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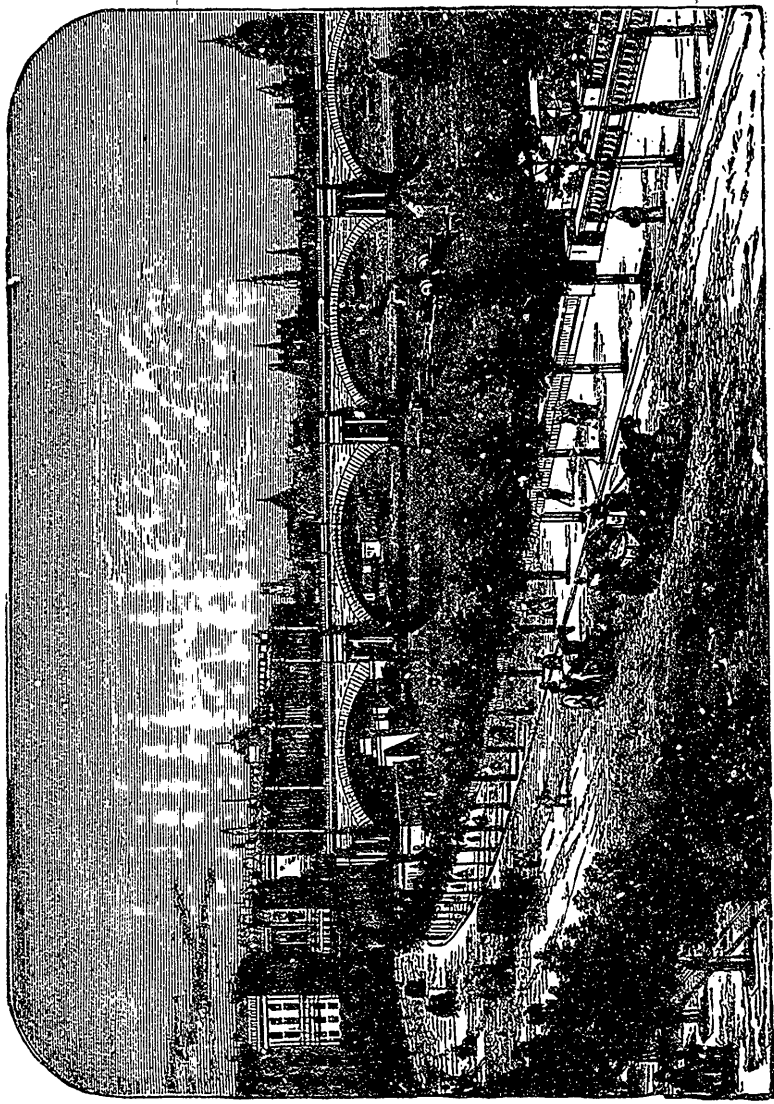
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THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, LONDON.

# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

*JUNE, 1885.*

## WALKS ABOUT LONDON.



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

NEXT to Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem, probably no city in the world abounds more in historic memories than London. Almost every street and square is connected with some great event in English history, or some great actor in the mighty drama of the past. Their very names as we come upon them strike us with a strange familiarity, as of places that we long had known. Many a monumental pile—perchance a palace or a prison—has been the scene of

some dark tragedy, or of some sublime achievement. In the darksome crypts or quiet grave-yards of its many churches sleeps the dust of many whose name and fame once filled the world. Undisturbed by the ceaseless roar and turmoil of the great city they calmly slumber on.

Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,  
Thousands of throbbing hearts where theirs are at rest and forever,  
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,  
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,  
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey.

Threading the forest of masts from almost every port, and passing the maze of docks on either hand, we reach the gloomy Tower, fraught with more tragical associations than any other structure in England, perhaps than any other in the world. Here the soil drank the blood of Fisher, More, Cromwell, Queen Anne Boleyn, Queen Catharine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury, Lord Admiral Seymour, the Earl of Essex, Lady Jane Grey, John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, Lady Shrewsbury, Protector Somerset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Guilford Dudley, Strafford, Sir Harry Vane, Stafford, Algernon Sidney, Laud, Monmouth, Lord Lovat, Russell, and many more of England's princes, warriors, statesmen and nobles. Erected by the Norman Conqueror to overawe the turbulent and freedom-loving city, it was for centuries the grim instrument of tyranny, and here were wreaked many a cruel deed of wrong. These stern vaults are a whispering gallery of the past, echoing with the sighs and groans of successive generations of the hapless victims of oppression. Such thoughts haunt one while the garrulous beef-eater is reciting his oft-told story of the arms and the regalia, of the Bloody Tower and Traitors' Gate, and cast their shadow of crime athwart the sunlit air.

"London Bridge," says the Rev. Hugh Johnston, "is the place to see the living stream of humanity, and the enormous traffic which makes London the commercial metropolis of the world. The first bridge was built A.D. one thousand, and for eight hundred years London managed with only one bridge across its river. On the top of its gates many a trunkless head was stuck upon pikes, and ghastly memories lurk beneath its arches. This new bridge is about fifty years old, and you get some idea of how it is crowded when it is estimated that eight thousand foot passengers and nine hundred vehicles pass over it every hour—twenty thousand vehicles pass over it every twenty-four hours, which vehicles, averaging five yards each, would extend in close file from Toronto to Hamilton, and fifteen miles beyond towards the Forest City—our new London. The persons passing daily over this bridge, marching in a column of six abreast, would extend fifteen miles up Yonge Street."

Traversing the old historic Cheapside, probably the most crowded thoroughfare in the world, we reach St. Paul's, five times burnt down and rebuilt, and associated with many of the chief events of English history. Its mighty dome dominates the entire city with a majesty surpassing even that of St. Peter's at Rome. Of all its monuments, we thought the most impressive that of England's greatest sailor, Horatio Nelson, in the solemn crypts, and that of her greatest soldier, Arthur Wellesley, in its lofty aisle; the latter a magnificent sarcophagus beneath a marble canopy.



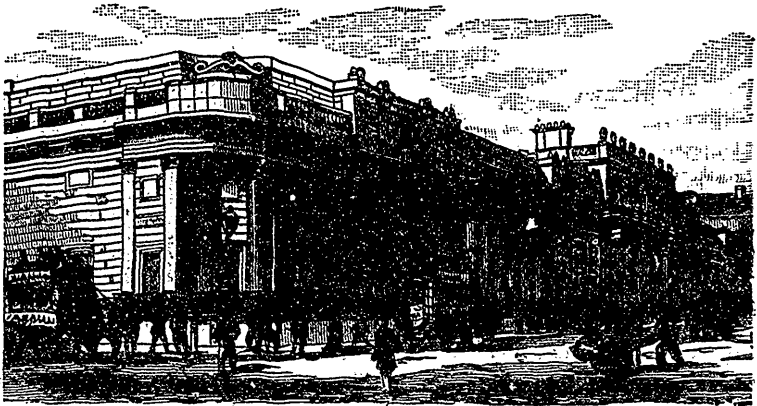
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—INTERIOR.

Under the cross of gold  
That shines over city and river,  
There he shall rest forever  
Amongst the wise and the bold.  
In streaming London's central roar  
Let the sound of those he wrought for,  
And the feet of those he fought for,  
Echo round his bones for evermore.

From the golden gallery, four hundred feet in air, one gazes upon a denser mass of humanity and its abodes than is elsewhere seen on earth. The crowded streets, the far-winding Thames, the distant parks and engirdling hills, make a majestic picture, whose impressiveness is deepened by the thought that the pulsations of the heart of iron throbbing in the mighty dome vibrate upon the ears of more persons than people the vast extent of

Canada, from sea to sea. We were surprised to see in the churchyard, near the site of the famous St. Paul's Cross, an old-fashioned wooden pump, which seemed to have done duty from time immemorial. The strange names of Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane and Paternoster Row commemorate the ancient sale of religious books, which still makes up much of the local trade.

"Entering the heart of the city and mingling with the crowds in Leadenhall and Threadneedle Street; the Bank of England, the Exchange, and Mansion House must be visited. There are no architectural attractions about that wonderful establishment which makes itself felt in every money market in the civilized world, although it covers a quadrangular space of four acres, with



BANK OF ENGLAND.

a famous street on every side. Close to the Bank is the Royal Exchange, the headquarters of the commerce of this centre of the world. It is a spacious and elegant edifice, with a fine Corinthian portico in front. The pediment is ornamented with allegorical figures, by Westmacott, and bears the appropriate inscription, suggested by Dean Milman, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' Close at hand is the official residence of the Lord Mayor, the Mansion House. The principal room, 'Egyptian Hall' as it is called, is profusely adorned with statues."

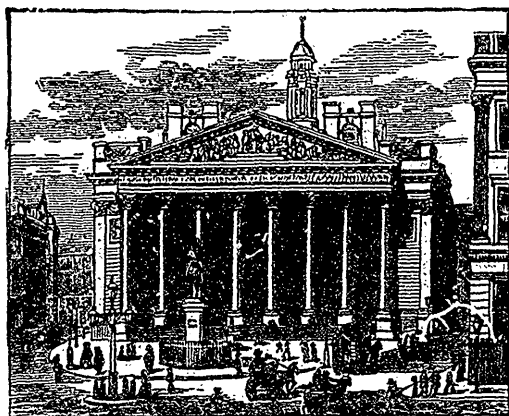
Passing down Ludgate Hill, we enter Fleet Street, the heart of newspaperdom, and enter the purlieus of the law, Lincoln's Inn, and the secluded chambers and gardens of the Temple. The Temple Church, a thick-walled, round Norman structure, dating

from 1185, is like a fragment of the middle ages in the busy heart of London. Here once preached the "judicious Hooker." On the paved floor lie stone effigies of the old Knights Templar, in full armour, with legs crossed, in token that they had fought in Palestine.

The knights are dust  
Their swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints we trust."

Beside a simple slab in the church-yard, every visitor pauses with feelings of peculiar tenderness. It bears the brief, yet pregnant inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." An old gardener showed me a tree which he said was planted by Henry VIII., under which Goldsmith and Johnson used to sit.

Passing through Temple Bar and following the Strand, so named from its skirting the bank of the river, we pass the Savoy Church, half under ground, where Chaucer was married, and the vast Somerset House, on the site of the Protector's palace, where lan-

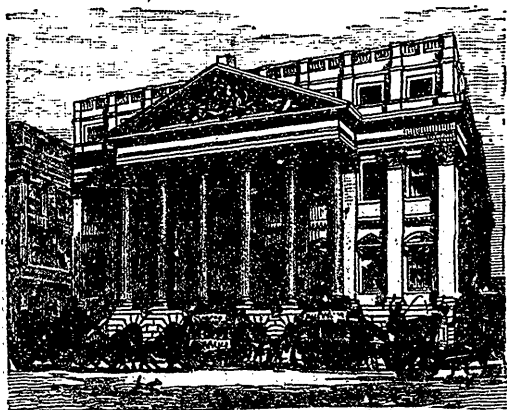


THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

guished three unhappy Queens. The latter is used as public offices, employs nine hundred clerks, and contains, it is said, 3,600 windows. At Charing Cross is a copy of the stone cross erected where the coffin of Queen Eleanor was set down during its last halt on the way to Westminster, six hundred years ago. Opposite is Trafalgar Square, and the noble Nelson's Monument, with Landseer's grand couchant lions at its base. On this grandest site in Europe is one of the ugliest buildings in existence, the National Gallery—the home of British Art!—with its paltry façade and absurd flat domes, like inverted wash-bowls. Right opposite is Whitehall—named from England's once grandest palace. Only the Banqueting Hall now remains. Here Wolsey

gave his splendid fêtes; here the Royal voluptuary, Henry VIII., fell in love with the hapless Anne Boleyn; and here Charles I. stepped from the palace window to the scaffold. Here the bard of *Paradise Lost* wrote Latin despatches for the Great Protector who died within these walls; here Charles II. held his profligate court, and here he also died. The Hall is now a Royal chapel. Across the street is the Horse-Guards, with its statue-like mounted sentries, and the splendid new Government Offices flanking each side of Downing Street, whence has been ruled for a hundred years a Colonial Empire vaster than that of Rome in its widest range.

Passing through a narrow street, we come upon one of the



MANSION HOUSE.

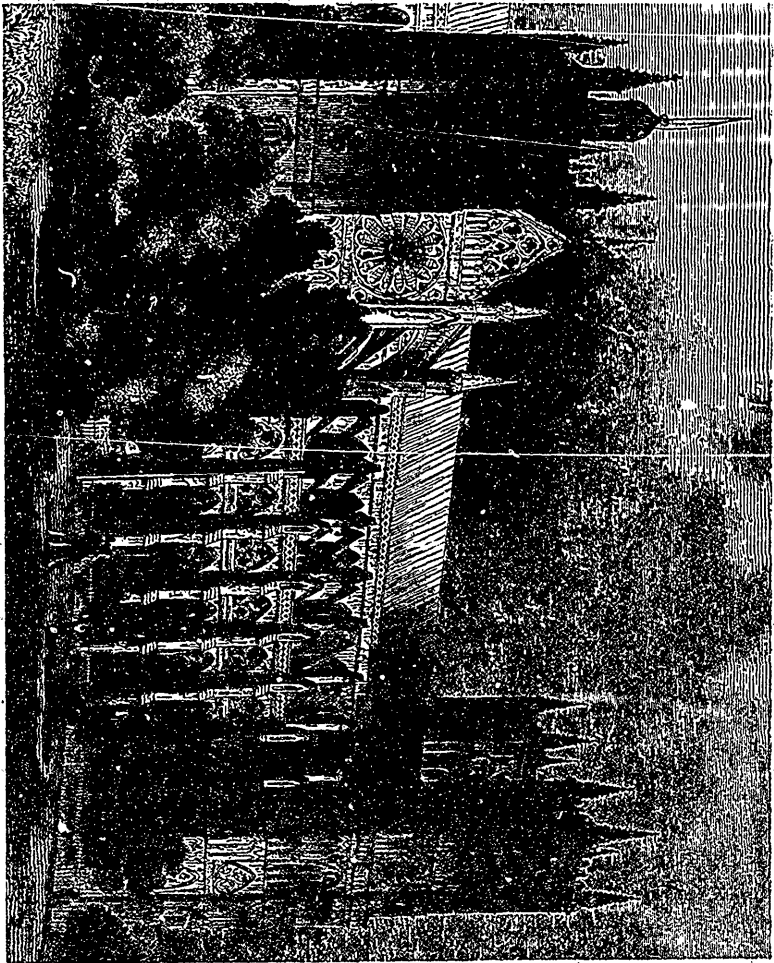
grandest groups of buildings in the world—the venerable Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's Church, and the new Palace of Westminster. Of course the Abbey first challenges our attention. Grand and gloomy and blackened by time without, it is all glorious

within—a Walhalla of England's mighty dead. The exquisite stone fretwork of Henry VII.'s chapel can scarcely be overpraised. But its chief interest is in the tombs of two women, "not kind though near of kin"—the proud and lonely Queen Elizabeth, who found her crown but a gilded misery; and the beautiful and unhappy Mary Stuart, who even in prison and on the scaffold commanded the homage of thousands of leal hearts. Here, too, are the tombs of many of England's sovereigns from the time of Edward the Confessor, who died eight hundred years ago. Beneath those moth-eaten banners and their fading escutcheons and crumbling effigies they keep their solemn state in death. Above the tomb of Henry V. hangs the armour which he wore at Agincourt, the helmet still exhibiting the gash made



by a French battle-axe. The Coronation Stone, affirmed to have been Jacob's pillar at Bethel, is geologically identical with the Scottish stratum at Scone, whence it last came.

But a yet stronger claim upon the homage of our hearts have

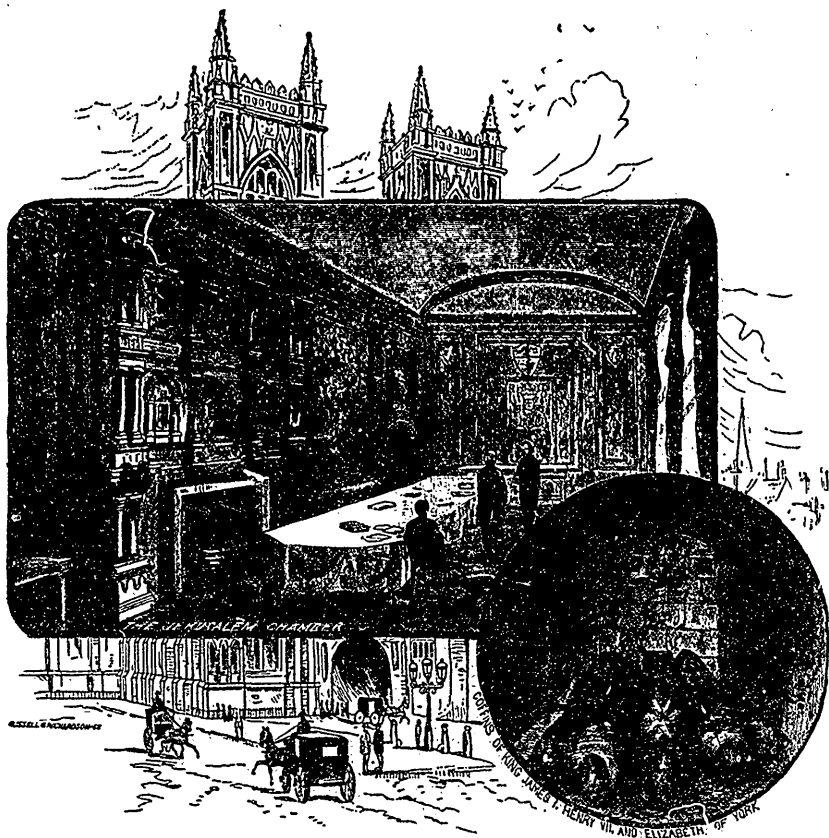


WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

the kings of mind who still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns. We stood with feelings strangely stirred before the tombs or cenotaphs of the genial Chaucer, father of English verse; of Spencer, "the prince of poets of his tyme," as his epitaph reads; of Johnson, "O rare Ben;" of Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Southey, Campbell, Newton, Wilberforce, Macaulay. Lytton,

Thackeray, Livingstone, and many another whose written words have often given instruction or delight.

The Jerusalem Chamber is a large hall in the deanery attached to Westminster Abbey. It possesses a remarkable historic interest, as being the place of meeting of the Westminster Assembly



JERUSALEM CHAMBER.

of divines in 1643, and also the place of meeting of the translators of the Authorized Version of the Bible of 1611, and of the Revised Version of our own day. Here, too, died Henry IV. (1413) when on the eve of a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, whereby was fulfilled, in a sense, the prediction that he should die at Jerusalem. The scene is thus described by Shakespeare :

*King Henry.*—Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*Warwick.*—'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*King Henry.*—Laud be to God ! Even there my life must end.  
 It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
 I should not die but in Jerusalem ;  
 Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :—  
 But bear me to that chamber, there I'll lie ;  
 In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

In the vaults of the Abbey are contained the tombs of many of the kings and queens of England. In one of these lay for four hundred years the remains of Queen Katharine of Valois, wife of Henry V.—the "Bonny Kate" of Shakespeare. Though the daughter of a king and the mother of Henry VI., and grandmother of Henry VII., her remains were so exposed that Dean Stanley procured their re-interment. Of all her beauty and bravery naught was found but a handful of dust and some remnants of the cerecloth in which she was wrapped. The vault shown in the cut on page 488 shows another of these royal tombs with its silent sleepers in their narrow cells.

The Chapter House of the Abbey, a large and lofty octagonal room, from 1282 to 1547 was the Commons Chamber of England—the cradle of Constitutional Government, and the scene of some of the stormy conflicts by which were won the civil liberties we now enjoy.

From this chamber it is an easy transition to the New Palace of Westminster, where the great council of the nation is royally housed. The architecture is the finest civil Gothic in the world, a little overladen with ornament, perhaps, and already crumbling beneath the gnawing tooth of the great *Edax rerum*, but grander than aught else we ever saw. The picture on page 490 illustrates the ceremony which took place on the introduction of the Earl of Beaconsfield to this historic chamber, at the opening of Parliament in 1877. First came the pursuivant and heralds clad in cloth of gold. Then strode a tall figure in a scarlet cloak, tipped with ermine, and bearing aloft a jewelled sword. It was the great commoner, Benjamin Disraeli, who had conquered his way from obscurity to the proudest position a subject can hold. Then came his royal mistress whom he had served with such devotion. Motionless as a statue stood the great statesman while the Queen read her speech from the throne, and then, still holding his sword aloft, he marched out before her Majesty, glad, doubtless, that the pageant was over.

The adjacent great Westminster Hall, with its open oaken roof six hundred years old, was the scene of some of the most important events in the history of the nation. Here many of the early Parliaments were held; here Charles I. was condemned to death; and here Cromwell, throned in more than royal state, was saluted by the proud name of Protector. Among all the statues



LORD BEACONSFIELD.

of the kings, princes and nobles in Westminster Abbey and Palace there is not found one of the peer of the mightiest of them all—the man who found England well-nigh the basest of kingdoms and raised her to the foremost place in Europe. In the Abbey we saw the spot from which the embalmed body of Cromwell was rifled, and then the pinnacles of this same Hall

on which his head was exposed to sun and shower for thirty years. At length in a storm it was blown to the ground, picked up by a sentry, concealed in his house, and is now—strange irony of history—preserved, it is said, at Sevenoaks, in Kent.

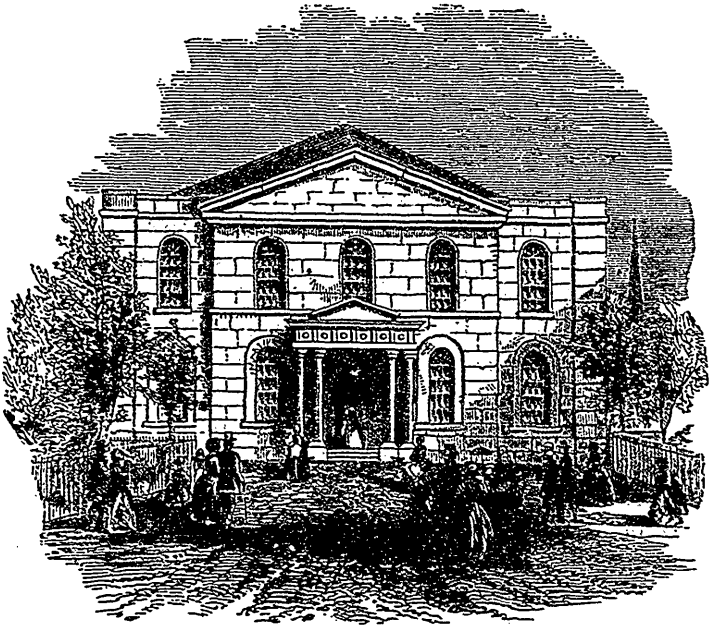
From Westminster Bridge is obtained one of the grandest views in Europe—the noble river front of the New Houses of Parliament on one side, and St. Thomas's Hospital and Lambeth Palace, with its memories of Cranmer and the Lollards, on the other. Along the river side, on either hand, are the splendid Victoria and Albert Embankments, one of which is shown in our frontispiece. In the middle distance is Waterloo Bridge, and to the left the long façade of Somerset House.

One of the strongest impressions felt in London is that of its wealth and its poverty, its greatness and its misery, the immense differences of rank, the luxury of the rich, the wretchedness of the poor. Poverty is everywhere apparent, notably in the itinerant vendors of toys, trinkets, combs, pencils—almost anything for a penny; and, in the poorer regions, the wayside stalls for cheap food—pigs' feet, tripe, and the like. We noticed these especially at the great Smithfield market, with its memories of the martyrs, where the cries of the chapmen and vendors vociferously seeking custom were bewildering.

