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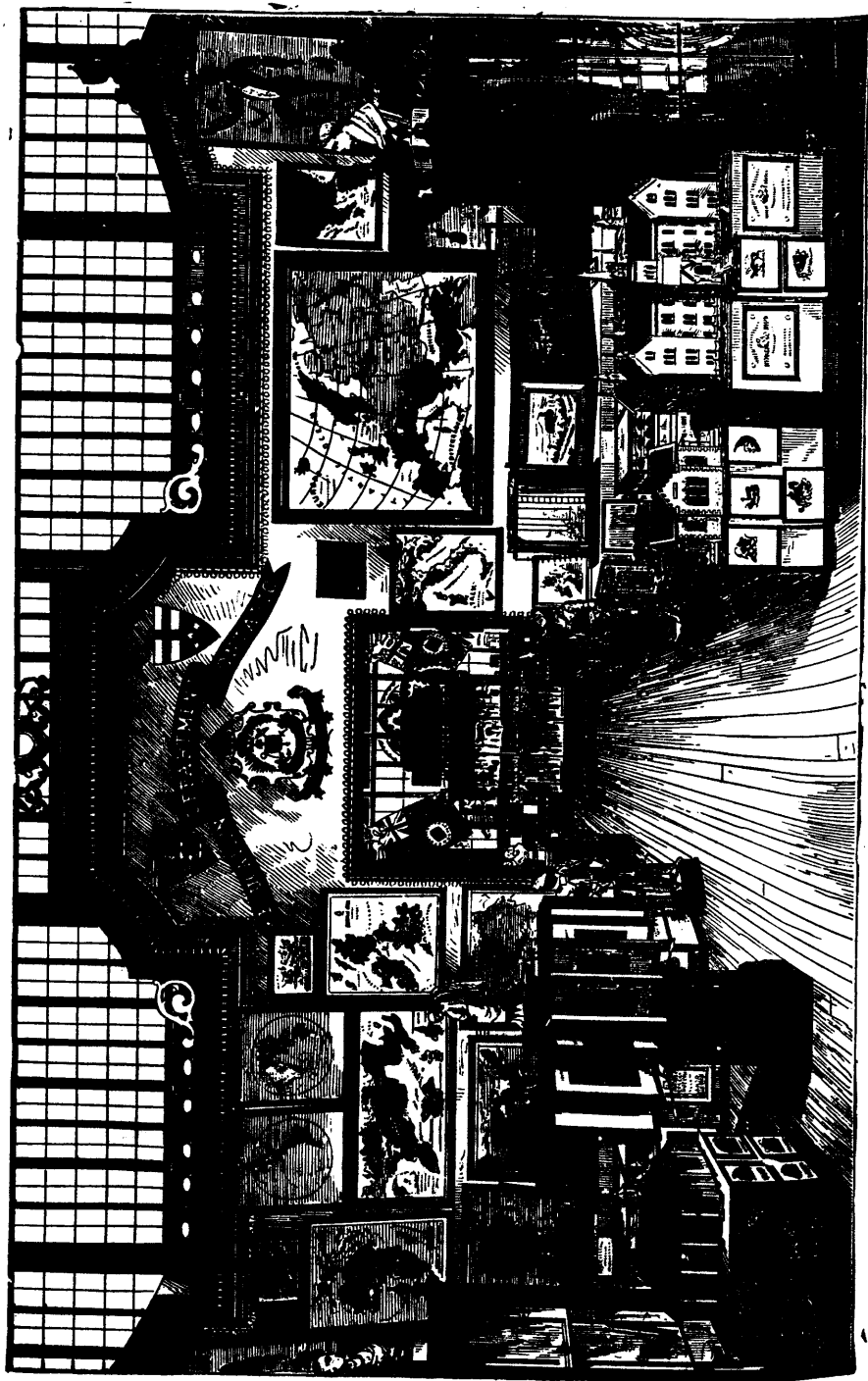


FIG. 1.—ONTARIO EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.—FRONT VIEW.

THE CANADIAN]
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

EDUCATION AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.*

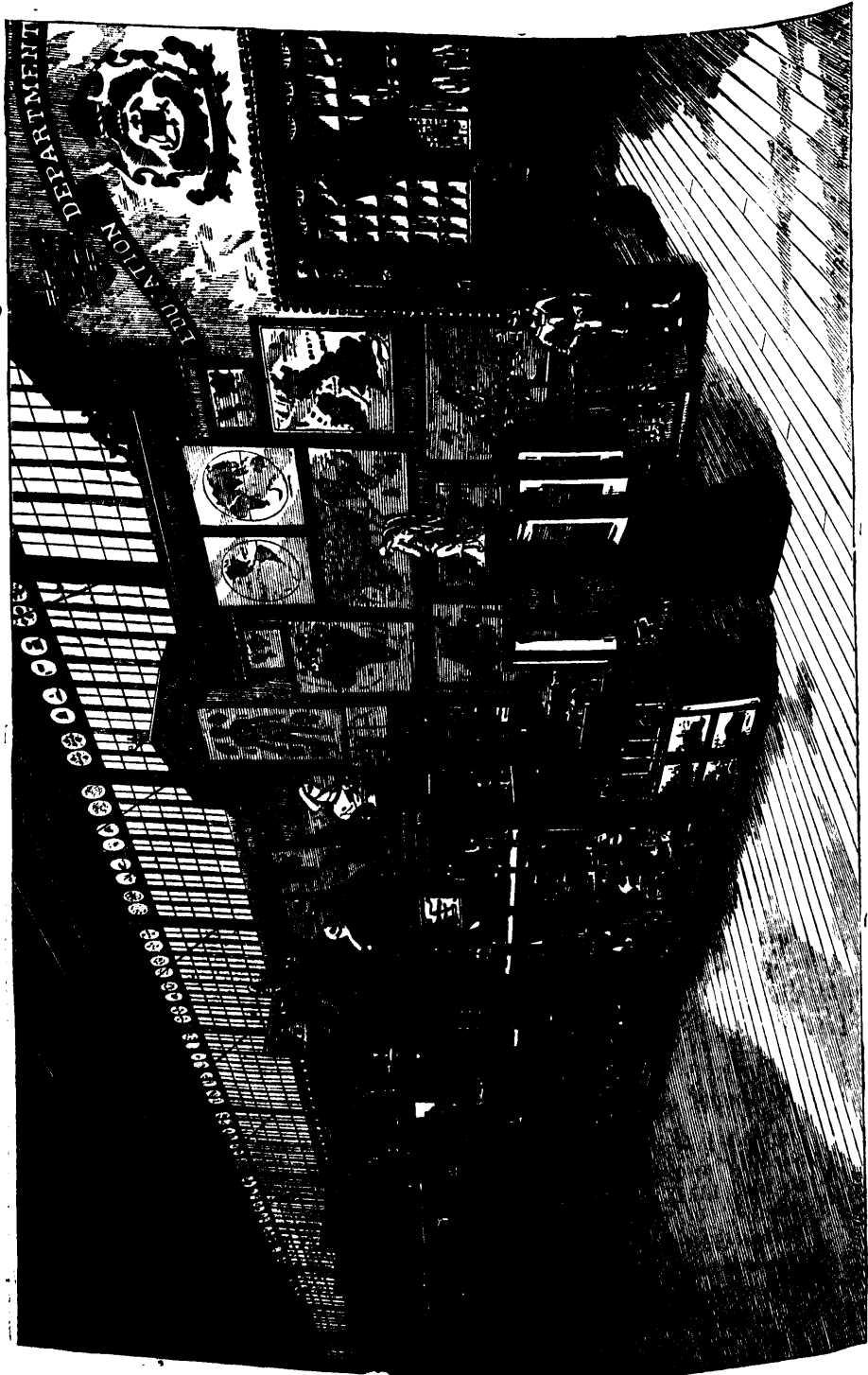
BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

EVERY patriotic Canadian wended his way as soon as possible after reaching the Centennial Exhibition to that portion of the Main Building in which the exhibits of his country were displayed. And it was with a glow of honest pride that he surveyed the goodly display made by the youngest of the nations—our own New Dominion—even as compared with those of the oldest, richest, and most powerful nations of the earth. It was especially gratifying to observe that in the highest result of modern civilization—the appliances, various apparatus, and general provision for popular education—Canada was surpassed by no country in the world, if, indeed, it was equalled by any country represented in that great congress of the nations.

The most conspicuous feature on approaching the Canadian department, one that at once challenged the attention of all

* *Official Report on the Ontario Educational Exhibit and other Educational Features of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876.* By J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Deputy-Minister of Education. Large 8vo., pp. 306. Illustrated.

We are indebted to this valuable Report for the information given in this article, and also to the courtesy of Dr. Hodgins for the admirable engravings by which it is illustrated.



COSTUME EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.—MUSEUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

beholders, was the admirable educational exhibit of the Province of Ontario, as shown in front view in the engraving which forms the frontispiece to this article.

It was situated in the midst of the group of Great Britain and her colonies, where, like Cornelia, surrounded by her children, the great mother of nations could point proudly to her numerous offspring and say, "These are my jewels." At the back of the exhibit was a partition thirty feet high and a hundred and ten feet long, surrounded by a deep and richly ornamental cornice, designed and prepared in Toronto, as were the whole of the decorations, under the general supervision of Dr. Hodgins. The architectural effect of the whole was exceedingly good, and reflected great credit on the taste and skill of the designer. The grouping and arrangement of the nearly two thousand articles of the educational collection, was the work of Dr. May, Superintendent of the Educational Depository at Toronto, and of his skilled assistants, Mr. J. Carter and Mr. A. F. Potter. It called forth the unqualified eulogiums of the public press and of the multitudes of visitors who paused to admire this noteworthy display.

The wall was hung on the right hand with maps showing in relief the mountains, rivers, and other features of the physical geography of the countries represented. Sets of these were purchased by the Government of Victoria and New South Wales, and by the Commissioner of Education for the United States. They attracted great attention and elicited much praise. On the left hand were exhibited specimens of ordinary school maps. On either side of the large passage-way was a stalwart figure armed *cap-a-pie* in plate armour, with lance at rest and visor down, as if on guard. The cases were surmounted by life-size busts of those immortal educators of the race, Shakespeare, Newton, Herschel, and Faraday, as well by those of the Prince and Princess of Wales. On either side, as shown in the engravings, were also admirably executed models of school buildings, prepared under the direction of Dr. Hodgins, chiefly from designs furnished by himself. These attracted much attention. So highly prized were they that two of them were taken to Japan by the Commissioners of that country, and one was sent to the proposed American

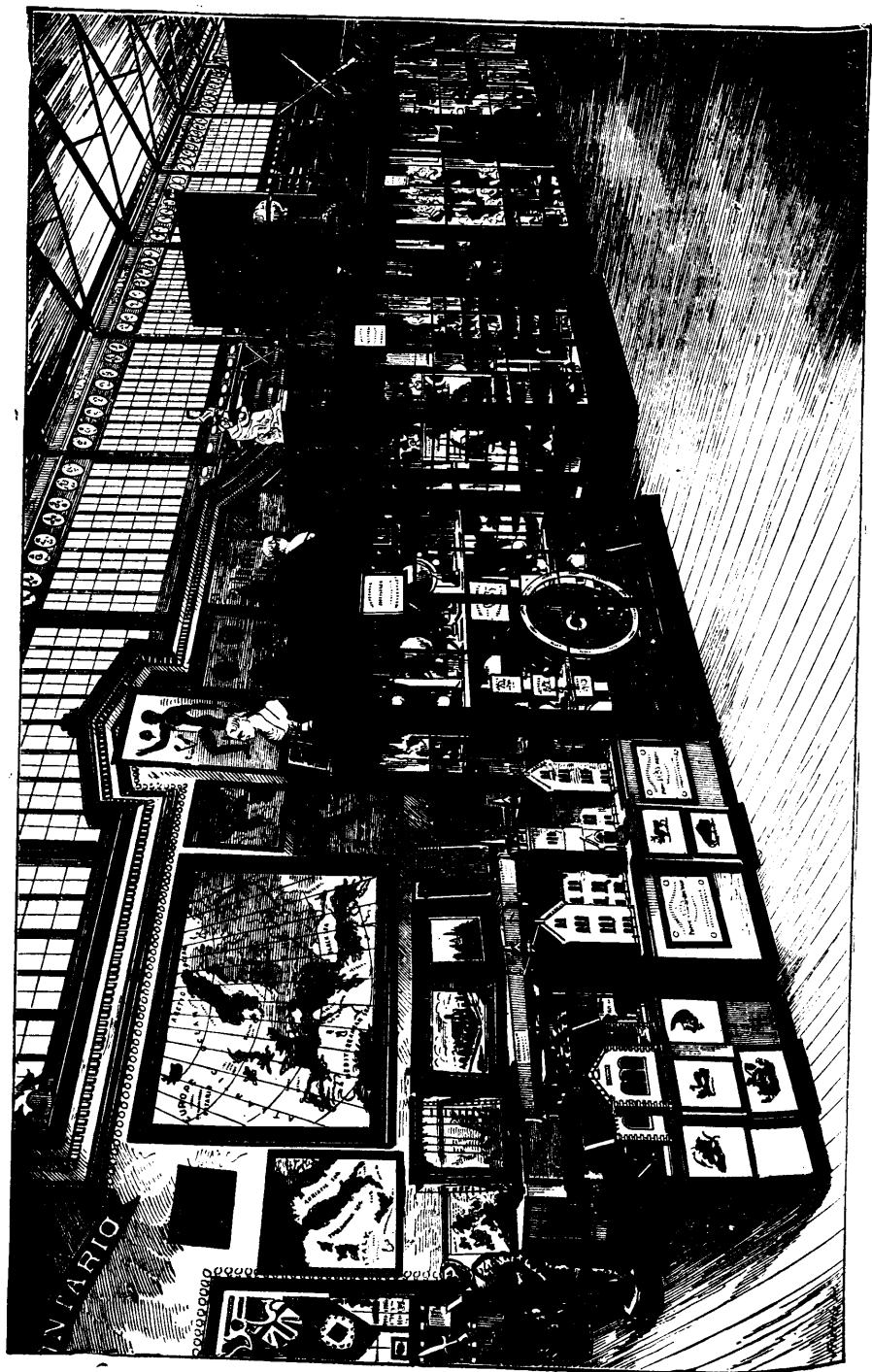


FIG. 3.—ONTARIO EDUCATIONAL EXHIBIT.—SOUTH-EAST VIEW.

Educational Museum at Washington. The revolving stand to the left of Fig. 1, and in Fig. 2, contained a number of photographs of schools, colleges, universities, and public buildings.

The glass cases shown in perspective in Figs. 2 and 3, contained an admirable series of philosophical apparatus, for the illustration of various branches of physics; astronomical and chemical apparatus; globes, object lessons, kindergarten and natural history appliances; drawing models and materials, etc. A library of four hundred volumes of educational books, having almost exclusive reference to the science and art of teaching, the discipline and management of schools, national education, school architecture, the science of language, and other practical subjects relating to the teachers' profession, was also exhibited. So highly prized were these that the entire collection was ordered by the Japanese Commissioners for the Education Department of that Empire—and two of them have been already translated into the Japanese language. Other highly interesting collections were a series of the Great Seals of England, from William the Conqueror down to Queen Victoria; and a series of busts, grouped historically, of Greek, Roman, French, Spanish, Italian, Swiss, Belgian, German, English, and American writers and scientific men.

The collection of articles for object teaching, it was generally conceded, was the most complete ever exhibited. It comprised geological cabinets, fossils, and models; botanical specimens, charts, and plates; stuffed and mounted specimens in zoology; and admirable anatomical models, diagrams, and large sized charts. Duplicate copies of many of these were ordered by the educational authorities of Japan, Australia, and the United States.

Immediately behind our knight in armour, in Fig. 3, was a set of models of apparatus for gymnastic exercises and recreation, which attracted much attention from the Philadelphia school boys. Excellent specimens of school furniture, seats, desks, blackboards, etc., were also displayed. An exhibit of much interest was the collection of text books in raised letters, maps, and object lessons, for the use of the blind, and specimens of the willow-ware and other work of the students of the Asylum at Brantford, Ontario.

It is a matter of much congratulation that all the complicated and delicate apparatus, maps, globes, charts, models, etc., involving great technical skill, refinement of manipulation, and scientific accuracy, were constructed in the city of Toronto. Many of the foreign visitors, who imagined, we suppose, that the Canadians were a sort of hyperborean barbarians, were greatly astonished to find us taking the lead of the world in one of the very highest developments of the best civilization of the age.

Others of the Canadian provinces had some interesting educational exhibits; but it was admitted by themselves that they were far inferior to what the importance of the subject demanded and that they all were greatly stimulated, as were also foreign nations, by that of Ontario. The remarkable success of the latter is very largely due to the judicious arrangements made for the Exhibition by Dr. Ryerson before his resignation of office but more largely still to the unwearying efforts of over thirty of the ripest years of his life, in bringing to its present degree of perfection, our noble school system, which is at once the admiration and the envy of the proudest, richest, and most highly cultivated nations of Europe.

Dr. Hodgins, in his very valuable report, has given an exceedingly full and lucid account of the educational exhibits of the different states and countries contributing to this great international collection. The United States did not collectively do anything like justice to themselves, in view of the high stand that public instruction occupies in that country. Foreigners, who came to study that system as a whole, must have been disappointed at the lack of facilities afforded for that purpose. With one exception, the educational exhibits of the different states were displayed in a very fragmentary manner in different parts of the galleries, annexes, or detached structures, greatly to the distraction and inconvenience of those who wished to study them comparatively and as a whole.

A notable exception to this defect was the exhibit of the State of Pennsylvania, which occupied a large building specially constructed for that purpose, as shown in Fig. 4. It was an octagon, a hundred feet in diameter, with wings 40 by 24 feet. It contained an admirably arranged series of articles illustrating

education in public schools and in schools for orphans, for the blind, and for the feeble-minded; in schools of design for women, Sunday-schools, and the like. The exhibit of Sunday-school books, charts, apparatus, furniture, and decorations was unique, and was a demonstration to foreigners of one of the grandest elements of prosperity both of the United States and of Canada.

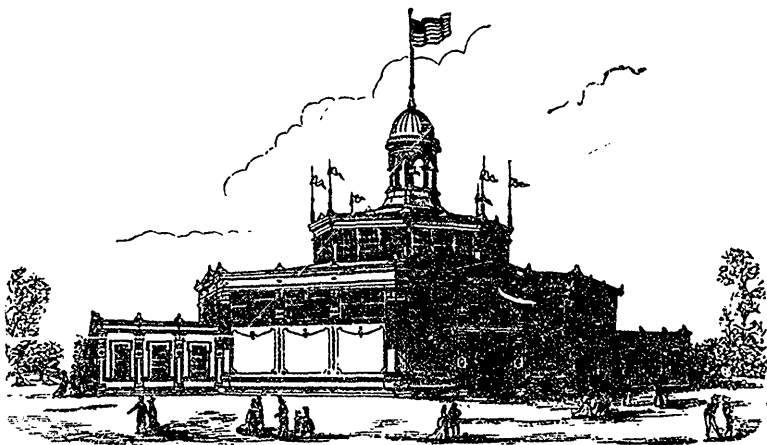


FIG. 4.—PENNSYLVANIA EDUCATIONAL HALL.

The subject of school ornamentation was well illustrated by a fountain with living fish, twining vines, hanging baskets, flower pots and vases, statues and statuettes, mottoes and pictures. "This collection," says Dr. Hodgins, "was one of the most interesting and suggestive, as well as the most philosophical, in the exhibit. In the pleasing features of school-life the Americans excel all other nations." This subject is deservedly attracting increased attention in Canada. To this result Dr. Hodgins has largely contributed by his valuable work on "The School-House; its architecture, external and internal arrangements," in which he has fully treated the ornamentation of the school-house and grounds, and illustrated the refining and elevating influence thereby produced.

An amusing feature of the Pennsylvania exhibit, was a model of a school-house of 1776, with its rusty stove, well-hacked

desks and seats, and crude appliances, as contrasted with the comfort and exhaustion of scientific skill in the production of apparatus, etc., of the school of 1876. As we "look on this picture and on that," the contrast seems, almost better than anything else, to measure the real progress of the nation.

The little kingdom of Sweden, at considerable expense, sent out an entire school-house in the quaint national style of architecture, with all its equipment complete, (see Fig. 5.) "It is, as it were," remarks Dr. Hodgins, "a little shady nook of a rural village, with its quaint but tasteful school-house. Once within its doors the visitor would be as literally in one of the village schools of the kingdom, as he would be in Sweden itself. There



FIG. 5.—SWEDISH SCHOOL-HOUSE.

was the hall or entry with its fittings and huge barometer—the school-room, with its tile floor, desks, and seat, teacher's platform, musical instruments, maps, etc., and above all, the teachers' apartments, occupying one side of the building." The teachers being generally married men, provision is made in the school-houses for their accommodation, an arrangement which must conduce to permanency of occupation. The work of the pupils, especially from the art schools—drawing, carving, designing, etc.—was of very remarkable merit.

"Norway sends a little school-room, too," writes Mrs. R. H. Davis, "oddly, natural, and life-like. Here are the seats and ink-stands and copy-books, with the mark of a little inky thumb on

one. There is the teacher's desk, with its bunch of wintry blossoms on it; and on the wall, photographs of the mountain and fords which she sees outside of the windows whenever she raises her weary eyes."

The educational exhibit of the Russian Empire was a surprise to many. Since the Crimean war, and especially since the emancipation of the serfs, Russia has addressed herself with a wise foresight to the education of her toiling millions. In a short time ten thousand primary schools were established.

The frugal dwellers in the Swiss valleys have made wise provision for the schooling of their little herd-boys and shepherd lasses. One feature of great value in their system is that the children are brought face to face with Nature, and are taught to study her wonders at first hand, and not merely from books. Thus, in her humble chalets, and under the shadows of her mountains, Agassiz, and doubtless many another, acquired that passion for the study of nature that haunted them all their lives long.

Belgium also furnished a specimen school-house, with its appliances, books, furniture, apparatus, gymnastic arrangements, etc. The arrangements for heating and ventilation especially, were worthy of careful study.

