extreme ability, possessed of untiring energy which accomplished an astonishing amount of work, at the same time showing a mercurial vivacity and wonderful patience and sweetness of disposition, as exemplified in long-continued and painful sickness. To these were added a rare tact in dealing with the many varieties of human nature and an exceptional amount of the common sense which is so rare and *uncommon* in persons gifted in a more than ordinary degree. From this may be imagined what possibilities of usefulness were in her power, though not always do the possibilties and the performance of good correspond. Not to all persons similarly gifted is it permitted to give their whole energies for the good of mankind, for to some, nay, to most of us, the actual struggle for the wherewithal to live absorbs the greatest part of the time. In her case this was spared, as we find her giving her literary earnings to charity; and even wishing to give music lessons, that the money thus earned might be applied to missionary work. From her father, who composed much cathedral music, she seems to have inherited her musical gifts. He received several gold medals for anthems, and composed hundreds of chants and tunes, always devoting the proceeds, sometimes quite large (that for the music of Heber's "Greenland's Icy Mountains" was £180) to missionary purposes, restoring churches, etc.

The life of Miss Havergal, from which part of this article is gleaned, is written by her sister. The subject of the memoir was born in 1836, and died in 1879, but though dead, she yet speaketh—for the twelve little works, four of them poetry, in such dainty blue and gold, printed in such clear type, are perfect gems both on the part of the printer and the writer, and have already had an extensive circulation both in England and America. From a short autobiography, written at twenty-two, we obtain some interesting pictures of child life and thought, and see how often we are perfectly ignorant of the feelings of children. It is strange that one whose after-life was so entirely

consecrated should have had so strange an experience. Though all around her were Christian influences, and different relatives tried frequently to draw her into religious conversation, a most intense reserve seemed to seal her lips; though thinking much of these things, and frequently unhappy in consequence, not one word would she speak of all this, seeming to be a careless light-hearted girl. Even the death of her mother and her last solemn words, though remembered and quoted by her on her own death-bed, seemed to produce little effect. With what *naiveté* does she tell what a bore was reading a chapter in the Bible; how any cut or bruise (more the rule than the exception, she says, in these wild tree-climbing, wall-scaling days) would be given as an excuse why she could not possibly kneel down; and of the last words of her sister the night before she went away to school at fourteen—how she tried to avoid the serious conversation she knew was coming, and at last, when urged to give her heart to God, for the first time in five years she broke through her habitual reserve and impulsively spoke out, "I can't love God yet, Nellie." From the period spent at this school, (being thrown among a number of Christian girls at a time of religious awakening,) she dates the possession of a hope. "The time I know not; the fact I would desire to make sure more and more." Then came a severe illness, caused by close study, borne with great patience; a great trial to one of such active habits—his "Little Quicksilver," as her father called her. At different later periods was she prostrated with severe illness, and literary work was proscribed for months.

In Germany, where her father went to consult an occulist for threatened cataract, she finished her school life, her progress being described by her teacher as wonderful. She acquired in a short time such a knowledge of German literature as few German ladies possessed after much longer study. At this time she wrote both English and German poems. While in Ireland shortly after, she is thus described by an Irish schoolgirl who calls her the "little English lady:" "In a few seconds Miss Frances, carolling like a bird, flashed into the room. Flashed! Yes, I say the word advisedly, flashed in like a burst of sunshine, her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her bright sweet voice ringing through the room. I sat perfectly spell-bound as she sang

chant and hymn with marvellous sweetness and then played two or three pieces of Handel which thrilled me through and through. As we walked home one and another said, 'Oh, isn't she lovely, and doesn't she sing like a born angel? I love her, I do;' and another one thought there must be the music of God's own love in that fair singer's heart, and that was the reason of the joy in her face, joy in her words, joy in her ways." At this time she was studying Greek with her father, and from a travelling companion (her brother-in-law) getting all the Hebrew she could. It rather discomfited one of the party that her attention was deeper in investigating his knowledge of Hebrew psalms and grammar than in the geography of the glens and passes they were exploring. Her memory was wonderful; she knew by heart the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelations, Psalms, Isaiah, and at a later date the minor prophets. Her thoroughness in all things was remarkable. Her needlework was exquisite, from the often-despised darning to the most delicate lacework and embroidery, so that the reproach formerly thrown on literary women (probably with little reason) cannot apply to her. In the midst of such close study think of the patient loving painstaking involved in writing to her little Sunday-school scholars, during an absence of a few weeks, carefully writing all in print that they might easily read. Her odds and ends of time were carefully gathered up; for example, all the Italian verbs were learned during a few minutes of enforced waiting each day.

She now commenced writing for *Good Words*, and among her father's papers was found a note offering her first earnings, a cheque for £10 17s. 6d., which she said was much larger than she expected, to be used for any society he wished. "I Gave My Life For Thee," written in Germany, first appeared in *Good Words*, and her father specially composed for it the tune "*Baca*." In 1865 she spent some time in Germany. The letter in which she describes her visit to Hiller, the musical composer, as she was anxious for a verdict as to the merit of her own musical compositions, is lively and amusing. "What instruction have you had?" I told him who had corrected my first pieces, and that I had also a musical father to whom I referred difficulties. "I do not mean that; what musical course have you gone through?" When I replied, "None," he looked at me, and turning to my music said, "In that case I find this very remark-

able. Your melodies are thoroughly English in character and type; good, but I do not consider that English melodies rank highest; but as for your harmonies I am astonished." Her musical memory was wonderful as she could play through Handel, and much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, without notes. She attended the meetings of the Philharmonic Society of Kidderminster, and soon became a valued solo singer. The account given by herself, and sometimes by her sister, of the circumstances in which many of her hymns were written, is extremely interesting. She now acknowledges "Literal singing for Jesus is to me the most personal and direct commission I hold from my beloved Master, and my opportunities for it are often most curious and have been greatly blessed. Every line in my little poem, 'Singing for Jesus' is from personal experience. I was overwhelmed on Sunday at hearing three of my hymns sung at church, and it suddenly came over me what a privilege it is even to have contributed a bit of music for His direct praise."

She thus speaks of her manner of writing poetry: "I have a curious vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty being given me, but also of every separate poem or hymn, nay every line and even every rhyme being given me. . . . I have not had a single poem come to me for some time till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come to me in that way, Minerva fashion, full grown. *It is so curious*; one minute I have not an idea, the next I have a poem; the laying out of the rhymes and metre is then easy work. . . . I can never set myself to write verse. The Master has not given me a chest of poetic gold, and said, Use it as you like but He keeps the gold and gives it to me piece by piece."

"Tell it Out Among the Heathen" was written in her prayer-book while lying in her bed unable to go to church on a Sunday morning. On the return of her friends she said, "I read in the Psalms for to-day 'Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,' and thought what a splendid first line and the words and music came rushing to me." It was all written out with copperplate neatness, words and music complete. In speaking of her own work she says, "I think the 'Thoughts of God' printed in the *Sunday Magazine* the very best poem I ever wrote, but I have never heard of its doing anybody any real good. It is generally something I don't think worth *getting*

printed that God sees fit to use." In speaking of singing sacred music only, she says, "I made my choice some months before the hymn 'Consecration' was written. I was strongly urged to sing the part of Jezebel in 'Elijah.' A friend said in surprise, 'How can a Christian girl personate Jezebel?' And so I saw the inconsistency."