From Smithfield we visited a spot dear to the heart of every Methodist the wide world over—City Road Chapel, the mother church of Methodism. It seems to bring one nearer to the springs of Methodism to stand in the old pulpit in which its early fathers preached; to sit in Wesley's chair; to see the room in which he died; the study, a very small room, in which he wrote many of his books; the very time-worn desk at which he sat; and then to stand by the grave in which he was buried. In the old parsonage we saw the teapot, of generous dimensions, from which Wesley used to regale the London preachers every Sunday. On one side was the verse beginning "Be present at our table, Lord," and on the other, the words "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food," etc. Near by rest the ashes of Clarke, Benson, and other fathers of Methodism.

"City Road Chapel," says the Rev. Hugh Johnston, in an admirable account of a visit to that historic spot, "is a very simple and unpretending structure, and since the fire, has been restored just as it was when first erected. My heart was stirred to see

upon the walls the monumental busts of the hero-fathers of the Church—John and Charles Wesley, Fletcher, Watson, Coke, Benson, Clarke, Bunting, Newton, Jackson and a score of other sacred and familiar names; and to stand in the pulpit from which they preached that Gospel which quickened all England into spiritual life. We entered Mr. Wesley's house and stood in the library where he studied, and in the room where calmly he breathed out his soul into his Redeemer's hands. Then we went into the burial ground and stood by his tomb.



CITY ROAD CHAPEL.

“In the grave-yard of the City Road sleep five thousand dead. They were the early followers and converts of John Wesley. The associations with this place may well touch the hearts of all who revere his teachings, for within its narrow precincts lies the kind reformer, surrounded by very many who loved him and whom he loved, by his preachers and assistants, his scholars and teachers, the babes he fondled and the grown men and women whom he cheered and guided, the leaders of his classes, the youths he instructed, the noble women who increased and dispensed his charities, the families over which he watched with a father's care,

and the devoted followers who, when he was no more, lived and died with his name ever on their lips. The grave-yard is now closed, and the five thousand rest apart forever. It is not necessary to invoke peace to their ashes, for peace they have attained. They rest well from their labours, and from the graves the voice of love breathes gently over their race. Sweet are the memories of patience and endurance, of joyous hope and calm assurance, of lives given up to the welfare of others, and of hearts that were never cold to human woe, that cluster about this cemetery; and, of whatever sect or creed, he who would learn how to live and how to die would do well to stand reverently before the consecrated tomb where John Wesley sleeps amidst his followers. On a memorable day, December 19, 1870, one of its finest monuments was uncovered at noon to the inspection of the public. A fair white shaft of Sicilian marble had been erected, chiefly at the expense of the daughters and mothers of Methodism, to the memory of one who had slept for more than a century in a tomb not far away. The fair white marble was not more pure than her spotless life; and the monument of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism, raised in the moment of the unbounded prosperity of the cause she had loved, might well recall the simple virtues and the unselfish deeds of those among whom she had laboured and died.

“Not far off lies her devoted son. In the grave-yard behind the chapel, in the centre of the ground, and shaded by an elder tree, from which cuttings have been transplanted to many lands, a plain tomb, enclosed by an iron railing, marks the vault where his sarcophagus was reverently laid. The morning was dark. It was at that early hour which he seems ever to have loved. Torches and lanterns glittered around the tomb, a multitude of his followers assembled in the early dawn, and with a burst of tears consecrated his grave. One solemn wail of sobs and weeping swept over the people, and the gray light of morning seldom broke on a more touching scene. It was March 1791. Four months afterwards, his sister Patty was placed at his side. She had outlived all her brothers and sisters, and at eighty-five closed the career of the children of Susannah Wesley.” Near by rest the ashes of Clarke, Benson, and other fathers of Methodism.

“London is not only the greatest city that now exists on the face of the earth, but it is the greatest that ever has existed.”

This is but simple truth if wealth, commercial influence, and numbers are the standard of comparison. A city whose population is greater than that of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis united, and still increasing at the rate of one or two cities like Cincinnati each year, is every day a growing wonder. Nor need we come to our New World to exhibit by comparison its vastness. Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Genoa, Florence, and Milan, may all be consolidated before London is surpassed. Even Paris, its most ambitious competitor, may be consolidated with either Vienna or Berlin, and still Naples, Rome, Genoa, Cologne, and Dresden may be added, and according to the most reliable table at hand where this is written, London would yet be unsurpassed.

London has five hundred and sixty-eight railway stations. Through one junction alone (Clapham Junction) there pass one thousand three hundred and seventy-four trains a day, about two a minute. The railways of the United States last year carried two hundred and fifty million passengers, that is to say, they carried the entire population of the country five times; but in this city there is a road that crawls underground like a worm, coming on to the surface, now and then, like a worm, draining the streets of London, and it carries one hundred and ten million passengers, or the entire population of the city twenty-two times. That is but one railway out of many.

Stand at the steps of the Mansion House, and thence twelve miles out in every direction, the postman goes calling at every house on every street, it may be every hour of the day, from six in the morning till twelve at night. Six hundred thousand persons daily enter and leave the comparatively small area of six hundred and thirty-two acres of the city proper. Put its streets end to end and we have a continuous line of houses sufficient to go round the world, enough left over to make a street on both banks of the Mississippi from St. Paul to New Orleans, with several miles running into the Gulf.

In London there are more Roman Catholics than in Rome, more Jews than in Palestine, more Scotchmen than in Aberdeen, more Welshmen than in Cardiff, more Irishmen than in Belfast, and during the excursion season more Yankees than in Connecticut.



## THE PRINCESS ALICE.



PRINCESS ALICE.



WE imagine that few people can read the letters of the Princess Alice to the Queen, from the bulk of this volume\*

without being reminded with fresh force how, like ourselves, in all essentials kings and princes are, touched by the same joys and sorrows, stirred by the same deep emotions which press upon our common humanity! It is a truth which, as we see them surrounded by all the pomps and ceremonies of State, we are prone in some measure to forget, but when enforced by such a

story as that in these pages before us, cannot fail to draw the hearts of people and princes nearer to each other. The Queen, in her letter to her daughter in 1875 respecting the recently published "Life of the Prince Consort," by Mr. Theodore Martin, touches on the benefits likely to accrue to both sides by such a frank disclosure of their more private life, and doubtless the same motives have actuated her in allowing the present publication, and so greatly assisting by the loan of the letters from the Princess to herself. She says:—

You must remember that endless false and untrue things have been written and said about us, public and private, and that in these days people will write and will know; therefore, the only way to counteract this is to let the real, full truth be known, and as much be told as can be told with prudence and discretion, and then no harm, but good, will be done. Nothing will help me more than that my people should see what I have lost!

\* *Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Biographical Sketches and Letters. With Portraits. New York: G. Putnam's Son.*

Hitherto, it may be owned, what has chiefly won admiring sympathy has been the fine frankness of the Royal mourner, who needed not to shrink from taking her people into her confidence and unveiling to them the secrets of her love and grief—a new illustration of the truth that “Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.” And how much quiet wisdom there was in this daring!

Remembering the too well-known histories of many Royal courts and households, we, as a nation, may take some harmless pride in that our crowned family could so well bear to have the light of day thrown on its annals; and that it exemplified in almost ideal grace and perfectness the best and happiest traits of English domesticity. Those who know the inestimable value of the family and the home in building up our national grandeur, must rejoice that the very highest of the households in our empire has also been during so many years among the purest and the noblest. Hardly twice or thrice in English history has this been true before, let us hope it may be often and constantly so again.

The memorial volume that bears the name of *Alice*, being composed chiefly of the Princess's letters to her mother, united by some slender thread of narrative, cannot help being essentially domestic. With very few exceptions, the Royal lady's judgments on public events and public characters have been judiciously omitted, as some susceptibilities could not fail to have been irritated thereby. Here and there a word reveals that the Princess—“England's England-loving daughter, dying so English she would have her flag borne on her coffin”—had become sufficiently German in her sympathies, as became the loyal consort of a German Prince.

We are carefully reminded how the Princess, when yet at home, always occupied “a subordinate place to her very gifted and distinguished sister,” the present Crown-Princess of Germany. Princess Alice's manner, as we might expect, has rather the sustained calm of high breeding than the fitful splendour of genius. But a wide, high and pure intelligence, finely cultivated, and a womanly nature of extraordinary strength and sweetness, reveal themselves throughout, and give to the book a peculiarly fresh and soothing charm. It is not one of those that we close with the heart-ache, with a mournful sense of frustration and incompleteness. No; the life that came to its swift, lamented end

on that dark December morning of 1878, was of satisfying completeness even in its shortness. Life had given her its best. She had not only "lived and loved," but been herself well and tenderly and deservedly beloved. Sorrow had touched her, not to embitter, but to raise and enlighten; her life-work was high and good and true, and it received a stamp of mournful dignity from the very manner of the death that cut it short, since she died fitly, a martyr to the beautiful womanly affections which had been the master-spring of her existence.

A certain harmony and grace, rather than any more striking qualities, mark the story of Princess Alice's early years, spent in happy seclusion even in the very heart of royal pomp and glitter. They were filled with the best childish happiness. "Fresh, blooming and healthy; cheerful, merry, full of fun and mischief; bold and fearless as a boy," the Princess, like most strong, high-spirited children, did not all at once unfold the intellectual powers and deep moral qualities with which her later life was to bloom. Her beautiful spring-time was, however, soon to pass into full summer.

In 1860 came her betrothal to Prince Louis of Hesse, to crown a love-story as simply-sweet as that of any lowly maiden; and in the midst of the preparations for her future household, fell that sudden illness, that startling removal, of the Prince Consort, through which Princess Alice was to win her really strong hold on English affection, as the tender nurse, the devoted daughter, the best support of her mother, the strong and gentle angel of the whole household.



DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Thus mellowed and softened by the touch of sacred sorrow, she entered on the serious duties of her new existence. In the following July her marriage closed the purely English chapter of her life; but that she remained still English in her sympathies, is plainly shown in the affectionate letters to the bereaved mother which now begin, and continue from year to year: a simple domestic chronicle, only to be closed at the bidding of "great Death." Through this story of wedded life and motherhood,

economic problems, social doings, and benevolent plans, there runs a golden thread of filial love, veiled pure and strong.

There is much beauty in the sensitive feeling which led the Princess, while rejoicing in the first freshness of newly-perfected life, to shrink from dwelling on wedded happiness to *her* who had just been robbed of it, and to express her willingness—were it but a thing possible—by relinquishing part of her own joy to restore some to her mother. Such sacrifices love may long to make in its child-like ardour.

Princess Alice was to find shadows enough on her sunny path; and in a cloudy and dark day of love-born fear and anguish her wearied spirit was at last to pass away, while the widowed mother whose grief she had been fain to soothe was to live on, and endure yet further loss.

Her married life was singularly happy, though by no means free from care. Her love and pride in her husband seemed to increase each year. "To possess a heart like his," she writes, "I am ever prouder of and more grateful for from year to year." As a family quickly grew up about them she endeavoured to fulfil her duties as a parent in the spirit in which she had been trained:—

What you say about the education of our girls I entirely agree with, and I strive to bring them up totally free from pride of their position, which is *nothing*, save what their personal worth can make it. . . . I feel so entirely, as you do, on the difference of rank, and how all-important it is for princes and princesses to know that they are nothing better or above others, save through their own merit; and that they have only the double duty of living for others, and of being an example—good and modest. This I hope my children will grow up to.

Though never losing her almost passionate love for the land of her birth she quickly identified herself with the country of her adoption, and by unceasing efforts for the best interests of the people endeared herself very much to all classes. The necessary care and economy were, however, as little of a burden to the highly-placed young wife as to any other true-hearted bride.

Her industry must have been amazing, for in spite of engrossing outdoor claims, both social, philanthropic, and political, she kept up reading, music, and painting, in all of which she delighted; all the while caring for her household, and children, and babies as conscientiously and carefully as would have been possi-

ble had she only been a private individual. The more simple German character, and in some respects more difficult conditions of her life abroad, made things necessary which had never been thought of in her English home, so we read :—

That they (that is, the children) take a greater place in my life, than is often the case in *our* families, comes from my not being able to have enough persons of a responsible sort to take charge of them always ; certain things remain undone from that reason, if I do not do them, and *they* would be the losers. . . . I have made all the summer outwalking dresses, seven in number, with paletots for the girls, not embroidered, but certainly made from beginning to end, likewise the new necessary flannel shawls for the expected. I manage all the nursery accounts and every thing myself, which gives me plenty to do.

Here is an example of self-sacrificing love and industry which many a woman in a far less exalted place in life would do well to copy. But hers was an eminently unselfish life. The last person she thought of was herself.

During the Prusso-Austrian War of 1866 it was discovered how ineffectual were all arrangements for the care of the sick and wounded, and immediately she commenced the organization of the Ladies' Union, which in the Franco-German War of 1870 did great service in this department.

These terrible wars brought with them much misery and suffering. Prince Louis was away to the front, and the Princess often distracted with anxiety on his account; yet she never allowed private fears to interfere with public duty, and, when possible, all the time was ceaselessly occupied both in nursing and in directing the various agencies she had herself inaugurated for the care of the wounded.

In the path thus entered on she advanced far and did much. A pretty story has been told, of her going *incognita* to see a poor young mother who, with her husband and five children, occupied one little room at the top of "a dark ladder." Here the royal visitor, "with the husband, cooked something for the woman, arranged her bed a little, took her baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing!—and did odds and ends for her. I went twice. If one never sees any poverty, and always lives in that cold circle of Court people, one's good feelings dry up; and I felt the want of going about and doing the little good that is in my power. I am sure you will understand this."

Thus modestly she began the work of beneficence which constantly expanded. Next she managed to raise sixteen thousand florins by a bazaar—a proceeding quite new in Germany—for the institution of asylums for idiots. Her later opinion, however, became adverse to this mode of raising aid for charities, since she perceived that it ministered in some to feelings very different from pure benevolence.

When darker days had come, and war, with all its miseries, was in the land, she visited the wounded, inspected the hospitals, set herself to organize a *Frauenverein*,—an association of ladies in aid of the Geneva International Association for nursing and supporting troops in time of war.

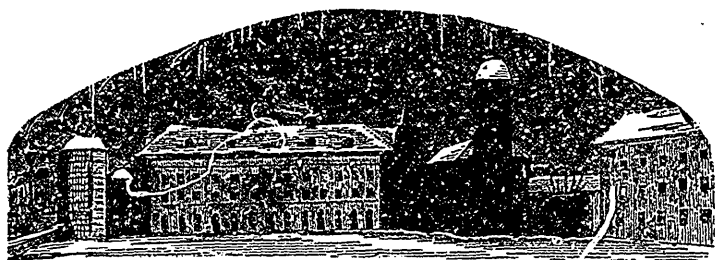
“In times of peace,” she judged, “these things should be organized; so that when war comes, people know where to send their things, and that no volunteer nurses go out who have not first learnt their business.”

All the societies she had called into existence united themselves in 1869 into one body, and in their proceedings she continued to take the keenest interest, adding to her foundations, in 1872, yet another, an Orphan Asylum, which has also been most successful. Her manners, winning without any loss of dignity, her tact, her practical wisdom, enabled her to enlist the ready support of others; and here lay the secret of her success. And all this was achieved by one who never neglected a home duty, and whose children took a greater place in her life than is often the case in royal families, owing to her not being able to have enough persons of a responsible sort to take charge of them. “Circumstances,” she says, “have forced me to be the mother in the real sense, as in a private family; and I had to school myself into it, I assure you, for many small self-denials have been necessary. Baby-worship,” she adds with a touch of humorous perception, “is not at all the right thing; and a perpetual talk about one’s children makes some women intolerable. I hope I steer clear of these faults.”

With all her public work, all her organizing and managing, she continued to retain her liking for visits to the poor. “I only come as one woman to visit another,” she pleaded when Mrs. Vicars, of the *Albion Home*, at Brighton, begged for permission to tell the poor penitents there sheltered who their gentle visitant really was.

A chapter in her life which may not be passed over is that of her friendship with Strauss, with the effect which the friendship had on her opinions, and the means by which that effect was afterwards done away.

There is much to admire in her self-sought acquaintance with this remarkable man, much that shows a noble, fearless spirit; and in the manner of their intercourse it appeared that she recognized in commanding intellect a royalty more permanent than that to which she herself was born. These qualities show themselves plainly in the story of the dedication to her of Strauss's lectures on *Voltaire*, which she had heard from the manuscript. The writer had feared to compromise, to expose to misinterpretation his patroness and friend by this public dedication; she would not allow it to be cancelled, disdaining to shrink from public acknowledgment of that which she had enjoyed in private. In this Prince Louis supported her.



THE PALACE AT HESSE DARMSTADT.

It remains, however, a regrettable fact that by association with Strauss, and with men like-minded, her eager, inquiring spirit was, as might have been feared, for a time misled, so that "she often expressed openly her doubts as to the existence of a God;" and with such "theoretical doubts,"—for she "never doubted the value of practical religion,"—alas! what is religion without a firm belief in God?—she had to "wrestle heart and soul." It was vainly that she sought to undo the entanglements of her intellectual doubts; the sword of a sharp sorrow cleft them asunder for her. Her second darling boy, a child greatly beloved and full of beautiful promise, perished under her very eyes by a fall from her bedroom window. "He died a few hours after in the arms of his distracted mother." She never recovered the blow; her health, which seems to have often been delicate, became permanently so.

Too often, when not absolutely ill, we find her "overwhelmed, overtired—having a feeling of weariness and incapacity"—all showing how much to be dreaded was any sharp seizure that might befall her. Far otherwise were the spiritual results of her sorrow. A great change showed itself in her views.

She remained silent while a transformation was quietly going on within, under the influence of some hidden power. Some time afterwards she told, in the most simple and touching manner, how this change had come about. . . . She owed it all to her child's death, and to the influence of a Scotch gentleman, a friend of the Grand Duke's and the Grand Duchess's, who was residing with his family at Darmstadt.

"The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions," she added, "which I had built up for myself, I find to have no foundation whatever; nothing of it is left; it has crumbled away like dust. What should we be, what would become of us, if we had no faith, if we did not believe that there is a God Who rules the world and each single one of us? I feel the necessity of prayer; I love to sing hymns with my children."

Many hearts in England grieved with Princess Alice for the sad loss of that sweetly-budding little life, and wondered over the mysterious ways of Providence; may we not say that here at least these ways are brightly plain now?

The innocent child-soul was carried away into the bosom of Christ, that so the noble mother, even at that cost, might be restored, as she was fully, to the faith of her earlier years, with whose immortal hopes she had striven to comfort her mother. "She died a devout Christian;" and it is plain, from a few words written in her last dark hours of grief, that her soul was still expanding, deepening and entering further into the mind of God. Having remarked on the attachment and sympathy for her adherents displayed by all classes, high and low alike, she adds:

It goes home to them that our position does not separate us so very far from them, and that in death, danger and sorrow the palace and the hut are visited alike. So many deep and solemn lessons one learns in these times, and I believe all work together for good for those who believe in God. . . . Life is *not* endless in this world, God be praised! There is much joy—but O! so much trial and pain; and as the number of those one loves increases in heaven, it makes our passage easier; and *home* is there!

Twelve more days of sorrow and suffering, and she who wrote these words of longing had gone home.



A noble life, nobly lived! It has lessons for all, especially for the women of our land: daughters, wives, mothers. And its record must knit closer the tie which binds us as a people to our beloved Queen, whose throne is "established in righteousness," and whose "children arise up and called her blessed."

There are many glimpses of the great European world in these letters: we feel the wide horizon about us, and can see the clouds that arise from it, even while the immediate surroundings are so purely domestic; and from the beginning of the Schleswig-Holstein dispute in 1863, to the mighty struggle between France and Germany in 1870, the rolling of the battle-thunders fills up the intervals of the sweet, womanly prattling about home and husband and babes. In that terrible year the hopes and fears of a princely soldier's wife, the glory and the woe of even successful warfare, well-nigh exclude all other topics; and the fear, the hope, the joy and horror run far into the next year also. Then come in a few years the death of Prince Louis's father and uncle, the assumption of sovereignty and title: events that seem to have



IN THE HOSPITAL.

brought to the new Grand Duchess more grief, and more of a painful sense of responsibility than of pride or exultation. She did not wear these thorny honours long.

The war ceases at last; but rumours of wars are still heard, and are spoken of with unmixed dread and dislike. Princess Alice remains ever, as she says of the Crown Prince, "anti-war" in her views; her father's feelings and opinions on such points had sunk deeply into her mind.

"What would beloved papa have thought of this war?" she wrote in the July of 1870. "The unity of Germany which it has brought about would please him; but never the shocking means!"

"The provocation of a war such as this is a crime that will have to be answered for, and for which there can be no justification." She does not indeed assume the responsibility of indicating the criminal: "The King had no other course left him to

pursue with honour;" but whose the blame of shutting him up to this course is not even hinted.

Not amid the horrors of the war she detested did our gentle Princess pass away: It is a story still "freshly pitied in our memories," still powerful to touch our hearts, and not needing detailed repetition—that of her long struggle with Death when he invaded the palace-home of Darmstadt, and she fought with him for the lives of husband and children. A maimed victory was to be hers, and she bought it with her own sweet life.

Four weeks before her own death her youngest sank under the fatal diphtheria. The Princess Alice nursed her with unwearied affection, and her impassioned embrace of the dying child communicated the contagion to which the devoted mother soon succumbed. Her own great sufferings were borne with wonderful patience; seven days from her seizure she passed away, murmuring to herself, like a child going to sleep: "From Friday to Saturday—four weeks—May—dear papa!" It was exactly four weeks since Princess May's death, and seventeen years since the death of the Prince Consort.

"A Watcher by the Dead" tells the history of his night-watch by the Princess's bier "in the great hall where she had so often sat surrounded by a radiant circle of guests," and where now the velvet blackness of the pall that hid her coffin was "almost hid from view beneath a mass of flowers and palms." The story of some of the humblest of these floral offerings we are fain to borrow from his touching narrative:

It was still quite early morning when, with the first glimmer of day, came an old peasant woman from the Odenwald. Advancing timidly, she laid, with a murmured prayer, a little wreath of rosemary, with a couple of small white flowers, perhaps the only ornament of her poor little room at home, as a token of grateful affection, down upon the velvet pall. Then, thinking herself unnoticed, she took a rosebud from one of the splendid wreaths, and hid it under the old woollen dress. Who could interfere to balk the impulse of genuine affection, that longed to carry off some slight memorial with it? And now the little flower is lying between the leaves of the old Bible, and in days to come the matron, when she turns the leaves of the sacred volume, will tell her daughters and granddaughters of the noble lady, too early snatched away from her people—of her who never forgot the poorest and humblest of them all.

After no long interval appeared

Two little girls, poorly but cleanly dressed, and they, too, brought their

tribute of gratitude—two little bunches of violets. Shyly, almost frightened, and yet with childish curiosity, they drew slowly nearer. They thought of another winter day, some years ago. Hungry, chilled to the heart, they were sitting in an empty attic; their parents were dead, and they ate among strangers bread that was hard and grudgingly given, when that grand lady appeared who was now sleeping here under the flowers. From her, whose heart was ever yearning to the orphan's cry, they heard again, for the first time, gentle, loving words; by her provision was quickly made for their more kindly treatment, and gratitude was rooted firmly and for ever in their young souls.

Well is it for the land whose sovereign has such mourners; well is it for the sovereign who is enthroned in the heart of the widow and the orphan, whose memory is embalmed in their tears. These lowly flowers outshine all costliest jewels that ever glittered on the brows of Alice of England and of Hesse.

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THE HARVEST IS NOT YET.

BY THE REV. R. WALTER WRIGHT.