Nothing was a cause of greater surprise to most visitors to the Centennial that the extensive, varied, and admirable educational exhibit from the Empire of Japan. In a previous number of this Magazine (November, 1876), this remarkable exhibit, especially the striking *results* of the Japanese system as shown in the maps, drawings, and examination papers of native students, was described.

Adjoining the Japanese exhibit was that of China, of which we give in Fig. 6 a partial view. It was, in many respects, much inferior to that of Japan. They had this, however, in common, that their genius was evidently far more imitative than inventive—the very reverse of that of the Western nations. This is probably the result, not so much of inherent and radical differences of type of the Oriental and Occidental mind, but from the traditional and stereotyped character of education in the great Asiatic Empires.

France by no means did herself justice with her rather meagre

educational exhibit. But much of her school art work was very superior. Her technological models were also very fine.

Germany, too, although she owes her supremacy in Europe more to her common schools than to her needle guns, made a very slight exhibit of the means of education, and a very extensive one of the enginery of slaughter. The collection of maps, books, etc., of the great publishing houses of Berlin, Leipsic, Stuttgard, etc., and of kindergarten and other toys from Nuremberg, was, as Dominie Sampson would say, "prodeegious."

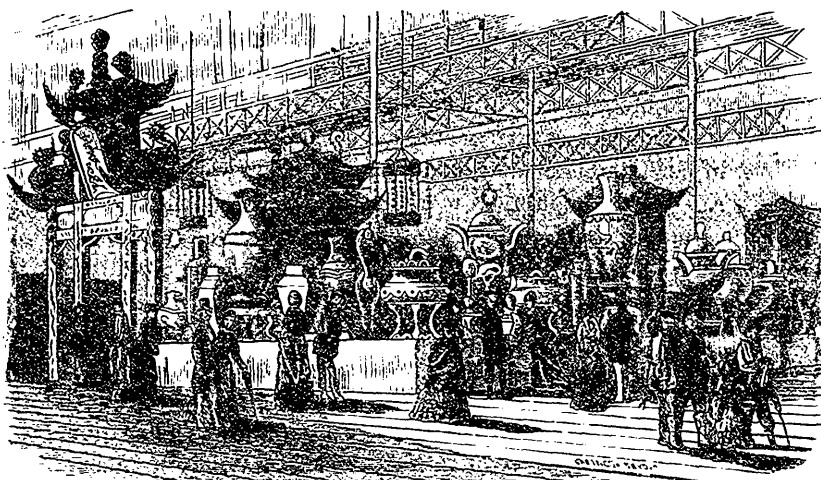


FIG. 6.—THE CHINESE EXHIBIT.—MAIN BUILDING.

The Empire of Brazil, under the enlightened government of Dom Pedro, manifests great interest in educational matters. The Bible is taught in the schools, but absolute religious toleration exists. The children are taught to read by the syllabic mode and not by separate letters. Women are preferred as teachers in the primary schools. They receive the same salary as men, and are more successful. The results of the work done—writing and other specimens—was admirable.

In Chili, the Argentine Republic, and Mexico, the cause of education is receiving increased attention, of which creditable evidence was seen in their respective exhibits.

Some of the oldest nations of the world are those in which

the education of the people is least cared for. But even Egypt, the cradle of the arts, the mother of learning, long the university of the world, but for ages, like her mummies, wrapped in swathings of ignorance, is awaking to the stimulus of this great question. Many interesting details of Arab school-life are given in Dr. Hodgins' Report. The children, with their round heads well shaved, sit on the ground from morning till six in the evening, and learn the Koran aloud, amid a perfect Babal of noise.

From Italy, Spain, and Portugal, specimens of school-work, indicating a revived interest in the subject of popular education, which is the great spring of national prosperity, were contributed.

The rapid emergence of the Sandwich Islands out of heathen darkness into Christian light and civilization has been, as Dr. Hodgins well remarks, very striking. This fact was illustrated by good photographs of native schools, teachers, and buildings, text books, and the like. "The Hawaiian who cannot read and write," says a native report, "is rarely to be found."

Dr. Hodgins gives copious information on the state of education in Great Britain and her numerous colonies, which will be of great interest to all who wish to know the source of England's greatness. Since the new Reform Bill, increased attention has been devoted to the subject of primary instruction—thus carrying out the *dictum* of Mr. Lowe, "We must educate our masters."

It will be seen that the great question of the age, both in the Old World and the New—the question which more than any other is demanding the attention of statesmen, political philosophers and social economists, philanthropists and utilitarians, parliaments and peoples—is the question of education. This is the lever of more than Archimedian power which is to raise the world to a higher plane of thought, a nobler phase of being. And more important even than that of the preacher, by reason of their greater opportunities and more intimate and persistent influence on the minds of the rising generation, in their most plastic and formative period, is the work of the great army of teachers throughout the world, who, often amidst obscurity and

isolation, discouragement and weariness, are forming the principles of that moral and intellectual character which in a few years shall sway the destiny of the race and of the age.

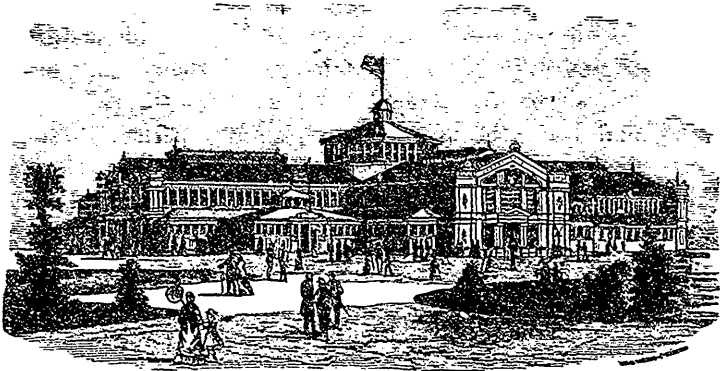


FIG. 7.—THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

One of the most interesting departments of the great Exhibition was the United States Government Building (see Fig. 7.) "It illustrated," as Dr. Hodgins has well remarked, "the material, social, and intellectual life of the American people, so far as that complicated life was in any way touched upon or affected by the Executive Government. It was, in reality, a series of grand object lessons, most interesting and suggestive." Every naval and military requisite, from a ship's biscuit to a Rodman cannon, was exhibited. The light-house, coast survey, signal service, the Patent Office and Post Office departments, all displayed the results or modes of their operations. One of the most instructive exhibits was that of the economic resources of the country, from the field, the forest, and the mine, the seas, the lakes, and the rivers. In Fig. 8 is shown part of the display of food fishes—from the Arctic coast to the Gulf of Mexico, the finest collection in the world. The Indian and ethnological collection was also of great interest and scientific value.

The entire Exhibition, indeed, might be regarded as a grand educational museum—a gallery of object lesson of almost infinite variety and priceless value.

The tour of the great Exhibition was, in fact, to an observing mind, quite a liberal education. It had all the benefit of foreign

travel, with this advantage, that in hours could be seen what in travelling would occupy years. And, as Professor Virchon truly remarks, "nothing that comes in through the eyes into the head ever goes out." Hence, the liberal policy of the Ontario educational authorities in permitting as many of its 6,000 teachers as chose, to close their schools for a week without any deduction from their salary, in order to visit the Exhibition, was as wise as it was generous. "No state, no city, no county of the United States," says the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, "has shown an equal breadth of view, or an equal degree of liberality." Hundreds of our hard-working teachers took advantage of this generous permission and received great courtesy from the educational authorities of the city of Philadelphia. We are sure that by their increase of knowledge and enlargement of view they were enabled to become better teachers for the rest of their lives.

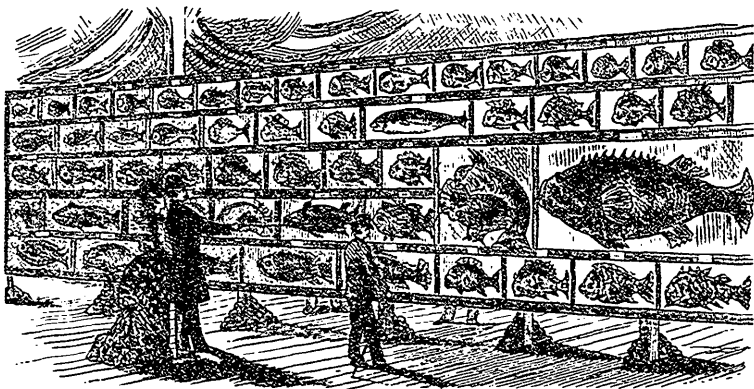


FIG. 8.—EXHIBIT OF FOOD FISHES OF THE UNITED STATES.

No one could stand in the end gallery of the Main Building and look down its grand avenue, as shown in Fig. 9, and then saunter with watchful eye and receptive mind through the departments of the different countries grouped on either side, without receiving a thousand new and vivid impressions that he could never get from books.

"The exposition," says the Hon. B. J. Northrup, Secretary of the State Board of Public Instruction of Connecticut, 'has

broadened the views of millions. It was to them the world in miniature, where they gained new ideas of the achievements of modern civilization. While examining the productions of almost every nation of the globe, they breathed a cosmopolitan air, a healthful corrective of conceit, narrowness, prejudice, and exclusiveness, enlarging each one's acquaintance and sympathies, and making more real the great brotherhood of the human family."



FIG. 9.--THE GRAND AVENUE—MAIN BUILDING.

An interesting feature in the Main Building, as demonstrating the intellectual progress of the United States, was the American Booksellers' Exhibit, shown in Fig. 10. The elegant structure in the foreground was that of Lippincott & Co. The American Bible Society also had here a stall containing copies of the Scriptures, whole or in part, in over two hundred languages,—a display exhibiting a greater amount of consecrated toil than any other in the entire building.

The grandest exhibition of inventive skill probably ever collected, was that in the Machinery Hall, an interior view of which is shown in Fig. 11. The embodiment of human thought and ingenuity in the apparently almost consciously intelligent mechanism of that grand hall; the record of experiment, trial, defeat,

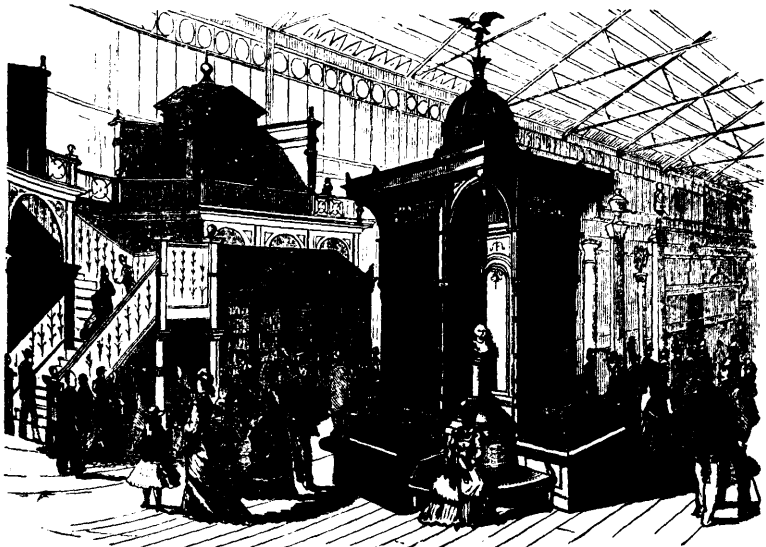


FIG. 10.—AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' EXHIBIT—MAIN BUILDING.

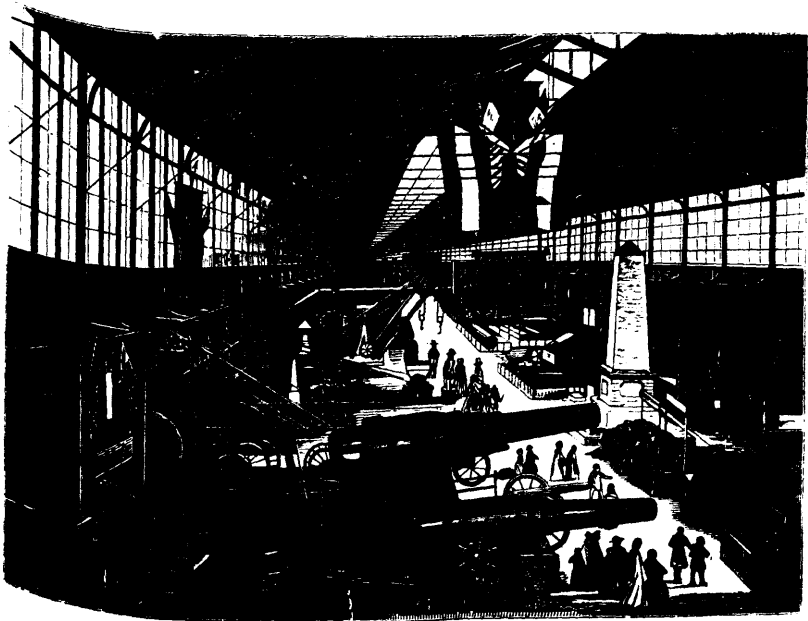


FIG. 11.—MACHINERY HALL—INTERIOR VIEW.

and final triumph, in bringing the various machines to their ultimate perfection, was one of the noblest demonstrations ever given of the power of mind over matter. The inert steel and iron seemed almost indud with life and volition. In the foreground of the engraving are shown the great Krupp cannon, the larger of which is sixty tons in weight, twenty-three feet long, and fifteen inch bore, carrying, with a charge of two hundred

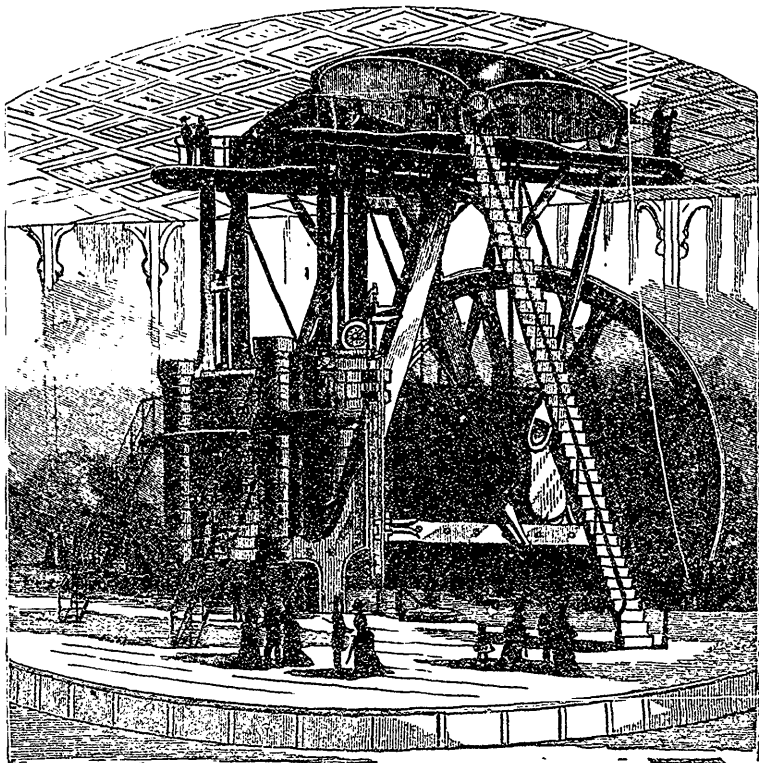


FIG. 12.—THE CORLISS ENGINE—MACHINERY HALL.

pounds of powder, a ball a thousand pounds weight, a distance, it is asserted, of seven miles. Beside these monster guns, are shown in the lower left hand corner of the cut, some of the smallest artillery ever made—a battery for mountain service, to be carried on the backs of mules where wheeled guns could not be taken.

Of all the machines in the Hall, the most impressive, the most awe-inspiring almost, was the great Corliss Engine, shown in Fig. 12. The heart, as it were, of the whole vast organism, by whose mighty throbbings every separate part received life and motion. The strength of three thousand horses slumbered in its iron thews and sinews, and for month after month it toiled on with tireless energy, doing, alone, the work of an army of men.

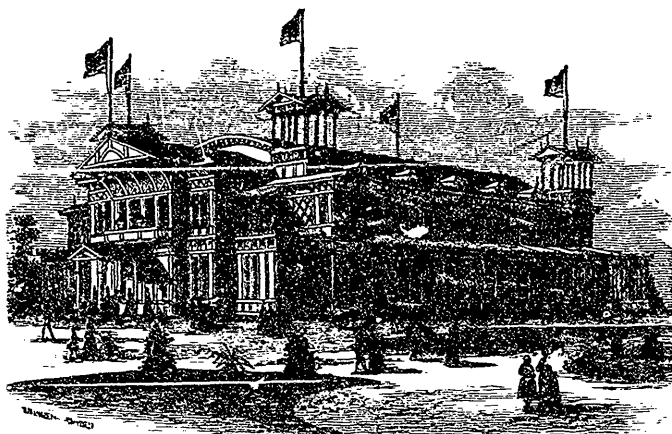


FIG. 13.—THE JUDGES' PAVILION.

One of the most difficult and delicate functions of any of the Centennial officers was that of the judges. Men of world-wide reputation for eminence in their several departments, and men of unchallenged integrity, to them was deputed the task of appraising the respective merit of the vast variety of objects submitted to their adjudication. For their use the handsome building shown in Fig. 13 was erected, in which all the public meetings connected with the Exhibition were held.

Dr. Hodgins concludes his admirable volume with a philosophic *resume*, couched in eloquent words, of the lessons to be learned by Canadians from this great congress of the nations. Among these are self-reliance and self-respect as a people, and true patriotism as individuals. We have every reason to be proud of the noble position occupied by our country in industrial competition with the foremost nations of the world. None were more ready to acknowledge our merit than our generous rivals by

whom we were challenged to this peaceful tournament. "Canada has done more," said General Hawley, President of the United States Centennial Commission, at a public meeting, "for the success of the Centennial Exhibition than any eight of the states of the American Union, with the exception of Pennsylvania and New Jersey." A further proof of the merit of our exhibits is seen in the several hundreds of awards and medals given by the judges to Canadian exhibitors. May no less generous rivalry ever subsist between the two sister nations, daughters of the same great mother of free-peoples, heirs of the same speech, the same historic memories, the same heroic traditions, the same ancient laws and liberties, the same glorious literature, with its precious and undying legacies—its Bible and Shakespeare, its Chaucer and Milton, its Bunyan and Burke. May such international amenities as those of the Great Exhibition be an augury of the golden age, foretold in such tuneful numbers by our English poet-seer :

When the war-drum throbs no longer,
 And the battle-flags are furled,
 In the Parliament of man,
 'The federation of the world.

THE RESURRECTION.

THE wheat, although it lies awhile in earth,
 And seemeth lost, consumes not quite away ;
 But from that womb receives another birth,
 And with additions riseth from the clay.

Much more shall man revive, whose worth is more ;
 For Death, who from our dross will us refine,
 Unto that other life becomes the door,
 Where we in immortality shall shine.

— *Wither.*

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

IX.

THIS morning two letters arrived for me—one from London from Jack, and another from New York from Hugh.

I am quite surprised to find what large towns and what a number of people there are in the American colonies.

I always thought America was a kind of place of exile where every one always looked unsettled, as if they were only staying there for a short time, and where things were always at a beginning. I never thought of people being really *at home* there. Of course it was a foolish thought. Hugh says some of the towns are a hundred years old, and some of the houses looked quite venerable.

Hugh went through a great deal of Ireland on foot on his way, and took ship at Cork. During his wanderings he lodged in the little, dirty, smoky Irish cabins, or wherever he could find shelter, and preached in all kinds of wild places, or in crowded streets, wherever he could find people ready to listen.

"Sometimes," he writes, "the poor peasants at first took me for a new kind of mendicant friar, and seemed rather disappointed when at the end of my sermon I did not proceed to beg. Their warm Irish hearts are easily touched—tears and blessings pour forth readily (as also on other occasions curses). The spontaneous responses are strange enough at times. As I read the 'prodigal son,' a voice cried out, 'By all the saints that's me'; or, on some homethrust, in angry tone, 'What traitor then told you that of Pat Blake?' perhaps accompanied with a handful of mud;—or oftener, 'Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us miserable sinners;' or, 'Sweet Jesus, have mercy on us!' or, 'By the mass, that's true.' I try to speak of the love of God to men, and the sacrifice of the Cross, and of the joy of God in welcoming the returning sinner, and of the joy of the forgiven child; and those truths which we hold in common with the Church of Rome.

"Sometimes, however, my reception is very different. The

reputation of the new heresy of Methodism has gone before me. 'Swaddlers' is the term of reproach here taken up by the ignorant mob, from a sermon preached by Job Cennick on the text, 'She took the babe and wrapped it in swaddling clothes, and laid it in a manger.' In such cases the whole population rise together, especially the women, and vociferate and curse as I think only Irish voices can, until they are tired, and give me a hearing from sheer exhaustion, or until they excite themselves to a fury ready for any violence and pelt me out of the place.

"In Cork the excited mob attacked the 'Swaddlers' in the streets with clubs and swords, wounded many dangerously, and began to pull down one of their houses. In spite or in consequence of this persecution, nowhere, Mr. Wesley says, have there been more living and dying witnesses of the power of religion than at Cork. Already Methodism has had more than one martyr in Ireland. Persecution draws the persecuted together with a wonderful strength of affection. It is not the mobs we have to dread as the worst hindrance to religion in Ireland; it is the excitable, variable spirit of the people themselves, so easily touched and so easily turned aside. And Mr. Wesley says the lifeless Protestants, who hate Christianity more than they do popery or paganism, are the worst enemies of the Gospel in Ireland. But the excitement of speaking to an Irish audience is great. The quick comprehension of any illusion, the quick response in the expressive faces to every change in your own emotions, are very exhilarating, after the slower and heavier masses of our Saxon countrymen. Yet to see an English multitude once really stirred to the heart, is a sight which moves me more deeply than anything. It is like the heaving of the great sea on our own coasts. Those great massive waves do not easily subside, and rocks crumble before their steady power like sand-banks.

"Charles Wesley's hymns have immense power in Ireland. There is a strange story of a bitter persecutor at Wexford hiding himself in a sack in a barn where the persecuted Methodists assembled, with the doors shut for fear of the people. He intended to open the door to the mob outside. But in his hiding-place the singing laid such a hold on his heart, that he resolved

to hear it through before he disturbed the meeting. After the singing, the prayer laid hold on his conscience, and he lay trembling and moaning in the sack, to the great alarm of the congregation, who thought it was the devil. At length some one took courage to open the sack, and there lay the persecutor, a weeping penitent. His heart had really been reached, and his conversion proved permanent.