What exquisite common sense she shows in her explanation of what she meant by—

> "Take my silver and my gold,
> Not a mite would I withhold."

"But that does not mean" she says, "if we have ten shillings in our purse we are pledged to put it all into the next collecting plate, else we should have none for the next call. But it does mean that every shilling is to be held at my Lord's disposal, and is distinctly not my own; but as He has entrusted to me a body for my special charge, I am bound to clothe that body with His silver and gold so that it shall neither suffer from cold nor bring discredit on His cause. . . . If the King's daughter is to be all glorious within, she must not be outwardly a fright. I must dress both as a lady and a Christian. It costs me no more to have a thing well and prettily made, and I should only feel justified in getting a costly dress if it would last proportionately longer." At a later date she writes "'Take my silver and my gold,' now means shipping off my jewellery for sale for missionary purposes."

Her remarks in a letter to a friend as to what it is advisable to read show deep thought: "I have been for some time giving half an hour a day to careful reading of Shakespeare: I felt as if I wanted a little intellectual bracing, as if contact with intellect would prevent me getting into a weak wishy-washy kind of thought and language. I like intellects to rub against, and just now have no present access to books, so bethought myself what Shakespeare would do for me. I really think my motive was to polish my own intellect for the Master's use, but there is so much that is of the earth earthy amid the marvellous genius and sparkles of the highest truth, so much which jars, so much that is downward instead of upward, that it has crossed me whether I am not trusting an arm of flesh seeking intellectual benefit thus. Yet if this principle be admitted, one would throw over much

mental culture, and does not God as a rule seem to endorse those means, and use cultivated powers, and only exceptionally the uncultured?"

How many in their friendships are capable at once of such tenderness and faithfulness as this, in writing to a loved one? "As I have already had one bad night and several troubled wakings about you, I had better get it off my mind. Would you like any one to retail and dwell upon little incidents which make you appear weak, tiresome, capricious, foolish? Do not think I am condemning you without seeing my own failures. It is just because it is a special battle-field of my own that I am the more pained and quick to feel it. I know the temptation to say things we would not say were the person present, or if Jesus were visibly present; and I have seen and felt how even a momentary indulgence in the mildest form of evil speaking injures one's own soul."

Her sharp criticism of herself, when asked to sing, shows intimate self-knowledge. "From my couplet, 'Always, Only for My King,' I felt that to both sides, singer and listeners, it was not that night only for Him, but too much of F. R. H." In speaking of suffering, "What mistakes we should make," she says, "had we the choosing, and marked out *nice, smooth paths* for our friends. It has struck me lately that the most useful and blessed workers are almost always *weighted* in some way or other."

The "Turned Lesson" seems to have been suggested by events in her own life.

"Was it not kinder the task to turn
Than to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn?
Is it not often so
That we only learn in part?
And the Master's testing time may show
That it was not quite by heart,
Then He gives in His wise and patient grace
That lesson again
With the mark still set in the self-same place."

While in Switzerland she wrote "Seulement pour Toi" as a translation of "Only for Thee," but made it altogether a different hymn; and sang it to a gathering in the afternoon, afterwards, at

St. Bernard's Hospice, to the good fathers and others. The lovely Alpine cards were the result of this trip and were the work of an artist friend and herself, one giving the literary and the other the artistic beauty. She, at least, believed that what ever was worth doing at all was worth doing well. Her drawers were methodically arranged; letters from editors, friends, relatives, strangers, manuscripts, musical proofs, all in their proper places. To give some idea of her busy life the following requests which came by one mail show what labour was required in answering: "Request for poems to illustrate six pictures. Request for contribution to *Irish Church Advocate*. Hymns for special New Year's service wanted. To write cards suitable for mourners. Request for prayers, sympathy, and counsel (two sheets crossed). Two sheets from a septuagenarian. Request to write a book suitable for Unitarians. Sundry apologies and inquiries. Request to reprint an article. Also to revise a proof and add an opinion. To revise many sheets of musical manuscripts. Three requests to supply cards for bazaar. Advice wanted how to get articles inserted in magazine. To give opinion on oratorio. Some long poems in manuscript to revise and advise upon. Besides packets of leaflets wanted."

Besides all this, musical proofs reached her almost every day, requiring many hours careful revision and thought. In writing to a friend we see how all this prevented any such thing as rest. "So I have got away now out of everybody's reach; I am trying, trying, trying, in a sort of Tantalian hopelessness, to overtake the letters that pour in on me, and to fulfil such requests as I have already promised. But, very seriously, I feel that unless I draw a line hard and fast, and refuse everybody all round all that is asked me to do until I have fulfilled all promises and secured a little rest, I shall be mentally as well as bodily exhausted. So, dear friend, I must decline to write what you ask me. It is always pain for me to say No, and I might keep a secretary only to write these refusals."

As an example of her descriptive powers this word-picture of sunset on the Faulhorn surely is not far from perfect: "All day long there had been strange rifts in the clouds and sudden pictures of peaks or of abysses framed in white or grey, but towards evening the wind rose and there was a grand outpour of colour upon everything, sky, clouds, and mountains. Imagine

yourself midway between heaven and earth, the sharp point on which we stood hardly seeming more of earth than if we had been in a balloon, the whole space above, around, below, filled with wild, wierd, spectral cloud, driving and whirling with tremendous rapidity; horizon none, but every point of where horizon should be filled with unimaginable shapes of unimaginable colours, with rifts of every shade of blue from indigo to pearl, and burning with every tint of fire from gold to intensest red; shafts of keen light shot down into abysses of purple, thousands of feet below; enormous surging masses of grey hurled up from beneath and changing in an instant to glorified brightness of fire; then all in an instant a wild, grey shroud flung over us, as swiftly passing and leaving us in a blaze of sunshine; then a bursting open of the very heavens, and a vision of what might be celestial heights pure and still and shining; then an instantaneous cleft in another wild cloud, and a revelation of golden and rosy slopes and summits; then quick gleams of white peaks through veilings and unveilings of flying semi-transparent clouds; then, as quickly as the eye could follow, a rim of dazzling light running round the edges of a black castle of cloud and flaming windows suddenly pierced in it; but I might go on for sheets, for it was never twice the same, nor any single minute the same in any one direction."

In her first work "The Ministry of Song," a few verses will show what she thought of the power and proper uses of music.

In God's great field of labour
All work is not the same,
He hath a service for each one
Who loves His holy name.

And you to whom all secrets
Of all sweet sounds are known,
Rise up, for He hath called you
To a mission of your own.

And rightly to fulfil it
His grace can make you strong,
Who to your charge hath given
The ministry of song.

Sing to the little children
And they will listen well—

Sing grand and holy music,
For they can feel its spell.

Sing at the cottage bedside—
They have no music there;
And the voice of praise is silent
After the voice of prayer.

Sing where the village voices
Fall harshly on your ear,
And while more earnestly you join
Less discord you will hear.

The noblest and the humblest
Alike are common praise,
And not for human ear alone
The psalm and hymn we raise.

Sing, that your song may silence
The folly and the jest,
And the idle word be banished
As an unwelcome guest.

Her account of the lifting of her whole life into a higher plane, her new understanding of true consecration, of a full surrender of all, is intensely interesting. What she understood by this was not as she explains "perfectionism or sinlessness." "I know and have found, that even a momentary hesitation about yielding or obeying, or believing, vitiates all, and for the time the communion is broken, the joy banished." Into these heights we shall not attempt farther to follow her description. She now wrote "From Glory unto Glory."