THIS is the springtime, and the fresh leaves  
Are putting forth, the flowerets  
Begin to bloom—but still no sheaves :  
The time of harvest is not yet.

THIS is the seedtime, cold damp soil,  
And frosts, and murky skies still fret  
The impatient sower in his toil :  
The time of harvest is not yet.

THIS is the spring. Time's sunny hours  
Dash by like the foaming rivulet.  
No fruit, but the early fading flowers  
We pluck : the harvest is not yet.

THIS is the seedtime, and we dot  
Men's hearts with golden seed, but wet  
And chilled with self it groweth not :  
The time of harvest is not yet.

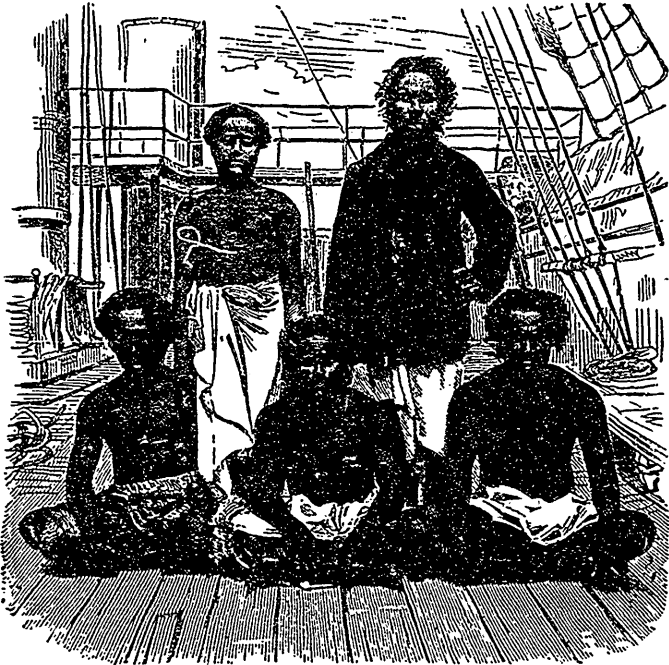
Why tarry life and light so long ?  
Why have not May and August met ?  
Why trembles right and triumphs wrong ?  
The time of harvest is not yet.

THE day will break, the shadows flee,  
New suns shall rise which ne'er shall set,  
Eternity is long, and we  
Can wait : the harvest is not yet:

## CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER."

BY W. J. J. SPRY, R.N.

## VI.



NATIVES OF TONGATABU, FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

THE special object of our visit to New Zealand was to ascertain the oceanic section between Sydney and Wellington. The information obtained removes the last elements of uncertainty in the matter of submarine telegraphy between Australia and New Zealand, for during some time past the Governments of the respective colonies have been negotiating on this subject. The soundings show that the depths increase gradually after leaving Sydney, but that the extreme deepness does not vary much for some hundreds of miles in mid-ocean, the water again decreasing as the coast of New Zealand is approached. For the greater part of the way across, the bottom was found to be very favourable for the repose of a light cable, it being composed of mud and

sand. It is only when the shores of this coast are nearly reached that the bottom becomes of a somewhat doubtful character; a stronger cable will therefore be required for the shore end. In all probability, now that these correct data have been ascertained, we shall find very shortly that New Zealand, like the Australian colonies, will be in instantaneous communication with Europe and America.

Wellington, which since 1864 has been the capital of New Zealand, the residence of the Governor (Sir James Ferguson), and seat of the Legislative Assembly, is but a small straggling city containing between 8,000 and 9,000 inhabitants. It is built almost exclusively of wood, the use of which has been found necessary, from the frequency of earthquakes. The position it occupies—lying high up in a bay—gives it a somewhat pretty appearance, surrounded as it is by mountainous land. Had the weather been fine during our stay, there were several interesting spots round Wellington that might have been visited.

Perhaps no two countries in the world, within such a short distance of each other, are so wholly distinct as Australia and New Zealand. The latter is of volcanic origin: hence high mountainous cliffs surround it on almost every side; a chain of mountains runs through the length of both islands from north to south; hot springs abound, often close to glaciers and eternal snows; earthquakes are common, and active volcanoes are not unknown. The climate is damp and stormy, and the land is covered with tangled masses of jungle and tree-fern. In addition to all this, even the very fossils are dissimilar, as are the fauna and flora. Australia (South and West) possesses a semi-tropical climate, for there is as great a variety between Sydney and the island towns as between the midland counties of England and the moors of Scotland. Although tropical plants grow in the gardens of Sydney, a short run by rail is sufficient to reach a climate where British fruits, flowers, and grasses are cultivated with great success.

Here we remained, in this proverbially wet port, for ten days, and at length left somewhat suddenly on the afternoon of the 6th July, although it was blowing very fiercely from the north-west at the time.

At daylight on the 19th land was in sight, and as we proceeded, we were soon almost surrounded with islands and small

rocks, some only giving indication of their position by the surf breaking over them: many are not more than 30 or 40 feet above the surface, but in most cases are covered with dense vegetation. Eoa Island was passed at 11, and by noon we came to anchor off Tongatabu, the principal island in the Friendly group.

We were soon surrounded with canoes and natives, who were indeed fine fellows, of a light brown complexion. These people have been described as the flower of the Polynesian race, and those alongside seem worthy of the title.

The town of Nukalofa, off which we anchored, is prettily situated in a bread-fruit and cocoa-nut grove, which gives it a pleasing shady appearance, and yet is sufficiently open to admit the cool refreshing breezes of the trade-winds. Facing the sea are the Government offices, the residence of the king, the governor, etc., while the native houses are prettily situated in a valley at the back. The houses are lightly constructed of bamboo and palm leaves, and are, for the most part, surrounded with little inclosures, shut in by fences made of cocoa-nut fibre and leaves, shaded by bread-fruit and other varieties of tropical trees of luxuriant foliage.

We had frequent opportunities of seeing the king, who, since embracing Christianity, has taken the name of George Tabu; he and his queen, Charlotte, expressed a wish during our stay to have their portraits taken. This was attended to, and for the occasion their Majesties were got up in regal attire: George I., in naval uniform coat, with four gold lace stripes surmounted with a crown, and laced trousers; while Queen Charlotte was attired in a light muslin costume of European make. His Majesty is a tall, hale old gentleman, at least eighty years of age, who doubtless during his early days saw much fighting, and was probably mixed up with most stirring affairs in his native land. But since embracing Christianity, he has continued to devote himself to the business of State and the improvement of his subjects.

The Tongans have by some travellers been styled the Anglo-Saxons of the South Seas. They are a fine race, tall, robust, and of a lighter complexion than the inhabitants of the adjacent isles; they have little or no beard, their noses are somewhat flat with wide nostrils, yet many of the men and women might pass for handsome types. The women follow the fashion of men, cutting

their hair very short, and staining it with chinam, which gives it a reddish tinge.

The dress of both sexes is made of similar material, but is differently arranged. The fabric (*tapa*) is made from the bark of a tree extensively cultivated throughout the islands, and is beaten out with a wooden mallet about a foot long and two or three inches thick. The bark is at first soaked for a couple of days in water, and is usually so prepared in strips of from two to three feet in length, and from one to three inches in width; it is then laid on a beam about ten feet long, and about one foot in breadth and thickness, supported at each end, a few inches from the ground, on a couple of stones, so as to allow a certain amount of vibration. Two or three women generally sit at the same work: each places her strip of bark transversely on the beam, and while beating with her right hand, with her left she moves it to and fro, so that every part becomes alike. The grooved sides of the mallet are used first, the finishing touches being given with the smooth side. In the course of half an hour it is brought to a sufficient degree of thinness. Piece after piece is thus made, and eventually stuck together. Many I saw were from 40 to 50 yards long by 20 wide. It is then printed on with a dye obtained by scraping the soft bark of the cocoa-tree, or the *tooi-tooi-tree*, which gives, on being pressed, a reddish brown liquid. The stamps used are made in various devices for ornamenting the native cloth. While they are at work, a very pleasing effect is produced, when the air is calm, by the beating of the *tapa*: some sound near at hand, others in the distance, but all with singular regularity, the whole producing a remarkable and agreeable sound.

The wearing of this native cloth, and consequently the manufacture of it, are ordered to be discontinued in three years' time, after which period calico is to be worn. This mandate has been given in the hope of developing the cultivation of cotton, and by so doing enrich the islands; but probably it will be difficult to induce the natives to give up their old usages and customs.

Before leaving I had an opportunity of visiting the native church, which is prettily situated on the top of the highest hill. It is a neat-looking building, consisting of a nave and two aisles: the frame-work of the roof is cocoa-nut tree, supported on columns of hard wood, and thatched with palm-leaves. About

a dozen windows on each side light the building. Benches are provided to seat about eight hundred. There is a fine pulpit, and a good-sized organ, which was well played by one of the natives. The sermon was preached by a Tongan, and the singing was very good.

Public schools are giving most satisfactory results and a large proportion of the rising generation can both read and write.

Near the church door is a monumental stone, which has recently been erected to the memory of Captain Croker, R.N., of H.M.S. *Favourite*, who was killed by the natives in an attack on Bea, in June 1840. Its history as told in the school-books here, is that "the natives of Bea continuing their heathen practices, and resisting all the efforts of the missionaries to change their evil ways, the king, who was a zealous convert about this time, sought the assistance of the captain of an English man-of-war then in port to chastise these idolaters, and so help convert them by the aid of the sword." Captain Croker landed; taking two field-pieces with him and a number of blue-jackets and marines. The village is about five miles from the anchorage, and it seems that on their arrival they found that the natives had fortified it with an earth embankment. The assault was led by Captain Croker, it is said, with sword in one hand and Bible in the other. However, very early in the engagement, he received a mortal wound from an arrow, several of his followers were killed or wounded, and the cannon captured; the English retreating, without at all assisting the mission. The old king remembers all this, and has caused the monument to be erected.

On the 22nd July we got under weigh, and passing without the reefs, stood away to the westward. At daylight on the 24th we found ourselves in the midst of a number of beautiful islands all girt with white circling reefs. Each island had its own peculiar beauty, covered as it was with luxuriant vegetation. About mid-day we stopped off *Matuki*, which is one of the southernmost of the Fiji group. A large party landed with rifles, and got excellent sport in the forests, while the vessel cruised backwards and forwards dredging, and some excellent hauls were made. Numbers of islands were scattered about, each possessing some peculiar charm. But the eye, as well as the mind, felt greater satisfaction as we approach the Island of *Ovalau*, which, on nearing, had more the appearances of civiliza-



tion about it than the others. It is also the highest, most broken, and most picturesque. On the 28th we were off the harbour, which is surrounded with detached coral reefs, over which the surf was breaking in white foam: passing through an opening only 800 or 900 feet wide, we reached the anchorage, with its shallow, clear, and still water, affording as great a contrast as possible to the dark turbulent waves outside. The town is much larger than one would at first imagine: a row of stores, hotels, etc., occupies a position fronting the beach, while many of the better class of residences are situate on the side of the hill.

Nature seems to have been very bountiful in distributing her vegetable treasures to these islands, and annexation by the English Government seems to be the one great thing to be desired,\* for colonial produce, properly so called, such as sugar, coffee, tamarinds, tobacco, and cotton, etc., may be expected in considerable quantities as soon as the settlers have had time to devote attention to their cultivation.

From Levuka we returned to Kandavu, and here remained sufficiently long to make a survey of the anchorage (Ngolo Bay). As yet it cannot boast of the pretension of even a village. A few houses are scattered along the beach, which probably before long will assume a more important aspect. Kandavu is the southwesternmost of the Fiji Islands, and, except around its highest mountains, cultivation or its traces can be seen in all directions.

A walk in the interior was very enjoyable, although requiring great exertion from the rough roads. Walking was occasionally all the more awkward from the number of roots and the slippery mud. The scene that presented itself was beautiful; the picturesque valleys of the adjacent islands lay in full view beneath, exhibiting here and there spots of cultivated ground, with groves of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees; while in all directions were native houses, perched on apparently inaccessible cliffs overlooking small domains. The detached reefs could be traced for miles by the water breaking over them, until they were lost in the haze. I called on my way at many of the natives' houses, and was always received with marked hospitality. In one place the inmates had recently had their hair dressed for some coming festival; it had been washed in lime-water so as to make it frizzed, and then dyed in various colours and arranged in

\* Since this was written, it has become a British colony.

different ways. Several days must have been spent in getting these extraordinary head-dresses into shape; and for fear of again disarranging them they are content to sleep on a pillow made of a length of bamboo, on two short cross-legs, so constructed that no European could rest his head for five minutes without suffering dreadful pain.

The natives are a fine race, and doubtless possess many good qualities; formerly they were pre-eminently bloodthirsty, ferocious, and cruel. Cannibalism was then indulged in to an incredible extent; and this not from mere satisfaction of revenge, but to satisfy appetite, friend, relation, or foe equally affording food to the most powerful. These degrading features, however, are rapidly passing away, under the influences of the christianising efforts of the missionaries, who have been engaged amongst them since 1835.

On the 18th it was decided to proceed for Torres Straits, distant 1,500 miles, and having a capital breeze after us, the land was soon out of sight. During the stay off the island frequent casts of the trawl were made in 50 fathoms, but there was nothing of interest obtained.

On the 21st we sounded in 2,325 fathoms, and on the 24th in 2,450 fathoms. We were now off the Louisiade Archipelago, and might fairly be said to have entered the Coral Sea—a most expressive and appropriate name for this dangerous part of the Pacific. Stretching away from here in a north-west direction are the Great Barrier Reefs, which are probably the grandest and most extraordinary coralline structures existing in any part of the world. A turbulent sea is constantly rolling and causing a very heavy surf to break over the numberless islets and reefs with which the Coral Sea is studded; and which, therefore, makes this passage very dangerous, notwithstanding all the recent surveys which have been made.

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BE near me when all else is from me drifting;  
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
 The love which answers mine!

## CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINSTREL OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. S. B. DUNN.

## VI.—THE PRECENTOR OF THE SANCTUARY.

“ His priests shall mix their hymns with mine,  
 His goodness to record ;  
 And all Jerusalem shall join  
 With me to praise the Lord.”

—*Samuel Wesley, Sen.*

“ The lark, precentor of their choir,  
 Leading them higher still and higher.”

AMONG poetic compositions the hymn occupies a unique and peculiar place. It is not every poem, even though it be sacred and religious, that is necessarily a hymn. The essential thing in this pearl of rhythmic thought is not sparkle of fancy, nor picturesqueness of form, nor yet that crystallization of doctrinal truth which would make it distinctly didactic. Its function for the most part is to express religious feeling. In its nature, therefore, the hymn is a *sursum corda*—a breathing of the soul to God. “ People cannot *think* and sing ; they can only *feel* and sing.” A careful attention to this profound remark will help the student of hymnic literature to determine the relative merit of the Church’s minstrels.

Now hymn-writing, is not an art of recent date. Nor is singing, as a religious exercise, a modern innovation. The heathen Pliny, in his celebrated letter to Trajan, states concerning the primitive Christians, that “ they were accustomed on a stated day to meet before daylight and to repeat among themselves a hymn to Christ as to a God.” Some high authorities have professed to find in the Apostolic writings indications of Christian hymns which were used at the very beginning of the Church. The earliest uninspired Christian hymn at present known dates back to the end of the second, or the beginning of the third century of our era and bears the name of Clement of Alexandria, although St. Hilary, of the fourth century, is said to have been the first to compose hymns for the service of the Church. Since then hymn-writing has been successfully accomplished by such men as Gregory, the

two Bernards, Luther and many others. But to Watts belongs the honour of being "the father of the English hymn." He was the first of our poets that successfully applied his talents to such lyrical compositions as are adapted to the use and edification of Christian assemblies. During his lifetime he sent out from the ark of his genius to initiate a new era of sacred song, not one, but some eight hundred of these white-winged, lyric messengers. Many have since taken up Watts' "harp of solemn sound," attempting similar flights of heart music, and among them such skilled minstrels as Doddridge, Montgomery, Bonar, Ken and Keble. Nor is Methodism unrepresented in this Christian choir. On the contrary it is "a nest of singing birds." When Charles Wesley died, a poor woman in her grief exclaimed in a tone of despair: "Ah! who will *poetry* for us now!" Thank God, some at least of his successors have learned his note, not the least of whom are Thomas Olivers, "the consecrated cobbler;" W. M. Bunting, whose cultured soul cut through its frail scabbard all too soon; the sainted Morley Punshon, of silver tongue; and our own Dr. Dewart.

Watts was in the decline of life when Wesley was in his prime. He was sixty-four years when our poet was converted and began his career of hymn-writing. The sun of one singer was fast sinking in its western sky when that of the other was just beginning to kindle its eastern horizon into the blush of dawn. Whether these two matchless hymnists ever met in this world it is hard to say. One thing, however, is certain, they have long since met in yonder world, and are perhaps the sweetest chorists before the throne.

More than one incident identifies the immortal Watts with Methodism. Did he not give our sainted founder words to die with in the lines,

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

It was while repeating Watts' sublime stanza,

"Thee, while the first archangel sings,"

that the eloquent Dr. Joseph Beaumont fell dead in the pulpit in Waltham Street Chapel, Hull, in the year 1855. And so long as Watts' masterpiece, "My God, the spring of all my joys," continues to mount upwards from the assembled myriads of our Israel, his name will never want for a memorial among us.

And yet, fully recognizing Watts' commanding merit, the first place among hymnists must be accorded to Charles Wesley, the Precentor of the Sanctuary. Dr. Johnson questioned Watts' claim to stand in the first class of genius. "His poems," he says, "are by no means his best works; I cannot praise his poetry itself highly; but I can praise its design." Now, the superior merit of our minstrel's compositions over all others lies partly in their warmth of feeling, each one being beyond all comparison, a child of the heart, having its birth in the heart and its cradle in the heart and its home in the heart; and partly in their unrivalled adaptation to the use of singing.

Christianity, it is well known, is the only *singing* religion in the world. The reason is, song is the outcome of religious joy, and Christianity alone can open up the experience in the soul, or cause this bird of Paradise to pour forth its heaven-taught melodies in full-throated ease. And if it is one of its divinest credentials, it is no less one of its most potent weapons. "The devil doesn't like singing" any more now than when Luther said so. In times of conflict this great Reformer used to say, "Come, let us sing the forty-sixth Psalm." It was this excellent Psalm that gave him the key-note of his magnificent Reformation hymn:

"A mighty fortress is our God."

In point of fact, Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Scriptures, for he *sang* his Protestantism into the hearts of the common people while he was nailing his theses to the cathedral doors and thundering defiance in the teeth of papal tyranny.

"It is remarkable," says Cotton Mather, "that when the kingdom of God has been making any new appearance, a mighty zeal for singing has attended it and assisted it." The great epochs of the Church have all been marked by a fresh outburst of song. Especially was this the case in the Wesleyan revival of the last century. Dr. Stoughton, in his "Religion in England," remarks of Methodism: "Perhaps no other Church has ever lived and moved and had its being in such an atmosphere of sacred song." The newly-quickenened life of that movement blossomed forth like flowers of May in its matchless hymns. The Wesleys were firm believers in singing, as is evident from the fact that sixty-two distinct poetical publications, original and selected, came from their pen, some of which during their lifetime passed through

more than twenty editions. For ten years the two brothers published their poetical works jointly; but in 1749, our minstrel made his first separate venture in his "Hymns and Sacred Poems" by which he realized the gross sum of upwards of two thousand eight hundred dollars.

Who can estimate how much the hymns of Methodism have contributed towards the marked improvement that has characterized the Church's service of song during the lapse of a hundred years? And there was great need for such improvement. "We pray like Christians," once observed the poet Coleridge, "but we sing like Jews."

The Wesleys could pardon almost anything if only the people would "sing with the Spirit." On one occasion John Wesley was conducting a service when one of the congregation was singing out of tune. "John," said the preacher, "you do not sing in tune." The offender was silent for a while, but soon began again. The rebuke was repeated. "Please sir," said the man, "I sing with my heart." "Then sing on," said Wesley. May the day be very remote when Methodism shall decline in the simplicity and unction of its psalmody. It was a canon of Carlyle's, "You may judge how a man would fight by the way in which he sings." Methodism will never turn back in the day of battle, or be found anywhere but in the front, bravest of the brave, so long as she maintains her pre-eminence in the matter of singing. Her hymns are her martial airs, her drum-beats and her bugle calls; and under their inspiration her battalions, in serried ranks, shall march from end to end of Wesley's *parish*, leaving in her wake as the proudest symbol of her triumph that scriptural holiness which it is her mission to spread.

With our minstrel, singing was both an instinct and a passion. Unlike ordinary mortals he came into the world without a cry. He was not ordained to cry but to sing. "After preaching at Kennington on 'Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden,' I concluded," he says in his journal, "with singing an invitation to sinners." When riding with criminals to the place of execution it was frequently his practice to sing all the way. Singing was his recourse in extremity. A school-master on one occasion sought to drown his voice: "We had recourse," he says, "to singing which quite spoiled his oration." Four constables were once ordered to arrest him, and hearing of it, he began singing on his way to preach:

"Shall I for fear of feeble man,  
The Spirit's course in me restrain," etc.

Borne away by violent hands to a neighbouring pond to be "ducked," he broke out with :

"Angels of God, whate'er betide,  
Thy summons I obey."

Indeed, persecution called forth the sweetest note, as the prick of a thorn is said to start the nightingale into song. The least thing sets his muse agoing. A match kindles it into flame just as effectually as a torch. "I saw a piece of ground," he tells us, "given us by a dissenter to build a meeting-house upon, and consecrated it by a hymn." In a word, he realizes in his own life his own lines ;

"Not one but all our days below,  
Let us in hymns employ ;"

and is a worthy son of a family in whose educational arrangements praise formed a prominent feature, and of a mother whose dying counsel was : "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God," which was done in the hymn beginning :

"Blessing, honour, thanks and praise,  
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee."

Now, can it be wondered at that such a tuneful genius as Charles Wesley should have ripened into the phenomenal musical talent of his children ? His first-born child was a marvel of precocity, having at the age of twelve months both sung a tune and beaten time. Four months later it died. It was on the anniversary of this child's death that our poet wrote :

"Hail the sad, memorable day  
On which my Isaac's soul took wing !  
With us he would no longer stay,  
But soaring where archangels sing,  
Joined the congratulating quire  
And swelled their highest raptures higher.

His soul attuned to heavenly praise,  
Its strong celestial bias showed,  
And fluttering to regain its place,  
He broke the cage and reached his God ;  
He pitched in yon bright realms above,  
Where all is harmony and love."

SKIPPER GEORGE NETMAN, OF CAPLIN BIGHT;  
*A STORY OF OUT-PORT METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND.*

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

CHAPTER VII.—BLOWN OFF.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
 Deceitfully goes forth the morn.

—*Wordsworth.*

Not a twinkling star, or beacon's light  
 Abates the perils of a stormy night.

—*Ibid.*

THE next day broke brightly, though there was a haziness about the sky that told of a change of weather soon to come. The men spoke of it as they set off for the sealing-ground in the early morning, and warned one another gravely against going too far from land. All the forenoon, the wind kept edging around, and the ice slackening off the shore. Still, it was close enough to get off upon, and the men were eagerly making the most of their time to secure a few more seals before it started altogether. Towards afternoon, those who came in from the furthest distance brought news that outside the ice was breaking up and running off very quickly, and as the day advanced, the men came in very weary and wet, and spoke of the difficulty they had experienced in getting along. Finally several came in without any seals, and told how they had been obliged to leave their tows behind, the ice being so bad and broken that they could not haul them.