“I have only once myself encountered a really furious mob. I had been speaking to an attentive crowd in an open space in the middle of a town. Some had been moved to tears, and the general attention had been profound. While I spoke, I had observed the keen eyes of one old woman intently fixed on me with an ominous, searching gaze. When I finished with prayer and a hymn, her eyes suddenly flashed into rage, and she exclaimed in a shrill piercing voice, ‘*Where’s your Hail Mary?*’

“The change in the audience was as if a spell of witchcraft had been cast on them. Loud cries and deep curses suddenly poured forth against the heretic, the deceiver; stones and sticks began to fly from all sides around me.

“It is a terrible experience to find yourself thus suddenly face to face with an angry mob, every member of which is a human being with a heart like your own, capable of pity and kindness, and physically no stronger than yourself; but which, altogether, is a fierce, inhuman monster, capable of tearing you in pieces, with no more difficulty and no more pity than a hungry lion. It is a trial to courage to feel yourself, with all your strength of manhood, helpless as an infant in the grasp of hundreds of men, no one of whom perhaps could make you yield an inch. But it is a far sorer trial to faith and love to find hundreds of your fellow-men, and even of women, no one of whom, perhaps, alone, would refuse you help and shelter, transformed into a dreadful, merciless monster, with the brain of a man, the heart of a wild beast, and the strength of the sea in a storm.

“To me the danger seemed lost in the sorrow. It was like having a glimpse into hell, thus to have unveiled before me the terrible capacities for evil in the heart of man, which make it possible for men to be transformed into a mob.

"The danger was soon over, for (I know not how) a division arose among my assailants; they began fighting among themselves, and I escaped with a graze or two on my forehead.

"But, Kitty, it was not until I had spent more than one night in prayer, it was not until I recollected *another* mob, which *accomplished its purpose*, until once more above such a sea of cruel, mocking, inhuman, human faces, I had seen by faith, one sublime, suffering human face uplifted, divine in unruffled love and pity; until once more by faith, I had heard those tones filtering with pain, but unflinching in compassionate love: 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' It was not till then that I could take heart, and hope to go forth once more with the message of pardon and grace. But *then*, I think I never gave the message, I am sure I never felt it, with half the power before.

"And then I recollected yet another mob which also accomplished its purpose, mercilessly pelting its victim with stones until he 'fell asleep,' and what *one* of that merciless mob became. Such possibilities of *good* are there even in hearts out of which fanaticism may seem to have scorched all humanity.

"Here in America I have found no mobs, but, instead, throngs of eager listeners; men, women, and children riding scores of miles through forest and wilderness, and encamping in the open country for nights to hear the preacher.

"The honoured name here is not so much Wesley's as Whitefield's, and the love for him is immeasurable. I think the accents of this apostle from our country have to the colonists the double charm of novelty and of home. There is still much affectionate reverence here for the 'old country,' although I think, with many, partaking more than we should think flattering of the reverence for old age. Perhaps they have as little idea here in the colonies of the freshness and youth left in the heart of the old country, as we have in England of the manhood and strength which the new country has attained."

Jack's letter is very brief and very different from Hugh's. It begins a little bitterly, alluding disparagingly to some former

friends, especially to one young gambling nobleman Cousin Evelyn warned us against. He has found them out, he says, and although his reliance on human nature has sustained a shock, and although (as he writes emphatically) he will *never* be able to understand the *pretensions to gentlemanly character* of people who live on the friendliest terms with you as long as your purse is full, and *cannot see you across the street* when you happen to be in want of a *little assistance*;—still he has no doubt the wheel of fortune has yet its good turn for him. But in the postscript his tone changes from these rather cynical reflections to the most sanguine anticipations. He has found, he says, a mine of gold, in the shape of a company for farming the mines in Peru, where, as he observes, the Spaniards found the half civilized natives, centuries ago, eating off silver and drinking out of gold. And if these simple natives with their poor implements contrived to extract such *untold wealth* from merely *scratching*, as it were, the *surface* of the earth, what may not Englishmen in the eighteenth century discover by penetrating into its *heart*? The secretary, he says, who has suggested these *very obvious* conclusions to a hitherto *marvellously blinded* public, is a *wonderfully clever* fellow, and his *particular friend*. He is appointed under-secretary, *good names* being of great value, he says, in the commencement of such enterprises, and already he has received a hundred pounds as the first instalment of his salary.

In the second postscript he adds, that the *sale of his commission*, now, of course, with such *brilliant prospects*, useless to him; especially since the war is over, and there is no *honour* to be won, and no *service* to be rendered the *country*, has brought him in a trifle to meet his more pressing debts. So that (he adds, considerately) we need not have an anxious thought of his *trifling liabilities*, which are, indeed, already all but discharged.

“Poor, dear fellow,” said mother, with a sigh, as she laid down the letter; “he is always full of kind intentions.”

Father was out when the letters arrived, and he did not read them till to-day. I never saw him in such a passion as Jack’s letters put him in.

“*Brilliant prospects*, indeed,” he said, “to be the servant of a

beggarly trading company! 'Good names!' too good, at least, to be dragged through the mire by a set of scoundrelly swindlers, just like the South Sea Bubble."

Irritated more and more by his own indignant words, he first attacked Jack, next himself, and finally mother and me. He said we had all been a set of dotting idiots, and that the only way to have saved Jack would have been to have let him have his own way from the first, and go to sea. It had been an instinct of self-preservation in the lad, and we were all more to blame than he. Now he had been crossed, everything had gone wrong. But it was too late now. He would go to Falmouth the next morning, have the old place put up to auction, take the first ship that sailed for the colonies, and so be out of hearing when Jack came to the gallows, for there it would end; nothing short of that, there could be no doubt."

At first mother's tears fell fast, while I was too frightened to cry; but afterwards I saw mother growing whiter and whiter, until at last her tears quite dried, and she sat quite still with steady eyes and compressed lips, and her hand pressed firmly on her heart. Then I burst into tears, and knelt beside her, and took her hands in mine and sobbed out, "Oh, father, look, look, see what you are doing." He stopped in the full current of his wrath, looked at mother, stooped and kissed her forehead, and said in a husky voice,—

"Polly, I am a brute. I always have been; and you are an angel. Don't take it so to heart. You know I don't mean half I say. There, the boy's a kind fellow, after all. It'll all come right; be sure it will. I'm ten times as good-for-nothing as he is, Polly. Cheer up, sweetheart. The wild oats must be sown. Jack'll be an honour to the old name yet."

But words cannot heal the wounds words can make. Mother did not say a bitter word or shed a tear; but I do not like her look.

All day she has been moving gently about, saying cheering words to us all, especially to father, who is as subdued and gentle as she is. But her face has had an unnatural fixedness, and when I kissed her good-night in the porch-closet, she folded me in her arms and said,—

“Kitty, darling, indeed I would not have kept him from sea, if I had been sure his heart was set on it. I am afraid I have been very selfish; but oh, Kitty, God knows I would have given up seeing him again all my life to do him good. Poor Jack! God forgive me! Yet, Kitty, it cannot be too late! Say you do not think it can!”

There was something in that child-like appeal to me which pierced my heart more than if I had seen her sob in anguish.

But she did not shed a tear. Her eyes were dry and bright, and I tried to keep my voice quite firm and cheerful, as I said,—

“Of course, it is not too late, mother. We will have him back to us. He shall take up the farm again with father; and they will get on so much better than they ever did before. You will see.”

She shook her head; but she smiled, as if a faint hope began to dawn in her heart; and I said,—

“Mother, it is *never* too late. We can pray for him night and day. And that must help him.”

But as I sit down here alone, my own heart sinks, and sinks below the worst fears father expressed in his anger.

Whatever will make Jack understand about *right* and *wrong*? Oh, if Hugh were only here.”

Yet, alas! if Hugh had been here, could he ward off all evils? Could he have warded off one of these evils from those he loves?

The echo of my own words brings the words of another sister to my heart,—

“If *Thou* hadst been here, my brother had not died.”

He could have been there! He knew all. But *He kept away*. The sisters drank the bitter cup to the dregs. The brother died.

Then through the anguish came the deliverance and the unutterable joy.

I will trust. I will *never give up* trusting. There is reason. “The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever.”

We have passed through a storm of trouble since I wrote last. For weeks I have not had heart to write a word, if I had had time.

The day after father's reading that unhappy letter of poor

Jack's, mother tried to rise as usual, and come downstairs; but she fainted whilst dressing; and Betty and I found it difficult to lift her into the bed again, so heavily did her slight frame lie in our arms in its helpless unconsciousness.

Father was distracted with alarm when he came to breakfast, and heard that mother was ill. He would not touch a morsel of food, but saddling a horse at once galloped off to Falmouth for the doctor.

When the doctor came, mother was better, and made so light of her ailments, that he, himself, a stout, florid little man, who looked as if he had never been ill in his life, persuaded us we had all been unnecessarily alarmed. "A momentary suspension of the action of the heart, a slight disturbance of the circulation, would frequently bring on consequences," he said, "of the most alarming kind. Of the most alarming kind, Mr. Trevylan, to the uninitiated."

All day the flush in mother's face deepened, and no effort of mine could keep her from talking with an eager rapidity quite unlike herself, of having Jack back to us, and how bright we would make the old home for him, and how this was the turning-point and all would soon be well. "For, you know, it is not too late, Kitty," she kept saying. "It is never too late."

Father kept restlessly hovering about the house all day, occasionally coming in with a gentle step, and saying some pleasant word to her. And at meals, those desolate meals, he repeatedly said to me,—

"You must not be anxious, child. You have seen so little of illness. You take on too much. The doctor said there is nothing to alarm any one who understands the matter, nothing in the least alarming; and whenever I go in, Kitty, she is quite cheery, Kitty, quite cheery. There is nothing to be anxious about."

And then he would rise with his food scarcely tasted, and go to the door and whistle for Trusty, and come back in a minute to assure me, with more vehemence than ever, there was nothing to be anxious about, nothing at all; and to beg me to keep up heart, and look very cheery in mother's chamber.

But when, as night came on, mother's eyes seemed to grow

brighter and larger than ever, and her utterance more rapid, and at last instead of those sanguine eager plans about Jack, she began to talk about all kinds of trifles, and at length I crept out to tell father I was sure she was *not* better, and he came in, and she asked him eager rapid questions about things she did not care about in the least, I shall never forget the look of anguish which came over his face.

"Oh, Kitty," he said, when I came down afterwards and found him sitting by the untasted supper with his face in his hands, "Oh, Kitty, I have killed her."

After that we were obliged to keep him away from her room. His presence seemed to excite her so painfully. Again and again, when I left the room for anything during that night, I found him standing listening at the door with hushed breath, and a face haggard and sunken as if he had been watching for nights.

It was a dreadful time, mother's dear gentle voice raised to that unnatural eager tone, saying things that were no thoughts of hers, demanding replies to all kinds of wild questions,—with the knowledge that that other dear despairing face was watching at the door outside, and that every one of those quick unnatural tones was piercing his heart.

In the morning when I came out of the room he was standing at the head of the stairs with Trusty sitting bolt upright beside him. Father laid his hand on my shoulder with questioning looks, which he dare not put in words, while the poor faithful old dog licked my hand with a little perplexed whine. There was something in his old kind familiar ways which broke the spell of unnatural calm to which the excitement had kept me strained, and I laid my head on father's shoulder and wept.

"Poor little Kitty," he said, "my poor little maid!" and we went down to the hall together, while Betty stayed in mother's room.

So father was appointed carrier; and now, many a time, it was as difficult to bear as mother's wandering words to see him creeping up and downstairs without his shoes, carrying little cups and trays as laboriously as if they had been tons' weight, with his efforts not to let a drop be spilt or a spoon jingle.

Betty's treatment was very simple. She let dear mother have

what she liked, and do whatever she thought would make her most comfortable.

Therefore, contrary to all rules I ever heard of, when dear mother seemed oppressed for breath, Betty opened the window and let the sweet fresh air in, and when she complained of thirst Betty brought her cool fresh water.

On the third night she insisted on sending me and father to bed.

"You can't work miracles, my dear," she said, "and the Almighty doesn't see fit to work them now-a-days. And if you sit up gazing at Missis another night, you'll be as bad as she is, and that'll be more of a handful than I can manage."

So at last, on the condition that I should have mother all to myself on the following night, while Betty rested, and with the solemn promise that I should be called instantly if mother asked for me, I went to my chamber.

How hard it was to turn from those dear wandering unconscious eyes! To close the door between us seemed like rolling the stone before a sepulchre. I should have turned back by as irresistible an attraction as that which draws a poor bird with clipped wings down to the earth from which it struggles, but for the knowledge how the opening of the door made that fragile frame start and tremble, and how eagerly she looked for that unknown something any sound seemed always to rouse her to expect. I did not expect to sleep for a moment.

Yet after I had laid down and had begun a prayer for mother, comforting myself with the thought I could help her in that way, the next thing I was conscious of was the quiet dawn stealing up through my casement, and a sound, not in my ears, but in my heart, of these words, "*I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord.*"

I rose up and looked around towards the window. Everything was so still in that sacred calm of early morning, that I think it would not have surprised me to catch the glistening of the white garments of an angel going up through the still pure air beyond the old thorn, beyond the old elms, beyond the green hill, beyond that soft grey cloud into the pure light of the dawn, pure as if it streamed through the gates of pearl.

But there was nothing to be seen, nothing to tell *whose* whisper that was which was echoing softly through my heart when I woke.

For it *was* a Voice, I am sure, a heart and spirit speaking to mine; so distinct, so outside me were the words, and yet so mysteriously within.

They lingered in my heart with a power beyond that of any music, and filled it with an unspeakable rapture of calm and peace.

So I rose and dressed, and said my morning prayers, looking out of my open window.

Those words seemed to have taken all fluttering and hurrying haste and terror from me.

I said to myself,—

“I will not be superstitious—I will not build my hopes on signs, or omens, or even on these words. Oh, my Saviour, my Father, I will build on *nothing* but Thy love. But yet I will not put away the comfort of those words from me. They are Thy words, and whatever else they mean, they mean love. And I will lean—I will rest—I do lean and rest my whole heart and soul on that—on Thee.”

It seemed to me as if my whole being had been bathed in a well of living water, when I went back to mother's chamber, so fresh it felt, and strong. At the door stood father listening, as if he had been there long. I stood and whispered him some words of comfort. And when I opened the door so noiselessly that Betty did not turn to look, and crept to mother's bedside, she *looked at me*. She looked into my eyes, with quiet conscious love, she stretched out her thin hand and laid it in mine; and then as I sat down and held it in both mine—afraid to show too much of what I felt—the feeble grasp relaxed, her breathing came and went, evenly, softly as a child's. It was the soft even breathing of sleep.

She slept on until dawn had deepened into day, and all the many coloured changes by which the hours are illuminated and distinguished from each other when the day is new, had passed into the changeless radiance of midday, and there was nothing left by which to mark the time, but my own hopes, counting

every minute of such repose as a priceless treasure ; and my fears for father watching, ignorant of all, at that closed door.

At length she opened her eyes, and Betty, who had been watching her as still and silent as I had been, rose and brought her some jelly.

ARG then she asked for father.

There was no need for me to call him. As soon as the words had left her lips the door opened without a sound, and his poor haggard face appeared, inquiring with mute touching looks what he ought to do.

I rose and led him to the bedside.

Mother held out her hand to him, and said,—

“ Dear, I shall get well.”

As he had been so often enjoined by Betty, he tried hard not to betray his feelings, but just to look quietly pleased, as if it was just what he had hoped, and to say some easy, cheering, natural words. But the quiet look was quite a failure from his poor sunken eyes, and with the attempt at the cheering word, his quivering lips failed altogether, and with one passionate sob he sought to withdraw his hand from hers and leave the room.

But she laid her other hand on his, and he had no resource but to fall on his knees and bow his face over her hands, and weep like a child.

Betty lifted up her hands in horror, but when she tried to speak, her voice failed too ; so she turned away, and I knelt down by father, and in a few minutes led him gently away.

Sweet hallowed nights of hopeful watching, when I lay awake till I heard her breathing fall into the cadences of sleep, and woke to hand some little nourishing draught or refreshing drink to her, and to hear her dear voice murmur thanks, or perhaps some sweet old verses of gratitude from her beloved George Herbert.

Then those delicious days of her gradually returning strength ! To watch day by day the precious little steps of recovery ! It was like watching the leaves open, and the flowers in spring, each day being a new delight ; only the life whose precious tide was slowly rising thus from point to point, was no unconscious flood of natural growth—it was mother's life !

Then that first Sunday when she was lifted into her own little porch closet, and laid on the couch by the window! She had insisted on being lifted there in the morning, and that all but Betty should go to church; she had wanted Betty also to accompany us, but no authority in the house reached to that.

As I left her, she broke out again into Herbert (which is her music), murmuring,—

“ Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

“ Thou art a day of mirth :
And where the weekdays trail aground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
Oh, let me take thee at one bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven ;
Till that we both, being tossed from earth,
Fly hand in hand to Heaven.”

With such holy strains echoing in our ears, and such gratitude in our hearts, a very happy walk was father's and mine to church that Sunday, across the corn-fields, with the little waves dashing against the rocks far below.

And very real and living were the prayers, and thankgivings, and responses of the service. They seemed just as if they were a new song, made expressly for father and me that morning.

As we returned, father said to me confidentially,—

“ Kitty, do you understand that poetry of Mr. Herbert's ? ”

I said, “ I thought I did, and that I liked it.”

“ You do ! ” replied father despondingly ; “ well, I suppose all really religious people do. But I never could.”

Religion is good, and riddles are good in their way, but I don't see the good of mixing them up together. It's rather hard on me, Kitty, for I've taken more pains than I can tell to like that stuff for your mother's sake. However, Mr. Charles Wesley's been a great friend to me with his hymns. It's a great mercy for me that I've fallen on times when a man may hear sermons as easy to make out as commanding orders, and religious poetry as plain as prose.”

PILGRIMAGE.

“ And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”

CHEERFUL, O Lord! at Thy command,
I bind my sandals on ;
I take my pilgrim's staff in hand,
And go to seek the better land,
The way Thy feet have gone.

I oft shall think, when on my way
Some bitter grief I meet ;
“ This path hath echoed with His moan,
And every rude and flinty stone
Hath bruised His blessed feet.”

Fainting and sad along the road,
Thou layest on my head,
The hands they fastened to the tree,
The hands that paid the price for me,
The hands that brake the bread.

Thou whisperest some pleasant word,
I catch the much-loved tone ;
I feel *Thee* near, my gracious Lord !
I know Thou keepst watch and ward,
And all my grief is gone.

From every mountain's rugged peak,
The far-off land I know ;
And from its fields of fadeless bloom,
Come breezes laden with perfume,
And fan my weary brow.

There peace'ul hills and holy vales
Sleep in eternal day ;
While rivers, deep and silent, glide
’Twixt meads and groves on either side,
Through which the blessed stray.

THE SOCIAL ASPECTS OF METHODISM.

BY C. H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

In the great work of the Church in the world its social power can hardly be over-estimated. It may be misplaced, relied upon for results for which it has no adaptability. It may be isolated from other elements, and rendered useless in the appointments of evangelization. But its value in its place, and the havoc of its removal, can hardly be overstated.

There is such a thing as the temperature of a Church. Everybody recognizes it. It gives the finishing touches to the people, to the service, to the sermon. We say that a Church is cold, or kindly, or social, and there is no mistaking the quality. People have different standards of measurement on these questions, as on all other matters. Their thermometers are graded from different zero points, and will not indicate the same temperature by the same figure. The habits and requirements of the individual have much to do in characterizing the temperature of a Church. We all like what we call a warm Church. We do not like to shiver and chatter. We fear colds and coughs and coffin. A careful death-record of souls would show a larger mortality list from chilliness in Church society than the undertaker could show deaths from chilliness in the rooms for worship and living.

Not long ago we were called to do the begging for the liquidation of a Church debt that had embarrassed and endangered the Church for years. In the mortal struggle the brethren did nobly, and when the work was over rejoiced mightily. The next morning before light, waiting in the depot for a train, we were surprised beyond expression to see two leading and wealthy men belonging to that Church, and who had belonged to it for years, actually introduced to each other for the first time. We inquired into it, and found that they positively had never been made acquainted with each other before. There was no difficulty, no hard feeling—simply social death. We then comprehended how a Church might carry a debt for years. Comment on such social

relations is unnecessary. The wonder is that the Church was saved at all. The question might arise, with such a state universal in the Church, whether such a Church was worth saving?

Gregariousness is universal in humanity. High intelligence is limited. Everybody can feel the power of a hearty handshake. Only the few can feel the power of a syllogism. That intangible, impalpable, ubiquitous, resistless, all penetrating something, which we call the "Spirit of the Word," has its counterpart in the spirit of the Church; not the Spirit of God, but in a human creation and condition, elevated and vitalized by the Spirit of God. This is chiefly that invisible force which controls the tide of public thought in a society, and commands the advance line in the strife of life. This is social. It may be located near the treasury of the Church, and be determined by wealth. It may be found in the culture of a society, and be determined by brain. It may be contained within the activities of a society, as in the working force of a Church, and be determined by zeal. It may be within the devotional circles of the society, and be determined by religious or other ecstasies. Whatever its pivot may rest upon, it is still the pivot on which the society swings round, and from which it does its conquering. It is the centre of things. The weakest thing in human organizations is a company of individuals without a unity of purpose and spirit. This social life is the cement that makes it possible to mould human sand into the likeness of any model.

Christianity is in the world to win. It seeks ends—the elevation and salvation of the race. It is not careful concerning the means. It uses agencies simply as helps. It becomes all things to all men that by all means it may save some. It conscripts all forces. It stimulates and uses art. It quickens and appropriates learning. It inspires and sanctifies music. It multiplies and consecrates wealth. So it must perfect and appropriate social forces.

Some self-styled saints share the sin of rejecting religion by making it fit to be rejected. Christianity expects to make the Church the best organization and the most desirable place in the world. It must do this, or it does not succeed. To go to church when your heart is in the theatre is not the perfection of saintliness. It is better than to follow your untoward heart; but it is poorer than to find that love is the fulfilling of the law.