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way,
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day,
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love.

It is impossible to give an idea of her efforts for many societies. In 1867 she had joined the Young Women's Christian Association, and did much good work for it; the Irish Society, and many others shared her labours. Of temperance, work she writes near the close of her life, "I have not taken up temperance work, but temperance work has taken me up," and indeed it was in temperance work with the village men and boys that she was caught in a shower and returned wet and chilled, and only once more

were her feet "Swift and beautiful for Thee," and in a few days she lay down her life, dying cheerfully and it almost seemed rapturously.

> "So she took the one grand step beyond the stars of God
> Into the splendour shadowless and broad."

Her last work, "Kept for the Master's Use," published after her death, cannot but be the means of doing much good. It is a sort of beautiful amplification of her Consecration Hymn; is divided into twelve chapters, each headed by a couplet of the hymn. Many of the thoughts are eminently suggestive, and we see through the transparent medium the essence of her character We cannot better close this article than by giving a few extracts.

In the chapter headed "Take my Lips," she says: "We all know there is influence exerted by a person's mere presence, without the utterance of a single word. People seem to carry an atmosphere with them in which all unkind thoughts shrivel up and cannot grow into expression. Others carry one in which thoughts of Christ and things divine never seem able to flourish. Another person's incoming freshens and develops it and warms us all up, and seems to give us, without the least conscious effort, a sort of lift."

Here is an extract which might be used in the interests of temperance. "Bearing in mind that it is not only the words which pass their lightly hinged portal, but our literal lips, it may be suggested that they open both ways; what passes in as well as what passes out. Many of us now are beginning to see that the command 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God,' is not fully obeyed if we drink, merely because we like it, what is the very greatest obstacle to that glory in this realm of England, that is daily working misery and crime and death to thousands, till the cry thereof seems as if it must pierce the very heavens. And so it does, sooner a great deal than it pierces the walls of our comfortable dining-rooms. Say 'take my lips' before you put to your lips that which is binding men and women hand and foot and delivering them over helpless, and I do not think you can feel comfortable in letting the means of such infernal work pass in through them. Our Lord has given our bodies as a special personal charge, and we are respon-

sible for keeping these bodies according to means given and work required in working order for Him."

"I will confess when I wrote 'Take my silver and my gold,'" she says again, "it never dawned on me that anything was included beyond the coin of the realm. We can be faithful perhaps in much and unfaithful in little; we have thought of our silver and of our gold, but have we thought of our rubbish? Some have a habit of hoarding old garments, odds and ends, till the moth and rust corrupt, while this all might be useful to the poor."

"'Take my feet.' There are many cups of cold water to be carried in all directions, but the feet must be kept for these, they will be too tired out in self-pleasing; and in running on a simple errand for a tired relative they may be doing our Lord's will more than in going to the prayer-meeting or district meeting."

"'Take my intellect.' He who made every power can use every power; memory, judgment, imagination; quickness of insight; specialties of musical, poetical, oratorical, artistic faculty; special tastes for reasoning, philosophy, history, science; often in the most unexpected ways something read or acquired long ago comes into use. Some are tempted to spend their time polishing up intellect, nominally for influence and power, but really for the keen enjoyment of the process—eating deliberately of the fruit of the tree of good and evil."

Here we take leave of this gifted writer, and commend her works, both of prose and poetry, to the study of our readers.

A PRAYER FOR SIGHT.

OPEN my eyes, O Lord of light,
Like him of old who cried to Thee:
"O Lord that I may receive my sight!"
From darker depths of agony
I ask myself to see.

Unveil Thy cross. Thy tender face,
The lips whose anguish cried forgive!
The glory of redeeming grace,
The love that life and light can give,
Lord, bid me look and live.

THE WATER STREET MISSION, NEW YORK.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

In this chapter I give the substance of Jerry McAuley's story, as far as possible, in his own words, though written words can never hold the pathos, the tenderness, the strength, the quick-glancing Irish humour, which have made him the power that he is, and that even now, with weakened body, fast failing to meet the demand made upon it, still render him the most wonderful of apostles to the roughs. Consumption, in part the result of former excesses, in part due to constant overwork in bad air, and under the most exciting conditions, has such a firm hold that it is doubtful if even partial recovery is possible; and those who know and love him, watch his failing strength with a vain longing to give from their own, and so enable the work to go on.

"There's two sides to this thing," he said, "but I believe folks mostly make up their minds there ain't but one. It was only last night a fellow come in, ripe for a row. You've never happened to see an out-an-out rough spillin' over with fight, an' bound to make something fly before he's through? More used to bother us than do now; an' it's lucky, for the time when I could just take 'em up by the scruff o' the neck an' drop 'em out on the sidewalk, like you'd drop a strange cat, is pretty well over But this fellow come in an' sat a while, an' I trying to think just where I'd seen him, an' couldn't, till he rose up with a sort of sneery smile, and then I minded well enough—in Sing-Sing, at the loom next to me. He went on so 'twas hard to make out if he was in earnest or not—how he remembered me in the times back, an' the way I used to look, an' how well set up I seemed to be now with my fine coat an' good clothes all through, an' just lickin' my lips to think what a comfortable, easy go I was havin' an' a-chucklin' to myself every time I told the life I'd led.

"'You're out there,' says I, rising up so sudden that he jumped—he thought, maybe, I'd hit him—'yes, you're out there. There's many a one says I love to tell the story of my own life; an' I tell you an' them again there's nothing I wouldn't do, if I could see my way clear, never to tell it more in this world. Do you suppose if a man was set up to his neck in a sewer, an' kept

there months an' years, he'd be chucklin' over it when he got out? Faith, not! He'd be apt to keep quiet, unless he saw some other fellow stepping in the same place, an' then, if he'd the heart of a grasshopper, he'd warn him off. Do you think I'll ever stop rememberin' that there's wellnigh thirty years o' me life gone in deviltry, an' no help for it, and the only comfort in thinkin' that if I hadn't been the devil's own all that time I'd never know how to feel for them that's in his clutch yet? He's a tight grip on you, my friend, an' many a one like you; an' you'd better come up and let every soul pray hard that you may know it for yourself.'

"He made for the door, then, an' won't come back in a hurry. I know his kind. It is a kind God don't want, an' the devil won't have. God forgive me for sayin' so, but you'd do it too, maybe, if you had 'em to deal with an' never could be just certain if they had a soul or not. I used to say they had, an' must be worked over, an' I don't say now they haven't; only there's others to spend your strength on, an' I've had to learn to let these mostly alone. The Lord knows. He made 'em, an' maybe He'll find out a way after a while. But it's a poor show for me to be doubtin' about any human being, when I've got meself to remember."

Jerry was silent, and for a few moments paced restlessly up and down the floor of the great room over the mission—a room which one day is to make a temporary home for some of the many who, if kept from old haunts for even a few days, would gain a strength attainable in no other way. Now it is simply an unpartitioned space, far enough above the street to hold a little sense of quiet. Ivies run over the windows, and the cages of two pet mocking-birds are there—birds that flutter restlessly as the tall figure passes by, and chirp impatiently for recognition. It comes in a moment. The doors are opened, and the pretty creatures perch on his head and dive into his pockets for crumbs. Jerry's face clears. From some corner a wriggling meal-worm is produced and a mock quarrel begins, the birds making fierce little dashes, and securing it at last with a triumphant whistle, followed by a flood of clear, pure song.