As the day wore on, Burton's Pinch and the adjacent high lands were filled with people, anxiously watching the fast loosening ice, on which the increasing wind was now telling rapidly. Many stragglers came in, in twos and threes, to the edge of the ice, and were brought safely ashore, until at length only four remained to be accounted for—William Netman, a smart lad of eighteen; his brother John, a couple of years younger; Richard Tuffin, a son of Uncle Tommy's, and another young man named Henry Burton. These had come in early, with seals, and had started out again. They had been seen about noon going towards the seals, but no one had seen or spoken with them since.

It was now growing dusk, the wind had freshened considerably,



and every now and then a light snow squall swept across the hills. Still, the anxious crowds stood peering into the fast-growing darkness. At length a party of men were observed coming towards the edge of the ice, and expectation was high that the missing ones had come, but it was a company of four from a settlement further up the bay, who had just managed to get opposite Caplin Bight as the ice drifted past. As night closed in, the little harbour was full of lamentation. It seemed as if the joyous, active life of the morning had gone out in the terrible anxiety and agony of the evening.

Poor old Uncle Tommy Tuffin was weeping like a child, as Mr. Fairbairn called at his house. "I was afeared of this, sir, I was afeared of this," he said, mournfully. "I said to 'ee yesterday I was afeared th' wind would come around an' blow th' ice off afore th' lads got ashore, all of 'em. I didn't think, though, my poor boy would be caught. The good Lord have mercy upon him. O my boy, my poor boy."

The minister tried to soothe the old man's grief, which was touching to see, and then went on to Skipper George Netman's, two of whose sons were among the missing. He found the house full of dismay. The aged grandmother sat rocking herself by the fireside, the tears trickling over her wrinkled cheeks, and her lips moving in prayer. By the table, on which lay the untouched evening meal sat the mother, her face buried in her hands, while the younger children, awe-stricken and subdued, were sitting in a group by their mother's side.

Mrs. Netman looked up as the minister entered. "O Mr. Fairbairn," she exclaimed, "I am so glad you've come. You've heard of the dreadful thing that's happened. My two poor boys are lost on the ice," and she burst out into uncontrollable weeping. "Gone, gone," she moaned, "my two bright, beautiful boys. Here in this very room with me a few hours ago, and now, oh where?"—and she shuddered as she spoke. "Poor little Jack," she continued, "came up and kissed me, just as they left, and told little Polly there he would try to bring her home a pretty white-coat to play with. O my boys, my boys; my precious boys."

"Dear Mrs. Netman," said the minister, gently, "you will injure yourself by giving way like that. It may not be so bad as you suppose. You know they may have got to land further down shore. At all events they are in God's hands. Where's

the master?" he continued, after a pause; "I thought I should find him here."

"Down at the stage, sir, getting a skiff ready to go and look for them. Sit down, sir. He'll be in directly. Ah, here he is." As she spoke her husband entered the room, his usually quiet face showing the strain that was on his mind. He grasped silently the minister's outstretched hand, and the latter said, "Oh, Mr. Netman, this is a dreadful thing that has happened."

"Terrible, sir, terrible. I'm like a man beside myself at times. Thank God, though, I haven't given up all hope. He helps me to stand it.—Sarah, get me my other boots, and a pair of mitts; quick now, like a good maid; I mustn't wait a minute. The men are all ready."

"You're not going without eating anything, surely, George?" said his wife.

"Eating, my dear? I can't eat much, but I'll have a bite and a cup of tea, just to please you. The men have had theirs."

"Where are you going then, Skipper George?" said the minister.

"Down shore, sir. The ice is well off, up here, but it's penned in down further, and, may be, the lads got in somewhere between here and Clarke's Point. Anyhow, I've got a couple of cod-seine skiffs myself, and there are four other boats from the harbour, and we're going to try all along the shore if we can find any tidings of them. We'll get off to the edge of the ice, if there's no sign of them between here and the Point. Please God, we may find the poor fellows; but the ice ran out so fast that I'm terribly afraid they went too far, and are driven off. My poor boys, my poor boys! What did I let you go for! Good-bye, Mr. Fairbairn, you'll pray for us I know. I'd be glad if you could stay in the house a little while after we go. My poor wife is almost broken-hearted, and I'm afraid of her giving way altogether when I leave. I didn't like to ask you while she was in the room."

"I'll stay a while, Mr. Netman, I'll stay a while. I'll send word home to Mrs. Fairbairn, so that she won't be uneasy."

"Thank you, sir. Good-bye."

"I'll walk down to the stage with you, Skipper George, and see you off."

As the two went down to the stage together, the minister tried

to give the poor stricken father a word of encouragement and hope, though inwardly his heart sank at the thought of the terrible danger of the missing young men. Unless they had already reached land, there was little hope of their ever being rescued, and he knew how true was Skipper George's words.

"There's not much hope, sir, unless they've already got ashore somewhere, but we'll do our best, and we won't give up what hope there is until we're obliged. If they haven't got ashore they may get to the weather edge of the ice, and if we can get out to it there's a bare chance still of our finding them. The wind is dropping a goodish bit already and isn't quite as much off-shore as it was a couple of hours ago."

The rest of the crew were already aboard the skiff which lay tossing at the stage-head, and the light of half a dozen lanterns showed a score or two of persons assembled to see them off. Poor old Uncle Tommy was there, his white hair blowing about, and his weather-beaten and sorrow-pinched face looking more wrinkled than ever.

"God bless 'ee, Skipper George," he cried as the latter stepped on board the boat, and took the steering-oar. "God grant you may find 'em and bring 'em back. I know you'll do it, if you can. The wind's droppin', thank the Lord."

"Good-bye, Uncle Tommy. Don't stop praying for us. We'll do all we can.—Cast off there, Rob. Now, boys, give way; we must catch up to the other boats before they get outside."

Many a word of cheer and many a fervent "God be with you" followed the boat as she swiftly disappeared in the darkness, and then the people went back quickly to their homes.

Mr. Fairbairn lingered behind after the others had gone, listening to the beat of the oars as the boat rowed out to the harbour-mouth. The snow-squalls had ceased, but the night was pitch-dark, and the wind, though not nearly so strong as it had been, was still blowing freshly. The water was ebbing and flowing noisily on the beach, and gurgling around the posts on which the stage was built, while out in the harbour it was beating with a continuous lap—lap—lap, against the sides of the schooners, anchored at their winter moorings. The lights in the fishermen's houses seemed to twinkle like so many stars, while, here and there, a moving flash showed where lanterns were being used on the stages. It was very solemn and still—such a contrast

to the scene of the preceding day, when he had had the chat on the beach with Uncle Tommy. Then, a broad white field had stretched for miles into the offing, traversed by busy feet, as safely as if a part of solid land; now not a fragment of ice was to be seen; then, the joyous hum of active and eager life filled the air; now it was dreary and dark, as with the shadow of death. How night and sorrow make it seem strange that there ever could have been day and joy. Yesterday now seemed years ago, so far away and shadowy and dream-like and unreal. The minister's heart was full as he stood there alone. He could still hear the measured rhythm of the oars of the receding boats, throbbing distinctly through the air, and he listened till at length it grew more and more faint, and finally died away in the far distance. How would they come back? How would they come back? And, as the wind sighed over the hills, and whistled among the rigging of the anchored schooners, his thoughts went out to the poor young fellows, at that very moment, it might be, in deadly peril on the treacherous ice, far out in the darkness of that lonely night.

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CHAPTER VIII.—AN ANXIOUS NIGHT.

Is any afflicted? Let him pray.

—*St. James.*

O hear us when we cry to Thee,  
For those in peril on the sea.

—*Whiting.*

When Mr. Fairbairn went back to the house, he found the large kitchen nearly full of people, for the neighbours had, as by one consent and bound by a common tie of interest and solicitude, clustered around those whose anxiety was naturally the greatest. Old Mrs. Netman sat still by the fireside a little apart from all the rest, her hands folded quietly on her lap, and her face, slightly uplifted, bore an expression of rest, as with eyes closed, and lips every now and then tremulously whispering a prayer, she seemed oblivious of all that was passing around her. Skipper George's wife sat earnestly talking to a young woman who was weeping bitterly, and whom the minister recognized as the sister of Henry Burton, one of the missing men. Uncle Tommy was sitting not far from her, his hands clasped upon the handle of his walking-

stick, and his head bent forward upon them. The others were sitting about the room silent, or conversing in subdued tones. The strain of a great suspense was visible on nearly every face, and a nervous excitement that sought outlet in change of position or rapid speech.

"Dear friends," said the minister, quietly, after a few minutes' conversation with the mistress of the house, "we cannot go and search for our dear missing ones, but we can do something else to help them and those who have gone to look for them. You remember that when Peter was in prison, and his life in danger, 'prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him,' and God heard and answered the prayer. Our loved ones are not beyond His help, neither are we beyond His sympathy and care. Has He not said, 'Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me?' Has He not bidden us to cast our burden on Him, with the promise that He will sustain us? Let us ask our Heavenly Father in this time of anxiety, if it be His will, to save our friends and to give us strength and grace to say, 'Thy will be done,' whatever that will may be. Let us pray." And then in an earnest prayer, emphasized by the sobs and ejaculations of the little company, Mr. Fairbairn commended the missing ones to God, praying that, if it were His will, they might reach their homes again; that those who had gone to seek them might be under Divine guidance and care; and that those left in such terrible anxiety might have patience and trust to bear the present burden, and to meet the future whatever it might bring forth to them. Then, rising, he gave out the well-known hymn commencing,

Commit thou all thy griefs  
And ways into His hands,  
To His sure truth and tender care,  
Who earth and heaven commands,

and with full hearts and broken voices they sang it through. "Will two of you now lead us in prayer?" said the minister, and they knelt again. For a moment or two there was silence, and then a tremulous voice, broken by frequent sobs, was lifted up in prayer. It was Uncle Tommy's. "O Blessed Lord," he cried, "Thou art the hearer and the answerer of prayer. Thou hast told us that, like as a father pitieth his chil'ern so th' Lord pitiet' them

that fear Him. Thou seest us here. Thou knowest what we want. Save the poor boys out on the ice, Blessed Lord. Save 'em from bein' blown off, if it please Thee. Show 'em how to git to land. Make the dark night bright before 'em. Give 'em courage, Lord. Give 'em faith. Help 'em to look to Thee. An', O Lord, bless them that's gone to look for 'em. Do Thou go wi' 'em. Do Thou lead 'em to th' right place an' at the right time. O Father, be Thou their pilot. May they come back safe. May they come back bringin' the lost ones wi' 'em, safe and sound. But if not, O our Heavenly Father, if not"—here the poor old man's voice broke almost completely down—"help us to say, 'Thy will be done,' help us to see that Thy will is best and to leave it all wi' Thee."

The next to pray was Mrs. Netman, and a thrill of sympathy ran through the room, as her voice broke the stillness that followed Uncle Tommy's prayer: "Heavenly Father, I plead with Thee for my children. O take them not from me, if it please Thee. Thou knowest that I love them. Thou knowest how I love them. They are Thine, Blessed Lord. I have given them to Thee; Thou knowest I have, and I thank Thee that I know Thou hast accepted the offering. I have sought to train them for Thee, for Thy service. Shall their young lives be cut short? Shall they fail of the promise of which they were so full? God forbid. Father forbid. Restore them, if it please Thee. May those who are seeking them find them, and bring them home in safety. Father, not my will be done, but Thine: Thy will of infinite tenderness and wisdom. Thy will be done. Help me to say it, whatever happens; help us all to say it. Thou knowest, Lord, how hard it is to say it, when the cup is bitter, but help us to say it, now and always." As the mother's voice, full of the intense longing and pathos of her anxiety and love, rose and fell, in the simple petitions of her prayer, the effect was indescribable; and after she had ceased the people still remained upon their knees, bowed in silence before God, until, at length, the minister began the hymn, "Thy will be done," and, still kneeling, the people prayed rather than sang the sweet and solemn words:—

O teach me from my heart to say  
Thy will be done.

Other prayers followed, and for nearly two hours the sound of

prayer and praise went up from that company of anxious men and women. Then, with whispered words of sympathy and cheer to those chiefly interested, they dispersed, one by one, until at length only Uncle Tommy and Mary Burton remained. For these as for the Netmans sleep was of course out of the question, and they had agreed to spend the night together. Mr. Fairbairn too remained, to stay up with them, feeling that his place was with these anxious ones in their hour of terrible suspense.

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PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

There is no heart, however free and lightsome,  
But has its bitterness :  
No earthly hopes, however bright and blithesome,  
But ring of emptiness.

The world is full of suffering and sorrow,  
Of anguish and of despair ;  
Its brightest promises are of to-morrow,  
Its mockeries everywhere.

Our weary hearts, with slow and sad pulsation,  
Beat to the march of years ;  
Their days are given to toil without cessation,  
Their gloomy nights to tears.

But let us wait in patience and submission  
The will of our great King—  
Remembering this, through all our earthly mission—  
Perfect through suffering.

Then cease, O foolish heart, cease thy repining ;  
The Master's hand above  
Is only purifying and refining—  
The Alchemist is Love.

These tears and thrills of woe, these great afflictions,  
Are but the chastening rod ;  
And they shall prove the heavenly benedictions,  
The mercies of our God.

What seemeth now a dark and dreary vision  
Unto our tear-dimmed eyes,  
Shall burst in glory into scenes elysian,  
A blooming Paradise.

Then cease, O foolish heart, cease thy repining ;  
Hope ! Lift thy drooping wing ;  
The pain is one of God's all-wise designing—  
Perfect through suffering.

## CISSAHA.—A CALIFORNIA SKETCH.\*

BY THE REV. O. P. FITZGERALD.

I FIRST noticed him one night at a prayer-meeting at Sonora, in the Southern Mines, in 1855. He came in timidly, and took a seat near the door. His manner was reverent, and he watched the exercises with curious interest, his eyes following every gesture of the preacher, and his ears losing not a word that was said or sung. I was struck with his peculiar physiognomy as he sat there with his thin, swarthy face, his soft, sad, black eyes, and long black hair. I could not make him out; he might be Mexican, Spanish, Portuguese, "Kanaka," or what not. He waited until I passed out at the close of the meeting, and, bowing very humbly, placed half a dollar in my hand, and walked away. This happened several weeks in succession, and I noticed him at church on Sunday evenings. He would come in after the crowd had entered, and take his place near the door. He never failed to hand me the half dollar at the close of every service, his dark, wistful-looking eyes lighting up with pleasure as I took the coin from his hand. He never waited to talk, but hurried off at once. My curiosity was excited, and I began to feel special interest in this strange-looking foreigner.

I was sitting one morning in the little room on the hill-side, which was at once dining-room, parlour, bed-chamber, and study, when, lifting my eyes a moment from the book I was reading, there stood my strange foreigner in the door.

"Come in," I said kindly.

Making profound salaams, he rushed impulsively toward me, exclaiming in broken English—

"My good brahmin! My good brahmin!" with a torrent of words that I could not understand.

I invited him to take a seat, but he declined. He looked flush and excited, his dark eyes flashing. I soon found that he could understand English much better than he could speak it himself.

"What is your name?" I asked.

\* Reprinted from a volume of graphic sketches published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, Nashville, Tenn.



"Cissaha," he answered, accenting strongly the last syllable.

"Of what nation are you?" was my next question.

"Me Hindoo—me good caste," he added rather proudly.

After gratifying my curiosity by answering my many questions, he told his business with me. It was with great difficulty that I could make out what he said; his pronunciation was sadly imperfect at best, and when he talked himself into an excited state, his speech was a terrible jargon of confused and strange sounds. The substance of his story was, that, though belonging to a caste which was above such work, necessity had forced him to take the place of a cook in a miner's boarding-house at a notorious camp called aptly Whisky Hill, which was about three miles from Sonora. After six months' service, the proprietor of the establishment had dismissed him with no other pay than a bogus title to a mining claim. When the poor fellow went to take possession, the rightful owners drove him away with many blows and much of that peculiarly emphatic profanity for which California was rather noted in those early days. On going back to his employer with the story of his failure to get possession of the mining claim, he was driven away with cursing and threats, without a dollar for months of hard work.

This was Cissaha's story. He had come to me for redress. I felt no little sympathy for him as he stood before me, so helpless in a strange land. He had been shamefully wronged, and I felt indignant at the recital. But I told him that while I was sorry for him, I could do nothing; he had better put the case in the hands of a lawyer. I suggested the name of one.

"No, no!" he said passionately; "you my good brahmin; you go Whisky Hill, you make Flank Powell pay my money!"

He seemed to think that as a teacher of religion I must be invested also with some sort of authority in civil matters. I could not make him understand that this was not so.

"You ride horse, me walk; Flank Powell see my good brahmin come, he pay money," urged Cissaha.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, I told him I would go with him. He bowed almost to the floor, and the tears which had flowed freely as he told his tale of wrongs were wiped away.

As we proceeded I could not help feeling that I was on a sort of fool's errand. It was certainly a new *role* for me. But my sympathy had been excited, and I fortified myself by repeating

mentally all those scriptures of the Old and New Testaments which enjoin kindness to strangers.

I found that Cissaha was well known in the camp, and that he was generally liked. Everybody seemed to know how he had been treated, and the popular feeling was on his side. Several parties confirmed his statement of the case in every particular. Walking along among the mining claims, with a proud and confident air, he would point to me, saying—

“There my good brahmin—he make Flank Powell pay my money now.”

“Powell is a rough customer,” said a tall young fellow from New York, who stood near the trail with a pick in his hand; “he’ll give you trouble before you get through with him.”

Cissaha only shook his head in a knowing way and hastened on, keeping my sorrel in a brisk little trot.

A stout and ill-dressed woman was standing in the porch of Mr. Powell’s establishment as I rode up.

“Is Mr. Powell at home?” I asked.

“Yes, he is in the house,” she said dryly, scowling alternately at Cissaha and me.

“Please tell him that I would like to see him.”

She went into the house after giving us a parting angry glance, and in a few minutes Mr. Powell made his appearance. He looked the ruffian that he was all over. A huge fellow, with enormous breadth between the shoulders, and the chest of a bull, with fiery red face, blear blue eyes red at the corners, coarse sandy hair, and a villainous *tout ensemble* every way, he was as bad a specimen of my kind as I had ever met.

“What do you want with me?” he growled out after taking a look at us.

“I understand,” I answered in my blandest tones, “that there has been some difficulty in making a settlement between you and this Hindoo man, and at his request I have come over to see if I can help to adjust it.”

“—you!” said the ruffian, “if you come here meddling with my affairs I’ll knock you off that horse.”

He *was* a rough customer to look at just then.

Cissaha looked a little alarmed, and drew nearer to me.

I looked the man in the eye and answered—

“I am not afraid of any violence at your hands. You dare

not attempt it. You have cruelly wronged this poor foreigner, and you know it. Every man in the camp condemns you for it, and is ashamed of your conduct. Now, I intend to see this thing through. I will devote a year to it, and spend every dollar I can raise if necessary to make you pay this debt!"

By this time quite a crowd of miners had gathered around us, and there were unmistakable expressions of approval of my speech.

"That's the right sort of talk!" exclaimed a grizzly-bearded man in a red shirt.

"Stand up to him, parson!" said another.

There was a pause. Powell, as I learned afterward, was detested in the camp. He had the reputation of a bully and a cheat. I think he was likewise a coward. At any rate as I warmed with virtuous indignation, he cooled. Perhaps he did not like the expressions on the faces of the rough, athletic men standing around."

"What do you want me to do?" he asked in a sullen tone.

"I want you to pay this man what you owe him," I answered.

The negotiations begun, thus unpromisingly ended very happily. After making some deduction on some pretext or other, the money was paid, much to my relief and the joy of my client. Mr. Powell indulged in no parting courtesies, nor did he tender me the hospitalities of his house. I have never seen him from that day to this. I have never wished to renew his acquaintance.

Cissaha marched back to Sonora in triumph.

A few days after the Whisky Hill adventure, I had another visit from Cissaha. He had on his shoulder a miner's pick and shovel, which he laid down at my feet.

"What is that for?" I asked.

"My good brahmin look at pick and shobel, then no break, and find heap gold," said he, his face full of trust and hopefulness.

I cast a kindly glance at the implements, and did not think it worth while to combat his innocent superstition. If good wishes could have brought him good luck the poor fellow would have prospered in his search after gold.

From that time on he was scarcely ever absent from church services, never omitting to pay his half dollar; . . . More than once

I observed the tears running down his cheeks as he sat near the door, eye and ear all intent to the service.

A day or two before my departure for Conference, at the end of my two years in Sonora, Cissaha made me a visit. He looked sad and anxious.

"You go way?" he inquired.

"Yes, I must go," I answered.

"You no come back Sonora?" he asked.

"No; I cannot come back," I said.

"He stood for a moment, his chest heaving with emotion, and then said—

"Me go with you, me live where you live, me die where you die"—almost the very words of the young Moabite.

Cissaha went with us. How could I refuse to take him? At San Jose he lived with us, doing our cooking, nursing our little Paul, and making himself generally useful. He taught us to love curry and to eat cucumbers Hindoo fashion—that is, stewed with veal or chicken. He was the gentlest and most docile of servants, never out of temper, and always anxious to please. Little Paul was very fond of him, and often he would take him off in his baby-waggon, and they would be gone for hours together.

He never tired asking questions about the Christian religion, and manifested a peculiar delight in the words and life of Jesus. One day he came into my study and said—

"Me want you to make me Christian."

"I can't make you a Christian—Jesus can do it," I answered.

He looked greatly puzzled and troubled at this reply, but when I had explained the whole matter to him he brightened up and intimated that he wanted to join the Church. I enrolled his name as a probationer, and his delight was unbounded.

One day Cissaha came to me all smiling, and said—

"Me want to give all the preachers one big dinner."

"Very well," I answered; "I will let you do so. How many do you want?"

"Me want heaps preachers, table all full," he said.

He gave me to understand that the feast must be altogether his own—his money must buy everything, even to the salt and pepper for seasoning the dishes. He would use nothing that was

in the house, but bought flour, fowls, beef, vegetables, confectionery, coffee, tea, everything for the great occasion. He made a grand dinner, not forgetting the curry, and with a table full of preachers to enjoy it, he was a picture of happiness. His dark face beamed with delight as he handed around the viands to the smiling and appreciative guests. He had some Hindoo notion that there was great merit in feasting so many belonging to the brahmin caste. To him the dinner was a sort of sacrifice most acceptable to heaven.

My oriental domestic seemed very happy for some months, and became a general favourite on account of his gentle manners, docile temper, and obliging disposition. His name was shortened to "Tom" by the popular usage, and under the instructions of the mistress of the parsonage he began the study of English. Poor fellow! he never could make the sound of *f* or *z*, the former always turning to *p*, and the latter to *g*, upon his tongue. I believe there are no *p*'s or *g*'s in the Hindoostanee.

A change came over Cissaha. He became all at once moody and silent. Several times I found him in tears. Something was the matter with him, that was clear.

One afternoon the secret came out. He came into my room. There were traces of tears on his cheeks.

"I go 'way—can stay with my pather [father] no more," he said with a quiver in his voice.

"Why, what is the matter?" I asked.

"Debbil in here," he answered, touching his forehead. "Debbil tell me drink whisky; me no drink where my pather stay, so must go."

"Why, I did not know you ever drank whisky; where did you learn that?" I asked.

"Me drink with the boys at Flank Powell's—drink beer and whisky. No drink for long time, but debbil in here [touching his forehead] say *must* drink."

He was a picture of shame and grief as he stood there before me. How hard he must have fought against the appetite for strong drink since he had been with me!—and how full of shame and sorrow he was to confess his weakness to me! He told me all about it—how he had been treated to beer and whisky by the good-natured miners; and how the taste for liquor had grown on him, and how he had resisted for a time, and how he had at last

yielded to the feeling that the devil was too strong for him. That the devil was in it, he seemed to have no doubt. And truly it was so—the cruellest, deadliest of devils, the devil of drink! As a Hindoo, in his own country no strong drink had ever passed his lips. The fiery potations of Whisky Hill were too much for him.