The Church undertakes to make the most out of men. Mortals are seldom valuable for what they are, but for what they may become. They are prophecies. They take on greatness in their possibilities, like that celebrated "penny which the mathematician (Kellogg) put out on interest at six per cent., compound, at the birth of Christ, and which now amounts to more globes of solid gold the size of our earth than there are dollars in the national debt." Men have this value compounded through eternity. So the Church takes the job of saving and securing these growing investments. The Church must seize upon the germs of power for the growths and greatness of to-morrow.

A young man comes to the city from his country home. There must be some place for him socially. Neither the yard-stick nor the balance-sheet can satisfy every want. The Church must not only offer him a sitting, but also a welcome—a warm heart and a hearty grasp. He comes to the cities because he is the best material in the country. It behooves the Church to keep him worthy of any society. Here the competition is with the world. The stake is this man's soul and his future influence.

The situation to-day is new. The Churches were never before in the same relation to each other that they now occupy. Formerly the theological fences were so high that it was almost impossible for a sheep to get from one pasture into another. But now the line fence—the middle wall of partition—is broken down in Christ Jesus. The sheep graze anywhere. So much Methodist salt has been scattered over the vineyard that the sheep can hardly tell the difference. If the shepherds would let them alone, there would be little, if any, difference. The question now reduces very nearly to one of location and of social affinities. Once we went into the competition, as a Church, with almost a monopoly of religious joy and conscious experience. Now these obtain among all the evangelical Churches. Once we had the successful weapons in the form of singing and experience meetings, and direct, heart-born Gospel preaching. Now these have survived our patent, and are common property. Now we compete with less advantages, for which we ought to be devoutly thankful, and we must make the most of every opportunity. The Church must be made a home, furnishing a supply for every need. We are under moral obli-

gation to furnish the best preaching, the most suitable accommodations, the most inspiring congregational singing, the most enthusiastic prayer-meetings, and the most thoroughly social gatherings. The Church must be a family, where every member is at home.

This is difficult on account of the nature of some people. They repel approaches. They shy off when one comes near to be kind to them. They seem conscious of some reason why other people should not like them. They have sore spots, which they are always dodging about to protect, and on which they are receiving bruises. They are most exacting in their demands for attention, and very severe in their interpretations of motive. At any gathering of common social interest they hold themselves up in the corner, and go into the wallflower business; and they expect others to bring them out into notice, and pluck them repeatedly from their stately stalk; for, worst of all, they will not stay plucked. The moment you let go of them they fly up against the wall like a bewildered wasp, and there they buzz and bump till the gathering is dispersed; then they dodge out into the darkness, and are gone.

These people are to be pitied and helped and endured. But they always are in the minority, and so can be utilized. They forget that they have a duty as well as other people. They ought to make somebody else happy, and that would relieve their own dullness before it becomes stupidity. If you cannot do anything else, turn round and pick the wallflower next to you. This simple duty will cure the evil nine times out of ten. There is no reason why a self-respectful person will not be always respected. So you need have no fear.

The cultivation of the social power of the Church is not so difficult as it seems intangible. The way to do it is to do it. Let each member see to it that others, and especially strangers, are made welcome. It would be a good thing never to let a stranger go out of Church or prayer-meeting without shaking his hand and inviting him back. Of course, the Church must see the need of this, and believe in it. We should remember that nearly all the Church friendships are between parties that were once strangers on the one side, and the *first callers* on the other.

A., "How did you happen to be friends?" and you are almost certain to be answered, "Why, she or he was the first one to call on us when we came here, strangers." It is the old law, The first in the fort holds it.

Sometimes a Church debt is a blessing in making the leading and responsible parties careful to cultivate every possible addition. Cold independence is the worst enemy of Church life and power.

Social Christian life is to be cultivated incidentally. It is hard to capture a bird with an exposed snare. Common work is the surest way to common sympathy. Give people something to do, and you have made them at home in the Church. *Swing circles*, old-fashioned and much slandered, as well as often much slandering, (though we will match them for talk by an official board,) are active in opening ways of activity, and so of making people feel assured. A live Sunday-school gets no small part of its use from its employment bureau—that is, its corps of workers. The old-fashioned quarterly meeting, when one community entertained another for two days, made Methodism a power on its social side. Young people's prayer-meetings, when the entire responsibility rests with the young people to manage and carry on the meeting, are social helps. Here is to be found one good reason for literary societies. They will make activities for young people who are not ready to pray or conduct a religious meeting. The secret of making a Church a social centre of consecrated power lies in finding something for every one to do.

Now and then we meet a family that seems to think that the Church is to be used simply as a stepping-stone from which to step out into elegant society. We have yet to see the first successful experiment. We do know of cases where parents, received into the Church poor, have prospered under its instruction, and economy, and industry, and then have trained their children to seek society elsewhere. We have not seen one that has not ended in sorrow and bitter repentance. There doubtless are such cases, but we have not met them. If our children find their society in the Church, and there find their companions, are we not by that most likely to preserve them for the Church and for Heaven?—*Christian Advocate.*

NOTES OF SUMMER TRAVEL.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

II.

THE river sail from Quebec to Riviere du Loup is one of the finest in the world. The scenery becomes bolder and grander as we advance. Along the northern shore the huge Laurentian hills rise higher and higher, shagged with ancient woods to their very tops. Cape Tormente, Eboullemens, Malbaie, and many other points upon the river, present a striking admixture of beauty and sublimity. The gloomy gorge of the Saguenay, with its inky waters and the stern and savage grandeur of its beetling crags, once seen can never be forgotten.

As I had previously made this tour, and was pressed for time, I took the more rapid, if less romantic, route by rail. As I crossed the ferry from Quebec the river gleamed in the morning light like burnished gold, and the tinned roofs and spires of the city reflected the early sun's rays like the shields of an army guarding the cliff. A score of bells, with sweet sonorous clangour, were calling men from sleep to prayer.

When we leave the river we soon see that we are in a very different country from the garden province of Ontario. The trees assume a more northern aspect, and are chiefly dark spiry spruces and aspen poplars, whose vivid green, shimmering in the sunlight, contrasts strongly with the sombre foliage of the spruces. The country sweeps in a broad slope to an elevated horizon. The farms run in long narrow ribands back from the river. Quiet villages see the thunderous trains rush by, and calmly slumber on. Their diminutive houses cluster around the huge red-roofed, cross-crowned church, like children about the feet of their mother. Rustic wayside crosses are seen, where wayfarers pause for a moment to whisper a *pater* or an *ave*. Now we pass thatch-roofed barns and granges, "where stand the broad-wheeled wains, the antique ploughs, and the harrows." Frequently appear the populous dovecots, an indication of seignourial privilege. On almost every farm a rude windmill

brandishes its stalwart arms, as if eager for a fray—a feature imported probably from the wind-swept plains of Normandy. Occasionally are seen dusk-eyed, olive-skinned *belles Canadiennes* hay-making in the sweet-scented meadows or spinning in the doorways. Many of the cottages gleam with snowy whitewash—roofs and all—looking in the distance like a new washed flock of sheep, or like the tents of an army. As we proceed further north the trees become more dwarfed, and the naked rocks protrude through the soil, as though the earth were getting out-at-elbows and exposing her bony frame.

At Riviere du Loup we pass to the Intercolonial Railway. This is a magnificent national enterprise. Everything in connection with it is of a most substantial character. The road-bed is of the most solid construction. All the bridges but three are of iron. It is laid throughout with steel rails. Miles and miles of snow fences and snowsheds attest the severity of climate with which it contends. The construction and equipment of the cars are of the most elegant and comfortable character. The officials are courteous and attentive. The dining-rooms are clean, and the tables well served and abundant. Much of the scenery is very fine. The trains run at a high speed, yet with an easy motion,—a matter of considerable importance on a long journey. As a bond of connection between the seaboard and the inland provinces it is of incalculable value. Canada has been called a giant without bones. Our railway system has since supplied the bones, and one of the most important sections is this Intercolonial.

As we proceed onward, skirting the noble Gulf of St. Lawrence, the river widens more and more, till the opposite shore sinks beneath the horizon. We pass many charming bays and fishing villages, as Trois Pistoles, Bic, and Rimouski. Lonely sails hover like sea-birds on the steel blue sea, and yonder, far in the offing, slowly sails up the Gulf one of the Allan steamships. At Metis we sweep off toward the south, and for several hours pass through a dreary region of blasted pines. The trees stretch out their naked arms, strangled by the parasitic mosses, like Laocoon struggling with the serpent. We pass some lonely stations with names long enough for much larger places, as, for

instance, Assametquagham. Now we enter a wild hilly region, and in the soft sunset light glide down the winding valley of the Metapedia, whose dark and sullen waters are flecked with the snowy foam of its many rapids. Truly

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

There serried ranks of spiry spruces climb the mountain's side, finding foothold on the steep and craggy slopes, and wrestling defiantly with all the winds of Heaven. It is a perfect sea of verdure, flooded with sunset light, and sharply defined against the glowing western sky.

The Metapedia is said to be the finest salmon river in the world. At the station numerous sportsmen, with their hats wonderfully garnished with artificial flies; groups of Indians and canoes; and abundance of fishing gear, indicate the principal industry, if such it can be called, of the place. Though no sportsman, I could appreciate as well as the best of them the delicious, firm, flakey salmon and sweet wild strawberries which were served up to the hungry travellers in the dining hall. In the long twilight hour we glided along the shining reaches of the noble Restigouche River and the broadening expanse of the Bay of Chaleurs, the first Canadian waters entered by Jacques Cartier, well-nigh three centuries and a-half ago.

During the night we rush rapidly through the Province of New Brunswick, and early in the morning reach the desolated city of St. John. Only by personal examination can one get an adequate conception of the extent of the calamity that has befallen this fair city. Nearly three hundred acres of its very heart, involving ten miles of its best streets and squares, and the homes of 15,000 of its people, were utterly destroyed, and were covered by the crumbling chimney stacks and tottering walls, the ashes and *debris* of its best public and private buildings. Solid stone banks and churches, the magnificent Custom House and Post Office, had seemingly presented no obstacle to the flames.

As I walked through the ruins I was shown the remains of our large Centenary Church, with its bell lying broken and silent

in the ground. Three of our Methodist churches have been burned,—two of which were large and costly structures,—together with the residences and most of the household and personal effects and libraries of several of the ministers.

And the worst of it is that nine-tenths of the former supporters of these churches are now quite unable to render any help toward their reconstruction. It will tax their utmost energies to get roofs over their heads, and to reorganize their interrupted business. Under these circumstances, they are compelled to appeal to the Methodists of the sister provinces, of Great Britain, and of the United States for help to rebuild their desolated sanctuaries. I am sure that the brethren appointed to visit us will receive a cordial reception and a response to their appeal adequate to the necessities of the case.

Yet the people, notwithstanding their almost utter ruin, seemed inspired with even more than their usual energy in their efforts to retrieve their loss. Hundreds of labourers were at work demolishing the tottering walls, clearing away the *debris*, digging out the safes, reconstructing the wharfs, and running up in the public squares temporary wooden structures. The noise of the saw and hammer was heard on every side. Troops were encamped in the park to aid the reorganization of society, and the walls were covered with business announcements.

St. John, notwithstanding its disaster, is destined to be a great city. Situated at the mouth of one of the largest rivers on the continent, the chief point of export and import, and great distributing centre for a prosperous province, it will soon rise, "like the Phoenix from its ashes," fairer and grander than before. It is indeed beautiful for situation. Seated like a queen upon her rocky throne, it commands a prospect of rarely equalled magnificence and loveliness. Its ships are on all the seas, and it is destined by Nature to be, and indeed is now, one of the great ports of the world. The huge wharves, rendered necessary by the high tides, and the vessels left stranded in the mud by their ebb, were a novel sight to an inlander.

During the day I sailed up the magnificent St. John River to the beautiful city of Fredericton, eighty-four miles from its mouth. I was delighted with its charming scenery—bold rocky

shores, soft undulating hills, rich sloping upland, and fertile meadows, all bright with early summer foliage. This noble river is four hundred and fifty miles long, and with its branches, furnishes 1,300 miles of navigable waters. At Fredericton it is larger than the Hudson at Albany. It floats immense quantities of timber to the sea, some of which is cut within sound of the guns of Quebec.

I was agreeably surprised at the cathedral-like size and architecture of the Fredericton church in which the Conference was held. I found here a noble band of men, intensely loyal to the institutions and doctrines of Methodism, and doing a grand work for God in this beautiful province by the sea. Nothing could surpass the warm-hearted hospitality and great personal kindness which, as a visitor from the West, I received. I had the pleasure of addressing the Conference, expressing our sympathy in the West with their sufferings under the calamity which had befallen them; of taking part in their educational meeting; and of preaching at one of the Sunday services. I found the names and memories of Dr. Wood and Dr. Rice, after long years of absence, still fragrant in the hearts of both preachers and people. His Honour, Judge Wilmot, who won such golden opinions in Toronto during the General Conference, kindly drove a party of ministers to the University and other points of interest in the vicinity of the city, and hospitably entertained us at his beautiful house and grounds.

On Sunday I accompanied Bro. Lathern to Marysville, a beautiful village on the Nashwack River, a few miles from Fredericton. The church is a perfect gem—the handsomest, for its size, I ever saw. It is octagonal in shape, beautifully groined, carved, frescoed and gilt, with stained glass lantern and windows. Though not large, it cost, I was told, \$60,000, and was the free gift to the Connexion of Mr. Gibson, the proprietor of the village and a lumber merchant of extensive business.

At the mouth of the Nashwack, just opposite Fredericton, was an old French fort, where, at the close of the seventeenth century, M. de Villebon, the Governor of Acadia, used to set at defiance the New England heretics. French pirates would ravage the seaboard, and even swoop down upon Boston harbour,

and carry off their prizes to the St. John River. In this forest fastness they constructed a fort where they kept a lot of trained bloodhounds, whose baying gave warning of the approach of a foe. Swift runners kept up communication through the wilderness with the French at Quebec. Here were planned not a few of those cruel raids upon the English territory which were not war but midnight murder. At length, in 1796, Colonel Church, a New England officer, ravaged the Acadian settlements, and made an attack on the Nashwack fort. For three days he assailed the rude fastness, but was repulsed with heavy loss. For some time longer the fort remained a thorn in the side of the British. The remains of its grass-grown ramparts may still be seen, and a cannon ball sometimes turned up by the settler's plough, bears evidence to those well-nigh forgotten feuds.

I took leave of my New Brunswick friends more than ever convinced of the grand mission of Methodism in that province, and with many pleasant memories of great personal kindness.

On my way home I make a run, *via* the Passumpsic and Massawippi Railway, to Stanstead, to visit our College there and the far-famed scenery of the lovely Lake Memphremagog. From the accomplished Principal, the Rev. A. Lee Holmes, I received every courtesy. The College is fully equipped for doing a grand educational work. Its situation, for healthfulness and beauty of prospect, is unrivalled. It is in the very heart of the Switzerland of Canada. From its lofty observatory the eye sweeps over a very sea of mountains, above which tower the majestic peaks of Owl's Head and Mount Orford, the highest points in Canada east of the Rocky Mountains. There is here admirable accommodation for two hundred students. The course of study is comprehensive, the faculty of instruction complete, and the mode of teaching thorough. The system of the co-education of the sexes under Christian auspices, and with the best guarantees for safe guardianship, is here successfully illustrated. After three years' experience, the Directors express their convictions of its superior advantages. The financial embarrassment of the institution has compelled an appeal to the public for assistance. Our friends in Eastern Canada should rally around it, and by their increased

patronage and material support, make it a grand and permanent educational success.

The memory of a day on Lake Memphremagog is photographed forever on my mind as one of its most vivid and beautiful pictures. One takes the steamer at the pretty town of Newport, in Vermont. The sail of sixty miles up and down the lake is one of ever varying delight. The snow-white hotels and villas of the town were sharply relieved against the verdure of the wooded hills. Pleasure yachts floated, doubled by reflection, on the glassy surface, and the snowy pennon of a railway engine streamed gracefully in the air.

Fertile farms sloped up from the lake to a background of mountains, rising range beyond range, passing from bright green to deep purple, and fading away into soft pearl grey.

Now we approach Owl's Head, which looms ever vaster and grander as we draw near. It lifts its hoary summit nearly three thousand feet in the air, and Mount Orford, near the further end of the lake, is nearly a thousand feet higher. The former, however, is more accessible, and makes the more striking impression from the water. "Bald stately bluff that never wore a smile," from its sealed granite lips there cometh not tradition nor refrain. It keeps forever more its lonely watch

"—year after year,
In solitude eternal, wrapped in contemplation drear."

With what a sublime patience they seem to stand, those ancient hills, the brown waters laving their feet, the fleecy clouds veiling their broad bare foreheads, the dark forest girdling their loins; their grave majestic faces furrowed by the torrents, seamed and scarred by the lightnings, scathed and blasted by a thousand storms.

They make one think of Prometheus warring with the eternal elements upon Mount Caucasus; of Lear wrestling with the storm and tempest; or of John the Baptist in his unshorn majestic amid the wilderness.

Ah! with what seeming stern and sad reproach do those everlasting hills look down from their lofty height, above the earth's unrest, upon our ceaseless changefulness.

Our steamer moored at the foot of the mountain long enough for us to study its character. A mass of rock rose grandly from the water, of a cool grey except where coated with many-coloured lichens. A grand mass of foliage clothed its mighty sides; white-skinned birches trailing their tresses in the waves, shivering aspens, feathery larches, the vivid verdure of the maple, the graceful forms of the elm, the grey-leaved willows swaying with gloomy flout; above, "the pine tree, dark and high, tossed its plumes so wild and free;" and underneath grew rankly the lush luxuriance of the grass and sedges and the dew-bedappled ferns.

These hills have all rounded tops, as if glacier-worn by the great ice fields which passed over their heads in the post-tertiary geological age.

Sir Hugh Allan, the great steamship owner, has a charming villa on the shore of the lake. A hale-looking, white-haired old gentleman he looked, as he stood on the wharf in a butternut coat, buff vest, and white hat. He has an elegant steam yacht, in which he navigates its placid waters. Travellers, who have seen them both, say that Memphremagog, for beauty of scenery, altitude of surrounding mountains, and picturesque indentation of shore, bears away the palm from the far-famed Lochs Lomond and Katrine. But it lacks the historic interest, the human sympathy, the spell of power,—

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

The country hereabouts is so near the borders that sometimes one is not sure whether he is in the Queen's dominions or not. One house in Stanstead, used as a store, is right on the line,—a highly convenient arrangement for evading the customs' obligation to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. A row of low iron pillars, bearing the names of the boundary commissioners, mark the division between the two countries. I stood by one of them with one foot in Canada and the other in the United States, yet did I not feel any divided allegiance. I know, however, that I feel a little safer and more comfortable beneath the broad folds of the old flag under which I was born, and under which I hope to die.

*ABSOLVO TE.**

ONE Priest alone can pardon me,
 Or bid me "Go in peace;"
 Can breathe that word, "*Absolvo te,*"
 And make these heart-throbs cease;
 My soul has heard His priestly voice;
 It said, "I bore thy sins—rejoice!"

He showed the spear-mark in His side,
 The nail-print on His palm;
 Said, "Look on Me, the Crucified;
 Why tremble thus? Be calm!
 All power is Mine; I set Thee free;
 Be not afraid—'*Absolvo te.*'"

By Him my soul is purified,
 Once leprous and defiled;
 Cleansed by the water from His side,
 God sees me as a child:
 No priest can heal or cleanse but He;
 No other say, "*Absolvo te.*"

In heaven He stands before the throne,
 The Great High Priest above;
 "Melchizedek"—that name alone
 Can sin's dark stains remove;
 To Him I look, on bended knee,
 And hear that sweet "*Absolvo te.*"

A girded Levite here below,
 I willing service bring,
 And fain would tell to all I know
 Of Christ, the priestly King:
 Would woo all hearts from sin to flee,
 And hear him say, "*Absolvo te.*"

"A little while," and He shall come
 Forth from the inner shrine,
 To call His pardoned brethren home;
 O bliss supreme, divine!
 When every blood-bought child shall see
 The Priest who said, "*Absolvo te.*"

* "I absolve thee," the Romish Formula of Absolution.

THE INFLUENCE OF MUSIC,

BY PROFESSOR CUMMINGS.

University of South Carolina.

THE influence of music in refining the feelings, quickening the perceptions, softening the heart, and elevating the character, is too frequently overlooked by parents and others to whom is intrusted the education of children and youth. That music is an effective instrumentality for good can only be doubted by those who have not examined the subject, or who have neglected the teachings of experience and the Bible in regard to it. When the evil spirit came upon Saul, the monarch of Israel, what reason and the affectionate attentions of wife and children could not effect, was accomplished by the music of David's harp.

History abounds with illustrations of the power of music. The most degraded savages yield to its soothing influence. The early Jesuit missionaries to the aborigines of America frequently employed the fife, viol, or harp, to soften the temper of the savages, and escape their scalping-knives.

Rude music upon the banjo, with the accompaniment of the uncultivated voice of the performer, after the toils of the day were accomplished, had power to hold in transports of joy the emotional hands of a large plantation; to beguile sleep from the eyes, and, for the time, expel sorrow from the hearts of the toiling slaves. Forgetful of the early "morning horn," the small hours would often find these children of toil basking in the delights of their music. No Southerner will ever forget, or fail to acknowledge the power of the "corn songs" of other days. Who, that has a soul, has not felt and confessed the power of music, as, by its gentle, soothing tones, he has been roused from slumber by a band of serenaders; or, as lulled to sleep by music, he has dreamed of angels' songs and "a house not made with hands."

Witness the influence of music upon the groups of happy children that throng the way of the wandering minstrel who, from town to town, upon a hand-organ, banjo, harp, or fife,

discourses rude music to unrefined ears as a means of procuring bread. The showmen and ticket-vendors exhibit their knowledge of human emotions by keeping up music in their tents or exhibition-rooms as a means of gathering the crowd.

How often has a prelude upon a powerful organ inspired religious awe and heart-devotion in minds so distracted with care, and pre-occupied with worldly anxieties, that even God's sanctuary, on the bright Sabbath morning, without such an accompaniment, would have failed to affect the soul.