"There's heaps o' satisfaction in the creatures," Jerry says as he returns them to the cages and sits down before them. "Many's the time I come up here, 'most gone from tiredness in the meet-

ings, an' they rest me so I can go right at it again. I never knew I had a knack for 'em an' could learn 'em anythink till one was give me an' I began of meself. It's the same way with flowers. They're good friends o' mine now, but it's strange to meself to think o' the years that I hardly knew there was such a thing in the world. I can look back now an' think how things were in Ireland, but I'd no sense of 'em then. It was a pretty country, but me an' mine had small business in it but to break the laws an' then curse the makers of 'em. You want to know all about it, an' I'll tell you now, for there'll never be a better time.

"My father was a counterfeiter, an' ran away from justice before ever I can remember him. There was a lot of us, an' me they put with my grandmother. She was old an' a devout Romanist, an' many's the time, when she was tellin' her beads an' kissing the floor for penance, I'd shy things at her just to hear her curse an' swear at me, an' then back to her knees. I'd got well beyond her or anybody by the time I was thirteen. They let me run loose. I'd no schoolin' an' blows for meat an' drink, till I wished meself dead many a time. I thought to get to my sister in America was near the same as Paradise, when they sent me to her, an' for a while I ran errands an' helped my brother-in-law. But I was tall of my years an' strong, an' had no fears for any man alive, an' a born thief as well, that stealin' came easy to; an' soon I was in a den on Water street learnin' to be a prize-fighter, an' with a boat on the river for thievin' at night. By this time I was nineteen, an' I don't suppose a bigger nuisance ever stepped above ground. I made good hauls, for the river police didn't amount to much then, an' it was pretty easy to board a vessel an' take what you pleased. The Fourth Ward belonged to my kind. It's bad enough now, but it's heaven to what it was fifteen years ago.

"Now, I'd done enough to send me to prison forty times over an' knew it, but that didn't make it any easier to go there for something I *hadn't* done. It was sworn on me by some that hated me an' wanted me out o' the way. Fifteen years in prison! That was the sentence, an' I not twenty! That hour going up the river was the toughest I'd ever come to. I was mad with rage, but handcuffed an' forced to keep quiet. I was a mind to kill my keeper, an' I marked him then. 'Wait,' I said to myself: 'I'll be even with you some day, if I have to hang for it.' An

when I put on the dress an' they shut me in, I knocked me head ag'in the wall, an' if I dared would ha' killed myself. Then I made up my mind I'd obey rules an' see if I couldn't get pardoned out; or maybe there'd come a chance of escape, an' I set my mind toward that. I tried it for two years—learned to read, and had a pile of cheap novels they let us buy; an' I learned carpet-weaving, an' no one had a word to say ag'inst me. But then I grew weakly. I'd been used to the open air always, an' a shut-in life told on me; an' then I got ugly, though it was no use; an' then they punished me. Do you know what that is? It's the leather collar, that holds and galls you, and you strapped up with your toes just touchin'; an' it's the shower-bath, that leaves you in a dead faint till another dash brings you out. I've stood it all, an' cursed God while I did. I was desperate; I would have killed the keeper, but I saw no chance out even if I did.

"It was one Sunday mornin': I'd been in prison five years. I dragged into the chapel and sat down. Then I heard a voice I knew, and looked up. There by the chaplain was a man I'd been on many a spree with—Orville Gardner. He stepped down off the platform. 'My men,' he says, 'I've no right anywhere but among you, for I've been one of you in sin'; an' then he prayed, till there wasn't a dry eye there but mine. I was ashamed to be seen cryin' but I looked at him an' wondered what had come to him to make him so different. He said a verse that struck me, an' when I got into my cell again I took down the Bible an' began to hunt for it. I read a while till I found something that hit the Catholics, I thought, an' I pitched it down an' kicked it all round the cell. 'The vile heretics!' I says: 'that's the way they show up Catholics, is it?' It was the verse, 'Now the Spirit speaketh expressly that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth.'

"'I'll have a Catholic Bible, says I, 'an' not this thing, that no decent Catholic 'd touch with a ten foot pole;' an' so I got a Catholic Bible from the library, but it was pretty much the same, only more boxed up with notes. I read 'em both, an' the more I read the more miserable I was.

"I wanted to be different. I thought about the new look in Gardner's face. 'What makes it?' says I; 'an' if he's different, why can't I be? Now, if I send for the priest he'll set me doing penance an' sayin' so many prayers, an' such like; an' the chaplain says I'm to be sorry f my sins an' ask God to forgive me. Which is the way? I wonder.'

"You wouldn't think I'd ha' minded, but if ten thousand people had been in my cell I couldn't ha' felt worse about prayin'. I kneeled down, blushin' that hot as I'd hardly done in me life, an' then up ag'in; an' that's the way it was three or four weeks, till I was just desperate. Then there come a night when I said I'd pray till some sense come to me, and if it didn't I'd never pray again. I was weak an' trembly. I seemed as if I could die easy enough, but I knelt there, an' waited between the times I prayed: I wouldn't stir from my knees. My eyes were shut: I was in an agony, an' the sweat rollin' from me face in big drops. Then, in a minute, somethin' seemed to be by me. I heard a voice, or I felt I heard one: 'My son, thy sins, which are many are forgiven.'

"To the day o' me death I'll think I saw a light about me an' smelled somethin' sweet as flowers in the cell. I didn't know if I was alive or not. I shouted out, 'Oh, praise God! praise God!'

"'Shut your noise,' the guard said, going by. 'What's the matter?'

"'I've found Christ,' I says: 'my sins is forgiven.'

"'I'll report you,' says he; an' he took my number, but he didn't report me.

"Well then, seein' how it had come to me, I began to pray for others. I was quiet an' content all the time, an' believed if it was good for me God 'd find a way to let me out of prison. I didn't pray for it for two years, but just worked there, an' many a one turned to a new life an' stuck to it.

"Then at last come a pardon when I'd been in seven years an' six months just, an' I went down to New York.

"There was never a lonesomer man alive. I wouldn't go back to the Fourth Ward, for fear I might be tempted, an' I wandered round tryin' for work, till one day I met a friend, an' he took me to a lager-beer saloon. Lager beer had come up since I went up the river. I didn't know it was any more hurt than root beer,

they said it wasn't. But that first night did for me. My head got in a buzz, an' in a week or two I wanted something stronger. I got work in a hat-shop, an' had good wages, but a strike come, an' I led it an' lost my place. It was war-time, an' I went into the bounty business—a rascally business, too. Then I had a boat on the river again. I'd buy stolen goods of the sailors, an' then make 'em enlist for fear of being arrested, and I'd take the bounty. The end of the war stopped this, an' then I stuck to the river, buying and selling smuggled goods, an' paying all I could in counterfeit money. Do you remember when the *Idaho* burned in the East River? Me an' my partners rowed out—not to save life, but to rob—but when we saw them screaming in the water we turned to an' helped them, though one in the boat said we'd make picking up coats an' hats. Often and often I was shot at. Do you think I didn't remember what I'd had given me, an' how I'd lost it? I didn't pray: I didn't dare. I kept under liquor all the time to head off thinking, for I said God was done with me, and I was bound for hell, sure.