“You should pray, Cissaha.”

“Me pray all night, but debbil too strong—me *must* drink whisky!” he said vehemently.

He left us. The parting was very sad to him and us. He had a special cry over little Paul.

After a few months he came to us. He looked seedy and sad. He had found employment, but did not stay long at a place. He had stopped awhile with a Presbyterian minister in the Sacramento Valley, and was solicited by him to join the Church.

“Me tell him no!” he said, his eyes flashing; “me tell him my pather done make me Christian; me no want to be made Christian again.”

The poor fellow was true to his first love, sad Christian as he was.

“Me drink no whisky for four, five week—me now try to stop. Give me prayer to say when debbil get in here”—touching his head.

That was what he had come for chiefly. I gave him the form of a short and simple prayer. He repeated it after me in his way until he had it by heart, and then he left.

Once or twice a year he came to see us, and always had a pathetic tale to tell of his struggles with strong drink, and the greed and violence of men who were tempted to oppress and maltreat a poor creature whose weakness invited injustice.

He told us of an adventure when acting as a sheep-herder in Southern California, whither he had wandered. A large flock of sheep which he had in charge had been disturbed in the corral a couple of nights in succession. On the third night, hearing a commotion among them, he sprang up from his bunk and rushed out to see what was the matter. But let him tell the story:

“Me run out to see what’s the matter; stars shine blight; me get into corral; sheep all bery much scared, and bery much run, and bery much jump. Big black bear jump over corral fence and come right for me. Me so flighten me know nothing, but

raise my arms, run at bear, and say, *E-e-e-e-e!*" prolonging the shrill scream and becoming terribly excited as he went on.

"Well, how did it end?" I asked.

"Me scream so loud that bear get scared too, and he turn, run bery fast, jump over corral, and run away."

We did not doubt this story. The narration was too vivid to have been invented, and that scream was enough to upset the nerves of any grizzly.

We got to looking for him at regular intervals. He would bring candies and little presents for the children, and would give a tearful recital of his experiences and take a tearful leave of us. He was fighting his enemy and still claiming to be a Christian. He said many things which showed that he had thought earnestly and deeply on religious subjects, and he would end by saying, "Jesus help me! Jesus help me!"

He came to see us after the death of our Paul, and he wept when we told him how our dear boy had lett us. He had had a long sickness in the hospital. He had before expressed a desire to go back to his own country, and now this desire had grown into a passion. His wan face was lighted up as he looked wistfully seaward from the bay-window of our cottage on the hill above the Golden Gate. He left us with a slow and feeble step, often looking back as long as he was in sight.

That was the last of Cissaha. I know not whether he is in Hindostan or the world of spirits.

#### SONNET.

HER feet were never slow in love's sweet labours,  
 She gave her lands as Dorcas did of old,  
 To clothe and bless the poor; all were her neighbours;  
 Her eye and heart were eager all to hold.  
 But now her willing feet are very weary,  
 Her slender hands are pale and nerveless grown;  
 She cannot rise—yet think not days are dreary  
 With her. A brighter Presence than her own  
 Is ever with her, watching, soothing, cheering,  
 And so she worketh still for others' good  
 And waiteth patiently for His appearing  
 And welcome grand; "She hath done what she could."  
 Oh, friend! In health thou taught what work might be,  
 And now in sickness-patience teachest thou to me!

## THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION AND METHODIST EDUCATION.

BY THE REV. E. HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

A PLAN for confederating the Arts Colleges and Theological Schools of Ontario around one Provincial University has been for some time before the public. The chief features of the scheme which concern us are these two:—(1) The Senate, or governing body of the University, will so largely represent the Confederating Colleges, as to give good security that it will represent the Christian sentiment of the community. (2) By means of a staff of University Professors, a large proportion of the subjects of a University course will be taught, apart from University College and the other Colleges. This University Professoriate is to teach the physical sciences, the most increasingly expensive department of University work, and a number of other branches. To these lectures students of all the Colleges are to have free admission. It is fairly claimed for this scheme, that it gives us as a Church the advantage of sharing in the provision which the State makes for Higher Education, while it leaves Victoria College all the rights of religious instruction, oversight, and government of its students that it ever had.

### NO GOOD REASONS AGAINST FEDERATION.

Can any good reasons be presented why Victoria should not accept the advantages of this proposed plan? Nothing that I have heard, or read, can be regarded as of that character. Nearly all who oppose the movement indulge more in sentimental than in practical considerations; and deal more largely in picturing fancied evils, than in stating relevant facts. Has it been shown, that the instruction would not be thorough and valuable? No one alleges this. Has it been shown that the moral oversight of Victoria over her students would be destroyed or defective? Nothing of the kind. Has it been shown that the influence of our College on the educational and religious life of the country would be lessened? Not at all. It would be largely increased. Has it been proved that the proposed Senate would not be worthy of confidence, or would not fairly represent the Christian sentiment of the com-



munity? No: this has not been attempted. But these are the vital points to us; and if well-founded objections cannot be maintained on these points, the opposition breaks down completely. Alarming prophecies of ruin, allegations of evil designs towards Victoria on the part of the promoters of Federation, and appeals to sectional and denominational sentiment to keep in the old ruts, must be taken for just what they are worth, which certainly is not a great deal.

#### ASSUMING THINGS WITHOUT PROOF.

I may indicate, by a few questions, the character of the main objections and arguments of the opposing brethren. Shall our future Education be Christian or Infidel? Shall our Church step down from its high position as an educating power in the country? Shall we allow ourselves to be entrapped into a position where we shall be swallowed up, or reduced to a Theological College? Shall we allow our graduates to be dishonoured by consenting to hold in abeyance the degree-conferring power of Victoria? These are fair specimens of the chief objections. But it will be evident to all intelligent persons, that these questions quietly and adroitly take for granted the very things at issue, without a particle of proof. I would answer each of these questions by squarely denying that the main thing assumed is true: *e.g.*, no one proposes any change that tends to make our future education "infidel." By Victoria accepting the scheme, we greatly increase our educational influence, and step *up* instead of *down*. No one is "entrapping" us into any position for any hostile purpose, and it is a weak thing to get up such a cry. Our graduates are in no way lowered by becoming graduates of our National University. It will be seen that the evils pictured are imaginary creations. The way in which the opponents of Federation have allowed their fancy to conjure up unreal evils, which do duty for arguments, reminds me of the story of the little girl, who used to put pieces of orange peel into cold water, and make-believe it was wine. She said: "If you make-believe very much, it's quite nice; but if you don't, you know, it seems as if it would bear a little more seasoning." If you can "make-believe very much" that all the evils conjured up are true, their objections are "quite nice;" but if you don't do this, even the most easily satisfied people will feel that the objections would bear "a little more seasoning," in the way of facts and arguments.

## SUCH A UNIVERSITY WORTHY OF OUR CONFIDENCE.

This is not a question to be settled by declamatory appeals to sectional or denominational feeling, which assume premises that cannot be proved. We must grapple with the practical issues that are forcing themselves upon us; and adopt that policy that will secure us the most help in our educational work, and that we have reason to believe will most effectually promote the influence of our Church and College in the country. It must be borne in mind, that it is not the business of the Church to teach the different branches of secular learning, any farther than this may be necessary to enable her to do her religious work more effectually. If our sons can receive instruction in their University studies through the provision made by the State, under conditions that duly guard their moral and religious life, there is no good reason why we should not allow them to share these advantages—much less, why we should pay large sums of money to keep them from enjoying them. If the opponents of Federation cannot show, by fact and argument, that the proposed arrangement—in which Victoria College will have as much religious control of her students as ever she had, and in which several of the Professors in the University department would probably be Methodists—is a bad and dangerous plan, unworthy of the confidence and patronage of Methodists, their whole opposition fails. This is the crucial question; and our opponents must meet it fairly. Is the proposed scheme, with the safeguards which the constitution of the Senate and the complete government vested in each College bestow—unworthy of the patronage and support of patriotic Methodists? I firmly believe that it is not. And not one of those who have spoken most strongly against Federation have shown, or can show, that such a University is not worthy of confidence. In fact, they keep away from this point; and prefer to declaim in an alarming manner, about the deplorable loss of prestige, the ruin, degradation and death, that Federation will cause—all of which is purely imaginary, and, in my judgment, a false alarm.

## NO REAL DISADVANTAGE IN PROPOSED CHANGES.

What changes in our past educational methods does this plan involve to justify this alarm? One might suppose, to hear, or read some of the statements given forth, that it was proposed to

virtually give up our whole educational work, and retire into obscurity forever. This is not so. Federation involves only two changes, of any account, to Victoria. (1) The instruction of our students in Physical Science, Mathematics, and some other branches, by the common University Professoriate. (2) The holding in abeyance of our right to confer degrees, except in theology. Do either of these changes involve any disadvantage that should justly excite alarm and dismay? Let us look at these points more closely. It is provided that the University Professoriate, to which students of all the Confederating Colleges shall have equally free access, shall teach the following subjects:—Pure Mathematics, Physics, Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry, Applied Chemistry, Zoology, Botany, Physiology, Ethnology, History, Italian and Spanish, Logic and Metaphysics, History of Philosophy, Political Economy and Civil Polity, Constitutional Law, Jurisprudence, Engineering. Can any man of common sense be persuaded, by the most rhetorical caricature of this scheme, that full provision in the way of buildings, Professors and apparatus, for giving efficient instruction in all these branches, is a small or insignificant thing? Can any one with whom prejudice has not mastered reason, persuade himself that it is a loss and privation for us as Methodists to share this advantage? Surely not. Yet, some good brethren are actually trying to make Methodists believe, that it would be a calamity to Methodism to put our Victoria students in a position where they can safely enjoy all this advantage, at the expense of the country, in common with their fellow-countrymen of other Churches! Such efforts assume the existence of large simplicity in those who are expected to accept such a conclusion. It will be hard to persuade our people that it is their duty and interest to refuse to avail themselves of these advantages, and to go to work and raise large sums of money to supply something that is already amply provided for by the Province.

With regard to the other change named, I ask,—Is there any real loss or disadvantage to our Church, in holding the degree-conferring power of Victoria in abeyance? Let us see. It must be borne in mind that the real object of higher education is to give mental training and valuable knowledge. This is the essential thing. The outward recognition of the fact is not so important as the fact itself. But there is no ground to say that there is not

to be ample provision for thorough education. It is, however, right and just, that those who pass successfully through the prescribed course of study should secure the formal recognition of their attainments by receiving the proper degree. This is fully provided for. The students of University College will have no advantage over those of Victoria in this respect. The best men will take the highest honours. But the students of Victoria will have the privilege of competing on a broader theatre, and of winning higher distinction, than they could otherwise have done. No one pretends that every Methodist student will not get a degree, if he deserves it. No one pretends that the degree so obtained will not count for as much in the eyes of the country as a degree from Victoria. Where, then, is the ground for the wail over departing glory and coming death? I could understand the outcry made over the non-exercise of the degree-conferring power, could it be shown that retaining this power was essential to our students getting a good education; or to their obtaining the degrees they merited; or to the prestige and value of their degree. But when nothing of this kind is even pretended, I can see neither reason nor force in appeals which assume that this change implies the ruin of our educational influence and the degradation of our students.

#### AN IMPORTANT FAILURE IN THE PAST.

The Methodist opponents of Federation quietly ignore one very essential fact in their discussion. Our past policy has failed to achieve the chief object for which Victoria has been maintained, viz., to educate, in sound religious principles, all Methodist students desiring a University education. A large proportion of the Methodist students, seeking a liberal education, have not gone to Victoria, but have gone to Toronto University. There is good ground to believe, that the causes that have led to this result will be even more powerful in the future than they have been in the past. But by Victoria coming into this scheme, all Methodist students in Toronto would be brought under Methodist influence and oversight. By remaining in Cobourg, on the old line, all this large class of Methodist students are left wholly without the religious oversight and instruction, which those who oppose Federation hold to be essential to safety and sound culture.

## AN IMPRACTICABLE PROJECT EXPLODED.

There have been some lofty words spoken about making Victoria a grand central University, with affiliated Colleges from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This may sound well or look big on paper; but that is about all there is in it. Where are the Colleges to affiliate? There is no reason to suppose that the Methodist Colleges of the Eastern Provinces, or those that may be established in the North-West, would prefer to depend on Victoria for their degrees. The scheme is not practicable. And even if such a scheme were adopted in theory, it could do nothing towards supplying Victoria's wants, or increasing her efficiency. Such a paper arrangement would yield neither students, nor financial support. Students are as necessary as money to make a successful University. Without a large patronizing population it will be impossible to secure the students for "a great Methodist University."

## UNWARRANTED PROPHECIES OF DEATH AND FAILURE.

As I have fairly answered, in my pamphlet on "University Federation," the chief objections urged against this scheme, I do not wish to go over the same ground. But there is one statement, that has been so frequently and dogmatically repeated, that it may not be amiss to refer to it again. I mean the assertion, that Victoria as an Arts College in Toronto would soon be extinguished, and reduced to a Theological School. It will be generally conceded that somebody saying this, for the purpose of disparaging the movement, proves nothing. John Wesley said, that if the Methodists forsook the Church of England, he believed God would forsake them. But he was wholly mistaken. Why must Victoria fail on the line proposed? The opponents of Federation will not deem me unreasonable, because I ask a reason for this prophetic assertion of failure and death. They should be ready to give some good reason for what they so confidently assert. People nowadays have not much confidence in the prophesying business, especially when the prophets are not altogether free from one-sided feeling.

The only reason I have heard for this predicted failure is that University College would have such a superior staff of teachers, that it would attract the students away from Victoria, if located in Toronto. Now, first of all, this assumes that better work will be done in University College than in Victoria, which I am not

disposed, without proof, to admit. The Arts work in the Colleges will be limited to Greek, Latin, French, and German, and a few other branches. What overpowering advantage would University College have over Victoria in this limited sphere? If University College had the wide range of subjects assigned to the University Professoriate, there would be some reason for the fear. But we are not competing with the University Professoriate at all. It belongs to us; its success should afford us gratification. Yet, from a confusion of thought, or some other cause, some people incorrectly argue as if Victoria's coming to Toronto, in the way proposed, implies that she will have to compete with the whole resources of the Provincial University!

But, supposing, for argument's sake, that University College will actually possess the decided superiority which these discreditable prophecies take for granted, do the brethren who take this line really suppose that this superiority can be hidden from sight, and exercise no influence on Methodist students, if Victoria is only kept at Cobourg? Will there be no need for a high standard of education, if Victoria is kept away from Toronto? No intelligent friend or graduate of Victoria can accept such an idea. Yet this is virtually implied in the alarming prophecy, that Victoria shall die if removed to Toronto. I think those who have sounded this note of alarm, as a means of exciting opposition, do not fairly grasp the situation. I repeat here what I have said in my pamphlet:

"I am fully convinced that the new Victoria in Toronto would retain all the students who would go to Cobourg; and, in addition, that a large proportion of such Methodist students as now go to Toronto, would prefer to take their College course, at least in part, at Victoria, if they could, at the same time, have the privilege in the University Professoriate of studying such branches as they might desire, and secure the advantage of a degree from the National University. This is what may be reasonably expected."

It takes away a good deal from the weight of these alarming prophecies, of the failure of Victoria as a Confederating College in Toronto, that some of those who are now repeating them most earnestly, until very recently, were warm advocates of establishing a Methodist University in Toronto; and they still think we should maintain a rival University somewhere, with all departments complete. It is certainly most unreasonable and inconsistent for brethren to assume, that we can maintain Victoria as a complete University, in a manner that will enable her to com-

pete successfully in all the most expensive departments with the Provincial University, with all its ample resources—but that, with all her Methodist support of means and patronage, Victoria will die “as the fool dieth,” if she should undertake to teach that limited part of the Arts course assigned to the Colleges! There must be some radical weakness in a cause that compels its advocates to maintain such an unreasonable assumption.

#### A FEW PERTINENT FACTS.

In order to save space, I give in a condensed form a few facts that might easily be enforced by unanswerable proofs and arguments.

It is a fact that no safe conclusion for our guidance in educational matters can be drawn from the history of higher education in countries, like France or Germany, whose religious, civic, and political life is wholly different from our own.

The fact that the proposed scheme of Federation is not an imitation of any system found in some other country, but is wrought out to meet the practical necessities of the condition of things that exists in our own country, is strongly in its favour; because it is, therefore, more likely to be adapted to meet our special requirements. Methodism was not an imitation, but a growth.

It is easy to make it appear that such an Arts College as is proposed might cost as much as a feeble and ill-equipped University; but if the whole range of University studies is to be provided for *on the same scale*, it would cost more than double as much. It would be folly to choose the location of a College mainly on the ground of cheapness.

If Victoria has not received the necessary financial support in the past, this has not resulted from any indecision in our policy, as regards the location or character of the institution. The location was Cobourg, and the ideal was a denominational University. Our past efforts have been put forth distinctly on that line.

#### THE REAL QUESTIONS TO BE DECIDED.

I have heard statements of the issues at stake, like those named at the beginning of this article, that I cannot admit are the real questions to be decided by our people. I venture to submit the following questions, as the real points to be decided by the ministers and laity of our Church. I cannot see how any unprejudiced mind can ponder these questions carefully, without concluding

that it would be a great mistake, if at the present time we should adopt a policy of separation and opposition for all coming time.

Is it a wise and patriotic policy for us to labour to exclude our Methodist young men from all share in the important advantages of our Provincial University, when they can share these advantages and be under the care of our own College?

Will the laity of our Church, who must bear the chief burden, sustain a movement for a rival University, when a just scheme of University education is submitted by the Government? Will they be willing to tax themselves to provide for something that is already provided, by the State?

Are our people generally willing to hand over our State University to Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians and others, as if Methodists were aliens who must stand outside, while others share the advantages of its educational facilities?

Can there be any reasonable doubt, that by bringing Victoria College into closer relations to our Provincial University, we would widen the sphere of our Church influence, and increase the spirit of Christian Union which now happily prevails between the different Churches?

Is it not likely to work against the future success of our young men, to separate them, during their College life, from all association with the educated young men of other Churches, among whom must be a large proportion of our public men of the future?

If our Provincial University is governed in a way that gives good security for its character and management, would it be just and patriotic for the Methodist people to withhold their countenance and support, and place themselves in a position of antagonism to the chief educational institution of the country?

If there is now an opportunity to place our College in a position of wider influence, and to secure important advantages for our students that would cost us large sums to provide, would it be wise in us to allow appeals to sentiment and local considerations to outweigh the logic of facts, and let the opportunity pass away without improving it?

Is the present time, when our recent Union has created a strong demand for an increased support of all connexional funds, a good time to undertake to raise a very large sum for a denominational University, if we can fairly see our way to avoid a large part of this vast undertaking, without loss or disadvantage to our Church?



## GOOD LITERATURE—ITS PLEASURE AND PROFIT.\*

BY THE REV. J. L. WITHROW, D.D.,  
*Park Street Church (Congregational), Boston.*

Give attendance to reading.—I. Timothy iv. 13.

Is not ours the reading age? The age when everybody reads? The high and low, illustrious and obscure, the college men and the common labourer, the professor in his seclusion and the mechanic, who while using his hands keeps his eyes on the book, Elihu-Burritt-like—all are reading. We begin so early in life. The miss and the master devour books as they do candy. Almost the poorest families have libraries. The growth of libraries surpasses appreciation. What Solomon saw in his day to justify the remark, "Of making many books there is no end," we do not know, for at most the tablets from the ruins of Nineveh count but a few thousand of such works as we call books. And when the famed library of Alexandria is catalogued after our modern methods, about fifty thousand volumes are all it had. But now single libraries bear millions on their shelves. Russia, France and Britain vie with each other in multiplying their million-volume collections. Smaller nationalities are making haste to have as many. America was two and three-quarter centuries old before it had thirty recognized libraries in all the land. As late as the opening of the present century there were but about three score in our country. But, beginning at the incoming of this peerless century of human progress, has anything increased like the making of books? In twenty-five years, from the year 1800, libraries had multiplied about three times over. Within fifty years there were five hundred and fifty-one, where there had been but sixty. And in twenty-five years after that we counted two thousand two hundred and forty public collections, that is, in the year when we celebrated the centennial of our national independence! Ours is the era of book learning. Departments of knowledge which till this century had scarce a recognition, beyond a narrow circle of educated people in high places, have been opened to the least distinguished of society. Sitting in the barber's chair the gentle-

\* Anniversary Sermon for The American Tract Society.

man behind me asked my opinion of a recent publication on natural science and theology.

The times are given to books. They are the cheapest commodity in the market. So that if the profits derived from reading were no larger than those to be had in writing and publishing, we might prophesy a period of intellectual starvation—for who can get money out of book-making now? Meanwhile the fact is, that while the book-maker is the worse off, the reading world is every day the better. When it has come to this, that a copy of the most valuable book which the eye of man ever fell upon can be bought, in good shape, for twenty-five cents, the tariff may be said to be entirely off the commerce of intelligence, and free trade is established in the world of thought.

And here we come to the first reason why we should give attention to reading. Because,

1. There is so much to be had for so little. When Christ's apostle said, "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," it was no part of his idea that the best learning comes by listening. Such as hear the Gospel preached, though never so eloquently, know little of it, unless they "search the Scriptures." We forget not that other expression of the apostle, "When ye read ye may understand." It is scant knowledge which is attainable by the ears only. Until in modern times the blind were given the page of raised letters, on which their swiftly moving fingers serve for eyes, it was but a pitifully slight attainment which the brightest-minded of them could make.

Nor think that by travelling one can learn more than by thumbing books. Some have said as much; but is not the statement misleading, in that it makes vividness of knowledge stand for the measure of knowledge? Sight of a thing may stamp a picture on the retina of the eye which memory will look out at with pleasure for many a year longer than it can read off those tracings on its tablets which mere reading made. And yet, how costly is learning which is got otherwise than by reading, and how slow! The swiftest progress of travelling requires seventy and five days to circumnavigate the globe. But with map, history and biography we belt it in a hour. We enter without guide or letters of introduction the crypts of the past and the courts of the present. Without embarrassment we ask old philosophers their opinion, and new lights for their latest ideas. Book in hand we

watch wars waging, peace reigning and righteousness springing out of the earth. Rising powers and decaying empires; bustling generations and buried nations; noisy notions, pestilent opinions and polluting heresies, having their day, giving their help; or doing their hurt and then being driven back into darkness from which they came—all these pass like pictures on the reel of a panorama, while one sits reading in the quiet alcoves of the library. For swift as for cheap learning give us the book before the carpet-bag.

This too is true, that truth is cheaper than error, as found in the types to-day. The father of lies knows the appetite for a certain kind of reading which is upon the age. But, ministering to the lower tastes, he makes us pay his printers. He is up to every device, but always with an open eye to profit.

You may have heard the statement made by some good man, that error and evil get the best of us because their books are scattered broadcast at the lowest cost. I cannot think the remark to be according to facts. It seems to me the very opposite is true. Sweep the eye over the collections of volumes, magazines, pamphlets, newspapers and leaflets which adorn those great establishments that will not allow defiling or openly infidel publications a place on their shelves. At what ruinously small cost they sell the very best publications. Not to speak of the very waggon-load of Bibles which one may buy for a hundred dollars, let any one carry a hundred dollars into the American Tract Society's rooms, and he may bring away a library that will beautify any parlour; a collection which will cover every great subject of current inquiry and everlasting interest, and a set of writings which have come from the most illustrious, excellent and erudite scholars of this or any century. And many an one who has but half this amount of command, to spend for his mind's sake and the truth's sake, may obtain a supply which will cover all the ground he is concerned to explore, and all the subjects in which he and his family are vitally interested.