Says a celebrated divine, "I once knew an organist to produce a remarkable effect in a protracted meeting. The organ was a powerful one; the double-bass pipes were like thunder-peals. The hymn was given out that contains these lines :

" ' See the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread ;
Hear the 'awful thunder rolling,
Loud and louder o'er your head.' "

" When he came to these words, we first heard the distant roar of thunder, then it came nearer, and grew louder ; till, at the ' louder,' there was a crash that seemed almost to overpower the whole congregation."

The all-wise Creator has so constituted us that the intellect is most readily reached through the avenue of the sensibilities. Excite an emotion, and the citadel of the understanding is easily taken, and the orator leads captive the hearer at his will. Hence it is that in all ages music has performed so important, not to say so essential, a part in religious worship. The great revivals of the last two years resulted not less from Sankey's songs than Moody's sermons. Through the years of the late war the strains of martial music moved thousands to enrol their names with the military of their section, that mere words, however patriotic, might have left unmoved. And how many a victory, since the days of Gideon the prophet, has been secured by the bugle's blast !

It is recorded of the great Reformer, who was himself a master of the tuneful art, that he said of music, "The devil does not stay long when music is performed. Music is the best balsam for a distressed heart ; it refreshes and quickens the soul. Yes,

music is a beautiful, glorious gift of God ; and, next to theology, I give it the highest place and the greatest honour. I am, myself, a poor musician, but I would not part with my knowledge of it for a great deal." Such is the testimony of the immortal Luther as to the value and importance of music. Can a parent be innocent who neglects to cultivate, according to his means, such a glorious gift of God in his children ?

The power of music over mankind has been recognized by all the great students of human nature. Shakespeare cries out :—

“ That strain again ; it had a dying fall ;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.”

And again :—

“ Do but note a wild and wanton herd
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music : Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
That man that hath no music in his soul,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night.
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.”

Prior testifies to the power of music over man and the lower animals in the following strain :—

“ Often our seers and poets have confessed
That music's force can tame the foaming beasts :
Can make the wolf or furious boar restrain
His rage : the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song : the lynx forgets
His wrath to man, and licks the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas ! less savage yet than these,
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.”

The grave Dr. Young says of the divine art :

“ How music charms !
 How metre warms !
 Parent of action, good and brave !
 How well it tames !
 And worth inflames !
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave.”

The strong-minded Pope bears his testimony to the influence of music in curing human sorrows, and prompting to noble deeds, in these beautiful lines :—

“ By music minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low :
 If in the heart tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft persuasive voice applies ;
 Or, when the soul is pressed with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds :
 Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 Listening envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
 And giddy factions bear away their rage.”

Not only has music control over the human heart, but the lower animals yield to its influence. Their fierce, savage natures are mollified and subdued by the soothing strains of soft, sweet sounds. The huge elephant, on the banks of his native Niger, responds to the rude music of the untaught African in an unwieldy dance. By its magic influence the lion for a time yields his sceptre as the king of beasts, and is as docile as the lamb.

If such be the power of this heaven-bestowed art, can any one lightly esteem such a gift, so pervading and strong, and not incur the displeasure of the Bestower of so exalted and noble a benefaction? Ought not music to be cultivated to the fullest extent, and made to contribute to the happiness of every home and heart? All families cannot have costly dwellings, or furniture, or equipage; but they may all, in rural districts, have trees, and shrubs, and flowers in their yards, and music in their

dwellings, be they ever so humble ; and having these, with the ordinary blessings of Providence, they may have joy.

Voices, frequently attuned together in song, will seldom be lifted up in altercation and ill-natured debate. Teach children to love flowers, to admire the beauties of Nature—as seen in the star-lit heaven above us, on the lovely carpet of earth stretched out beneath us—teach them to sing and play on instruments of music, and you have enlisted some of the most potential agencies known for making them gentle, prudent, wise, and good.

Music not only arouses social and religious emotions, but it enkindles patriotic sentiments and awakens slumbering love of country. The devout Israelite could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land. Let an Englishman hear the soothing strains of "God save the Queen," even amidst the wastes of Asia, the burning sands of Africa, or at the North Pole, and his heart responds in a patriotic prayer for his beloved sovereign, and "merry old England."

Fifteen years ago "The Star-spangled Banner" was contraband in all Southern lands, it awakened unpleasant memories ; and to-day the strains of "Dixie's Land," or "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," in the different sections of the American (dis)-Union, awaken entirely different emotions : arousing in some hearts the most joyous, in others the saddest, recollections. These war-ditties have become national and classic. So influential are national airs, that a distinguished writer once said, "Let me write a nation's songs, and you may make its laws." The songs will do more than the laws to mould and stamp national character. An agency so powerful ought to be employed to its full extent in the service of humanity, of country, and of God.

" Music ! O how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell !
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well ?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they ;
O, 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray."

JOHN TREGENOWETH: HIS MARK.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER VI.—THE QUAKER'S COAT.

AH, sir, what a fight of it I had after that!

Folks got to know all about what I had done, and it wasn't likely that they were going to do anything more for such an one as me. We were so poor that very often we'd scarce bread enough to keep us alive.

At last one day I thought I would try once more before we quite starved, and see what I could get. I wouldn't have the little maid with me—you see I thought it would mind them of what most people remembered easy enough without; so I gave her the slip, and went feelin' my way up the street. My coat was all rags and tatters, for though a man may have signed the pledge, it won't all of a sudden mend the holes that drink has made. I was very weak and hungry, and wondered where I could go for help, and what I should ask them for when I got there.

There was only one gentleman that I could think of who was likely to do anything for me, so all of a tremble and flutter I made for his house.

I could tell from the way he spoke to me at the first that he had heard all about me, and my heart sank down to my shoes. Yet I felt that he was the one man in the world that I could trust, and so I told him all about it, and how I had signed the pledge, and meant to keep it.

His tone altered a little bit, and he asked me what I was going to do for a livin'; so I said that I'd been thinkin' if I could get a few shillings I might buy back my fiddle. He sat quiet for a long time, and then he said,

“Nay, my friend, the fiddle is gone, and a good thing too. It would always be a temptation to thee, John—always a snare.”

Well, that seemed to knock my only hope clean out of me; so, vexed that I had come, I rose to go away.

"Sit down, friend, sit down," says he in his quiet way.

I put down my hat and stood by the chair, but I hadn't heart enough to care for anything he could say.

He was quiet again for a long time, and then he began, very slowly and quietly,

"John, I've been thinkin' if thou hadst a donkey and cart it would help thee. Thy daughter Mary could lead it to the beach, and thou couldst fill it with sand and sell it to the neighbours."*

"Me have a donkey and cart, sir!" I cried out; "why, I might as well think about a carriage and pair."

"I think we can manage it for thee, friend," says he as quiet as ever.

He got out a paper, and wrote something down that he read to me, and told me to take it round and see what I could get; and he put down his own name for a'most enough to buy the donkey, and said, moreover, that he should lend me five shillings for the time.

I couldn't thank him,—my heart was too full; but I could a'most have worshipped him then and there. I spoke as well as I could, and then was just going out when he says,

"—Friend, dost thou ever go to the house of God?"

I stopped and putting my hand down over my coat, I felt the rags and holes, and I said,

"—There, sir, that is the only coat I have got, and that isn't fit to go to chapel in."

"Well, friend, that difficulty is soon got over. I will give thee an old coat—wilt thou go then?"

"Yes, sir, thank you, that I will," I cried.

He was gone for a minute or two, and then he comes back and puts a bundle in my hands. I couldn't thank him now so well as before. Here was what I had longed for; now I could go to chapel with the little maid.

I had got a good way from the house when all of a sudden it came across me—perhaps he'll want me to go to the Quakers'

* Sand is used very commonly in Cornwall for the floors and passages of the houses.

meeting. I must see to that before I tell her anything. So I turned back again.

"Please, sir," I asked, putting my head inside the door, "where must I go to?"

"To all the neighbours who will help thee, friend," he says, thinking about the paper.

"But I mean, what chapel or church, sir?"

"O, anywhere, anywhere—only go somewhere!"

"May I go to the Primitives with my little maid, please, sir?" I asked.

"The very place for thee, John; go there, and the Lord bless thee," says he kinder than he had spoken before.

So I came home.

Of course Betty was fine and glad to have five shillings once more, and she couldn't stay to hear me out, but must go bustlin' to get something to eat; and there I went on talkin' all about it, and didn't know but what she was a-listenin', till the little maid came in and found me all by myself.

Up she came running in her happy way, and then I pulled the bundle from under my arm.

"Mary," says I, "guess what that's for," and I held up the coat.

When I told her, she could scarcely live for joy.

"When will it be Sunday?" she kept asking. "Will it be Sunday to-morrow?" was the first word of each day. Never did hours and days seem so long as that week was to the little maid.

I was busy enough every day gropin' my way about to the different places, ashamed to let folks see me, and never thinkin' that any one would help me. Many a time I got to the door and lifted my hand to knock, and then all of a sudden it came across me—what I had done—and I turned and went away again. I've heard people talk about sin as only a sort of a trifle that can't make much difference—but if a man's sin can make him feel like I did, in the eyes of everybody, what must it make us look like to Him who knows through an' through.

But I did wonderful well. You see, that start of the Quaker

gentleman gave them confidence somehow, for they knew that he would be the last man to throw his money away, for all he was so kind.

The next Saturday night I was sittin' at home with Betty, in a nicer feeling than she had been for months, and we could talk of nothing but the donkey and cart, so that it wasn't until I was going to bed that I thought about the fiddle. And then the words came to my mind, "'Tis gone, friend, and a good thing too."

"He was right," I says to myself, "he was right." They say, you know, sir, that music sounds best on water. I know that that night there were such pretty airs coming and going through my soul as could never sound in a drunkard's ear. It was very different kind of music to what I'd heard for many a Saturday night past, and the echoes of it seemed to linger in my dreams, sweet a'most as the little maid's singing.

The next day was Sunday. The little maid was full of excitement; the day had come at last, and off she went to school, telling me to be ready soon, for she should be back in time to fetch me.

Ah, that wonderful old coat, sir! It be a'most like magic, all that it did.

The first thing it did was to get me nearly a whole new suit. Betty had been trying all the week to make the other things come up to the coat, and that was no easy matter.

She managed to patch up an old pair of trousers till they looked quite respectable; and then—just like her saving ways—she brought out an old waistcoat that I was married in, and that had scarce seen daylight since—a sort of velveteen, with big flowers all in gay colours, like they used to wear years ago, and with brass buttons. Then she put a yellow handkerchief round my neck, and last of all the coat. I had felt it all over, and knew that it were Quaker-fashion,—no collar and a cutaway tail. I thought Betty would never have done a-tidivatin' me. She walked round and round, a-touchin' here, and a-pullin' there, a-brushin' and a-pickin' all over, till last of all she stood looking at me for about a minute, and then gave me a smakin' kiss—it must have

come out of the waistcoat, it was so long since I'd had one like it.

"Bless you, John," she said, "you do look a'most a gentleman again;—upon my word, if I be not quite proud. You shall never go in rags again if I have to work away my bones for it."

What a wonderful old coat! thinks I to myself.

CHAPTER VII.—WHAT CAME OF A DREAM.

Just then little Mary came running home to take me to chapel.

It was a bright Sunday morning, and it did seem delicious to feel as decent as all the folks about me—not like a broken string on the fiddle, with music all about everywhere, but none in oneself. To hear the folks with their "Good morning, John," and "A nice morning, John," it was good to feel that all the world wasn't quite ashamed of me.

When we got to chapel little Mary led me to a corner just inside the door. Directly the minister gave out the hymn, and the people began to sing, I felt that the Lord was going to make a new man of me. You see, sir, when I was a little lad home to my father's house, we used to sing hymns on the Sunday evening, and one of the favourites was that one,—

"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

Now directly the minister opened his mouth, what should he do but give out that very hymn! and they sang it to the old tune too, sir.

Ah, it took me right back to the blessed old home till I could see it all—my father with his great bass voice on one side, and my mother—little Mary's got her voice, sir, exactly—she was a lovely singer, and me on the other, and two or three neighbours that used to drop in. It was like as if I heard them all singin' again. Then the minister prayed, and I felt more than ever. I thought about them all in Heaven, and I had been a'most to Hell! I thought about what I had done, and all that I was; and all these things came

over me like a crushing weight: it broke my heart to think of what I had been—how mad and how bad and how miserable.

Then the minister began to preach. I s'pose it was from being blind that I forgot all but him and myself, and as he began to make me feel that the Lord would help me and forgive my sins, and keep me as His own forever, I turned round and knelt down there and then in a corner, and began to pray.

I came home with a broken heart;—I felt as if I could not live, and yet I dared not die. I spent the day in prayer, and went to chapel again in the evening, prayin' all along the way.

After the service they had a meeting for prayer, and of course I stayed; and some of them who knew what distress I was in, prayed for me and prayed with me, and told me all about the crucified Saviour, but I went home as miserable as ever. How could I rest with a load of sins like mine breaking me down, and hell yawning at my feet? I knelt that night at my bed, praying and groaning, for hours. At last I was tired out, and fell asleep there on my knees.

Ah, sir, I was comin' home from the far country. It was very dark, and I couldn't find the way, and this was how His friendly hand led my poor blind steps into it. Maybe it was as the parson says, that I mixed up a good many things in my dream—what the preacher had said, and what I had heard in the prayer-meeting, and about the little maid; but it was the Lord's doings for all that.

I dreamt that I was in a dungeon, a condemned prisoner, with great heavy chains at my neck and at my wrists and at my ankles; and I was going to be punished with death. I thought my friends came and looked in at the iron grating, and shook their heads in pity for me and sighed; but they could not help me. Then came horrible grinning faces at the grating, and mocked me. They too passed away, and all was dark and awfully still like the grave. Then suddenly a faint light shone through the grating, and I looked up; O, I shall know Him again wherever I see Him—a face was there that shone with goodness and pitiful love, a face so wonderful in its love that its look seemed to save me. He spoke so tenderly and sorrowfully, as if He were very sad for my sake, and said, *Follow Me*. I was

chained, and the dungeon was secured with bolts and bars and doubly locked; but I felt as if I could do anything He told me; and as I tried to get up the chains fell clanking to the ground; and as I came to the door it fell back before me, and I followed Him forth into a clear light like a starry night, and up a lonely hill. And there suddenly He appeared upon a cross—His hands and His feet and His side were torn with wounds, and a cruel crown of thorns was pressed down upon His forehead. My eyes filled with tears—I fell down before Him and cried, “Who hath done this?”

O, I never, never shall forget it—how He spoke again, so pitiful, so loving, “Fear not: I have borne thy sins in my own body upon the tree.”

“My sins,” I cried, “my sins, my Lord!” Then a strange light and peace broke on me, and I woke up with the words upon my lips—*John Tregenowth: his mark.*

Whether you hold with dreams or not, sir, I’ve been a new man ever since. ’Tis true that verse of the hymn,—different perhaps for different men, but true for all of us,—

“Thou know’st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore.”

I’ve been in a new world ever since. “I’m not a blind man any more,” I said to Betty next day, “But all full of light. Like a house on the moors in a winter’s night—dark enough and stormy outside; a blustering wind, perhaps, and a pitchy darkness; but inside, bless the Lord, a good fire, and a cheerful hearth, and plenty of light.”

Betty, too, said that she wasn’t going to let me go to Heaven without her if she could help it. She began to pray, and set about religion in her quiet earnest way, like she do set about everything when she has made her mind up to it. Very quiet and very earnest she be still, and maybe she’s one o’ the sort that don’t get credit for half as much goodness as there be in them. ’Tisn’t much you can get out of her, sir, in the way o’ words, but it be in her life, Sundays and week days too, and that’s better than all the talk about it that the world ever listened to.

Since that time the whole house has been converted. Bless

you, sir—you would hardly have known our kitchen—'twas turned from a little Hell to a little Heaven; and for many a year I don't think there's been a happier place on the face of the earth. Not but what we've been pinched a bit now and then, and pinched sharp too, sometimes,—but a hymn of praise and a bit of prayer be wonderful things to keep a man happy. It always puts me in mind of windin' up the parson's musical box—away it goes again, with the music as fresh and as sweet as if it had never run down.

THE GUEST.

HE came unbid ; I know not whence,
This wondrous guest, unknown before ;
All silent and unseen he came
Within my door.

He gently heals my life-long pain,
He charms the frequent tears away,
And all my grief from me beguiles,
And still will stay.

Yet half I fear his tender wiles ;
Oh, tardy Love, too late delayed !
My coward heart shrinks back in doubt,
And hides afraid.

Not for pale brows and faded hair,
Oh, Love, do thy red roses blow ;
Take back thy crown, I weeping cry—
He doth not go.

But lingers still and lingers yet,
And bears him in such winning wise,
Such holy benedictions shine
In his dear eyes.

I can but trust, I can but list
The winged hopes that softly sing
Cancelled .. last my ancient wrong,
And Love is king.

BARBARA HECK, THE MOTHER OF AMERICAN METHODISM.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

I.

ON the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Maitland, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of our country. Here, on a gently rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "God's acre" in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in two hemispheres as the mother of Methodism on this continent in both the United States and Canada. It is of her life and work that we wish to preserve a brief record.

In the providence of God, times and places most remote from one another are often indissolubly linked together by chains of sequences—by relations of cause and effect. The vast organization of Methodism throughout this entire continent, in this nineteenth century, has a definite relation to the vaulting ambition and persecuting bigotry of Louis XIV. in the seventeenth century. That dissolute monarch, not sated with the atrocity and bloodshed caused by his infamous revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, whereby half a million of the best subjects of France became exiles forever, and multitudes more became the victims of foulest outrage and wrong, twice ruthlessly invaded the German Palatinate. In a few weeks the consummate tactician Turenne overran the country, and gave to the flames and sack and pillage thirty thriving towns. Unable to maintain his conquests against the resolute Protestant inhabitants and their allies, the Grand Monarque, the most polished gentleman in Europe, deliberately gave orders from his palace of Versailles for the utter devastation of the country. The inhuman orders were obeyed with atrocious fidelity. Eighty thousand men, trained in the art of slaughter, were let loose upon the hapless country, which they ravaged with fire and sword. Heidelberg, Manheim, Spire, Worms, Oppenheim, Bingen, and Baden,

towns and cities of historic fame, with their venerable cathedrals, their stately palaces, and their homes of industry, together with many a humble hamlet and solitary farmstead, were given to the flames. At the old imperial city of Spire the French soldiers stole the ornaments off the coffins, and mockingly scattered to the winds the dust of the German Emperors. "Crops, farms, vines, orchards, fruit trees," says a veracious chronicler, "were all destroyed; and this once rich and smiling land was converted into a desolate wilderness." In the bleak and bitter winter weather a hundred thousand houseless peasants—grey haired sires, and chiding mothers, and helpless children—wandered about in abject misery, "imprecating," says the chronicler, "the vengeance of Heaven upon the heartless tyrant who had caused their ruin." Everywhere were found the corpses of men frozen to death.

Thousands of the wretched fugitives took refuge within the lines of the English General, Marlborough, and sought the shelter of that flag whose protection is never denied to the oppressed. Ships were sent to bring them from Rotterdam to England. More than six thousand came to London, reduced from affluence to poverty, and were fed by the dole of public charity. They were encamped on Blackheath and Camberwell Commons, and their wants were supplied by Protestant benevolence and by Government Commissioners. Nearly three thousand were sent to the American colonies, and formed a valuable addition to the population of New York, Pennsylvania, and North Carolina.

A number, and with these we are at present more particularly interested, immigrated, under the auspices of the British Government, to Ireland, and settled in the county of Limerick, near Rathkeale. They received grants of eight acres of land for each person, young and old, for which the Government paid the rent for twenty years. Each able-bodied man was enrolled in the free yeomanry of the county as "German Fusileers," received arms, and underwent military drill. In a contemporary list of these "Irish Palatines" occur the names, afterwards so familiar in the United States and Canada, of Embury, Heck, Ruckle, Sweitzer, and others. They are described by a historian of their adopted country as frugal and honest, "better clothed than the

generality of Irish peasants. Their houses are remarkably clean, besides which they have a stable, cowhouses, and neat kitchen gardens. The women are very industrious. In short, the Palatines have benefitted the country by increasing tillage, and are a laborious, independent people, who are mostly employed on their own farms."

In the good Protestant soil of those hearts providentially prepared for the reception of the Gospel, the seed of Methodism was early sown, and brought forth its natural fruit of good-living. Wesley's itinerant "helpers" penetrated to their humble hamlets, and these poor refugees received the Word with gladness. When John Wesley, in 1758, passed through Ireland, preaching day and night, he records that such a settlement could hardly elsewhere be found in either Ireland or England. The Palatines had erected a large chapel. "There was no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no alehouse among them. They were a serious, thinking people, and their diligence had turned all their land into a garden. How will these poor foreigners," he exclaims, "rise up in the Day of Judgment against those that are round about them!"

In this remarkable community was born, in the year 1734, the child destined to be the mother of Methodism in the New World. The family seem to have been of respectable degree, and gave the name, Ruckle Hill, to the place of their residence in Balligarrene. Barbara Ruckle was nurtured in the fear of the Lord, and in the practice of piety. She grew to womanhood fair in person, and adorned especially with those spiritual graces which constitute the truest beauty of female character. In her eighteenth year she gave herself for life to the Church of her fathers, and formally took upon her the vows of the Lord.

"From the beginning of her Christian life," records her biographer, "her piety was of the purest and profoundest character. The Wesleyan doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit was the inward personal test of piety among the Methodists of that day; and it was the daily criterion of the spiritual life of Barbara Heck; and when, in extreme age, she was about to close her life-pilgrimage, in the remote wilds of Canada, after assisting in the foundation of her Church in that province, as well as in the

United States, she could say that she had never lost the evidence of her acceptance with God, for twenty-four hours together, from the day of her conversion. She was of a thoughtful and serious habit of mind, calm, self-recollected, and quietly resolute. She had, through her entire Christian life, intervals of sadness and of severe mental conflict; and there are traditions among her descendants which show that these trials were not unlike those of the great Reformer when enduring the 'hour and power of darkness' in the castle of Wartburg. Her German Bible, her familiar companion to the end of her days, was her consolation in these ordeals, and prayer her habitual resource; it was her rule always to persist in the latter till she prevailed."