"About this time, one night I'd gone over to Brooklyn very drunk—too drunk to do my share of the work—an' as my partner boarded the ship we were after, I slipped and went under like a shot. An eddy carried me off, and the boat went another way. I knew I was drowning, for I went down twice, an' I called on God, though I felt too mean to. It seemed as if I was lifted up and the boat brought to me; I got hold of it somehow. The water had sobered me. When I was in I knew, plain as if a voice spoke to me, 'You've been saved for the last time. Go out on that river again an' you'll never have another chance.' I was mad. I went home an' drank, an' drank, an' drank. I was sodden with drink, an' as awful-lookin' a case—more so than you've ever laid eyes on. An' oh the misery of the thoughts! It was the John Allen excitement then, an' I'd heard the singing, an' was sick with remembering, an' yet drinkin' day an' night to drown it all.

"A city missionary come in one day to the house on Cherry street I boarded in. He shied a bit when he saw me at the top of the stairs—a head like a mop an' an old red shirt. He'd been pitched down stairs by fellows like me, an' I'd ha' done it myself once. I hung round while he went in a room, thinking maybe he could get me a job of honest work; an' when he come out I

told him so. He asked me out on the pavement. He said afterwards I was that evil-looking he didn't know what I might do. But he took me straight along to the Howard Mission, an' there we had a long talk, an' a gentleman wanted me to sign the pledge. 'It's no use, says I, 'I shall break it.' 'Ask God to keep you from breaking it,' he says. 'I thought a minute, an' then I signed it an' went home. My partner was there, an' he laughed well when I told him. He had a bottle of gin in his hand that minute. 'You,' he says—'you here, drink.' I took the glass and drank. 'That's the last glass I'll ever take,' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'till the next one.'

"I'd barely swallowed it when the missionary came in. We went out together, an' I told him I was dead broke an' hungry, and would have to go on the river once more, anyhow. 'Jerry,' says he, 'before you shall ever do that again I'll take off this coat an' pawn it.' The coat was thin an' old. I knew he was poor, an' it went to my heart that he'd do that. He went away in a minute, an' when he come back he brought me fifty cents. An' he kept on helping. He followed me up day after day, an' at last one night at his house, where he'd had me to tea an' there was singing an' praying afterward, I prayed myself once more, an' believed I should be forgiven my wickedness. There wasn't any shoutin' this time, but there was quiet an' peace.

"But it was a hard pull. I got work now an' then, but more often not. An' then everybody thought I was shammin' for what I could get. I didn't wonder, an' I helped it along by doin' what you'd never believe—cavin' in agin. Three times I was drunk, an' do you know what did it? Tobacco. That's why I'm so down on tobacco now. Chew an' smoke, an' there'll be a steady craving for something, an' mostly it ends in whiskey. A man that honestly wants the Spirit of God in him has got to be clean, I tell you, inside an' out. He's got to sit down on all his old dirty tricks, or he's gone. That's the way I found it.

"I was married by this time to Maria, an' she's been God's help from that day to this; an' often an' often we talked about some way to get at the poor souls in the Fourth Ward. We were doing days' work, both of us, an' poor. But we said, 'Why have we been used to filth an' nastiness, an' all, if not so's to help some out of it?' An' one day I had a sort of vision. I thought we had a house in the Fourth Ward, an' a big bath, an'

a stream of people coming in. I washed 'em outside, an' the Lord washed 'em inside, an' I cried, as I thought, 'Oh, if I could only do that for Jesus' sake!' 'Do it for one if you can't for more,' said Maria; an' that's the way we begun, in an old rookery of a house, in one room, an' just a little sign hung out—'HELPING HAND FOR MEN.'

"You'd never believe how many that sign drew in. We did what we could, an' when Thanksgivin' Day come friends gave us a good dinner for all. Afterward there was a meetin, an' it was so blessed we felt to say they should all come next night. From that day to this—first in the old building, an' then in the new—there's been a meeting every night in the year, an' now it's hundreds—yes, thousands—that can say the Water Street Mission was their help to a new life. Day an' night we work—you know how. My life is going from me, but, living or dying, it's the Lord's. All these years He has held me, but I don't know now but that I'd have fallen again if I hadn't been so busy holding on to others. An' that's the way to keep men: set them to work. The minute they say they're sick of the old ways an' turn round, start 'em to pull in somebody else. When your soul is just on fire, longin' to get at every poor wretch you see, there's no time for your old tricks nor any wanting to try 'em again. I could talk a month, telling you of one an' another that's been here. Oh, there's stories if one but knew 'em! An' not a day that you don't know, for sure, that there ain't a bummer in the Fourth Ward so low down but what the Lord can pick him out o' the gutter an' set him on his feet. That's why I tell everything right out. I must. There's times I'm dead sick of remembering it, but I have to do it; an' them very times seem the ones that it helps most. An' as long as tongue can move may I never be ashamed to tell what I'm saved from!

"Do you know what some of the places are like I've herded in? They're hell on earth. You wonder sometimes why we don't have more women here. I'll tell you. When a girl has come up, a dozen in a room all her life, what can she know of decency or cleanliness? An' when she's down, she's down, an' no way to get her up, it seems. I puzzle and puzzle *why*, but it's only now an' again you get 'em steady. There's a hundred men that stay put, where one woman will; an' what's the reason? Every child that has to begin that way is born *in* sin an' *to* sin,

an' steeped in nastiness and foulness from the very first day. An' when it comes to hundreds an' thousands of 'em down in these slums, an' good men an' women sittin' by with their eyes shut, it tears the heart in you to think of it all. What's one mission? *It's but a drop in the bucket.* '*Thy kingdom come.*' How's it to come if every soul that wants it true doesn't take hold an' work, *work,* WORK for it? An' the answer is *sure.* Oh, who knows it better than me? Tired an' faint, an' me life going from me the way it is, don't I know it well that the Lord Jesus is waiting for what we'll do, an' has His own word for me an' all of us, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt'?"

IMMORTAL LIFE.

IMMORTAL life! How sweet the thought
To one whose earthly sun declines,
A state with clearer vision fraught
Of all our Maker's vast designs!

Immortal life! a spirit free
To range the universe at will,
Yet drawn by sweet affinity
To God; and shielded from all ill.

Immortal life! its dawn shall break
As gentle as an infant's sleep,
And when as spirits we awake,
The angel guards shall safely keep.

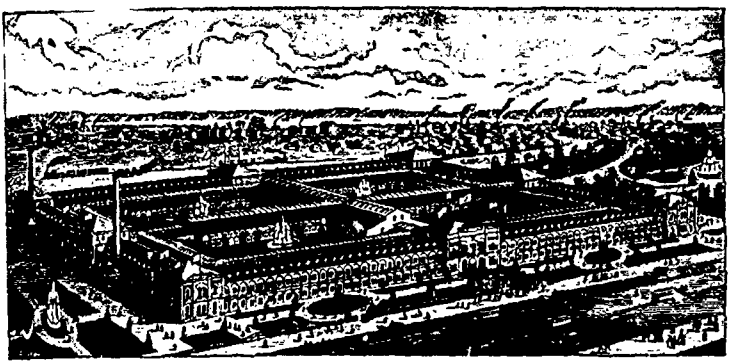
Immortal life! how strange the scene!
Emerging from the wreck of death,
No gloomy dreams shall supervene—
That life comes with th' expiring breath.