For an hyperbole, to describe cheapness we say, "Cheap as dirt." But good books are very much cheaper than dirt. For if you take the price of a few square feet of earth, in this city, which may be yielding neither bread nor interest, it will buy books enough to make an armoury of truth against which not a single prevalent and pestilent error can stand.

And can anything equal the multiplication of these low priced goods of highest quality? Who knows the number of inexpensive religious papers which are sold for hardly a nominal price; periodicals whose letterpress, paper, illustrations and make-up engage the eye, gratify the taste and disseminate saving truth. And how the oldest of this character hold their places, no matter how many new-comers there be. Good books do not die. Pure publications belong to the survival of the fittest.

But how many publications of various sorts which have been started in the service of error within the last forty years—how many of them survive? Can there be found fifty publications and fifty newspapers and half that number of magazines which have been started within forty years to discredit Bible doctrine and the Christian faith—can that many be found alive to-day? Outside a very small collection of *old* infidel works, the publications of all forms which are hostile to Christian truth to-day are recent publications, and, like their predecessors, for the most part, they are to be ephemeral. And one cause is, that they cost too much. For lack of patronage, you may say; and we say so too! The fact seems to be that, excepting such publications as the utterly perfidious “Age of Reason” and the rattling ribaldries of the champion blasphemer of America, there are not enough readers found to support publishers in furnishing infidel views to the public. To get a place at all bad literature must be in garish picture form; in gross uncleanness, assailing the sanctuary of virtue, or in blood-chilling blasphemy of all that is most vitally connected with the most sacred faiths of the soul. Some few of such uncommonly crass and utterly accursed publications are put on the market at low prices. But beside these the only really cheap works, in all forms of edition, are of the more saving sort.

Again, as a second reason why we should give attention to reading:

2. Reading is made more and more readable, and especially reading of the best kind. Those who had a taste for philosophy in the days of Plato, for poetry in the days of Chaucer, for history in the days of Gibbon, for natural science in the days of Richelieu, for metaphysics in the time of Locke, for sacred learning in the ages when monasteries had all the books and students

—at what trouble every learner of old time was put to obtain intelligence. But, by contrast, how accessible is every sort of knowledge now. Have we not a primer series in about every department of even the most abstruse learning? Does not the equipment of a modest Sunday-school teacher contain weapons which a minister of the Gospel or master in the sacred science might have envied only a few years ago? We sometimes speak despondingly of what has been written by advocates of materialistic evolution, by preachers of hopeless pessimism, by believers in the absurdities of agnostic know-nothingism, and by all those drifting doubters who love darkness rather than light. But we do so unwisely; for whatever may be said of the books which are inimical to what the conservative Christian believer holds to be true, whatever may be said of some schools and colleges which have a reputation for making as many infidels as they do scholars yet it is safe to say, "They that be for us are more than they that be against us." Truth, in all departments, is in more readable and accessible condition and shape than error. The best works of fiction to-day are from the pens of those who would for no consideration turn a soul off the track to eternal life. There are no writers in natural science whose simplicity of style, whose plain way of putting things, and whose captivating powers of illustration surpass, if they equal, those who write in the fullest faith of the supernatural, and revealed religion. More and more it is true that learning is ashamed to be found in the company of unbelief in God and His providence, presence and grace. When the chiefest association of natural science in America held its annual meeting a few years ago in Boston, there was a daily prayer-meeting in a morning hour, to which came the chiefest members of that learned body. Men they were whose busy pens take no rest in writing down to the plainest simplicity the abstrusest discoveries in the natural world. By their help the plainest man may possess himself of answers to the arguments which unbelief has to offer against the glory of God, the grace of Christ, or the duty and destiny of mankind. This is the fact which I emphasize, that what is needed to be read to make a man "wise unto salvation" is made readable to-day as it never was before. For a single cent you can buy a little publication of the American Tract Society which any one who can read a child's primer may go over in a few minutes, and that one-cent tract

does as completely quench the arguments against the doctrines of miracles, which have been written from the days of David Hume until this hour, as you would quench the gas-light by turning the button under the burner. It compels clear reason to either abolish belief in a personal and Almighty God, or else easily admit of miracles wrought by Him.

But the perplexity may be with some one, not so much how can I obtain reading as what to read. In the midst of so much how shall one wisely select? The very abundance bewilders. What limitations should we lay to reading? Not limitations for specialists, but for everybody—for the wise and for the unwise; for the busy and burdened as well as for those who have leisure for learning. In determining this we think that,

1. One should read no more than he takes time to reflect upon. A paragraph or a page mentally masticated and digested is of more service than a whole volume swallowed whole. To get a single truth so at one's service as to handle it as skilfully as David did his sling and stone is more effective than the apparel of Saul's armour. Many a great case at law, involving precious life and costly property, has been lost or won through the happy knowledge of a single fact. I knew a learned physician whose principal reputation was in the class-room. He might have had success in the sick-room had it not been, as he admitted, that, on seeing a patient, there were so many possible means and medicines which came to his mind as made it difficult for him to decide which to use, and through his delays in deciding the patient not infrequently died. There is such a thing as knowing too many things a little or nothing thoroughly. The most voracious reader I ever had for an acquaintance seemed ever as unable to serve his knowledge out as an artist is to sing after indulging in an ample dinner. There are few Macaulays who can devour books as lions do meat, and as easily digest them. Whatever the reputation of Ralph Waldo Emerson is worth in literature, he earned it not in reading much, but in reading well. Narrowing the thought to books of the best sort which bear on the knowledge which shall outlast time, is the same rule not a good one—that only as much reading is really useful as one thinks over? Take any department in this upper rank of knowledge. Say it is Christian Evidences. With little trouble a single book or two can be found which, if they be mastered, will make

one confident to boldness concerning the reasons for his faith. What is it that makes the rattling-skeptic whom you meet in the shop, store, office, bank or boarding-house, more than a match for the average church member? Is he half so well as he makes believe? Half the time he is not. But here lies his strength: that buying a bad book or two and reading them through and through, and thoroughly mastering the infidel objections to Christianity, he has a few things at his fingers' ends which he uses for all he is worth in frightening a poorly informed Christian out of his faith.

When will Christians learn the same style of warfare? It is not possible for the mass of disciples to master the intricacies and technicalities of any science. There is a legitimate for followers, as there is for professors. There is a high calling, and as well a calling not so high, in every avocation. But in all that concerns the chiefest facts of human knowledge, the way-faring man need not err therein, if he be equipped with but a few completely worked out answers to the vexing questions which the world, the flesh and the devil persist in propounding.

2. Read chiefly on the sides of ascertained truths. Let us plant ourselves upon the rock, that some things have been settled. There are some facts of religion which can no more be made flux by the slow or fierce fires of the crucible of criticism, than gold can be melted by the flicker of a firefly. It seems no less than an unpardonable concession to admit that everything in this world is uncertain and unstable, and that the least stability and certainty are found in the realm of religion and requirements of faith. What right or reason is there in calling Christians to a constant re-examination of their grounds of confidence in the great verities of the Gospel? Because in the department of physics the geology of yesterday is discarded to-day; because the laws of nature, in the procession of the planets, and in the production of life on the earth, are so much better understood now than Arabian astronomers or Egyptian botanists understood them, what basis does that lay for an inference, that the readers of this record of revealed religion must expect the possibility of seeing Jehovah and Jesus of these ancient Testaments rolled on wheels of evolution off the throne of the universe? When the still young science of geology shall have passed through as many seven times heated furnaces

of conflict, in opposing schools, as the great fundamental facts of the Holy Book of God have done, we may expect it will have recorded some things as settled while ever the sun and moon endure.

There are certain truths in religion. There is a basis for belief in the divine authority of revelation for undisturbed trust in the trinity of God, in the deity of Christ, and the saving agonies and shed blood of the Lamb of Calvary, which cannot be shaken, if we will fortify our minds and saturate our souls with ascertained truths. These are the treasures which, being served to us in readable books, it is our wisdom to know. There is an immense mass of scatter-brain opinions, beardless conceits and callow criticisms of things sacred, which it is wise not to read.

Fearless therefore of any charge of narrowness, in calm confidence that the man of one book is the mightiest man, if it only be the Book of books, and with a deep persuasion that Christ's preachers, and especially His world-burdened, and work-absorbed people, can read but little, would be the better for it we would say: *read ascertained truths.* Ponder books which are from pens consecrated to the establishment of your faith. And as you would avoid the company and converse of any seductive apostle of loose views of marriage and home, and not allow such a place by your table, so forbid any book a place upon the table if it touches morals and religion—unless it was published to buttress or to beautify the faith of the apostles and prophets; and of Jesus Christ, the chief corner-stone.

It may not be amiss to offer a third rule for reading, that is,

3. Read for the sake of final character as well as, or even more than, for present culture or professional calling. Is family government becoming feeble? Is the French disease of domestic corruption-sickening our most sacred fane, the family? Then it will do it still more, unless there shall come on us a holy purpose to purify our homes by raising the quality of the reading there allowed above the merely professional, above the evanescently fashionable, above the utterly ephemeral, up to that high order in which what is read shall sweetly allure to brighter worlds, by making sin of every gilded and grosser sort abominable in this.

There is no general who leads armies to battle, there is no astronomer who writes the stories of the stars, there is no scientist who tames wild nature to the arts of peace, there is no artist whose



chisel, brush, finger or tongue cuts and colours and flies over keys and strings, or sings the soul of assemblies into momentary rapture, there is no human being on the globe who is called to such a high calling here as he is, and she is, to whom it is given to make and keep a holy household up to that exalted model which the man of God reached when he avowed, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." And to reach such a result, an immense matter is, "What are your favourite books?" We well know what his favourite book was: the one Book. For, as Sir Walter Scott well said in the shadows of this earthly life: "There is but one book." This it was which Joshua of old used, to make him and his house wise unto salvation. The result of really good reading who can estimate? There is going through the Christian world an unschooled man to-day—one who knows no more of the natural sciences than a nurse knows of comparative anatomy, one who knows no more of the science of language and exegesis of the ancient tongues than Dr. Watts, in composing his sacred hymns, knew of the intricate harmonies which play hide and seek in Wagner's score; this man knows nearly no other book than the English Bible, and some of the best breathings of its life in books most like it. And yet, in the wide world what other man is more in honour from those whose praise is worth having? The book which Paul had his eye on when he enjoined the young man Timothy to give attention to reading, just that is the book by intimate heart and head knowledge of which Moody is more than others turning the world upside down.

Among the cherished memories it is a lasting pleasure to recall a privilege I enjoyed in the early years of my own ministry. In her room, lying on the bed where infirmity and old age had confined her, I used to hear a venerable woman, nearly blind but with still active mind, repeat page after page of the best poetry of the Elizabethan period. Her treasures of gold and silver long ago had failed to satisfy, although there was great wealth at command. But those mental riches, how she conned and counted them over. How the stanzas rhymed and the sonnets slid out of the secret place where she had placed them in early years. A delightful result of right reading. But in all her quoting I never heard a word of Scripture; hence not so good an example is she as another I knew: a venerable minister whose long

pastorate, of nearly forty years, was followed by sixteen years of enforced silence and seclusion. He too had been a great reader, and had rich stores to draw on. But of all the books, there was one on which he fixed for sixteen consecutive years his undivided attention. Dating the beginning, and marking the measure of each day's reading, that servant of the Lord attentively read the entire Bible through one hundred and fifty-seven times in the sixteen years. Studying the photograph for so long, how natural must the face of Jesus have seemed when he closed his eyes to earth and opened them in glory! In that hour came the realization of the truth of the passage he had read so often, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with Thy likeness."

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#### A NAME IN THE SAND.

ALONE I walked the ocean strand.  
 A pearly shell was in my hand;  
 I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
     My name, the year, the day.  
 As onward from the spot I passed  
 One lingering look behind I cast;  
 A wave came rolling high and fast  
     And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be  
 With every mark on earth from me,  
 A wave of dark Oblivion's sea,  
     Will sweep across the place  
 Where I have trod the sandy shore  
 Of time, and been, to be no more—  
 Of me, my fame, the name I bore  
     To leave no time or trace.

And yet with Him who counts the sands  
 And holds the waters in His hands,  
 I know a lasting record stands  
     Inscribed against my name—  
 Of all this mortal part has wrought,  
 Of all this thinking soul has thought,  
 And from these fleeting moments caught,  
     For glory or for shame.

CONVICTIONS *VERSUS* OPINIONS.

BY JAMES MACDONALD OXLEY.

WHILE reading with great enjoyment that delightful and inspiring, albeit intensely pathetic book, "The Life of Charles Kingsley," I was struck by a passage occurring in one of the brilliant Rector's letters to his wife, which, while affording a frank revelation of his mental processes, at the same time conveys a living truth that seems to be much disregarded at the present day. In his own fearless fashion he has been giving vent to certain sharp strictures upon High Church dogmatism, and then lest, perchance, he might seem to have gone too far, he guardedly adds this saving clause:

"These are my secret opinions.—Mind, I say *opinions*, not *convictions*. What a man is convinced is true, that God constrains him to tell out fearlessly; but his opinions—by which are properly meant suspicions of the truth of a fact which are derived from insufficient grounds—these opinions, I say, he is bound to keep to himself, if they belong to points where harm may be done, lest having reason to change them, he should find out hereafter that he has been teaching a lie! Horrible thought!"

As I read these words it seemed to me they, with the sudden brilliancy of a lightning flash, cast a flood of light upon a subject of the deepest import to us who are living in a day when the grave consideration readily accorded to matters of mere individual opinion, as distinguished from profound conviction, is exceedingly significant.

Our intellectual atmosphere is hazy with the dust of contending doctrines, and vibrant with the clash of creeds. Despite some pleasant harbingers of a more millennial state of affairs—such as the reuniting of their sundered segments, happily effected by both the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations in Canada—there seems but slender prospect of this conflict soon subsiding into peace,

"While every creed declares it's wholly right,  
And swears it has a patent for God's light."

The gravest aspect of the matter, however, is not so much that creeds should fail to harmonize, as that those creeds or dogmas which derive their main support from mere individual opinion, and which, if beautiful perchance as a rainbow, are every whit as

unsubstantial, should obtain a ready currency no less undesirable than it is undeserved.

The truth seems to be that to many minds opinions are more attractive than convictions, possibly because they do not call upon one to be so much in earnest about them: (it is inconceivable, for instance, that any one would suffer martyrdom out of fidelity to an opinion), and accordingly, the preacher, whose ambition is to be popular in the sense of drawing crowds within his church, finds a short and easy road to his goal by committing himself to some peculiar opinion, and duly heralding its advent with appropriate rhetorical trumpetry. So many indeed have been the successes in this line that the query very naturally suggests itself whether it may not demand much less mental calibre to achieve a reputation, without reference, of course, to its permanency, by ventilating individual opinions—and the more unorthodox they are the sooner the object is attained—<sup>3</sup>than by confining oneself to the good old way of the pure Gospel. And this query in its turn suggests another, namely, whether there may not be at this present moment unobtrusively labouring in their appointed field preachers in every respect the peers of Newman Smyth, Heber Newton, or David Swing, whose names are practically unknown outside the circle of their work, whilst the trio of divines just mentioned are familiar in our mouths as household words, mainly, it cannot be denied, because they have seen fit to diverge from the straight and narrow path of conviction that they might wander at will over the boundless plains of opinion.

Whatever may be the answers given to these two queries they will not alter the fact, patent to all who care to look carefully enough, that there is much cause for apprehension in the present state of the public mind. The craving for novelty which has pervaded our art, our literature, our amusements, is beginning to pervade our theology also, and the people to whom preachers appeal are already, in imitation of the ancient Athenians, going about seeking something new in their creeds as well as in their clothes.

When to people thus minded, the command of the Lord comes: "Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths; where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls," it may be matter for regret, but hardly for surprise that the same sullen answer should be returned as struck chill to Jeremiah's yearning heart: "We will not walk therein."

Whose, then, is the fault? the preachers or the people? Both

unquestionably, but inasmuch as the preacher, by virtue of his position, comes most prominently to the front, upon him the larger share of the blame must be laid. His hearers tempt him in many ways no doubt. They require that he shall be progressive, abreast of the time, and all that. These are extenuating circumstances surely. Then, too, the competition is keen, be the community large or small. And yet, admitting the force of all these considerations, they do not avail to clear the skirts of him who, in deference to them, has cut loose from the safe moorings of conviction, and launched out upon the great unknown sea of opinion. For such an one the words of Kingsley have tremendous emphasis. When Kingsley so aptly defines opinions as "suspicions of the truth of a fact which are derived from insufficient grounds," he brings to light the very element in their nature which renders them so dangerous. They are rarely without a certain modicum of truth. Quite often they are developed from their insufficient grounds with such plausible ingenuity as to deceptively appear the very truth itself, and being, as a rule, in a latitudinarian direction, they are eagerly seized upon by those who happen to feel the responsibilities cast upon them by orthodox theology somewhat too onerous.

There is also another danger connected with the assertion of opinion in matters of religion, namely, that while the preacher, thanks to his superior mental endowment and training, may possibly indulge in a little "free-thinking" with comparative impunity, some one among his hearers, thus directed into error's path, may go irremediably astray. I remember well an instance where the thoughtless assertion of what was after all mere opinion, had so disturbing an effect upon the mind of a listener, hitherto serene and secure in his simple faith, that no disclaimer of those opinions, or arguments against them, could restore his mental equilibrium. An extreme case this, it may be said. Yet a perfectly possible one in any community, and quite sufficient in itself to illustrate the great canon's dictum, and to show how vitally important it is that every preacher of the Word should be keen in discriminating between convictions and opinions, honest with himself and his hearers as to what he really does believe and what he might like to believe, thus guarding himself against the possibility of incurring a like condemnation as fell upon the Pharisees because they were "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT NELLES AT VICTORIA  
UNIVERSITY CONVOCATION, COBOURG,  
WEDNESDAY, MAY 13TH, 1885.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE AND MEMBERS OF CONVOCATION—

You will, perhaps, expect me to offer to-day some remarks on the present state of higher education in the Province of Ontario, and especially in relation to our own University. I shall not attempt to argue, in all its bearings, what we are wont to call the University Question, but content myself with touching upon some particular phases of the subject, at least so far as to define my own position, and without directly controverting what others may have said. I desire, as far as possible, to avoid a controversial tone, feeling convinced that we shall make more progress toward a satisfactory result, by a calm and conciliatory interchange of views, than by many volumes of angry rhetoric. As the Poet-Laureate says of another great educational problem:

“More soluble is this knot by gentleness than war.”

If I have the misfortune to differ from some good friends of our University, they will of course grant that this is not altogether my fault, seeing that they differ as much from me as I do from them. And if I seem to put a little strain upon sentiments and associations which our Alumni naturally cherish, they will remember that no one has more reason than I to feel the force of those associations, and that I would not be likely in any way to disturb them except from an honest regard for the educational interests of the country.

There is always some difficulty in discussing educational questions from the fact that, while few persons study them, every one seems to think that he knows all about them. I notice in our country to-day three or four currents of sentiment, each of which appears to me to set in the wrong direction. First, there is the unhappy notion of those who disparage the advantages of higher learning, and who as a natural consequence are hostile, or at least apathetic, in regard to all appeals for the necessary funds, whether those appeals be made to the Legislature or to private individuals. There is, secondly, the opinion of some ill-informed people who imagine that a University can be adequately sustained upon twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars a year, and with such an endowment can successfully compete with neighbouring Universities having a yearly income of five or six times that amount. Sometimes the difference in endowment is supposed to be made up by ecclesiastical influences— influences desirable enough when they secure to a seat of learning the resources requisite for efficiency, but not very desirable otherwise. Thirdly, there is the mistake of those who would give higher education an unduly practical turn, or what they erroneously consider to be practical, throwing

out of doors, or at least far into the back-ground, the ancient languages and literature, with those higher philosophical inquiries, in which the ancients were the pioneers, and are still indispensable guides. And there is lastly the error of those who, either as a matter of preference or of expediency, would restrict the work of our national University to what are called secular studies, leaving all religious teaching and discipline to the pulpit and the Sunday-school.

I shall not now discuss these several views in detail, but the tenor of my remarks will sufficiently indicate my own opinion, both on the general questions, and on some particular educational measures which are now before the country. I wish, however, to remark at the outset that the great matter with me is neither federation of colleges, nor removal of Victoria College from the town of Cobourg, but a satisfactory system of higher education for the Province of Ontario, and an honourable and effective relation to that system on the part of the Methodist Church. I desire, for my part, to rise, as far as possible; above both local and sectarian considerations, and to keep in view the great underlying principles which governed our fathers in establishing this seminary of learning, principles of a very broad and patriotic character, and which are even more sacred and enduring than either Cobourg and Kingston limestone, or the inviting grounds of a Toronto park.

“At the revival of learning,” as some one has said, “Greece arose from the grave with the New Testament in her hands.” This picture of Greece with the New Testament in her hands, may be taken, by an enlarged interpretation, as an appropriate symbol of a true University. Greece—that is, science, literature, philosophy, and art; in a word, all human culture on its secular side. The New Testament—that is, the Christian religion; human development and perfection on its spiritual or divine side. Both taken together are essential to a well-rounded type of education, as both are essential to individual and national welfare. It is one of the glories of Christianity that it can stand unabashed and unshaken in the presence of all forms of scholarly research, and make them all tributary to its progress; and it is one of the great facts in the history of the universities that they have always recognized Christianity as an indispensable factor in the work of education. But the Christian Church has at length so divided itself into sections, and, on the other hand, the subjects of University teaching have so multiplied and extended, that the relation of the Church to the University has become a difficult problem to solve. In the Dominion of Canada, and especially in this Province of Ontario, we have long had a perpetual and embarrassing conflict on this great matter. Every sect cannot have a genuine University, and the Legislature cannot recognize the claims of one sect over another. And thus between the necessities of the State University, and the rival necessities of a number of denominational universities, we have at last reached what may be called a kind of dead-lock in our educational progress. We may, therefore, well begin to inquire, and the growing spirit of Christian union enables us to inquire with hopefulness, whether all the Churches of Ontario cannot combine in one national University, and with advantage to the common

interests of science and religion. Those who distrust or oppose such a measure seem to me to raise imaginary obstacles, and also to fail in estimating the increasing extent of University work, and the consequent necessity of large endowments, such endowments as we can only secure in this Province by concentrating all our available resources. Such persons seem to forget that, if we keep our Universities poor, we shall have poor Universities in more senses than one. They also forget that in so far as any religious body stands aloof from the national system of education it not only deprives itself of advantages to which it is fairly entitled, but does what it can both to weaken and unchristianize that system. "Let us beware," says Mr. Gladstone, "of a Christianity of isolation."