In 1760, in the twenty-sixth year of her age, our gentle heroine was united in Christian wedlock to Paul Heck, who is described as a devout member of the Teutonic community. Ireland then had scarce begun to send forth the swarms of her children who afterward swelled the population of the New World. Only her more adventurous spirits would brave the perils of the stormy deep and of the untried lands beyond the sea. It is therefore an indication of the energy of character of those Irish Palatines that about this time a little company of them resolved to try their fortunes on the continent of America.

"On a spring morning of 1760," writes one who was familiar with the local history of the Palatines, "a group of emigrants might have been seen at the Custom House Quay, Limerick, preparing to embark for America. At that time emigration was not so common an occurrence as it is now, and the excitement connected with their departure was intense. They were accompanied to the vessel's side by crowds of their companions and friends, some of whom had come sixteen miles to say 'farewell' for the last time. One of these about to leave—a young man with a thoughtful look and resolute bearing—is evidently leader of the party, and more than an ordinary pang is felt by many as they bid him farewell. He had been one of the first-fruits of his countrymen to Christ, the leader of the infant Church, and in their humble chapel, had often ministered to them the word of life. He is surrounded by his spiritual children and friends, who are anxious to have some parting words of counsel and

advice. He enters the vessel, and from its side once more breaks among them the bread of life. And now the last prayer is offered; they embrace each other; the vessel begins to move. As she recedes uplifted hands and uplifted hearts attest what all felt. And none of all that vast multitude felt more, probably, than that young man. His name was Philip Embury. His party consisted of his wife, Mary Sweitzer (remarkable for her personal beauty, and recently married, at the early age of sixteen, to her noble husband), his two brothers and their families, Paul Heck and Barbara his wife, and others. Who among the crowd that saw them leave could have thought that two of the little band were destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to influence for good countless myriads, and that their names should live long as the sun and moon endure? Yet, so it was. That vessel contained Philip Embury, the first class-leader and local preacher of Methodism on the American continent, and Barbara Heck, 'a mother in Israel,' one of its first members, the germ from which, in the good providence of God, has sprung the Methodist Church of the United States [and Canada]; a Church which has now under its influence about seven millions of the germinant mind of that new and teeming hemisphere!"

The sailing of the little vessel was all unheeded by the great world, and little would it have recked had it foundered in the deep; but that frail bark was freighted with the germs of a mighty movement, with the seeds of a glorious harvest which was destined to fill the whole land, the fruit whereof should shake like Lebanon. Those earnest souls, in the flush of youth and hope and love, carried with them the immortal leaven which was to leaven with its spiritual life a whole continent.

After a weary voyage of many weeks the "destined vessel, richly freighted," safely reached New York on the 10th of August, 1760. Amid the disappointments of hope deferred, and the novel temptations by which they were surrounded, deprived, too, of the spiritual ministrations with which they had been favoured in the old home, these humble Palatines seem to have sunk into religious apathy and despondency, and, like the exiles of Babylon, to have said, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Embury seems to have soon lost his zeal, and,

constitutionally diffident, to have shrunk from the responsibility of religious leadership. While he justly ranks as the founder of American Methodism, Barbara Heck, as Dr. Stevens well remarks, may even take precedence of him as its foundress. She nourished, during all this time, her religious life by communion with God and with her old German Bible.

Five years later other Palatines, some of them relatives or old friends of the Emburys and Hecks, arrived at New York. Few of these were Wesleyans, and some made no profession of religion whatever. In the renewal of social intercourse between the old and new arrivals a game of cards was introduced. There is no evidence that any of the Wesleyans took part in this worldly amusement. But Barbara Heck felt that the time had come to speak out in earnest remonstrance against the spiritual declension of which she regarded this occupation as the evidence. In the spirit of an ancient prophetess she seized the cards and threw them into the fire, and solemnly warned the players of their danger and their duty. Under a Divine impulse she went straightway to the house of her cousin, Philip Embury, and, "falling prostrate" before him, she appealed to him to be no longer silent, "entreating him with tears." With a keen sense of the spiritual danger of the little flock, she exclaimed, "You must preach to us or we shall all go to hell together, and God will require our blood at your hand." "I cannot preach, for I have neither house nor congregation," he replied. Nevertheless, at her earnest adjuration, he consented to preach in "his own hired house," and this mother in Israel sallied forth and collected four persons, who constituted his first audience. Its composition was typical of the diverse classes which the vast organization of which it was the germ was to embrace. "Small as it was," says Dr. Stevens, "it included white and black, bond and free; while it was also an example of that lay ministration of religion which has extended the denomination in all quarters of the world, and of that agency of woman to which an inestimable proportion of the vitality and power of the Church is attributable. The name of Barbara Heck is first on the list, with her was her husband, Paul Heck; beside him sat John Lawrence, his 'hired man'; and by her side an African servant called 'Betty.' Thus Meth-

odism began its ministrations among the poor and lowly, destined within a century to cover with its agencies a vast continent, and to establish its missions in every quarter of the globe."

At the close of this first Methodist sermon ever preached in America, Philip Embury organized his congregation into a class, which he continued to meet from week to week. The little company continued to increase, and soon grew too large for Philip Embury's house. They hired a more commodious room, which was immediately crowded. "No small excitement," says Dr. Stevens, "began quickly to prevail in the city on account of these meetings." Philip Embury, toiling all the week for the bread that perisheth, continued from Sabbath to Sabbath to break unto the people the bread of life. As in the case of the Great Preacher, "the common people heard him gladly." He was one of themselves, and spoke to them of common needs and of a common Saviour, and their hearts responded warmly to his earnest words.

One day the humble assembly was a good deal startled by the appearance among them of a military officer with scarlet coat, epaulets, and sword. The first impression was that he had come in the King's name to prohibit their meetings. They were soon agreeably undeceived. In the good and brave Captain Webb, they found a fast friend and fellow-labourer in the Lord. He was one of Wesley's local preachers who, sent with his regiment to America, found out the New York Methodists and gladly cast in his lot with them. He soon took his stand at Embury's preaching desk "with his sword on it by the side of the open Bible," and declared to the people the word of life. The preaching of the soldier-saint roused the whole city, and promoted at once the social prestige and religious prosperity of the humble Church. For the ten years that he continued in America he was the chief founder of Methodism on the continent, preaching everywhere among the seaboard towns and villages. "The old soldier," said President John Adams, "was one of the most eloquent men I ever heard." He had the honour of introducing Methodism into the Quaker City, where to-day it is so powerful, as well as of planting it in many of the towns of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Long Island.

In 1767 the famous "Rigging Loft," in William Street, was hired for the growing New York congregation; but "it could not," says a contemporary writer, "contain half the people who desired to hear the word of the Lord." The necessity for a larger place of worship became imperative, but where could this humble congregation obtain the means for its erection? Barbara Heck, full of faith, made it a subject of prayer, and received in her soul, with inexpressible assurance, the answer, "I, the Lord, will do it." She proposed an economical plan for the erection of the church, which she believed to be a suggestion from God. It was adopted by the society, and "the first structure of the denomination in the western hemisphere," says Dr. Stevens, "was a monumental image of the humble thought of this devoted woman. Captain Webb entered heartily into the undertaking. It would probably not have been attempted without his aid. He subscribed thirty pounds towards it, the largest sum, by one-third, given by one person." They appealed to the public for assistance, and the subscription list is still preserved, representing all classes, from the Mayor of the city down to African female servants, designated only by their Christian names. A site on John Street, now in the very heart of the business portion of the city, surrounded by the banks of Wall Street and the palaces of Broadway, was procured, and a chapel of stone, faced with blue plaster, was in course of time erected. As Dissenters were not allowed to erect "regular churches" in the city, in order to avoid the penalties of the law, it was provided with a fireplace and chimney. Its interior, though long unfinished, was described as "very neat and clean, and the floor sprinkled over with sand as white as snow." "Embury, being a skilful carpenter, wrought diligently upon its structure; and Barbara Heck, rejoicing in the work of her hands, helped to whitewash its walls." "There were at first no stairs or breastwork to the gallery; it was reached by a rude ladder. The seats on the ground floor were plain benches without backs. Embury constructed with his own hands its pulpit; and on the memorable 30th of October, 1768, mounted the desk he had made and dedicated the humble temple to the worship of God. It received the name of 'Wesley Chapel,' and was the first in the world to receive that honoured name."

Within two years we hear of at least a thousand hearers crowding the chapel and the space in front. It has been more than once reconstructed since then, but a portion of the first building is still visible. We had the pleasure of worshipping there a few months ago, and saw an engraving of the original structure. A wooden clock, brought from Ireland by Philip Embury, still marks the hours of worship. Marble tablets on the walls commemorate the names and virtues of Barbara Heck and Embury, and of Asbury and Summerfield, faithful pastors whose memory is still fragrant throughout the continent. This mother-church of American Methodism will long continue to attract the footsteps of many a devout pilgrim to the birthplace of the Church of his fathers and of his own religious fellowship. He will discern what potency God can give to even a feeble instrumentality, that with Him there is neither great nor small, that He can make one to chase a thousand and two to put ten thousand to flight.*

JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
 Whose lives a peaceful tenour keep,
 For God, who pities man, hath shown
 A blessing for the eyes that weep.

There is a day of sunny rest
 For every dark and troubled night,
 And grief may bide an evening guest,
 But joy shall come with early light.

For God has marked each sorrowing day
 And numbered every secret tear,
 And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
 For all His children suffer here.

* It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that shortly after Embury had introduced Methodism into New York, another Irish local preacher, Robert Strawbridge by name, was the means of its introduction into the Province of Maryland. Like Embury, he preached first in his own house, and afterwards in a humble "log meeting-house," the prototype of thousands such which were destined to rise as golden candlesticks amid the moral darkness all over this vast continent.

TWO ORGANS OF REDEMPTION.*

BY THE REV. J. G. MANLY.

MAN is both single and social. Each human being, in his maturity, is capable alone of that right relationship with God which we call true religion, and which is the very flower and crown, the very end and fruit, the very beauty and glory, of humanity. He is not at the mercy of his fellows for harmony with God and the hope of endless blessedness. Religion is his personal choice and pursuit, his private privilege and duty, his secret study and possession. No earthly circumstances can unfit him for it or rob him of it. He may be alone in the depths of the desert or in insular seclusion; he may be hidden in the pathless woods or out of reach on the mountain-top; he may have no friend or fellow among all the creatures around him; and yet he can blessedly and hopefully commune with Heaven. True religion is not the invention of earth, or the creature of circumstances, or the construction of communities. It is what God has made man for, and what man is capable of, everywhere and always. He may be plundered of his possessions or driven from his fellows, he may be wounded by cruelty or tormented by malignity, he may be scowled at or scoffed at, he may be hunted and hounded to a swift or lingering death, and to an early and lonely grave, but he cannot be robbed and spoiled of his religious capability and comfort, he cannot be divested of the nobility and grandeur of his God-given manhood. The breath of God is in him, the image of God is in him, the nature, the life, of God is in him; and though human or infernal hostility may change his circumstances and modify his lower relationships, it cannot make him an orphan or a wreck in the domain and family of God his Father.

But man withal is truly social. He is multitudinously linked and adapted to his fellows and his field. Domestic society brings him into the world, nourishes and trains him in it, and launches him, in due time, into the life of his own personal connections and activities. Political society controls and guards

* From a forthcoming work on the *Second Advent*, by the Rev. J. G. MANLY.

him ; religious society communes and co-operates with him ; conventional society utilizes and aids him. What he could not attain and accomplish alone he realizes with others. He finds profit and pleasure among them, that mere singleness must exclude. He has speech to communicate with them, he has ears to hear them and eyes to see them, he has affections for combining with them, he has wants that require them, he has purposes and plans that involve them ; and as his life advances and widens, he finds, more and more, that " it is not good that man should be alone."

In harmony with all this are the methods of Divine government. " From Adam to Moses," true religion was private ; since Moses, it is social. Before the flood and after, till the law was given by Moses, we find religion a personal excellence and distinction. Abel had faith for salvation, though his brother had none. Enoch walked 'with God, while others walked without him. Noah was righteous in a world of ungodliness. Abraham among idolaters was the friend of God. Alone in the field, Isaac had holy thoughts. Jacob, in nightly solitude, wrestled and prevailed. Joseph kept himself unspotted in bondage and temptation. And Moses in secret chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Not one of these worthies had the social aids and advantages of later times. No religious community gave hand and heart to them. " Alone they did it." No spiritual institutions afforded them counsel and help. Singly they walked with God, or found contingent sympathy in the way. No fellowship was provided for them, though sometimes perchance they induced or found it. They had no " oracles divine" to teach and cheer them in quietude and solitude. No house of prayer welcomed them to instruction and worship. No stated teaching or pastoral care befriended and beguiled their pilgrimage. It was good for them, however, and it is good for all that come after them, that they should thus exemplify and demonstrate the individualism of religion. But it was not good for later ages and for the world at large that such seclusion should be continued ; and so God came down on Sinai to incorporate and organize and furnish a religious *nation* ; and so Christ came down on Sion, to constitute and conduct his *church*. The select nation was planted in Palestine ;

the churches of the saved are universally propagated. The nation was fenced and fitted against surrounding corruption ; to assail and destroy that very corruption, the churches are fitted and furnished. The nation had the Law, the church has the Gospel. For fifteen hundred years the nation was immediately for itself ; throughout the great redemptive age, the church is for the world. The nation was temporary, the church is permanent. The nation was expectant, the church is possessive. The nation was a minor under a pedagogue, the church is a freeman. To the nation belonged the ministration of the old covenant, of the letter, of condemnation, of symbol and shroud, of inferior and evanescent glory, of death ; to the church belongs the ministration of the new covenant, of the spirit, of righteousness, of pre-eminence and permanence, of revelation, of liberty, of gloriously progressive transfiguration, by the Divine Spirit, into the likeness of God.

Man before Moses, in religion, was not wholly, though grandly, single ; man since Moses is not slavishly, though beneficently, social. Abraham commanded his children and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord and to do justice and judgment. David was an unfettered and self-developing man in courts and camps, in adversity and advancement. True religion, in its root, its essence, its loftiest aspects and its indestructible life, is personal ; yet, in its foliage and fruit, its culture and conquests, its predestined expansion and achievements, is social. Its brethren and companions are the heirs of God, its field is the world, and its constant outlook is "the general assembly." The truth we believe for salvation is the truth that we hear from the preacher that is sent us ; the highest blessedness we know is the blessedness of giving ; and the fountain and pattern of our lives is the grace that impoverished itself for our enrichment. Let us live, like the Master, between the mount and multitude. Let us appreciate the nation we belong to for whatever is secular, and the church for whatever is spiritual. Let us value the provided and appointed organs and institutions of redemption for our own progress and for our growing usefulness. Let us not live alone, for we are members of Christ's body ; and let us not be foolishly dependent, for every man must "bear his own load" and "give account of himself to God."

“ MY AIN COUNTRIE.”

BY MISS M. A. LEE.

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles ;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see
The gowden gates o' Heaven, an' my ain countrie !

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh, an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae,
But these sights an' these scuns will as naething be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie !

I've His gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring ;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre, we shall see
“ The King in His beauty,” an' our ain countrie !

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll nae mair vex me, nor be remembered mair ;
For His bluid hath made me white, and His hand shall dry my ee,
When He brings me hame at last, to my ain countrie !

Like a bairnie to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast ;
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' He carries them Himsel' to His ain countrie !

He's faithful that hath promised ; He'll surely come again ;
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken ;
But He bids me still to watch, and ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie !

So I'm watching, aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait ;
For the soun'in' o' His footfall this side the gowden gate ;
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie !

CHINESE PROVERBS.*

THIS collection of Chinese proverbs will be greatly valued by all collectors of proverbs, and is likewise of great interest to readers in general. Mr. Scarborough gives the proverbs in Chinese characters, together with the English translation, and no doubt but his book will prove of great value to the students of the Chinese language. We will give a few examples of Celestial wisdom and wit, and no doubt many will secure for themselves this most novel and interesting volume. The greater portion of our illustrations is from Mr. Scarborough's work, but some few aphorisms are selected from other sources. The Dutch proverb says of a servant puffed up by holding office in a grand establishment, "When the mouse came out of the flour sack it thought it was the miller," and the Chinese say of a pretentious underling who is greater than his master, "The nose is bigger than the face." "Though the peony is beautiful, it must be supported by its green leaves," is intended to teach, we presume, the necessity of the simple and poor to the rich and great, and reminds us of the Greek "Gold needs bran," *i.e.*, to polish it. As a learned nation, they have many proverbs extolling wisdom and satirising ignorance. "They are only horses and cows in clothes who neglect the study of the past and present," would please Mr. Carlyle. "Three days' neglect of study leaves one's conversation flavourless." And they have as quick an eye to riches as to wisdom: "The poorer one is, the more devils one meets;" "With money one may command devils—without it one cannot summon a man." A poor fellow in luck's way is described as "A ragged sail in a fair wind." The necessity of capital is enforced: "A dry finger cannot lick up salt." And the trader whose capital is divided in various undertakings is comforted: "Though boiled to ribbons, the meat is still in the pan." The creditor says of a debtor who has nothing, "If I kill him he has no skin; if I scrape him he has no flesh." Many of

* *A Collection of Chinese Proverbs.* Translated and arranged by WILLIAM SCARBOROUGH, Wesleyan missionary, Hankow.

their similes are very graphic. A stupid man is "A leather lantern." A man with a mind full of ill-arranged information is "A waste-paper basket." In Mr. Scarborough's pages the reader will observe the parallel to many an European gnome. "To throw a sprat to catch a whale," is in China, "To throw a brick to allure a gem." And we were amused the other day to find our, "The pot calls the kettle smutty," turn up with the Japanese as "The sieve said to the needle, you have a hole in your tail." The Chinese proverb, like that of all nations, perhaps, except the Jewish, is severe upon womankind: "You must listen to your wife, and not believe her;" "The minds of women are of quicksilver, and their hearts of wax." And, with a reference to the small feet of their females, "The tongues of women increase by all that they take from their feet." The curious woman: "Would like to turn the rainbow, to see what there was upon the other side." The vulgar woman is: "A spider attempting to spin silk." The cautious woman: "Writes her promises on the slate." The extravagant woman: "Burns a wax candle in looking for a lucifer match." The happy woman: "Died in a blind, deaf and dumb asylum, years ago." Ugly men with pretty wives are: "Scabbed heads with flowery boughs." "The broken furnace may turn out good tiles," teaches that base parents may have good children. And, amid their Italian-like asperities against women and married life, it is a relief to read: "Husband and wife in perfect concord are like the music of the harp and lute." To toady is "To place one's warm cheek alongside another's cold one." Unheeded slander is finely expressed in: "Can slanting moonbeams trouble an upright tree?" Gratitude is enjoined in: "When you drink from the stream, remember the spring." Caution whispers: "A good memory is not equal to bad ink." Imprudence is: "To pare off flesh in one place to mend a sore in another." The imperfect sympathy of one class with another is pithily set forth in: "The man in boots knows nothing of the man in shoes." The invincibility of the naturally sinful disposition is well pictured: "Though a snake get into a bamboo tube, it is hard to change its wriggling disposition." Some of these

proverbs are very wise: "Under a powerful general there are no feeble soldiers;" "Be vexed with yourself that you have neither branch nor leaf—do not accuse the sun of partiality;" "Rather fear that you should not prove clever, than that you should lack employment." John Chinaman has evidently a good deal of humour in him, and many of these sayings are very racy: "The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is standing at the top of it;" "Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet;" "The top strawberries are the first eaten." Victor Hugo quotes this from the Chinese, "What would not the lion do if he were the monkey also?" In a frigid, conservative nation like the Chinese this keen sense of the ridiculous, which comes out strikingly in these popular maxims, shows their humanness has not been altogether stifled, and constitutes a ground for hopefulness in their future. Some of these saws are exceedingly beautiful: "There is dew for every blade of grass;" "Repentance is the spring of virtue;" "Imperial Heaven will never slight men of sorrow;" "The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall;" "True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening;" "With a settled disposition even cabbage roots are fragrant;" "Though the sword be sharp, it will not wound the innocent." And the transiency of human glory and happiness is finely expressed in "The bright moon is not round for long." Many of these present us with a proverbial philosophy most pure and majestic: "Better not be than be nothing;" "Man may bend to virtue, but virtue cannot bend to man;" "Great souls have wills—others only feeble wishes;" "Kindness is greater than law;" "Heaven responds to man as quickly as shadow to form, or echo to voice." Mr. Scarborough gives us nearly 3,000 of these "jewels of the multitude."—*The Methodist*.

“THE BRIGGATE FLESHER.”

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER WALLACE, D.D.

SEVERAL winters ago, when the religious awakening in the Wynds of Glasgow was exciting much interest, I happened to be present one evening at a prayer-meeting in the Wynd church. Most of the people who were present belonged to the wretched-looking district in which the church is situated. There was also a sprinkling of attendants from the fashionable west end. It was very pleasing to see a number of men in the working garb peculiar to various humble callings that are only plied in such a neighbourhood. Some of these were anything but favourable to cleanliness or tidiness of attire, and yet the men were for the most part washed and tidied up as best they could. There were pale-faced and poorly clad women, with careworn and half-despairing looks, that told more than words could do of the crushing burden they had to bear, and of bitter sorrow at home. The clean white caps here and there formed a pleasing feature, and gave an earnest and hopeful look to the whole meeting. All seemed to be anxious on the work which had brought them together; not a few were deeply moved. Several ministers and others engaged in prayer, and short impressive addresses were delivered.

At last the pastor of the church called upon a man who was sitting about the centre of the chapel to come forward and engage in prayer. I did not catch the name, but I saw at once that the man was an object of general interest. As he came forward to the slightly elevated platform, or “bench,” around the pulpit, I was much struck with his appearance. His stout well-worn moleskins had been lately washed, his blue coat of coarse woollen cloth, like the homespun stuff of olden times, encased a pair of broad shoulders and a chest of no ordinary girth, and a pair of arms that could have made him a very dangerous customer if at any time bent on mischief. The want of an eye, his face deeply seamed with old scars, his massive bullet-shaped head, on which the hair was closely cropped, his thick-set burly frame, would

have suggested at once the idea of mischief, had any one met him anywhere else but in a meeting for prayer. He seemed to be on the shady side of fifty, and he came modestly forward from his seat to the "bench," and as quietly as his heavy hob-nailed boots would allow him. His face, though rough and scarred like a piece of "whinstone," was lighted up with a gleam of sunshine that seemed the radiance of inward peace and joy.