Immortal life! the glad embrace
Of kindred souls shall swell our joy,
Nor these alone, nor Adam's race,
Our widening fellowships employ.

Immortal life! to Christ alone
We owe the knowledge and the grace,
And endless ages 'round the throne,
The Lamb shall share our grateful praise.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION.



SOUTHERN EXPOSITION BUILDING, LOUISVILLE, KY.

WE know of no more instructive and interesting recreation than a visit to a well-equipped and well-managed industrial and art exhibition. Nowhere else, save in a great library, will one see such an embodiment of human thought and energy; but in the library it requires to be carefully studied through weeks or months of leisure, while at the exposition it is so displayed that its significance flashes upon the observer at a glance, and he absorbs information, as it were, at every pore – learning more in an hour than he could from books in a week.

Induced by these considerations we, therefore, as our vacation trip, made a visit to the great Southern Exposition, at Louisville, Kentucky. From what we had previously heard we had formed very high anticipations of its extent and excellence. These anticipations, we are free to say, were far more than realized. Not since the Centennial Exhibition, of 1876, have we seen anything of the sort that would compare with it. Indeed, only three larger exhibition buildings have ever been erected—those of the World's Fairs at London, in 1857 and 1862, and at Philadelphia, in 1876. It is larger than the main building of the Vienna, Paris, or New York World's Fairs. The above engraving will give an idea of the design and arrangement of the Exposition building. Its length is 900 feet, its width 600, and it covers an area of thirteen acres. As it has very wide galleries, aggregating over a mile in length, this area is greatly extended, which several annexes still further increase.

The exhibition of machinery in motion is a striking specialty, the extent and variety being greater, it is claimed, than was ever seen in motion at one time before. Nearly half the main building is taken up with this department. Cotton and woollen manufacture, with their latest improvements, are seen in full operation; while the almost endless variety of agricultural machines and other ingenious applications of steam power are a wonderful embodiment of human skill and inventive genius.

A striking contrast of the Southern

Exposition to every former one, is its brilliant illumination. It is kept open every night till ten o'clock, and is ablaze with electric light, from 4,600 Edison incandescent burners, each of sixteen candle power, and the grounds are illuminated with 75 arc lights, of 2,000 candle power. This illumination of 223,000 candle power makes a scene like fairyland—yet the Edison light with all its brilliance is bland and lambent, and not at all trying to the eyes, so greatly is it diffused, while it is absolutely safe from causing fire, and does not raise the temperature, nor vitiate the air with the products of combustion. Few objects were of more interest than the great engines which generated the electric light, unless it were the electric railway, by which one was rapidly conveyed through the spacious park. It seems as though electricity is to be the great motor, as well as the great illuminator of the future.

It was to most visitors an agreeable surprise to find such a high-class exhibit of fine art. For this a special fire-poof isolated annexe was built, and so great is the value of the art objects that they are insured for the sum of $1,000,000. It is largely a loan exhibition—the owners of valuable paintings in Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, New York, Boston and Philadelphia, having generously placed their art treasures on exhibition for the delight and cultivation of the public taste. Among the great modern painters represented by some of their best works are Bierstadt—a magnificent Yosemite and other pieces—Eastman Johnston, Church, Huntingdon, Gerome, Millet, Benj. Constant, Jean Paul Laurens, N. Diaz, C. Becker, Jules Breton, Palmarotti, and others. There are also an original Rubens and a few other specimens of the older masters.

The Exhibition is situated in a beautiful park of forty acres, containing the most magnificent forest trees we ever saw—stately tulip trees, 100 feet high, sweet gum and sassafras trees, 80 feet high, cypress, magnolias, catalpas, fig, pawpaw, and over a hundred other indigenous growths. In one part cotton, tobacco, sugar-cane, castor beans, and a great variety of exotic flowering plants are in flourishing growth. Every afternoon and evening, during the hundred days of the Exhibition, a high-class concert, by either the New York Seventh Regiment Band, or by Gilmore's celebrated Band, is given, and a rehearsal on one of the finest organs on the continent.

The United States Government has placed on exhibition a splendid collection of objects from the Smithsonian Institute—Indian curiosities from Alaska and the new territories, models of the Puebla villages and cliff towns, fishery products, geodesic and meteorologic apparatus, and many other very instructive exhibits.

As an aid to the economical and commercial development of the country, especially of the "New South," the Exposition is invaluable Many of the Southern States have prepared comprehensive exhibits of the natural resources, mineral, vegetable and animal, both raw material and manufactured products, which are a perfect revelation of the undeveloped richness of the South. Northern capital is largely flowing into the country, and already one of the richest iron and coal regions in the world is being rapidly developed in Eastern Tennessee. At the same time the great manufacturing States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York, find Southern customers for their improved agricultural and other machinery. So far as we could judge, from a somewhat extensive run through Kentucky and Tennessee, and from conversations with persons of all grades, from judges to negro roustabouts from almost every Gulf State, there exists the most hopeful feeling as to the future of the New South On this subject we shall enlarge in another article.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," there is here an admirable opportunity for its prosecution. Louisville, which is a city of about 120,000, is geographically the middle point of the eastern half of the United States, is very near the centre of population, and is within

24 hours by rail from nearly every large city in the country. Here are to be seen the keen Chicagoan and New Yorker, the practical Ohio farmer, the Michigan lumberman, the Kentucky tobacco-factor—Louisville is the largest tobacco mart in the world—the Kansas rancher, the Colorado miner, the Texan cowboy, the courtly Virginian, the languid Creole, and the easy-going sugar or cotton-planter of the Gulf States. It is a perfect microcosm, and the contact and attrition of these various elements of the population must do much to wear away the antipathies caused by the war, and to knit in golden cords of commerce, peace and friendship, North and South, East and West.

To those of our readers who may desire to visit this Exposition we would suggest that the best time to do so would be the months of September or October. The weather will then be cooler and every department will be complete. A very fine annual Exhibition opens at Cincinnati—which is an important artistic, musical and industrial centre, and which has one of the finest Exhibition buildings and music halls in the country—on 5th of September, and continues open for one month. By combining a visit to these two Exhibitions, tourists can obtain a double compensation for the time and money which the trip costs. The present writer made the trip by steamer *City of Toronto*, and Canada Southern and Michigan Central R. R. to Detroit and Toledo, having two hours to visit the Falls of Niagara, *en route*. From Toledo the Cincinnati, Hamilton, and Dayton Railway takes one in eight hours to Cincinnati. From Cincinnati the Louisville and Nashville short line railway brings one in four hours to Louisville. The entire trip can be made in 24 or 30 hours. We understand that tickets at excursion rates will be issued over these roads during the Exhibition, but for particulars, as to the Exhibition and how to get there, and places and rates of lodging while there, we would advise intending tourists to apply to the Manager of the Southern Exposition, Louisville, Ky., or to W. R. Calloway, General Ticket Agent, 20 King St. West, Toronto.