The extension of University work arises chiefly from the progress of the physical sciences; but we have to remember that the newer sciences, or departments of science, have not rendered obsolete or useless the old academic studies, although they have deprived the latter of the monopoly which they once enjoyed. We have to provide for the ancient as well as the modern. Even the old classical and metaphysical departments are far from being stationary, but involve both new lines and new methods of research. I have no need to set up any special defence of classical studies as against modern science and literature. There is no proper opposition between the two forms of discipline, and no occasion for exalting the one at the expense of the other; but when the popular sentiment runs strongly in one direction, as it now appears to do, it is perhaps as well for us to insist a little more on that which is in danger of being unduly displaced. We may, indeed, value too highly the study of ancient literature, but we may also over-estimate, or mistakenly estimate, the value of physical science. True culture is not one-sided, but many-sided, consisting, as Butler says of human nature, "not of some one thing alone, but of many other things besides." The popular current of to-day will, in all probability, soon go rebounding in the opposite direction, according to that salutary law of action and reaction which governs the river of human progress, as well as other flowing streams. And when men tell us that it is better to study nature than literature, as the works of God are nobler than the works of man, we can but use the decisive argument which I once heard employed by Prof. Goldwin Smith, and say in reply, that man is also one of the works of God, and the highest one known to us, and that the study of man requires the study of his language and literature, and, among others, the language and literature of Greece. It is noteworthy to find the following language used by Todhunter, whose specialty is not Greek but mathematics:—"A decline in the state of Greek scholarship implies more than the failure of esteem for the most valuable and influential of all languages; it involves with it a gradual but certain decay of general culture, the sacrifice of learning to science, the neglect of the history of man and of thought for the sake of facts relating to the external world." We may, indeed, deny that Greece fully represents the varied wealth of modern learning, but we cannot deny that Greece gave the first great impulse out of which all modern culture has sprung, and beyond which, in some forms of excellence, no advancement has since



been made. "Earth," says Emerson, "still wears the Parthenon as the best gem upon her zone." For many minds of the highest order, Homeric studies and Homeric inspiration have lost none of their interest and power. All philosophy, according to a great modern metaphysician, is but Plato rightly interpreted, and the most eminent French moralist of our day announces himself as the disciple and expounder of Aristotle. What is good in these ancient writings agrees with the Gospel, and therefore confirms it; what is false or defective shows the need of the Gospel, and therefore confirms it in another way. The spirit of the olden time, whether from the plains of Marathon or the halls of the Academy, still runs through the generations of men and "enriches the blood of the world." There is no break, and, except by a return of barbarism, there can be none, in the continuity of the world's intellectual life. Men may come and men may go, but this goes on forever. The stream, as it sweeps down the ages, may receive new contributions, but it will never forget or lose sympathy with the primal waters upon the far-off mountain side. More and more, and in all departments of learning, men are employing the historical method as an instrument of progress, running backward that they may the better leap forward. Not satisfied with the ordinary records of history, they are turning with growing interest to the obscure relics of pre-historic times, the ruins of ancient cities, and the customs and traditions of savage tribes, seeking everywhere to find the human footprints on the sands of time—now in the wilds of America, now in the dark continent of Africa, and now "where the gorgeous East showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold."

The history of thought, not less than other forms of history, still returns upon us, again and again, under new points of view, and with larger revelations; but the history of thought proper begins with Greece, and it can no more dis sever itself from that mother-wit of all the schools, than the child can cease to feel the hereditary bias of natural parentage. Back to Kant is the urgent cry lately set up among modern metaphysicians; back to Plato is a cry equally urgent; if indeed it has ever been possible to get wholly away from either the one or the other. Nor is it merely with a view to what some would call barren speculation that men counsel thus, for our eminent and orthodox theologians use the same language. It is in the interests of religion that Prof. Flint and others speak, when they tell us to seek in Plato an antidote against this modern monstrosity of pessimism, that most melancholy of all phases of human thought,

" . . . . Whose cogitations sink as low  
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,  
The heaviest plummet of despair can go."

By a diligent study of these grand old masters, with their enduring "majesties of light," we are enabled to counterpoise a narrow materialistic empiricism, which, in an age like ours, inclines to a kind of usurpation in the kingdom of knowledge. The discoveries of natural science seem to reach the masses sooner, and more beneficially, than philosophic specula-

tions ; but, sooner or later, they both alike travel down into the hearts and homes of the people, interpenetrating each other for good, and sometimes, as in our day, contending in their encounter for the mastery, like the fresh waters and the salt, where a great river meets the rising tide of the sea. All honour to those teachers of physical science who are doing such wonderful things for the promotion of human comfort, and for what Bacon terms "the relief of man's estate ;" but equal honour to those interpreters of the spiritual order, who reveal to us the eternal realities behind the shadows of time ; who teach us to remember that man does not live by bread alone, and that Lazarus in his rags feeding upon crumbs may be nearer to God than Dives in his palace, though clothed in fine linen and faring sumptuously every day. But no regard for the old system of academic drill can blind our eyes to the fact that the educational problem and University work have undergone an immense transformation. The physical and so-called practical sciences have come to the front with multiplied claims and attractions that cannot be resisted, and should not be resisted. They combine with those historical researches to which I have already referred ; they give new and fruitful lessons in the laws of health, the origin, the prevention, and the cure of disease, including many ills of a moral kind ; they seek to remould the institutions of society ; they assert themselves effectively in the several provinces of moral and religious truth ; they throw floods of light, and sometimes very perplexing cross-lights, upon the works and ways of God ; and they have become a necessary study, if not for all Christian ministers, most certainly for all Christian Churches, and especially for those Christian scholars who are called upon to vindicate the claims of our holy religion. Every University worthy of the name must not only furnish instruction in what is known of these sciences, but should, if possible, make provision for original investigations. And beyond all these, we must add such subjects as comparative philology and comparative religion, together with the study of what Macaulay calls the most splendid and the most durable of the many glories of England, our own magnificent English literature, now taking a new and well-deserved position in the curriculum of every University.

Thus, then, between the ancient learning and the modern learning the physical sciences and the moral sciences, with the innumerable subdivisions of these, and with other forms of inquiry seeking to determine and reconcile the relations of these provinces to each other, the range of University work widens and stretches out towards illimitable fields of study. The ever-enlarging proportions of the modern University call for funds and appliances commensurate with the variety and extent of the work to be done. It may be said that young men at college do not need to cover all this wide field of study, and are in fact not able to do so. This fact rather increases than lessens the difficulty, for it necessitates many special courses of study, and therefore an increased number of teachers, together with a greater variety of buildings, libraries, collections, and other appliances. We may hold different views as to the wisdom of so much specialization, and of making room for such a range of elective and optional work, but the necessity is forced upon us. We cannot prevent the growth of science

and literature, even if we would; and as no student can master all subjects within an undergraduate—or even a post-graduate—curriculum, we are compelled to allow a division of labour. In the days of Methuſelah it could have been different. Then men lived a thousand years, and had ample time to cover a full symmetrical course of all known forms of learning. Four years could then have been given to the ancient languages, four to the modern languages, four to the natural sciences, and four to metaphysics, and so on for about fifty years of college life, and a graduate, even at that age, would have counted for a boy. But there is no possible mathematical formula for crowding our modern encyclopædia into the contracted space of a post-diluvian curriculum. And so we must elect and specialize, as the fashion now is, and try not to know everything, but some few things well. I can remember when a Canadian University could venture to issue its Calendar with an announcement of a single professor for all the natural sciences, and with a laboratory something similar to an ordinary blacksmith shop, where the professor was his own assistant, and compelled to blow not only his own bellows, but his own trumpet as well. We can hardly be expected to go on in that style now. In a single line of special research a man like Franklin or Faraday may achieve wonders with very scanty appliances, but no man can do that in a college course, where he has to give full lectures to large classes in half a dozen distinct departments of science.

The obvious facts of the case, and even the very word University, seem to rebuke us for the appropriation of the name to anything else than a place where all sound means of discipline can be employed, and all forms of knowledge cultivated, with the best facilities of the age. Such a University we need for the Province of Ontario, and assuredly it cannot be said that we have such a University now. There is not one of those now in existence, not even the Provincial University, that is not complaining sorely, and with good reason, of the want of adequate resources, and the case is rendered the more embarrassing from the fact that, at a distance of a few hours' travel, the well-endowed universities of a foreign country present every attraction to draw away Canadian youth. Meantime the several Universities which we have are so related to each other, and have inherited such a stubborn old quarrel between opposing systems, that, instead of working as allies, they are rather playing a game of reciprocal obstruction and enfeeblement. The evil has reached a point where it must be met, and the most feasible mode of meeting it is by some plan of consolidation, such as would secure for the country a stronger and worthier University than is possible under the present order of things. Due regard should be paid, and I trust will be paid, by our Legislature to all existing interests, and to the reasonable plea of those who contend for variety, for competition, and for religious instruction, in the work of education. Nor should we forget the immense debt of gratitude due to those religious bodies which provided in earlier days, and which still provide, a liberal education for the youth of the country. But if, with proper consideration for these things, and without doing violence to the great principles on which Victoria College was founded, we can aid in building up a proper

national University, and can even help to supply some elements in which we have felt the University of Toronto to be deficient, and can moreover give the Methodist people the full advantages of this improved constitution, then I maintain that no sectarian divisions, no undue regard for local interests, no sentimental attachment to an old order of things for which the occasion has largely passed away—none of these things should induce us to block the way to a great public good by opposing in the Legislature the improvement of a national institution which we profess to uphold, and which, in a new country like ours, will at the very best fall short of the true ideal.

Repeatedly during the past thirty years the authorities of Victoria University and of the Methodist Church have laboured to bring about some form of University federation, but thus far without success. The present scheme has valuable features not embraced in any former plan, and seems to open the way, so far at least as Victoria is concerned, to a satisfactory settlement of this long-continued and injurious controversy. If I thought the scheme would be in any degree unfavourable to the great ends for which Victoria University was founded, then I for one would have nothing to do with the measure. But, as accepted by our Board of Regents on the ninth of January last, I find all reasonable security both for intellectual advantages and religious influences, with even greatly enlarged facilities for both the one and the other. The intellectual advantages are obvious enough, but as regards the religious advantages it must be evident to those who look carefully at the matter that it affords an opportunity for supplying to our national University that religious teaching and influence on which the Church colleges have always laid so much stress, and the want of which they have deplored in Toronto University. I do not think that the Senate or the Executive officers of the Provincial University can be justly blamed for the secular character of that institution. They have done what they could consistently with the constitution imposed upon them by the Legislature. But now that the Senate and the Government propose to widen the basis by this scheme of federation, and to give the denominational colleges scope for adding religious subjects to the curriculum, with collegiate homes and discipline for the students, then if we have been honest in our former contention, why should we not rejoice at this liberal and Christian reconstruction of our Provincial University?

I have not agreed, and I do not now agree, with those who think that the higher education of this country should be purely secular. I plead for a national University, but such a University for a Christian people should somehow employ, both in its lecture-rooms, and in the personal character of its professors, the highest and most effective of all spiritual forces known among men—the power of the Christian faith; otherwise, with all her cold intellectualism, she will stand, like Niobe of old, through her irreverence and despair, at last hardened into stone, and holding, not indeed the New Testament, but “an empty urn within her withered hands.” It is a profound and eminently Christian saying of Dean Stanley’s, that all high order of thought seeks to unite the secular learning and the sacred, while all thought of a low order seeks to separate them. Never was it more neces-

sary than in our day to bear this great truth in mind, and to apply it in our national system of education. We have been struggling hard, and with only partial success, to keep the religious element in our Public Schools. Under the present Administration some further steps have been taken in the right direction. And now the federation of colleges affords an opportunity for the Churches to join hands in giving a more positive Christian character to our higher education, and apparently in the only way in which it can be fully done. Why should we let the opportunity pass? If we had no Provincial University, and the denominational colleges had University teaching, as a whole, in their own hands, the case would be greatly altered. But it is evident that a large part, and perhaps an increasingly large part, of this academic work is to be done by the Provincial University, and the question is whether the Methodist Church will do her share in the work or prefer an isolated and less influential position. I have tried to forecast the disastrous results to the Methodist Church which some of our friends prophesy from this scheme, and when I have summed them all up, and at the very worst, I can only find the following:—First, improved intellectual advantages for all the youth of the country, including of course the youth of the Methodist Church; secondly, the same religious safeguards which we possess at present; thirdly, a wider range of religious influence; fourthly, increased facilities for the theological training of our ministers; and lastly, all of these with a smaller or at least a more productive outlay of money on the part of our Church than is possible under any other arrangement.

It will easily be conceived that I have not arrived at my present convictions without much anxious thought, nor without a sense of personal responsibility as well as sacrifice of personal feeling. I had the honour of being one of the two students who first matriculated in Victoria University, in the year 1842, and I have had an official relation to the institution since 1850. My life's best energies have been put forth in her venerable halls, and I will bear no part in doing injury or dishonour to the institution. But I am a Canadian as well as a Methodist, and I am a lover of all sound learning; and finding, as I believe, all important interests likely to be promoted by this scheme of academic federation, I am inclined to give it my support. The final acceptance of the scheme on our part must, of course, lie with the General Conference of the Methodist Church; but if the conditions demanded by our Board of Regents be fairly complied with, I shall regard it as a calamity to the country should the measure finally fail of going into effect.

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OUR harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet tones more clear,  
Our anthems ring so grandly that all the world must hear!  
Oh, royal be our music, for who has cause to sing  
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the children of the King!

## ARGUMENTS FOR CONFEDERATION EXAMINED.\*

BY THE REV. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

IN the first place, Confederation is urged on the general ground that the proposed plan will be greatly to the advantage of the cause of higher education in this Province, and that from patriotic considerations we should support it. If the plea were well founded it would have weight, but it is a mere assumption, not sustained by facts where the experiment has been tried. This advantage is expected to arise from the centralization of educational work, the co-operation of the denominations, large revenues, association of students from all the Colleges, uniformity of examinations, and unity of degrees. But as a rule, centralization is an evil and not a good, and nowhere are its effects likely to be more disastrous than in this very matter of higher education. Dumas, referring to the decline of France, says:—

“If the causes of our marasmus appear complex and manifold, they are still reducible to one principle, administrative centralization, which applied to the University has enervated superior instruction.”

In 1863 the Commission of inquiry on Scottish Universities reported as follows:—

“After the most careful consideration we are unable to see that any important corresponding advantage is likely to be derived from so serious a step as is implied in reducing the ancient Universities of Scotland from the position of Universities, and converting them into Colleges of a new National University.”

As regards “the co-operation of the denominations,” the real question to be settled is, Can the denominations do better service in the cause of higher education by uniting in the support of a single State Institution, than by maintaining several Universities, in different parts of the country, each with a distinct autonomy, and with its own curriculum? And whether we have respect to the numbers who will be educated, the inexpensiveness of the course, the freedom of intellectual development, and above all the moral fibre of the students, no reasonable man can doubt that a system of connecting Universities, in various localities, will secure far better results than a single centralized University can possibly do.

Immense revenues are supposed by some to be indispensable to the existence of a great University. This idea is not merely delusive—it is positively vicious. It is admitting into the sacred realm of higher education the fallacy which is the curse of modern society, that everything should be measured by a money value. The most richly-endowed Colleges on this continent to-day are not those that are doing the best work, or the most. In

\*We have greatly condensed in these paragraphs the closing part of Dr. Sutherland's pamphlet on College Federation. The quotations from Dr. Playfair, and other educational authorities, on university reform have been for the most part omitted. For a full view of Dr. Sutherland's arguments and criticisms of the proposed scheme of Federation, we refer our readers to the pamphlet itself.—ED.

the matter of revenues, however, extremes do the mischief. A University excessively endowed becomes luxurious, indolent and careless. Given fairly commodious buildings, well adapted for their purpose, good scientific appliances, and enough revenue to pay a fair salary to competent Professors, and all else that is needed to make a University a power in the land is—*brains.*

Another ground on which Confederation is urged is, that the association of students from all parts of the country, and from all Colleges, would have a beneficial effect upon their intellectual development. I am not so sure of that. Associate young men to a moderate extent, under good influences, and they become courteous and mutually helpful; associate them in masses, and they become a mob, with all a mob's fickleness, many of its vices, and more than its average passions. Put a thousand young men into three Colleges, widely apart, and the effect upon both mind and morals will be vastly better than if you crowd the whole thousand into one College.

As to the advantages arising from uniformity of examinations and unity of degrees, Dr. Playfair, (M.P. for Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews,) says:—

“The imposition of uniform examinations, in every case where it has been tried, has not only restricted intellectual liberty, but ultimately has produced a mental paralysis in the nation which has adopted it.”

The value of a degree will depend chiefly upon the standard maintained by the University, the comprehensiveness of the curriculum, and the known thoroughness alike of the class-room drill and the final examinations. And all this will be more certainly secured by several competing Universities, whose very existence will depend upon the thoroughness of their work, than by a single institution, whose aim is to produce a few brilliant specialists rather than a high average of general scholarship.

It is argued, again, that by entering this Confederation the influence of Methodism in higher education will be greatly increased, and we shall accomplish far more in the matter of moulding our young men than we have done in the past. Such a statement as an argument is contradicted by all our past experience. For more than a hundred years our work as a people has been “to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land.” But this embraces every agency by which any class can be reached, and among our agencies none are more important and far reaching than our Colleges and Universities. As a distinct University, Victoria can do a grand work and wield a powerful influence; but as a Confederating College she will simply coalesce and disappear; and in less than ten years from now, Methodism, as a distinct factor in the work of higher education, will be unknown.

Behind all these arguments in favour of Confederation there is still another, apart from which the scheme would find but little support. Stated in plain terms, it is a question of money. If Victoria could be provided with good buildings and equipment, and fairly endowed, only a few theorists would be left to advocate Confederation. But it is said the necessary support cannot be obtained. I affirm that all the facts in this case go the other way. Taking into account their wealth and numbers, the Methodists of Ontario have been equalled by few in what they have done for higher educa-

tion. In the last fourteen years two of the bodies now composing the Methodist Church have raised some \$300,000 for University work, and if a fair, practicable scheme were put before them they would quickly raise as much more.

[Dr. Sutherland here outlines an aggressive policy whereby he judges that \$150,000 could be raised for new buildings, etc., for Victoria University; and, by means of the Educational Society, \$25,000 a year for its maintenance, in addition to income from its present endowment.]

The question to be settled, then, is this:—If the Methodist people will not give sufficient money to sustain a University, with the *prestige* and influence it gives, will they supply an equal amount to sustain a College at Toronto, giving less than half the training required for a B.A. course, and at the very doors of a State College, well equipped and endowed, where the same education will cost them nothing?

In conclusion, as summing up the salient points, I submit for the consideration of such Methodists as may read these pages, a few plain questions:—

1. Are you willing to abolish a University, founded by the liberality and heroic self-denial of our fathers, which for fifty years has been doing a noble work for the country and for God?

2. Are you willing to ignore the traditions of these fifty years of successful work, and forego the *prestige* gained, and the influence exerted in Higher Education in this land?

3. Are you willing to furnish as much money to support a feeble College in Toronto—a sort of poor relation of the State University—as would support a vigorous University of your own in Cobourg, or some other country town?

4. Are you willing to centralize all higher educational work in Toronto, and thus compel your sons to seek an education where the cost will be nearly doubled, and amid the temptations and dangers of a great city?

5. Are you willing to run the risk of transferring the loyalty of your sons from the Methodist Church, and to place them, at the most critical period of life, in the midst of associations unfriendly, if not positively hostile, to Methodism and its teachings?

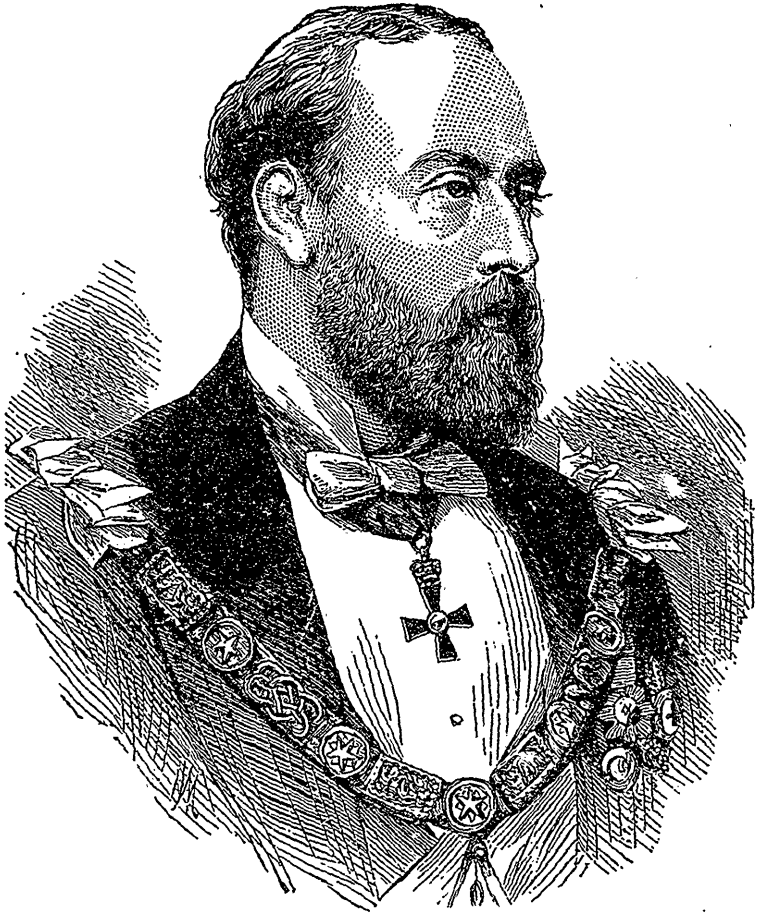
6. Are you willing to abandon a work to which the Providence of God undoubtedly called us, and in regard to which we have no indication that the call has been repealed?

I cannot bring myself to believe that one of these questions will be answered in the affirmative. But if I am mistaken,—if I have misinterpreted the indications of Providential guidance and the drift of Methodist sentiment,—far better we should abolish, at once and for ever, all teaching in arts, and confine our efforts exclusively to theological work. For then we might at least dig an honoured grave in which our *Alma Mater* would be laid to rest, amid the tears of her loyal sons, and over which we might raise a monument to tell the coming generations of the noble work she had done; but betrayed by this impolitic and unpatriotic scheme into the hands of those who have no sympathy with her history or her work, what can we write above her grave but this:—

“Died Victoria as the fool dieth!”



## THE PRINCE OF WALES IN IRELAND.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland is so sensible a thing that one wonders that it has not been done before. No doubt there are irreconcilables in the Green Isle who could find no place within the limits of the wide empire on which the sun never sets far enough from the British Crown for their taste. To the great body of the Irish people pretty much the only political grievance which now remains might

be stated in the phrase that Irishmen are not willing to be made Englishmen. They are willing to remain in the empire, and to fight for it, but to do so as Irishmen. This is a sore point with them, which explains the success of the thoroughly un-English wit of the Princess in wearing the green.

It was a simple thing to do, but it looked like a recognition of the people as Irish. It was not as much

as is conceded to the kilted and bonneted regiments of Scotch Highlanders, who have fought all the better for the Queen in their inconvenient toggerly because it was their own. And if England should put her Irish regiments in green it might be a little thing that would go far to make the island they came from as loyal as Scotland.

That there is every reason to anticipate good results from this visit the loud and violent manifestoes of the Nationals demonstrate. The pains they have given themselves to show up the measure as of no consequence, and their desperate appeal to the Irish people to make it so, are a comical exhibition of their fears, which look like the last and greatest of all Irish bulls.

The clannish feeling runs strong in the Irish blood, and one of the greatest drawbacks in the English rule in Ireland has been that there is no one in the island to represent it who is royal enough for Celtic loyalty to attach itself to.

The Lord-Lieutenant woos by proxy. The people are as dead to his courtship as was the maiden's heart to the lover who approached her with his grandfather's love-letters. But the gracious and affable Prince, with the right of the Crown glorifying his person, and by his side the Princess, who never yet failed to win the heart of a man who saw her, is a potent circumstance among any simple-hearted people in the world, and doubly so among the Irish.

Their whole history shows what chieftains can do with them. One-half the discontent that seethes in the island may be traced to real suffering; but of the other half a large fraction is the simple-hearted, pathetic longing of the Celtic race for a chieftain of their own. The Prince supplies what the British Crown has not had among the Irish people, and what it has greatly needed, and what the Irish people are very easily influenced by.

The Prince of Wales is more to be dreaded by the restless Nationals among such a people than an army. They have nothing, whatever, against

him. His record among the poor of London, and his unobtrusive work for them will tell in his favour. In New York he leaned from his carriage to shake the hand of an enthusiastic Irishman who broke through the lines of police on Broadway. He permitted the same liberty in Dublin. Little as politics may enter into his mission, and the less the better, loyalty will have much to do with it, and loyalty is precisely what needs to be freshened in Ireland, and precisely what the Nationals have to dread.