Folding his large knobbed angular hands, full of hard bones and muscle, this big-boned, broad-chested, stout-built, firmly knit, rough block of humanity engaged in prayer. The prayer was no less striking than his appearance. He spoke as if pleading with one standing by his side, and in the spirit of "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." The prayer was full of filial confidence, childlike simplicity, and almost every word was in the broadest Scotch vernacular. One of the most frequent expressions was "Heevenly Faither," which was uttered with peculiar pathos. I was struck at the fervency with which he prayed that God would bless the temperance reformation, which he affirmed had been such a blessing to many who were present. He earnestly implored strength from on high for all who had turned from their drinking habits. He thanked God in their behalf. Altogether the prayer was a simple earnest outpouring of the heart, and from the personal references it contained, no one could doubt that the man himself had been delivered from the lowest hell of evil habits.

At the close of the meeting I learned that his name was Robt. Cunningham, or as he was better known in the district by "Rab," or by the "Briggate Flesher," which latter appellation pointed to his trade. From his own lips afterwards, and from the accounts of others, I gleaned the following particulars:—

He was born in Glasgow, the eldest son of godly parents. His father was an old man-o'-war's man. Rab was a wayward unruly youth, and the only congenial employment that he could find was in the slaughter-house of his native city. Fifty years ago the shambles were so notorious for the desperate wickedness of those employed about them, that the most daring policeman would not venture into them. Rab was but too apt a pupil in such a school of Satan, and being a youth of superior muscular power, he

became distinguished for his reckless daring, and for pugilistic encounters, which were then very common on Glasgow Green, or in the suburbs of the city. His conduct became so bad that his father could not tolerate him any longer in the house, so he had to betake himself to lodgings; but many a time for all that his mother supplied him with a clean shirt, and allowed him to get a quiet sleep under the paternal roof. Such is a mother's heart. Except when engaged at his work in the slaughter-house he was either drinking hard or fighting like a devil.

He plumed himself on being a sort of patriot, and he imagined that his great mission in this life was to thrash any swaggering Irishman in the city, and maintain the honour of old Scotland's thistle against all comers from the Emerald Isle. There were few rows or scuffles, or drunken melees, in the Briggate or neighbourhood for many years, in which broken heads were going, and policemen were smashed, but Rab was one of the chief actors. All the policemen knew him as a hard fighter, a dangerous customer to meddle with, and his name frequently appeared in the police books in connection with drunken rows in which the police were severely handled. Much to their joy, and to the delight of all the Irish in the Briggate, Rab enlisted into a company of marines, and was absent for a year or two in England. In a drunken row he lost his right eye and was discharged. He returned to his old haunts in Glasgow, drank hard at a public-house frequented by all the fighting men of the city--went into regular training at Ruglen, under the care of an old pugilist, fought a prize fight with an Irish opponent, in a twenty-four feet roped ring, in the parish of Kilmalcolm, and "licked his man." I must confess to a thrill of horror when Rab described this fight. A river steamer conveyed some hundreds of the roughs of the city to the spot. Rab "birked" his bonnet into the ring and the brutal work began. He had now to maintain the national honour, as he thought, against all comers on the Green of Glasgow, where he fought many a hard fight, or in some more retired spot in the suburbs.

But whilst fighting the Irish he had oftentimes, as he confesses, a hard fight with his conscience. He was the son of many prayers, and his mother used to say, "Ah, Robin, Robin lad,

He'll bring you to His feet yet." His reckless life was such that the Clyde was raked for him when it was thought he was drowned; and on another occasion he fell over the parapet of the Stockwell bridge, when his knives were all upon him, and was taken up for dead, and conveyed to the infirmary. The five companions who accompanied him at that time all died afterwards from drinking. One of his boon companions was Charlie M'Kay, who, in a fit of drinking, murdered his wife, and was executed in the Jail Square. The two companions were drinking together in a public-house in the Briggate on the morning of that Sabbath during which the bloody deed was done. The next time they met was in the Jail Square on the morning of the execution. Rab could not venture to see him in prison, but when another companion went, the condemned man exclaimed, "Oh Neily, Neily, see what drink has done." It was the dying wish of the poor man that all his comrades should be permitted to see him in the condemned cell, that he might warn them of the evil of drinking.

Another case that produced a deep impression on the mind of the Briggate Flesher was that of a strong young man who was heir to a large amount of property. At one time, in the full height of his strength, he could write his name with a piece of chalk on a wall with a 56-lb. weight hanging to one of his fingers. In a few years, the dissipated life that he led made him weak as an infant. He was cut off from the property, but allowed a little every week, which he did not long require. "I have seen," says the Flesher, "men drink themselves down from the highest hotels in the city to the lowest dramshops, but I never knew a single instance of a man drinking himself upwards." His companions dropped off into dishonoured graves, for they drive hard whom the devil drives. He began to see that the only outcome from the life he was leading was a sore skin, a sore heart, empty pockets, a conscience on fire, and a reputation every day becoming worse and worse.

Chewing the bitter cud of remorse, and weary and heart-sore with his past life, he went to a temperance meeting one evening and signed the pledge. He had now "birl'd his brisket" in a different prize-ring, in a life and death-struggle with his greatest

enemy. His patriotism took a new turn, his life a new current. He stood his ground for years as a sober man, but this was only a step to something better. But it was *the step*. He felt he could not remain where he was. He needed something more than abstinence from drink to fill up the aching void of his heart—to meet the longings of his soul for something higher. He was wretched, he could not rest, and in this state of mind he entered the church for the first time in forty-seven years. He felt driven to enter the Wynd church when a heavy burden lay upon his heart which all his strength could not remove. The minister preached from the words of Peter addressed to the lame man, Acts iii. 6, “Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.” This service was blessed to his soul. With the gracious help of God this strong man, lame and weary, bruised and broken, or to use¹ his own expressive words, “*hashead up* in the service of sin,” was enabled “to rise up and walk” in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh His people free. He went home to cast himself a weeping penitent at the feet of Jesus. “The prey was taken from the mighty, and the captive from the strong one.” His old mother’s prayers were at last answered, and her prediction fulfilled, “Ah, Robin, Robin lad, He’ll bring you to His feet yet.”

It is indeed something to see this old prize-fighter clothed and seated, and in his right mind, and more than this, working with all his redeemed might and energy in the service of his new Lord and Master. His warning voice is often heard on the Green of Glasgow, where in former years he fought many a hard fight, and in many parts of Scotland have his earnest words been blessed to rough reckless men, who will listen to him when they will do so to no one else. When addressing a meeting lately, two or three men whom he had “handled” in prize-fights were deeply impressed, and led to abandon their evil courses. Men like Robert Cunningham have a special work to do, and if they will but keep at that in all humility, their labours and their example cannot but be blessed to a certain class.

Two things are worthy of notice in his history: first, the connection that temperance had in bringing him to the house

God. To use his own words in regard to this: "It was temperance that broke up the ground." It was the plough that went before the good seed of the word was harrowed in. And second, he had a praying mother, who is now nearly ninety years of age. The connection which the temperance movement had in bringing him to the house of God is very evident, the influence of a mother's prayers on his present character and position "the day only will declare."

I am sure that every reader of this will join in the prayer that our friend may have all needed help from on high in fighting the good fight of faith unto the end, that he may lay hold on eternal life.

RIPE WHEAT.

We bent to-day o'er a confined form,
And our tears fell softly down :
We looked our last on the aged face,
With its look of peace, its patient grace,
And hair like a silver crown.

We touched our own to the clay-cold hands,
From life's long labour at rest ;
And among the blossoms white and sweet,
We noted a bunch of golden wheat,
Clasped close to the silent breast.

The blossoms whispered of fadeless bloom,
Of a land where fall no tears,
The ripe wheat told us of toil and care,
The patient waiting, the trusting prayer,
The garnered good of the years.

As each goes up from the fields of earth,
Bearing the treasures of life,
God looks for some gathered grain of good,
From the ripe harvest that shining stood,
But waiting the reaper's knife.

Then labour well, that in death you go,
Not only with blossoms sweet,—
Not bent with doubt, and burdened with fears,
And dead, dry husks of the wasted years,—
But laden with golden wheat.

AFTER CONVERSION—WHAT NEXT?

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

THE religious journals have been filled for several months past with the welcome reports of widespread revivals. These have been spoken of as *harvest* seasons in the various churches. But the phrase is an erroneous and misleading one. Conversion is rather a planting-time with a soul than its "harvest." It is a beginning of better things; not a consummation completed. Those pastors and evangelists commit a fearful mistake who feel that the conversion of sinners is the one main object of all Gospel effort; whereas conversion is only the means, the essential first step to the great end of all true Gospel effort, which is the service of God by a genuine godly life. Those young converts make a still worse mistake, if they sit down happy and contented with having "confessed Christ" and united with his Church. The clock that strikes one is expected to strike two.

What is conversion? It is a turning from the wrong road into the right one. The journey is yet to be performed before Heaven is attained. Too many, alas! set out on this straight road and fall away before they reach the mark of the prize. Conversion is simply an enlisting in the army of Jesus. The battles and the hard bivouacs are yet before you. Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off. We want to impress it on the mind of every young convert that the real conflict has only begun, and they have done no more than to put on their armour and enrol their names. Supposing you to be truly regenerated by the Divine Spirit, what next?

We would reply that the sowing-time of your spiritual spring has just begun. Don't repeat the current prattle about being a "harvested soul gathered into the garner." The church is not a granary. You are just beginning to sow for yourself: and whatsoever you sow you shall surely reap. You are forming new habits of thinking and acting. You are an utterly inexperienced beginner in an entirely new line of life. The first year of your Christian life will have a mighty influence on all your future.

Many a wedlock has been spoiled by a bad honeymoon. Many a promising convert has been ruined by an unhappy start; or, at least, his hopes of spiritual power and usefulness have been blasted.

Begin with a determination to learn Christ's will and do it. This is what that famous convert near Damascus was aiming at when he enquired, so anxiously: "Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?" It is very well to know what a Bunyan or a Finney or a Moody has written or said about the Christian life. But go to the fountain-head. Go to Jesus in an humble, docile spirit, and ask Him in fervent prayer to guide you. Bend your will to His will. He is perfectly willing to guide the meek and the teachable in the right way. I honestly believe that, when a docile heart sincerely asks to be led and then obeys the voice of conscience, that heart seldom takes a false step—yea never does. Jesus promises to lead you in the way of all truth. Trust Him.

Conscience is the vital point. You need not trouble yourself much about your feelings or your frames, as long as conscience turns as steadily toward Christ as the needle toward the North Pole. It is the office of conscience to detect sin and righteousness; to decide for one and to reject the other. Feelings are very fallacious. Some Christians are very devout in their feelings and wretchedly deficient in their daily conduct. They forget that the best proof of love to Christ is to "keep His commandments." Fervent Christians in the prayer-meeting, they are sorry specimens of Christians outside of it. There is a lamentable lack of conscience in too much of the flaming piety which burns out all its oil in the prayer-room or the "praise-meeting." We do not wonder at the sneers which are often levelled by shrewd men of the world at this sort of "revival religion." See to it that you give no occasion for such sneers. See to it that Jesus is not betrayed before His enemies by your inconsistency. The best thing you can do for your Saviour and your Master is to live an honest, truthful, pure, and godly life. Others are watching you. Then watch over yourself.

In putting on your armour, don't forget that the sword of the Spirit is the Word of God. Not content with merely reading your Bible, study it. Instead of skimming over whole acres of

truth, put your spade into the most practical passages and dig deep. Study the twenty-fifth Psalm, and the twelfth chapter of Romans, as well as the sublime eighth chapter. Study the whole epistle of James. It will teach you how a Christian ought to behave before the world. As you get on further, you may strike your hoe and your mattock down into the rich ore-beds of the Book of John. Saturate your heart with God's Word.

As for your field of Christian work, you ought not to have much trouble about that. Follow God's leadings, and go into the first field of labour which He opens to you. Do not seek easy posts or those which will flatter vanity. Brave Mary Lyon used to tell her pupils at Mount Holyoke to "go where no one else was willing to go." Threescore of her graduates became missionaries for Christ Jesus. As soon as you begin to think that you are too good for your place, then the place is too good for you. Do what you can do best. A converted inebriate in my congregation has found his field in a praying-band for the reformation of drunkards. While you are working for the Master, do not neglect the inner life of your own soul. If you do not keep the fountain well filled with love of Jesus, the stream of your activities will run dry as soon as the novelty is over.

Your daily battle will be with the sins that most easily beset you. The serpent often scotched is not killed. You will never get your discharge from this war with the old Adam until you enter Heaven. The moment you fall asleep, the Philistines will be upon you. Challenge every tempter that approaches you. The dangerous devil is the one that wears the white robe and cozens you with a smooth tongue.

Finally, strive to be a Christian man everywhere. Carry the savour of your communion with Christ wherever you go. Jacob brought into his old blind father's presence such an odour of the barley-ground and the vineyard that he had "the smell of a field which the Lord had blessed." Every place you enter ought to be the better for your presence. Never disappoint the expectation of your Master. He is the best master in the universe. Having put on the uniform of His glorious service, wear it until you are laid in your coffin. Carry His banner up to the heavenly gate. When death calls your name on the roll, be ready to answer Here."

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

THE RAILROAD WAR.

A reverence for authority and an observance of the forms of law is one of the most striking characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to this it largely owes the supremacy and stability of its institutions. The recent outbreak of mob violence in the United States is a remarkable violation of that principle, and is a menace of grave import to the prosperity of that country. No such hour of peril has been known since the darkest days of the civil war. It reveals volcanic elements in a state of dangerous tension beneath the surface of society that may explode in widespread havoc and ruin. Several causes have conspired to produce that result. The universal shrinkage in values that has accompanied the approximation of the paper currency to gold, and which has been intensified by the hard times, has affected, with extreme severity, the great industrial masses, whose income in good times only sufficed for their support.

With a reckless unthrift they have indulged in a prodigality of living that left no margin of savings for the "rainy day." A large proportion of their earnings have been puffed away in smoke or swallowed in beer or whiskey. (While we write a gang of scavengers are scraping the street, nearly every one of whom has his pipe in his mouth, and most of whom, we venture to say, has his pint of beer, or something worse, beneath his belt.)

Many of the railway and manufacturing enterprises, too, were established or extended during a time of monetary inflation, and much of their stock has since been so "watered," that their earnings will pay only the smallest dividends on their nominal but exaggerated value.

The decline of business has still further reduced these earnings.

Railways and factories must be run on commercial principles or they will not be run at all. Capital will not be invested in them unless it will earn interest. This is a law as inexorable as that of gravitation. The revolt of labour against capital is therefore fratricidal. They are brothers—Siamese twins in the social economy, and each will perish without the other. The tyranny of the trades unions is as grinding as that of any feudal despot. It oppresses both employer and employee. It decrees what wages the former must give, and prohibits the willing workman from using his strength and skill for the support of his family except at its permission. It disorganizes society; it locks the wheels of industry; and promotes riot, pillage, bloodshed, and midnight arson throughout a continent. The duty of the hour is the suppression, with an iron hand, of the reign of terror that has usurped the reign of order in some of the great railroad centres of the land. The majesty of the law, at whatever cost, must be maintained, as the very condition of existence of society. The incendiary's torch must be quenched, even if needs be in the blood of him who wields it.

To the poor the lesson of this social war is to suffer and be strong—to live within their means, how narrow soever they may be. As Beecher said, "They may live and laugh and love and be happy and virtuous on brown bread and cold water," and that the poorest can afford. Multitudes in the old world live and thrive on little else. The extreme frugality of even the upper-middle classes in many European countries would be an amazement to many an American labourer's

family. Smiles declares that it is the waste, the wanton waste, of the English poor that is the cause of their woeful want. To the rich the lesson is one of community of interest, of sympathy, of practical helpfulness toward their needy brother. If he hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink. Let them that are strong bear the necessities of the weak, and so fulfil the law of Christ. So shall be brought back the feeling of human brotherhood of the brave days of old,—

When none were for a party;
And all were for the state;
When the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.

LAY REPRESENTATION AND METHODIST UNION IN IRELAND.

The late Wesleyan Conference in Cork, Ireland, was characterized by two very important features—namely, the introduction of lay representatives into the Conference and the consummation of arrangements for union with the Primitive Wesleyan Church in that country. That the united body might be placed on a sound financial basis, it was judged necessary to raise the sum of at least £1,200 a year for six years. Under the impulse of the Union movement, over £1,000 a year for the six years was subscribed on the spot, and the passage of the Union resolutions was celebrated by the hearty singing of the Doxology. With reference to lay-delegation the following is the testimony of the London *Watchman*:

“How, then, has the introduction of lay-representatives answered in Ireland? The testimony is all in favour of the new arrangement. No attempt was made, as some had feared, to trench in any degree on the pastoral function and authority. The ministerial brethren met first, and dealt with every ministerial question by themselves; the laymen withdrew when the mixed and departmental business was finished; and then the ministers remained to complete the Stations, and do other

ministerial work. Not a jarring note was heard; business was thoroughly and promptly done; and a free-handed generosity was exhibited by the lay-representatives, which does them the greatest credit, and warrants the expectation that their incorporation with the ministers will be of great practical and financial advantage to Irish Methodism. We anticipate the same thing in our own Connexion, and have no doubt that the change will be followed rapidly by an unexampled development of the resources of British Methodism.”

The Rev. Thornley Smith, of the English Wesleyan Conference, suggests that as a memorial of the introduction of lay-delegation into that body next year, the sum of say £50,000 should be raised to remove the indebtedness of the Home and Foreign Missionary Societies. A very praiseworthy commemoration of the event it would be.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

This cruel campaign still drags its weary length, bringing death in its most dreadful form to thousands, inflaming the passions of men into a hyena-like thirst for blood, and carrying desolation and disaster to multitudes of homes of both belligerent parties. After the bloody battle of Plevna, we read that the ruthless Bashi-Bazouks prowled like beasts of prey upon the field of slaughter, murdering the wounded Russian soldiers lying in helpless agony upon the ground. The war-correspondents give us vivid pictures of the seven miles of wounded fugitives that escaped the thirsty scimitars of the Bazouks, which were drunk with blood though not sated with slaughter. Is there no way of settling this Eastern Question, of giving peace to the Christian populations of Turkey, but by these atrocious slaughters, which threaten to involve all Europe in their desolating sweep? Surely the great powers could bring a moral pressure to bear on Turkey that would produce this

result. Mr. Bright, with that farsighted wisdom which is born of faith in God and in His Word, and which sees beyond the more petty expediency of the hour, believes that by mutual disarmament, the annual cost of £400,000,000, and the services of 4,000,000 of men, now wasted in the maintenance of an armed peace, which is only less disastrous than open war, might be saved, with the avoidance of God only knows how much physical suffering, moral degradation, and social ruin. "There wants," he said in a recent address at Bradford, "a determination on the part of seven Governments, and the support of seven peoples, to bring about a transformation such as the wildest dreamer in this world never dreamt of—I myself should be called perhaps the wildest dreamer, yet it is possible. The interests of all mankind are so bound up in this question that it only requires men should understand it to come to see that there is a promised land which is within their reach, and fruit which they have never tasted, which is within their grasp. If this question could be opened out to the people of this country, I have a confident belief that the time would come—that it must come, and that it is in the decrees of the Supreme that it shall come—when the vast masses of men shall not learn war any more, and God's earth shall not be made a charnel-house with the constant murder of hundreds and thousands of creatures."

THE DUNKIN CAMPAIGN.

The discussions on the subject of temperance, both on the platform and in the public press, which have been such a prominent feature of this campaign, have been a grand moral education, not merely for the people of Toronto but for the whole country. No candid reader of the arguments on both sides can fail to perceive the immense preponderance of sound reason and moral

weight on the side of the advocates of temperance. The tactics of the anti-Dunkin party, the abusive personalities, the scurrilous invective the organized rowdyism and "bulldozing" at the polls, were all calculated to estrange from them the sympathies of the moral and law-abiding portion of the community. The fraud and violence employed, the personating the absent and the dead, the intimidation and wrong committed, all injured irreparably the cause they were designed to serve. The cause that needs such agencies is surely a bad cause.

The ministers of the city and country have been reproached for taking part in this campaign. Had they not done so they would have been recreant to their duty as citizens and as men. This is not a question of party politics. It is one of public morality—one that vitally affects the best interests of society. Had they taken part on the other side, we would have heard no complaints from the liquor-sellers or their allies. A feature of grandest augury for the success of the movement is that it is hallowed by prayer. The grand public mass-meetings were religious services, in which the blessing of God was publicly invoked; and in special prayer-meetings and at many a family altar His aid was besought on behalf of what was felt to be a true Crusade, a Holy War against one of the most deadly agencies of evil in the world. We hear of no prayer-meetings on the other side. But instead, drunken ruffianism, and besotted ignorance, and sordid greed, and utter selfishness, leagued in unhallowed warfare against domestic peace, public sobriety, and private morality. At the time of writing the final result of the voting is not known. But even if that result should be the defeat of the by-law—which God forbid—it would be a victory that, gained by unrighteous means, should overwhelm the advocates of the liquor traffic with confusion and shame.

That traffic is doomed. The handwriting on the wall is clear. The growing Christian sentiment of the community shall, ere long, sweep it, as a foul incubus of darkness, forever away.

THE DUNKIN DEFEAT.

Since the above paragraphs were written the poll has closed with a majority of 1,116 against the Bill. It would be the sheerest affectation to say that we do not feel deeply pained and chagrined at this defeat. Nevertheless there were many causes which conspired to produce this result. Nowhere in the Dominion is the liquor interest so strongly entrenched as it is in Toronto. We have here the largest distillery in America, and one of the largest in the world. We have several large breweries, and nearly three hundred places where liquor is sold. These were all, from the very beginning of the campaign, centres of organized resistance to the Bill. Each controlled a large number of friends, dependants, and hangers-on, who, from sordid self-interest, debased and insatiate appetites, or more corrupt motives still, marched as a phalanx to the poll, to vote, and jostle, and crowd, and fight for the perpetuation of the unhallowed traffic in the woes and sorrows of mankind. Hundreds of bleary-eyed, drunken, and ragged wretches, bribed by unlimited drinks, free feeds, and the lavish expenditure of money, swamped, with their venal votes, those of the respectable, moral, and religious portion of the community.