In another paper we will give some notes of travel through Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee; including a visit to Mammoth Cave.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Wesleyan Conference of 1883 commenced its sittings in Great Thornton Street Chapel, Hull, on the last Wednesday in July. Rev. Thomas McCullagh was elected president on the first ballot. Mr. McCullagh has been nearly forty years in the ministry. He began his ministerial course in the north of England, and was a warm personal friend of the late Dr. Punshon. He published an eloquent biographical sermon on the death of his beloved friend. For several years past he has been stationed in some of the most important circuits in England, and has the honour of having two sons in the ministry. The duties of the Presidency will be faithfully discharged while the Rev. Thomas McCullagh fills the chair.

The Rev. Robert N. Young was re-elected Secretary. Several well-known ministers were absent from

Conference in consequence of ill-health. Only few of the ex-Presidents were in attendance. Rev. Wm. Arthur, M.A. delivered the Fernley Lecture.

It is gratifying to record the fact, that after filling all vacancies in the membership of the church, there is an increase of more than 13,000 persons, besides all who are meeting in junior classes. The total membership is now 407,068. What sounds strange to us is that there are 104 trained men waiting appointment for whom there are no places. The church that has been so liberal in support of its foreign mission-work, ought to find the best way and place to use these instruments made ready. Assisted emigration would be better than waste by delay.

Special evangelistic services were conducted in three of the largest churches of the town, and were seasons of great interest. A meeting of the United Societies and of Working Men were also held; and the largest building was secured for the temperance meeting, at which ex-President Garrett was to preside. A whole afternoon was to be devoted to a Band of Hope demonstration.

A deputation was received from the clergy of the Church of England, and another from the Nonconformists of Hull. The former was the first of the kind ever received. May it be an omen of future good.

The Rev. H. P. Hughes, M.A., who has been made such a great blessing at Oxford, is appointed to labour solely as a connexional evangelist. Thirty ministers had died during the year, all of whom were superannuated, except 8; 26 others are superannuated, several of whom have travelled more than 40 years, and only two less than 30. ten retire just for one year. Among the memorials some ask for an extension of ministerial term. A Congregational minister facetiously remarked that he thought they would adopt the three years' term as that was about the length of their pastorates.

Proposals are to be made in the Conference for the observance of a week of special prayer in behalf of the interests of the Missionary Society at home and abroad.

An encouraging report comes from the Fiji Islands. In one district more than 100 have been proposed for admission to the church, and one of the old chiefs has given $750 towards a house of worship, which is to be both fire and hurricane proof.

The *Missionary Committee* recommend that the missions in the West Indies be formed into a distinct affiliated Conference, which will no doubt be done.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop Foster has been in Europe most of the past year, and before his return to America will preside at all the Mission Conferences in Europe and India. He has written a series of fourteen letters to *Zion's Herald*, relating mostly to India, which contain many valuable suggestions, and may be regarded as a grand repertory of facts and reflections respecting that interesting field of missionary labours. The visit of the Bishop has been a rich season of enjoyment to the various mission families who are located in the midst of idolatry, and have to undergo many privations during their expatriation from their native land.

The mission in Japan is enjoying an extensive revival. On the 10th of June there were baptized in the Tenando Church, Yokohama, twenty-four adults and one child. This still leaves fifty-four probationers in Yokohama alone, and recent letters from Nagasaki, perhaps the most difficult field in Japan, states that in eight days forty persons in that place confessed conversion, and were received on probation. A general spirit of revival seems to pervade all the Churches, giving them an impetus for Christian work not seen among them hitherto. One of the most healthy indications is that in almost every instance so far, whenever the wave of revival breaks upon a church the members immediately bestir themselves upon the question of self-support.

The members of the church in Yokohama have by vote voluntarily assumed the entire support of their pastor.

The increase in members in the Swedish Conference is nearly 1,500. The amount for self-support has increased about $1,000. The missionary collection exceeded the apportionment. The work is prospering everywhere. Bishop Foster says, "Here, as at home, we are not simply building up a zealous and active church, but are providentially quickening the old church. The session of the Conference was harmonious, and the services crowded from beginning to end. There were seekers after religion in all the evening meetings, and some conversions." This sounds like old Methodism.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

By the time this number is in the hands of our readers, the question of Methodist Union will have been decided by the highest Church courts. Should the General Conference of our Church accept the Basis of Union then the General Conference of the United Church will meet immediately, according to previous arrangement. The Bible Christian and the Primitive Methodist Conferences have already elected their delegates, and the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church have also elected their lay delegates to the said General Conference. It is a matter of regret that the English Conference of the Bible Christian Church refuses to give its sanction for the body in Canada to unite with the other Methodist Churches. This is an unexpected action on their pa. , and is a great disappointment to the friends of union. Our Bible Christian friends are placed in very awkward circumstances, and need great wisdom to direct them as to the right course to pursue. We pray that they may be directed by the Unerring Spirit. The union feeling has reached the Southern Colonies, and many are advocating the unification of the Methodist denominations in that section of the British Empire. The success of the movement in Canada will give an impetus to Methodist union throughout the world.

Rev. G. M. Meacham, D. D., and Mrs. M. will have reached Canada by the time our readers are perusing these lines. Dr. Meacham intends to sojourn in his native land for about two years, and then return to Japan. He will be employed at missionary meetings during the winter.

Rev. O. German and wife are also on furlough for a short time from the North-West, where they have been stationed among the Indians for ten years. Bro. German is superintending the printing of hymn books, tracts, and catechisms in the Cree tongue; and, like Dr. Meacham, will attend missionary anniversaries.

Rev. C. M. Tate and wife are tarrying in Ontario for a short period. Mr. T. has a noble project in hand, that of raising a saw mill at Bella Bella, which will be a valuable acquisition for the mission. He has secured some good subscriptions, and deserves encouragement.

We are sorry to learn that while there is an increase of income in five Conferences, Toronto Conference has a decrease. This arises, however, from the falling off in some of the mission districts in consequence of a re-action after the boom in real estate last year.

Rev. C. S. Eby., M.A., our missionary in Japan, has been making a great stir in Tokio, by means of a course of lectures which he has delivered on the social, political and historical, scientific and ethical relations of Christianity. The lectures were delivered both in English and Japanese. The press of the country has spoken in great commendation of the whole course. Bro. Eby is to be congratulated on the success which he has achieved, as the lectures will be the means of directing the attention of people to Christianity who would not otherwise be induced to consider the subject as worthy of notice.

The Manitoba Conference has held its first session. The Rev. Dr. Young was President, and the Rev. J. Semmens Secretary. What a

change has taken place in the North-West since these honoured brethren commenced their missionary labours there! All the brethren were present, and felt great joy at seeing each other. The Rev. John Macdougall, from Morley, came to Winnipeg by rail in a few days, whereas the same journey formerly consumed several weeks of great discomfort. Great demands are made for additional labourers. Dr. Rice, President of the General Conference, was present, and the Rev. Wm. Bee, of the Primitive Methodist Conference, was also present for a short time. The Rev. H. W. Beecher and the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba were present.

From recent intelligence received from Newfoundland we gather that two young men came from England as the Conference was in session, and were received as candidates for the ministry. Application is to be made to England for ten more. Rev. James Dove was elected for the third time to the Presidential chair, and the Rev. G. J. Bond, Secretary. The President was elected to the Central Board of Missions, and the Secretary to the Transfer Committee. The brethren in this Conference are called to endure many privations. In one district five out of twelve ministers were unable to reach the District Meeting. Some were not able to reach the seat of Conference. The missionary at Labrador can seldom leave his ice-bound coast until June. The Conference lost three brethren beloved, by transfer, one of whom, the Rev. C. Ladner, goes to Brandon, Manitoba, and another to Nicola Valley, British Columbia.