We should be the last people in the world to cry down the measure as childish. Do we not all like to see our great men? The Queen's residence in Scotland has warmed the heart of the Highlands; and if she had a Balmoral somewhere near Killarney it might save her some dynamite in London.

Men are ruled by forces that have nothing more in them than a sentiment; and there is nothing that kindles the hearts of men and warms up the sentiment that lies dormant in them so much as the inspiring presence of the man who, by force of genius, by force of birth, or for any other reason, they recognize as having the right to command them.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Mr. Healy, a prominent follower of Mr. Parnell, in a recent public address, advised the Prince to visit the slums of Dublin, instead of the Castle, if he wished to learn the condition of the Irish people. Whether, as the result of this advice or not, the Prince has actually visited the slums, taken the poor people by the hand, denounced their dwellings as unfit to be the abode of human beings, and expressed his sympathy with them in their wretchedness. Of course, he was well received, and the accounts sent abroad of the visit to the poor, and the interest he takes in them, will help to secure for him a hearty reception elsewhere in spite of the efforts of the Nationalists. Of late years, in England, the Prince has been widely interested in measures to improve the condition of the poor, and has in other ways manifested democratic tendencies to

an unexpected extent. Not long ago an article appeared in a London weekly paper, which has a large circulation among the masses, giving an account of the Prince's political and social opinions. It was generally believed then that the article was inspired by him, and the current allegations to that effect were never contradicted. If the paper spoke

correctly of him, his aim is to become a popular king of a democratic nation—one who will make it his study to improve the condition of the common people with whom he is not afraid to mingle, as he did the other day with the poor in Dublin. There is in this direction a fine field of usefulness before him if only he persists in cultivating it.—*Canada Citizen.*

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## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

This subject during the past month has very prominently come to the front. Two able pamphlets arguing the subject *pro* and *con.*, by Dr. Dewart and Dr. Sutherland respectively; an anonymous pamphlet, not so able; Dr. Burwash's excellent articles in the *Guardian*; and the admirable Convocation address of President Nelles, indicate the depth of the interest the subject excites. The balance of advantage seems to us decidedly to preponderate in favour of confederation. We think that the friends of denominational universities will admit that if such a broad, catholic, unsectarian Provincial University had been in existence in 1841, it is not at all likely that Victoria University would ever have been established. And now that what public opinion generally deems to be an equitable and honourable plan for the federation of the denominational universities with the Provincial institution has been propounded, it should be rejected for only very grave considerations. It requires not much argument, we think, to show that a much stronger, better equipped and effective university can be created by such federation than by the maintenance of separate and rival institutions. Every branch of human knowledge has in recent years wonderfully expanded; new departments of science have been practically created;

and any institution at all worthy of the name of a university for the twentieth century, on whose threshold we now stand, with a curriculum embracing every branch of human knowledge, must be a very different institution from anything the country now possesses. Shall we be doing justice to the Methodist youth of this country, of the present and future generations, by standing aloof from this movement for the founding of a national university under pronounced Christian auspices which shall be worthy of the foremost province of this Dominion, and the peer of any university on this continent? The question arises, Can we maintain our hold upon young men of the best Methodist families if we stand aloof from this patriotic movement? Many them attend the Provincial University as it is, and many more will in the future. Are we willing as a Church to let these young men, who will be leaders of opinion in the future, drift beyond our influence in the most important period of their history. Dr. Williams, at an educational meeting at Halifax the other day, used these significant words:

"We were not having the influence upon the public mind as a Church that we should. The adherents of Methodism are not filling the places they should in our courts, our legislatures, our public positions of various kinds. The time was coming when Methodists should make their influence felt in high places which they were not reaching and in political circles. In the Senate of

The thoughts of men have widened  
With the process of the suns;

Canada there are only two Methodists that he knew of. This is a very small percentage considering that the Methodists represent  $17\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole Dominion. In the Province he came from the Methodists represented  $31\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the whole."

Men talk of losing prestige through becoming a partner in a great and flourishing national university and sharing all the advantages it has to offer. It seems to us that we shall lose prestige very much more if we refuse to take advantage of the opportunity now offered us. It is possible that in our educational policy we have been segregating ourselves too much from the public and political life of the country, and by confining our educational work largely to denominational lines, have not done our duty in assisting, to the full extent of our resources and numbers and influence, to mould the character of the Provincial University.

The fact that there are to be competing colleges in affiliation with that university will remove, we think, the objection to the centralizing influence of the federation movement with the alleged tendency of such centralizing to cause mental paralysis and torpor. Indeed, we think the presence of such competition will prove a mutual stimulus and greatly promote the quality of the teaching in all the colleges. Certainly Victoria, which has won such a reputation as a live, vigorous teaching college, need not shrink from the test.

Much stress is laid upon the supposed superior moral advantages of a small town over a large city as the seat of a university. There is some force in the argument. But we must meet the difficulties. Young men and young women come by thousands from the country to the cities to work in shops, stores, and other places of business. They are exposed, often with no watch-care or oversight and with idle evenings, to all the temptations of city life. The students of Victoria University average, we believe, about twenty-two years. They are to be subject to sedulous care and oversight, and their course of study

will occupy most of their time during both day and evening. If they are ever to develop manly character it will not be by being cooped up out of the way of supposed temptation. The cities are the centres of social, political, literary, commercial and religious influence. It is highly important that those who are to become leaders of opinion in the future—many of whom come from the country and return to the country—should have during the period of college life the educating influence of a city—the social refinement, the mental alertness, the sharpening of the wits that comes from the daily attrition of city life. The very fact of meeting, in the intimacies of college life, young men of other Churches, and of diverse habits of thought and mental characteristics, and of enjoying personal relations with a large number of professors and learned men, for a series of years, has a broadening effect upon the mind, and is itself an admirable preparation for the cultivation of friendly and sympathetic relations in the wider arena of public life.

The medical department of Victoria is now, and must of necessity always be, situated in a city. Its theological department could make its influence much more widely felt in Toronto, in the city churches, in city mission work, and in the surrounding country, than it possibly can elsewhere.

The writer of the anonymous pamphlet argues that Victoria University can carry on at Cobourg the full work of a University, adequate for the times, in all its departments with greater economy than it can in federation with the well-endowed Provincial University, which will assume the cost of a large part—and that the most expensive part—of the professorial work now supplied by Victoria at its own cost. The mere statement of this argument seems to us its own refutation.

It must not be forgotten that we cannot as a Church go back to the position we occupied two years ago on this question. The large representation of the different Churches in the governing body of the proposed Confederated University is a guarantee as to its religious character and

teaching, that will be satisfactory to the public opinion of this Province. And if we reject this plan of Confederation, formulated with the assent and consent and help of the different college authorities, we are forever estopped from objecting to the granting of such State aid to the State University as it may require.

We can profoudly sympathize with our friends at Cobourg, and with the *Alumni* of Victoria, who wish to maintain the University as a separate institution. The feeling is alike creditable to them and to the university which so commands their allegiance. But having so educated public opinion as to cause the adoption of the safeguards of sound morality in the proposed State University, she can with dignity and propriety enter the federation which shall give effect to that desired result.

#### THE AFGHAN CRISIS.

To achieve "peace with honor" is one of the greatest triumphs of statesmanship. Whatever the clamour of the war-thirsty Jingoës of the London clubs may be, we cannot but think that the sober sense of the nation will thank God that the empire has been spared the unspeakable calamity of such an earth-shaking war as a conflict with Russia would be. Even our "little war" in the North-West brings home to us, as some of us have never felt before, the horrors and agony and bloodshed, the nameless wounds and frightful cost of war, even on so small a scale.

#### AN INDIAN WAR.

By the skill of General Middleton

and the gallantry of our volunteers the half-breed rebellion may be considered as crushed. The next problem is; What shall be done with the leaders? While a generous amnesty should be proclaimed toward their ignorant and deluded followers, these leaders should be brought strictly to account and, despite party exigency, should receive the just penalty of their heinous crime.

Our modern Frankenstein, by inciting an Indian revolt, has raised a spirit of baleful energy that he is unable to lay. The Indian on the war-path, especially when intoxicated with a transient success, with the pillage of farm-houses and capture of supplies, becomes a desperate and dangerous foe. All the demoniac passions of his nature are aroused, and, like the tiger that has tasted blood, he slays and destroys merely to glut his innate savagism. Let us pray God that our country be spared the horrors of an Indian war, such as for three hundred years made the frontiers of civilization on this continent the scene of slaughter, and gave to some of its most fertile regions the name of "the dark and bloody ground." Better offer a generous pardon to all but the blood-stained leaders—make liberal treaties with the native tribes—and, above all, at whatever cost, keep faith with the Indians. Let the white man's word be inviolable, and make it impossible for scrip-sharks, whiskey-smugglers, thieving Indian agents, and place-hunters, to bring reproach upon the white man's faith, by wrong and outrage of the redman's rights.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

#### THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., missionary in Japan, is now on a short furlough in Canada. His many friends will be glad to see him, and

his visit to the Conferences will no doubt tend to fan the missionary flame both among ministers and laymen.

It is gratifying to the friends of

missions to know that so far no Indian on any Protestant mission in the North-West has joined the insurgents. There are 10,000 Indians under the care of the Methodist missionaries—more than one-third of the entire Indian population—and every one is loyal to the Canadian Government.

Ten young men, whose names have been on the roll of the Rev. L. N. Beaudry's French Church, Montreal, have entered the ministry in Canada or the United States. One has passed away. Of 284 members received more than half are in the United States.

The revivals in Toronto during the past winter have surpassed everything of the kind that has taken place during the last quarter of a century. On two recent Sabbaths since our last issue, more than 600 persons were received into full membership in three of those churches, and still there's more to follow.

#### OTHER CANADIAN CHURCHES.

A minister in connection with the Episcopal Church and two in connection with the Presbyterian Church have received appointments as chaplains to the volunteers in the North-West, but, though some Methodist ministers have made application for such appointments, none have been made. Rev. John McDougall, like his honoured father, is doing good service by accompanying the Indians under his care, who are employed by the military authorities.

The Superintendent of Missions in connection with the Presbyterian Church does a good work in winter by visiting the Churches in Ontario chiefly, and keeps before them the claims of the missions under his care. In the summer season he is almost ubiquitous in Manitoba and the North-West, where he is either visiting weak Churches or looking out for suitable places where churches may be planted. As soon as the various colleges close he takes all the students whom the Home Mission Committee can sustain during vacation, and keeps them employed in missionary labours.

#### WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Mr. Osborn, in an address on "Self-supporting Workers," said that men were not only going abroad at the shortest notice, but several were going at their own expense. There was David Hill, who had long supported himself in China without costing the society a shilling. Students had been inspired by this noble example to act in a similar manner. One young man had offered to go to China, take his sister with him to engage in mission work and pay the whole expense. Another had given up his claim to a legacy he had received that it might be used for his support as a missionary in China. Another was studying medicine at his own expense and would eventually go as a medical missionary, either to India or China, without any expense to the society. Another was studying medicine at Trinity College, Dublin, and would follow the example of those named. A minister while doing circuit work in England had studied medicine and received his degree, and had established a large hospital in Fatsan.

Perhaps one of the most satisfactory features of the Fiji Mission is its now thoroughly indigenous character, every part of its organization being worked by natives, almost every office being held by them. This experiment has received its largest trial in Fiji, and the strongest arguments for its adoption in all countries may be drawn from its success here. In consequence of the large amount of imported labour in Fiji, the Wesleyan missionaries there have asked for an India native evangelist and a supply of books for their Hindu community.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The General Mission Board is using every means possible to secure an income of one million-dollars for the current year. The report of the Missionary Society for the past year contains many interesting items. Native workers 328, ordained preachers (natives) 276, unordained 276, teachers 634, members 34,442. The missions are in Africa, South Amer-

ica, China, Japan, Germany, Scandinavia, Bulgaria, India, Italy and Mexico. There are 129 foreign missionaries employed, besides 79 assistants and 47 belonging to the Woman's Missionary Society. There are also a score of missions to the aborigines.

In Dakota 30 new Methodist churches have been built within a year.

Cazenovia Seminary, Central New York, which has been in existence upwards of 60 years, has given instruction to some 16,000 or 17,000 persons.

In missionary circles in India one hears of nothing but activity and encouragement. The Methodist native Church at Lucknow pays its pastors 32 rupees per month, and gets nothing from America.

In a recent visit to Penang, Dr. Thornburn writes that both the Malay and Chinese languages are yielding, and are destined to yield, more and more to English. The school at Penang, with its 700 pupils, is an English school, and every boy of the 700 will master the English language before quitting its halls.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

The net gain of membership in this Church last year was 35,000.

About 260 conversions have been reported in connection with the special services in Nashville, Tenn. The houses of worship are crowded nightly, the Gospel is preached with plainness and power, and there is a popular interest in the subject of Christianity pervading the city.

Dr. Morton says the Church Extension Society has a loan fund, which at first amounted to \$18,000, which by reinvestments has aided in building 146 churches valued at \$290,000. Dr. Morton also reported that there had been contributed in 11 months by the churches for church extension a total of \$60,160. Churches helped 184, in six States, two Territories and the District of Columbia.

The annual Conference vote this year on the proposition made at the last General Conference to change

the name of the Church from the Methodist Episcopal Church South, to the Methodist Episcopal Church in America.

Five thousand copies of Bishop McTyeire's "History of Methodism" were sold in six months after its publication.

#### ITEMS.

A missionary stationed at Shetland Isles, in a recent letter, tells of his circuit, Lerwick, where there is one place—Fair Isle—50 miles away, which he can only visit once a year. The island, which is three miles long and one broad, contains 200 persons, who live in 23 houses. There are only about 50 able-bodied men; the rest are women and children. Half of the inhabitants are Methodists; the other half belonging to the Established Church of Scotland. When the missionary goes to this island, appointment, he remains two Sabbaths, on both of which he preaches in the little chapel, administers the Lord's Supper and baptizes the children. During the week he visits from house to house and holds various services among the people. But though without the presence and services of a minister, the people keep up two services every Sabbath, and when the missionary visits them they hail his presence with delight.

The union between the British Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada (coloured) and the African Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States was finally consummated at the General Conference, which met at Chatham, Ont. The united Church has 10 bishops, 7 general departments and officers, 45 annual conferences, 2,000 ministers, 4,000 organizations, 2,800 churches, 9,800 local preachers; and 500,000 members.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church *Quarterly Review*, of which Dr. B. T. Tanner is the editor, has issued its second number. The editor of *Zion's Herald* says: "It is a stout, neatly-printed pamphlet of over 100 pages, filled with a variety of popular, instructive and thoughtful papers and essays. The Quarterly is both an honour to our coloured

brethren and a valuable educational agency for the development of the talent of the writers of that Church."

A monument will soon be erected to the late Dr. Moffat, the African missionary, in his native village of Ormiston, near Tranent, in East Lothian, Scotland.

He sat in his easy chair before the blazing hearth, and thus he communed with himself: "Times are awful hard. I must reduce expenses somehow. What shall I give up? Tobacco? Coffee? Sugar? Oh, no. I must have all these. Let me see. I can stop the *Advocate*; that'll save \$2. And I'll stop the *Record*; that'll save me 50 cents. And I won't pay but half my quarterage; that'll save me \$10. And I won't give anything to the Conference collections this year; that'll save me \$5. So I can save \$15 or \$20 anyway. Bless the Lord. Wife, come in and let's have prayers."—*Church Record*.

Dr. Young J. Allan, superintendent

of the China Mission, reports that the Anglo-Chinese University at Shanghai pays current expenses, and that already more than ten per cent. of the pupils are applicants for membership in the Christian Church.

A few weeks ago a native minister was murdered but a short distance from Mexico City, when he was attempting to hold a religious service. Mr. Butler's native workers are constantly telling him of the persecutions they have to endure, sometimes risking their lives for the faith. But still the work goes on.

Dr. Haygood explains his sister's going to China as a missionary in this way: "If you ask," said he, "why my sister goes as a missionary to China, I answer, Because she had a Methodist father and mother and Methodist grandparents." In another report of his speech it appears that he described them as Methodists after the pattern of the "General Rules."

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## BOOK NOTICES.

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*In the Lena Delta: A Narrative of the Search for Lieut.-Commander DeLong and his Companions, An account of the Greely Relief Expedition, And a Proposed Method of Reaching the North Pole.* By GEORGE W. MELVILLE, Chief Engineer U.S.N. Edited by MELVILLE PHILIPS. With Maps and illustrations. 8vo. Pp. 498. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price \$2.50.

The record of Arctic Exploration is one long Iliad of most heroic achievement and most tragical disaster. Yet again and again undaunted adventurers essay, with all the resources of science and civilization,

To pluck its secret from the brooding years,  
To pierce the mystery of the Boreal pole.

None of the many Arctic Expeditions,

save perhaps the search expeditions for Sir John Franklin, exhibit loftier heroism and possess a more pathetic interest than those described in this book—the search for DeLong and his companions, and expedition for the relief of Lieutenant Greely and his party.

The author first gives an account of the ill-fated voyage of the *Jeanette*, the first vessel to attempt a polar expedition by way of Behring Strait. It will be remembered that she was crushed in the ice June 12, 1881. Then began the weary journey of 500 miles in boats and on sleds to the delta of the Lena, a great river of Siberia. In a tremendous storm the boats containing DeLong and Melville were separated, but by different routes they reached land. Again and again the faithful Melville explored the frozen marshes of the Lena in search of his commander, suffering the most excruciating hard-



ships and privations. At length by a frozen sound and amid drifted snow the dead body of DeLong was found, and near by the bodies of Dr. Ambler and Ah Sam, the Chinese cook. Soon other bodies and DeLong's journals of disaster were found. Here for a time they were buried, but their bodies were afterwards conveyed 6,000 miles by reindeer and horse sleds through Siberia, and 6,000 miles by rail and steamship, through Russia and the Baltic and Atlantic to New York. By the same route Melville found his way back. Undaunted by previous disasters he sailed again on the Greely relief expedition, of which he gives a graphic account. The touching story of that rescue is fresh in the memory of all. At the New Orleans World's Fair, no objects were exhibited of such pathetic interest as the tent, boat, and camp equipage of the Greely party.

Engineer Melville's plan of reaching the pole is that of establishing depots of provisions as far north as possible, and then with sleds and light equipment to make a forced march of 600 miles to the earth's northern axis and back. This book, to its scientific and geographical interest, adds all the fascination of heroic adventure and thrilling romance. The maps and cuts greatly help the comprehension of the narrative.

*An Examination of the Utilitarian Theory of Morals.* By the REV. F. R. BEATTIE, M.A., B.D., Ph.D. Pp. 222. Brantford: J. & J. Sutherland. Price \$1.00.

The profound problems of mental and moral science will always possess an intense interest to philosophical minds. The discoveries and fascinations of physics can never displace the earnest study of metaphysics and ethics. Some one has said, "There's nothing great on earth but man; there's nothing great in man but mind." Whether we quite fully agree with the saying or not, we can rejoice at the evidence given by this book of the successful prosecution of ethical and metaphysical studies in this young country. Dr. Beattie

treats his theme with the lucid exposition and cogent argument of one who has mastered the subject. He shows the sufficiency of the intentional theory of morals and the utter inadequacy of the much vaunted utilitarian theory. We congratulate the author on the very favourable reception with which the work has met from those most competent to appreciate its merits.

*A Manual of Methodism.* By the REV. GEORGE OXLEY HUESTIS. Pp. 202. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

This book is indeed a *multum in parvo*. Within its two hundred pages are comprised an outline of the history of Methodism in Great Britain, the United States, and Canada; a sketch of Methodist missions; the record of Methodist divisions and reunion; a summary of the doctrines of Methodism, and an abstract of the Discipline of the united Canadian Church. It will be seen from this what an important hand-book it is. It should be in the possession of every new convert. Indeed most old members could learn something valuable from its pages. If it were widely read Methodists would be more familiar with the heroic history of their own Church, and better able to give a reason for the hope that is in them. The book is well written, interesting in style, and beautifully printed and bound.

*John Knox.* By WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. Pp. 217. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

Knox is one of the most heroic characters of a heroic age. He was an impassioned patriot and he moulded the destiny of his country more than its sovereign or its parliament. His pulpit was a very throne. Like Luther's, his words were half battles, and he is one of those kings of mind who still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns. To know the life-story of Knox is to know the history of Scotland in the most important crisis of its existence. The chief authority on Knox has hitherto

been Dr. McCrie's rather sapless and uninteresting book. The accomplished pastor of Broadway Tabernacle has found here a congenial theme for his graceful pen. The stirring tale is told with a force and fire that warms the blood in the reader's veins. Though no admirer of Calvinism, the present writer has rarely been so deeply moved as when he stood in the chamber where John Knox died, and sat at the desk where he wrote, and stood in the pulpit where he preached, and over the slab which marks his grave beneath the pavement of the public street. To read his life-story, as told in this book, is to receive an inspiration to purity, to patriotism and to prayer.

*Missionary Scenes in Many Lands.*

By EDWARD BARRASS, M.A. Toronto: Methodist Mission Rooms.

Our versatile friend, the Rev. E. Barrass, has added another to his many literary achievements. The present volume contains an admirable summary of missionary intelligence respecting Japan, Fiji, the Friendly Islands, New Zealand, and Africa, with interesting sketches of Bishop William Taylor, and a native African preacher. The book is exceedingly interesting and instructive. It should be in every Sunday-school as an incentive to missionary zeal. It is beautifully printed and illustrated.

*Trajan. The History of a Sentimental Young Man.* By HENRY F. KEENAN. 12mo. Pp. 650. New York: Cassell & Company. Price \$1.50.

This story attracted much attention as it appeared in the short-lived but brilliant *Manhattan Magazine*; and when that periodical came to an untimely end, the publishers were besieged with inquiries as to when the story would be completed and republished. It treats with much minuteness of detail the stirring period of the last days of the French Empire, and the siege of Paris, and revolt of the Commune. It gives a graphic picture of those troublous times and throws much light on the causes of the collapse of Napoleon's house of cards. The American colony

in Paris figures largely in its pages. We don't know that we can quite agree with the opinion of an American critic that this is much the best novel that has appeared for years in the English or any other language; but it is certainly much above the average. It is crisp and epigrammatic in style, rapid in movement, and ingenious in plot. Its descriptions are surcharged with the bright and humorous atmosphere of the loveliest city in the world.

*National Academy Notes and Complete Catalogue, 1885.* Edited by CHAS. M. KURTZ. Illustrated. Price 50 cents.

For several years Mr. Kurtz has issued a hand-book of the spring exhibition at the National Academy. The issue of this year we think the best of the series. It contains 95 illustrations of the pictures exhibited, 85 of which are from reduced drawings by the artists. The book is invaluable as a key to the exhibition, is a pleasing souvenir of a visit, and to those who cannot see the originals, gives a very good idea of their general character.

#### LITERARY NOTE.

We are glad to see that Mr. William Kirby's famous tale of old Quebec, the Chien d'Or, has been translated into vigorous idiomatic French by L. P. LeMay, Esq. It appeals especially to the patriotism and sympathies of our French Canadian fellow-subjects, and we hope will have a large sale among them. Its popularity in English is shown by the fact that it has been twice pirated by American publishers and reprinted in various editions. While this may bring the author the name and fame he so well deserves, it defrauds him of that more substantial compensation for his labours which an equitable international copyright law would secure. We understand that Mr. Kirby is working at another Canadian tale; but it is poor encouragement to native authorship that its product should be pounced upon immediately by American pirates without any opportunity for redress or compensation.