Moreover, every large city is a sort of Adullam's cave, where every one that is in distress, and every one that is in debt, and every one that is discontented - the tramps and dead-beats and vagabonds of society - come together, and, with their malign influence, oppose every effort to elevate the community to a higher plane of being.

We congratulate our friends in the rural constituencies on the far higher

moral tone that obtains among them, as evidenced by the overwhelming majorities in favour of the Bill, with few exceptions, wherever it has been submitted to their vote. The cities are, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, the place where Satan's seat is; and it is exceedingly difficult to overcome the selfish machinations of his agents and allies.

The promoters of the Bill committed the generous error of trusting in the moral principle, religious sympathies, and even pledges of a multitude of electors who, to their shame be it said, having promised their votes failed to redeem their pledges, or even betrayed the cause they promised to support.

In eminent congruity with their nature, the "Licensed Victuallers" celebrated their victory by a vulgar triumphal procession, which outraged every sentiment of common decency. The tavern-keepers, bar-tenders, and their disreputable satellites, in cabs, whiskey drays, and beer waggons, paraded the streets, exhibiting insulting mottoes, and trophies of whiskey barrels and beer vats. Vulgar ruffians, riding on a pile of beer barrels, profanely sang, "Glory, glory, hallelujah," and

"Hold the fort, for I am coming,
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to Heaven,
"By thy grace we will."

Such blasphemous utterances should make the few respectable men who took part with the "Victuallers" ashamed of their company.

The victors, "flown with insolence and wine," vaunted that they had got the "better of the women, the preachers, and the Churches;" but they should not be so sure. The temperance cause is not dead yet. We believe that the moral indignation of the community will be so roused at the tyranny of the "Victuallers" and their myrmidons, that it will sweep the guilty traffic from the land forever. We congratulate Brothers Dewart, Potts, Hunter,

Senator Aikins, and other good men and true, the heroes of this fight, on the abuse and invective, the outpourings of the wrath of the whisky-mongers, of which they have been the objects. It is a proof that their influence was felt, and their efforts feared. We are sure that they will bate not a jot of their endeavours till our land is freed forever from this great wrong.

THE HARVEST.

Through the good providence of God a harvest more abundant than we have known for years has been gathered in. The "hard times," which so long have pressed upon the country, will thereby, we trust, be greatly relieved. We hope that all our readers will do their utmost to

extend the circulation of this magazine. Relying on their efforts for a large increase, we are printing a greater number of the recent illustrated numbers of the MAGAZINE than we actually require. These will be a dead loss unless we can extend our circulation. Please show these numbers to your friends, and solicit their subscriptions. We can supply from the beginning of the year. We shall have in future numbers several admirable illustrated articles. Our ministerial brethren can greatly help us by calling attention to the recent improvements in the MAGAZINE. We can furnish a limited number of copies for canvassing to such of our brethren as will kindly lend us their aid.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

The Conference of 1877, being the one hundred and thirty-fourth, was held at Bristol. This is the thirtieth time the Conference has assembled in this city. Six ministers, including the Rev. John Wesley, composed the first Conference; now five hundred were present at the opening. Rev. W. B. Pope, D.D., was elected President, and the Rev. H. W. Williams, D.D., was re-elected Secretary. The increase in the membership exceeds *nine thousand*, while several thousands are retained on trial. The death roll among the ministers during the past year is unusually large. Several who occupied prominent positions have been called to their reward, among others, Revs. W. W. Stamp, D.D., S. D. Waddy, D.D., G. T. Perks, M.A., and A. Barrett. The three first had filled the Presidential chair. Some

young men of great promise were also reported as having finished their course. Among the deaths in Ireland was that of the venerable John Nelson, who was baptized by Mr. Wesley, and had been sixty-one years in the ministry.

The Conference completed the scheme of lay delegation. In future a Conference of ministers is to be held for the transaction of purely ministerial business, to be followed by a mixed Conference of two hundred and forty ministers and the same number of laymen.

Great changes have taken place in the officials of the Mission House. Only recently Dr. Punshon was the junior Secretary, but death has removed all the seniors, and now he is at the head of the staff, having Revs. J. Kilner, E. E. Jenkins, M.A., and M. C. Osborn for his associates.

The Fernley Lecture. This an-

nual lecture was delivered on the evening before the opening of Conference by the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins, M.A. The subject chosen was "Modern Atheism; its Position and its Prospects." An eye-witness pronounces it a profound, metaphysical discourse, which was listened to by a large audience with the closest attention.

The number of candidates for the ministry is nearly two hundred, one hundred and sixty of whom had been approved by the examining committees and accepted by the Conference. No less than thirty-four were received from the Mission field; converted Spanish and Italian priests, regenerated negroes and Hindoos, Christianized Chinamen and Pacific Islanders, have obeyed the Divine call, and are about to tell the story of the cross in various quarters of the globe. Dr. Punshon read the list of names from the Missions, some of which he declared he could scarcely manage, so that we may be sure they must have been well-nigh unpronounceable.

The ordination class consisted of seventy-three young men. Four were sons of ministers, whose fathers were present and took part in the ordination. The charge was delivered by the ex-President, Rev. A. McAulay, who took for his text,— "Save thyself and them that hear thee." It was an earnest and practical discourse.

The Rev. John Farrar, who for fifty-five years has been in the ministerial ranks, and has long sustained honourable positions as tutor and then Governor in one of the Colleges, and has been twice President of the Conference, now retires on the list of supernumeraries. Suitable resolutions were adopted on his retirement. He had sat on the Conference platform since 1838. All the occupants of that period had gone except himself. Twenty-two others also are compelled to retire from the active work.

The Rev. John Rattenbury, Treasurer of the Auxiliary, or, as we should say, Superannuation Fund, reports \$453,530 received, more than \$260,000 of which has been invested, the interest of which is \$10,500. By this means the aged ministers and widows receive better allowances than formerly. Towards this Fund the Book Room Committee has also made a grant of \$2,500; and the Wesleyan Trust Assurance Fund in three years has given \$750. This Assurance Society has only been in existence a few years, and has a paid-up capital of \$125,000, a Reserve Fund of \$25,000, and an annual income of more than \$17,500. Seven-tenths of all the Wesleyan churches in England are insured in this fund. We wish there was a similar fund in Canada.

Nonconformist Deputation. This deputation consisted of the Nonconformist ministers in Bristol, twelve of whom were introduced to the Conference. An address was read on behalf of the associated ministers, two of whom delivered oral addresses, to which responses were given by Revs. Dr. Rigg, Dr. Osborn, and J. Bedford.

Fraternal Greetings. The Methodist Free Church, which owes its existence to the agitations of the Wesleyan body in 1835 and 1849, holds its Assembly in the same month as the Wesleyan Conference meets, and sent a fraternal message of congratulations and hearty good wishes. The Conference, through the President, cordially reciprocated this kindly greeting.

Sunday-schools. Rev. C. H. Kelly devotes his whole time to the interests of the Sunday-school Union. More than two thousand schools have joined the Union. The number of Connexional schools exceeds six thousand, with 742,419 scholars, being an increase of more than seventeen thousand of the latter. The number of scholars who are members of the Church is nearly

sixty-three thousand, including those on trial. The Committee appeal for a fund of \$50,000 as an outfit, towards which \$15,000 has been paid; and the business done in regard to supplying Sunday-schools with libraries and other suitable requisites has been remunerative. The Union is likely to be of great benefit to the schools and to the Connexion generally.

Chapel Fund. This Fund was formed in 1855, and has been the means of liquidating nearly six millions of dollars of debt. Two Secretaries, give their whole time to its management. The Fund has three sources of income: public collections, one of which is made annually in every congregation; private subscriptions, and donations from Trust Boards. The total income last year was \$48,965, out of which grants and loans, without interest, are made towards new erections, or reduction of debts. Loans are returned after a number of years, and again employed towards the relief of other cases of embarrassment. As debts are discharged, chapel income is made to contribute to the maintenance of the ministers. In this way more than \$160,000 were expended last year. During the year three hundred and eighty-nine cases, including erections and alterations of churches and parsonages, were approved by the Committee, which involved an expense of more than one million and a-half of dollars, the greater part of which had been guaranteed. Of the churches erected, fifty-two were to be in places where no Methodist Church had previously been in existence, and, including enlargements, accommodation was thus provided for more than twenty-five thousand additional hearers.

The Extension Fund. This Fund has only been in existence three years. Its design is to aid in the establishment of Methodism in the villages of England, chiefly in the

rural districts. Incidents have come to the knowledge of the Committee respecting the priestly intolerance practised in some villages, which are almost incredible. Tenants have been dismissed from farms which they had long rented, simply because they were Methodists, and children have been expelled from schools because their parents attended Wesleyan places of worship. Other clergymen, however, have expressed their pleasure with the work done by the Methodist evangelists in those districts. The Committee desire to promote the erection of one thousand places of worship in ten years, and have already had two hundred applications for aid. Sir Francis Lycett and William Mewburn, Esq., have subscribed £10,000 each.

The Home Mission and Contingent Fund. This Fund was established principally by the labours of the late Rev. Charles Prest, who was succeeded by the Rev. A. McAulay, long known as a prince among evangelists. The agents of the Society use the various means, well known among the Methodists, to secure the spiritual welfare of their hearers, paying special attention to out-door preaching, holding prayer-meetings and class-meetings, forming Bible-classes, and distributing religious tracts. Several of the Missions are in connection with circuits, to which they are attached as soon as possible, so that the Fund may be relieved, and other Missions established. Drunkenness is the great hindrance to home Mission work.

A class of "District Missionaries" are employed, who visit the various circuits under the direction of the respective Chairmen. They are real evangelists. One of them says:—"As a rule I have not been at home more than a few hours every week. I have been wholly separated from books and suitable opportunities for study, but have been thankful to see Methodism taking

root in many neighbourhoods where it was unknown, and yielding results in the conversion of souls and the formation of infant Churches”

The labours of Rev. Charles Garrett and associates have been productive of much good among the poor of Liverpool. Midnight meetings were held for the benefit of fallen women, sixty of whom were restored to their friends. Twelve Cocoa Rooms, or British Workman Public Houses, have been established in different parts of the town, from which great good has resulted.

Eleven ministers are appointed to labour in the army and royal navy, who are mainly depending on the Home Mission Committee for their support. The result of their labours is not always seen, as the men are subject to frequent removal. In the various camps and garrisons, ministers labour constantly, and much good is being done. Letters are received from India and various other parts of the world to which the men have been sent, attesting their appreciation of the services which they attended at Aldershot, Woolwich, and other places.

Lay Mission. This Mission had

been very successful at Manchester, where it had been in operation for five years, and had four hundred full members in society in addition to several who have been dismissed to various parts of the Connexion.

The session devoted to conversation respecting the work of God, and the meeting for the promotion of holiness, were seasons of great spirituality. A very delightful season was enjoyed by the Kingswood boys, who were brought into the Conference, and were addressed by the President and the Revs. J. H. James, D.D., and C. H. Kelley. Rev. Howard Sprague, M.A., addressed the Conference on behalf of the sufferers of St. John, and was received very cordially. A resolution was unanimously adopted to the effect that the members of the Conference should there and then contribute towards the aid of their ministerial brethren and their families, irrespective of any funds which may be collected on the various circuits. We are glad that our brethren at St. John are receiving so much practical sympathy. We hope all our readers will help in this case.

E. B.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life of George and Robert Stephenson. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "Self-Help," "The Huguenots," etc. Large 8vo. pp. 501, with 90 engravings. New York: Harper and Bros.; Toronto: Samuel Rose, Wesleyan Book-Room. Price \$2.00.

The above-named work is not a mere biography of two individuals; it is the history of invention as applied to locomotion, and of engineering science and its stupendous achievements in modern time. It might be called the Romance of the

Railway,—containing, as it does, the history of the inception and growth of that wonderful system of travel which is so marked a feature of our modern civilization. These fairy tales of science exceed in thrilling interest any of the Arabian Nights, and the marvels achieved by the great Western magician, Steam, far transcend those fabled to have been wrought by Alladin's Lamp, or by the potent genii of the Orient. In every land these triumphs of science are seen. The iron horse snorts among the passes of the Alps, in the valley of the Nile, on the banks of

the Orange River, by the sacred Ganges and the Hoogley, and through the vast prairies and deserts of the Far West. The most remote countries of Europe are linked together by iron bands, and their diverse populations are being rendered homogeneous by this wonderful agency.

There now are over 100,000 miles of railway in the world, built at a cost of \$500,000,000. In India, they prove a powerful auxiliary to the Gospel, breaking down the barriers of caste, teaching industry and self-dependence to the vast numbers of natives employed in their construction and operation. The safety of this enormous travel is remarkable. Death by lightning is one of the rarest forms of death in England, yet more are killed thus than by railway accidents. Most persons think it very unlikely that they should die by hanging, yet statistics prove it to be thirty times more likely than that of being killed by railway accident. A person might travel every day, and only incur the chance of accident once in 50,000 years. Here surely is consolation for nervous travellers.

In or about London are 300 railway stations, where 4,000 trains arrive or depart every day. On one line 667 trains pass every day, or 36 every hour of working time. During the railway era the residential area of the city has increased to 600 square miles, and the population, from one million in 1801, to three millions within the registration limits, and half a-million more within the police patrol. Without the railways it would be impossible to feed this mass. The city would starve in a week. If only the Southern lines were cut off by foreign invasion, the city must capitulate within a fortnight. Two roads alone bring 11,000 tons of French eggs, or three million a week, all the year round, besides 14,819 tons of French butter. The milk traffic amounts to over six and a-half millions of gallons, much

of which comes over 100 miles. The railways brought 140,000 tons of potatoes, half of which came by the Great Northern line, most of them from Scotland. By the railway system the Grampians are made the grazing grounds, and Kent, Essex, and even Cornwall, become the market gardens of the great metropolis, while Hastings and Brighton become its marine suburbs. It would take ten millions of horses to carry the merchandise annually carried by the railways. They have increased the number of letters in thirty years from seventy-six millions to seven hundred and seventy-five millions.

They give employment to 220,000 men and maintenance to their families—about one-fiftieth of the population. They consume 400,000 tons of iron a year, and 10,000 acres of forest for sleepers.

This gigantic system owes its development, more than to any other man, to George Stephenson, the collier lad, whose indomitable energy and perseverance raised him to the summit of the engineering profession in the world. The pyramids of Egypt were nothing compared with the railway works of even Great Britain alone. The amount of work on the London and Birmingham road alone is three times as much as that required to build the Great Pyramid, which employed 100,000, or, according to Diodorus Siculus, 300,000 men for twenty years, yet 20,000 Englishmen constructed the former in five years. Thirty thousand bridges, many of stupendous size, have been built in thirty years.

One of Stephenson's greatest difficulties was the intense prejudice against the locomotive engine. Its horrid breath would poison the air, kill the birds, and blast vegetation. The cows would give no milk; the hens would lay no eggs; the race of horses would become extinct; provender be valueless; and human life would recklessly be sacrificed. But there was this offset, the engine could never move against the wind,

and even with it not faster than ten miles an hour.

In making his early surveys Stephenson had to go by stealth on moonlight nights, or with sufficient force of assistants to beat off the game-keepers and others who were employed to prevent the operation. He was frequently fired at and driven off the grounds by force. Large cities refused railway accommodation, causing the road to make an expensive detour. They were afterwards glad to purchase it at almost any price. What a change was the railway mania a few years later. In 1845 there were 620 new railway projects before the public requiring a capital of £563,203,000 sterling. The conflicts of these great engineers with the dumb, brute forces of Nature, the ice and frost and rushing river, as at the building of the Victoria Bridge; with the waves of the ocean and its heaving tides; with the deep ravine and rocky cliff to be spanned by giddy arches, or tunnelled with infinite toil, recalls the legends of the wars of the Titans with the old Homeric gods. All this and much more may be found in this fascinating volume, which forms a worthy tribute to the memory of these Titan men whose mighty achievements from the Conway to the Clyde, and in Belgium, in Egypt, and in Canada far transcend the fabled labours of Hercules.

But we must not forget that material prosperity is not national greatness, that scientific achievement may not be a sign of real progress. True greatness is that of the soul and not the intellect; it is moral excellence and not physical prowess. We regret that the writer says so little, or perhaps had so little to say about the religious character of the men he celebrates. A biography in which no reference is made, or a life in which no earnest thought is given to the soul's life, seems a sad anomaly in an immortal being. The world and all the things therein shall be destroyed, but the interests of the

spirit are imperishable and eternal. The work of man's hand shall be forgotten, but the mind that conceived it shall endure forever.

The Story of the Great Fire in St. John, N.B. By GEORGE STEWART, Jr. 12mo., pp. 273, with map and numerous illustrations. Toronto: Pelford Brothers and Methodist Book Rooms.

Our whole country has been thrilled with sympathy for the sufferers by the great fire of St. John, and our churches are nobly responding to the appeal on behalf of their sister churches in that city. Many of our readers will desire to have a fuller account of the great tragedy than that given in the daily prints. This want has been supplied by Mr. George Stewart, a well known and accomplished *litterateur* of St. John. He gives a graphic account of the fire, with its many heroic and thrilling incidents, together with historic reminiscences of the buildings burned. The book has a large number of illustrations of streets and buildings, both before and after the fire, faithfully reproduced from photographs. It is a marvel of industry and energy on the part of both author and publisher, having been written, printed, and bound within four weeks. The demand, we learn, has been exceedingly active, one agent alone ordering 4,000 copies.

Evergreen Leaves; being Notes from my Travel Book. By TOOFIE. 12mo., pp. 384; illustrated. Toronto: Belford Brothers and Methodist Book Rooms.

The dear Fatherland beyond the sea will never lose its fascination—its spell of power—to the sons and daughters of Canada. There is in all our hearts a strange longing to tread its historic soil, to view its memorable scenes, to visit the spots hallowed forever by the martyrs' or the patriots' blood, or by the poet's song. To many of us, however, this is impracticable. The next best

thing is to travel in our easy chair with some genial and trustworthy companion. Such a companion is this book. The fair author observes with an artist's eye and writes with a poet's enthusiasm. Her routes lie out of the usual track of tourists. She lingers long and lovingly in the historic borderland, made classic by the genius of Scott and Burns; she haunts the old cathedrals, abbeys, castles, and halls of "merrie England"; she spends a delightful month in Wales, two in the Isle of Wight, and a winter in London; and enables us to share the pleasures without the pains of travel and sojourn amid those storied scenes. As a thoroughly genial and instructive book we commend it to our readers. The conversational form in which it is cast will give it, especially to the young, an additional interest. Its style might be somewhat improved if it were a little less polyglot and more Anglo-Saxon.

Other People's Children. By the author of "Helen's Babies." 16mo., pp. 219. Toronto: Belford Bros.

The previous book by this author was the most remarkable literary success of the year. The author seems to do what is rather rare in second books, namely, to fully sustain the reputation of his first. Our readers who have followed the adventures of the juvenile heroes of that volume will be glad to trace their development of character and more mature exploits. We would hardly recommend the young incorrigibles as models of deportment, although, perhaps, not greatly exaggerated examples of young American precocity. For our part we prefer the sober English notions of child-life and child duty. Parents may, however, obtain hints of wisdom even from the mistakes recorded in this volume.

Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

| NAME. | CIRCUIT. | RESIDENCE. | AGE | DATE. |
|------------------------|--------------------|------------------|-----|----------------|
| Mrs. Stephen Bent .. | Bridgetown, N.S. | Bentville..... | 41 | Apr. 12, 1877. |
| Elias Tupper | Bridgetown, N.S. | Bentville..... | 78 | " 19, " |
| Mrs. Margaret Card.. | Burlington, N.S. | Kempt..... | .. | May 27, " |
| Mrs. Holmes | St. Catharines, O. | St. Catharines.. | 87 | June 26, " |
| Mrs. Eliz. Fulton ... | Wallace, N.S. .. | Wallace | 51 | " 29, " |
| Mrs. W. H. Holmes .. | Stanstead, P.Q. | Stanstead | 63 | July 2, " |
| Jean L. Taylor | Shelburne, N.S. | Shelburne | 15 | " 3, " |
| Jacob B. Curry | Horton, N.S. .. | Horton | 78 | " 4, " |
| James Mulloy | | Inkerman | 74 | " 20, " |
| Jane C. Washington.. | Darlington, O.. | Darlington..... | 66 | " 25, " |
| Thomas McBurney .. | Millbrook, O .. | Millbrook | 67 | " 25, " |
| Rev. John Ellis | St. Martin's, N.B. | St. Martin's .. | 32 | " 26, " |
| E. A. B. Sconton | Ojessa, O | Ernestown | 66 | " 30, " |
| Rev. Geo. McNamara. | Arthur, O. | Arthur..... | 66 | Aug. 3, " |

All business communications with reference to this Magazine should be addressed to the Rev. S. W. W. W.; and all literary communications or contributions to the Rev. W. H. WITHROW, M.A., Toronto

TELL IT AGAIN TO ME.

E. R. LATTA.

C. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, tell it a - gain to me, I love the sweet story to hear, Of Je - sus who came to

be. My Saviour and Friend so dear. The Father's be - lov - ed Son, Who did in His

glo - ry share; In mercy and love came down, The guilt of our sin to bear.

CHORUS.

Oh, tell it a - gain to me, I love the sweet sto - ry to hear, Of

Je - sus who came to be - to me, My Saviour and Friend so dear. to hear, so dear.

2. Oh, tell it again to me,
The story so often retold,
It beareth so much of love,
I will never to me seem old.
O blessed Redeemer now
Is melted my heart of stone;
With loving and gentle voice,
My penitent spirit own.

3. Oh, tell it again to me,
Though I have so frequently heard,
The story I long to hear,
So precious in every word.
O merciful Son of God,
Who suffered upon the tree
The story of love divine,
Is dearest of all to me.