The Death Roll.

"Death loves a shining mark." This saying has been illustrated by several instances that have occurred since our last. Among others may be mentioned:—

Rev. Robert Moffatt, D.D., father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone. Dr. Moffatt was a missionary in Africa for more than half a century. His book of missionary toil and success, which was published both in England and America, is a grand repository of Gospel triumphs. He is now at rest.

Mr. T. B. Smithies, of London, the well-known proprietor and editor of the *British Workman* and several other illustrated periodicals, finished a life of usefulness and went to his reward. He was an earnest Christian labourer, and though a member of the Wesleyan Church from his youth, he was no bigot, but took great delight in associating with members of other Churches for philanthropic purposes.

The well known Dr. Palmer, Editor of *Guide to Holiness*, who, with his sainted wife, Mrs. Phebe Palmer, often visited Canada for evangelistic purposes, died very suddenly at Ocean Grove, in July. He had gone there to hold a series of meetings, some of which he had already conducted, and while sitting on the piazza of his house, he quietly passed away. He was nearly 80 years old.

The Rev. H. J. Nott, Editor of the *Observer*, the organ of the Bible Christian Church, preached twice on a recent Sabbath, took sick on Tuesday, and on the next Sabbath was called to the joy of his Lord. He was greatly beloved by a numerous circle of friends. His death is a great loss to the denomination, especially in the present state of the Union question. Mr. Nott was an earnest advocate of Methodist unification, but before it has been consummated he has been transferred to the Church above.

The death of the Rev. George Pritchard is also announced. He lived to the age of 88. His life was an eventful one. For many years he was a missionary in the South Seas, and was banished from Tahiti when the French dethroned Queen Pomare and set up a Protectorate on the island.

As these notes were being prepared, news reached us of the death of Rev. Joseph Carr, of Montreal Conference. He entered the ministry in 1873, so that he has soon been called to his reward.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Lamb in the midst of the Throne; or, the History of the Cross. By JAMES M. SHERWOOD. 8vo., pp. 526. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The author of this book, the Rev. Dr. Sherwood, was for many years editor of the *Presbyterian Review*, so that he was no stranger to literature, and was well acquainted with the current of religious thought. Like many others, Dr. Sherwood looks with some degree of alarm at the materialistic tendencies of the age. Certain occurrences have shaken his confidence in the agencies which are being employed for the world's evangelization.

The book before us is, therefore, a real trumpet blast. The leaders in all the denominations of the church might profitably study every chapter. There is not a dull paragraph in the whole book, and we have not read a single sentence which we do not heartily endorse. Doubtless, some will question a few of the positions taken by the author, and may possibly regard his views as erroneous, or, at least, extremely sombre, but, in our judgment, there is the right ring in every page

Our views of Christianity have been strengthened, and our conviction in the adaptation of the Gospel to cure the ills of humanity, have been greatly confirmed, while our hopes of the ultimate success of God's redeeming plan have been strengthened by the perusal of this goodly volume. No book that has come in our way for a long time have we perused with so much interest. It is really a book for the times, and will amply repay a careful study. It is thoroughly orthodox, and deals with living questions. Those who have passed through their collegiate course and are about to commence their life-work in the ministry would do well to make themselves familiar with this book.

Funk & Wagnalls, the enterprising publishers, are entitled to the thanks of the church for sending forth such a valuable volume at such a cheap rate.

E. B.

Walks from Eden. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World." Pp. 426. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto. William Briggs. Price $1.50.

The House of Israel. Pp. 504. Same author and publishers, and same price.

The Star out of Jacob. Pp. 391. Same author and publishers, and same price.

These three books by the accomplished author of "The Wide, Wide World"—one of the most popular books ever written—are designed to bring, in pleasing and attractive form, before the minds of young people the results of the careful study of the best authorities on the geography, antiquities, manners and customs of Bible lands, in explanation and elucidation of the Bible narrative. They take the form of pleasant out of door or fire-side conversations, between a group of young people and some older, cultivated, and travelled friends. The first two form part of a series of five books on the Old Testament. The third treats the life of Our Lord. The work is very carefully and conscientiously done. Every statement has been made on good authority. We commend the entire series for use in Sunday-school libraries. They will throw a flood of light on much that is obscure in Scripture. The volumes are illustrated by numerous engravings of Biblical scenes and antiquities.

Martin Luther and his Work. By JOHN H. TREADWILL. New Plutarch Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.

All Christendom, in November of this year, celebrates the four-hundreth anniversary of the birthday of "the monk who shook the world." In connection with that event this book forms an admirable fresh study of one of the noblest lives ever lived. It is based upon original investigation, and treats the subject with fulness and vigour. The pictures of the times are graphic, and in the copious citations from the letters of Luther we get a clear insight into his great strong heart. The playful, loving letters to his wife, his father, and his little Hans, will endear the hero-soul to every reader. His will—he had only $600 to leave—his immortal theses, the text of the infamous indulgences, which were hawked about like penny ballads, and many other documents of exceeding interest, are given; also a steel portrait from a contemporary painting.

Joan of Arc. By JANET TUCKEY. New Plutarch Series. 12mo., pp. 240. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.

No more heroic figure walks the corridor of history than the Maiden Martyr and deliverer of France. Celebrated in song and story, portrayed in sculpture and painting, she lives in the heart of the nation as the ideal of purity, of chivalry, of romance. As we stood upon the spot, in the old city of Rouen, where, four centuries and a half ago, the soldier maid, in the youthful beauty of her twentieth year was burned to death, we blushed to think English hands had aught to do with that cruel murder. In this volume a woman's sympathetic hand has traced the touching story of this heroic woman—a story more strange and tragic than any tale of fiction. Copious notes and a fine portrait accompany the volume.

The Well in the Desert, an old Legend of the House of Arundel. By EMILY SARAH HOLT. Pp. 184; and *May Lane, a Story of the 16th Century.* By C. M. M. Pp. 144. New York: Robt. Carter & Bros. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

Miss Holt is one of the few writers who can with success reproduce the *zeitgeist* of a bygone age. Many have essayed this difficult task but most have failed. This is a story of English life in the 14th century, and of those Reformers before the Reformation, known as "the Gospellers." We have only words of commendation for this admirable book.

May Lane describes Christian life in England two centuries later, and is a worthy pendant to the larger and more important story.

Elements of Methodism. By D. STEVENSON, D. D. Cincinnati: Walden & Stowe. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 75 cents.

This work is a series of short lectures addressed to one beginning a life of godliness. It is especially designed for probationers in the Methodist Church. It explains the Articles of Religion and Rules of Society in a manner which cannot fail to commend their "sweet reasonableness" to the young, and indeed to all seriously disposed persons. It meets a felt want in Methodism, and we hope will be widely read. We would recommend it as, next to the Bible, a *vade mecum* for young converts.

Through the Linn; or, Miss Temple's Wards. By AGNES GIBERNE. Pp. 356. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs.

In "Coulyng Castle," the author of this book showed her ability to paint for us a graphic and truthful picture of the past. In her "Sun, Moon, and Stars," she shows her mastery of celestial science. In this book she depicts with equal ability episodes of modern society, full of instruction and warning to young readers, especially young girls. This is a much stronger book than the average Sunday-school library.