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ROME AND THE ROMAN CONFLICT.*

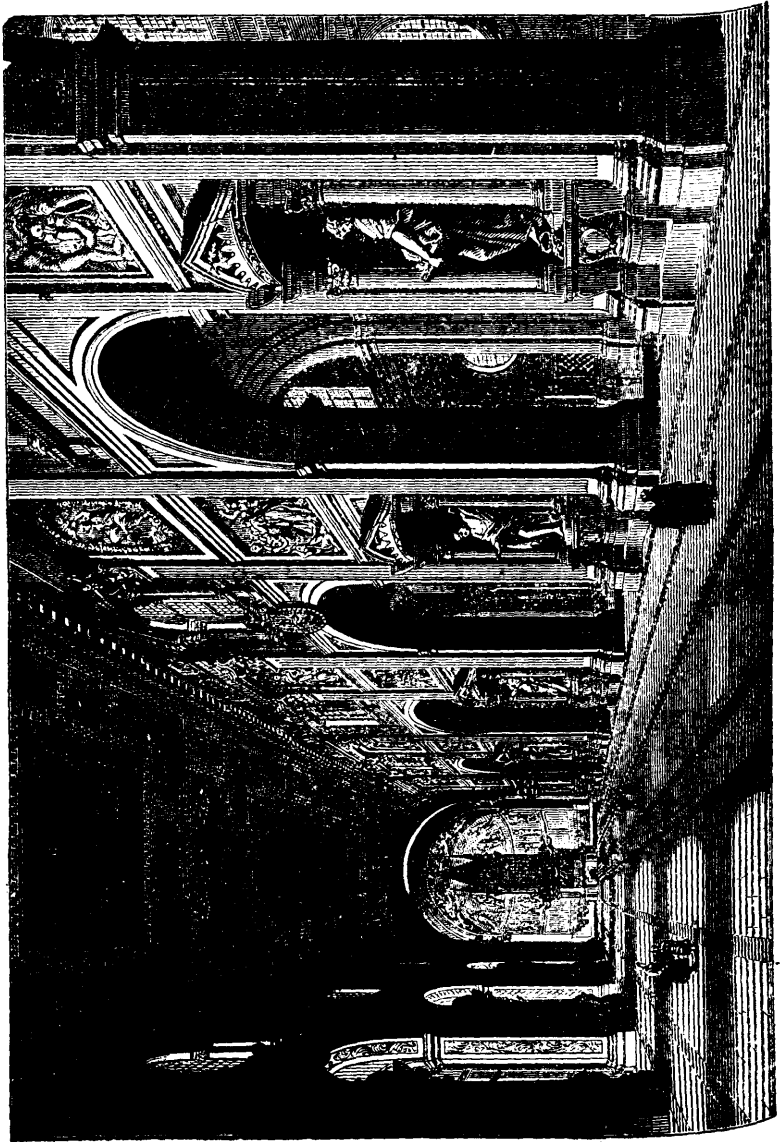
II.

THE basilica of St. John Lateran derives its name from a rich patrician family, whose estates were confiscated by Nero, when their head, Plantius Lateranus, was put to death for taking part in the conspiracy of Nero. It afterward became an imperial residence, and was given by Constantine to Pope Melchiades in 312, confirmed to Sylvester, and on the 9th of November, 324, the building was consecrated, Constantine having laboured at it with his own hands. In 896 the basilica was overthrown by an earthquake, but was rebuilt by Sergius III., 904-11. It was then dedicated to John the Baptist. In 1308 it was burned down, but rebuilt, to be again destroyed by fire in 1360, when it remained for four years in ruins, to be rebuilt in 1370 by Urban V. It has undergone many changes and decorations since. The church is rich in relics, tombs, frescoes, paintings, and statues.

The palace of the Lateran was the residence of the Popes for more than one thousand years. Here were held no less than five general councils of the Church, and here were stormy scenes in the lives of the Popes, that affected not only the city, but all

* *The Roman Conflict: or, the Rise, Power, and Impending Conflict of Roman Catholicism, as seen in Ancient Prophecy, Ceremonial Worship, Mediæval and Modern History, with a Sketch of Protestant Claims and Destiny.* Copiously illustrated. By the Rev. JAMES SHAW. 8vo, pp. 603. New York: Phillips & Hunt; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. From this book the engravings illustrating this article are taken.

Europe. Strange plots, plans, and machinations have been formed within these walls, affecting the destiny of millions.



SEE YOUR LECTURER, HOME.

After the return of the Popes from Avignon, in 1378, for greater security, the Popes resided in the Vatican, as the fortress

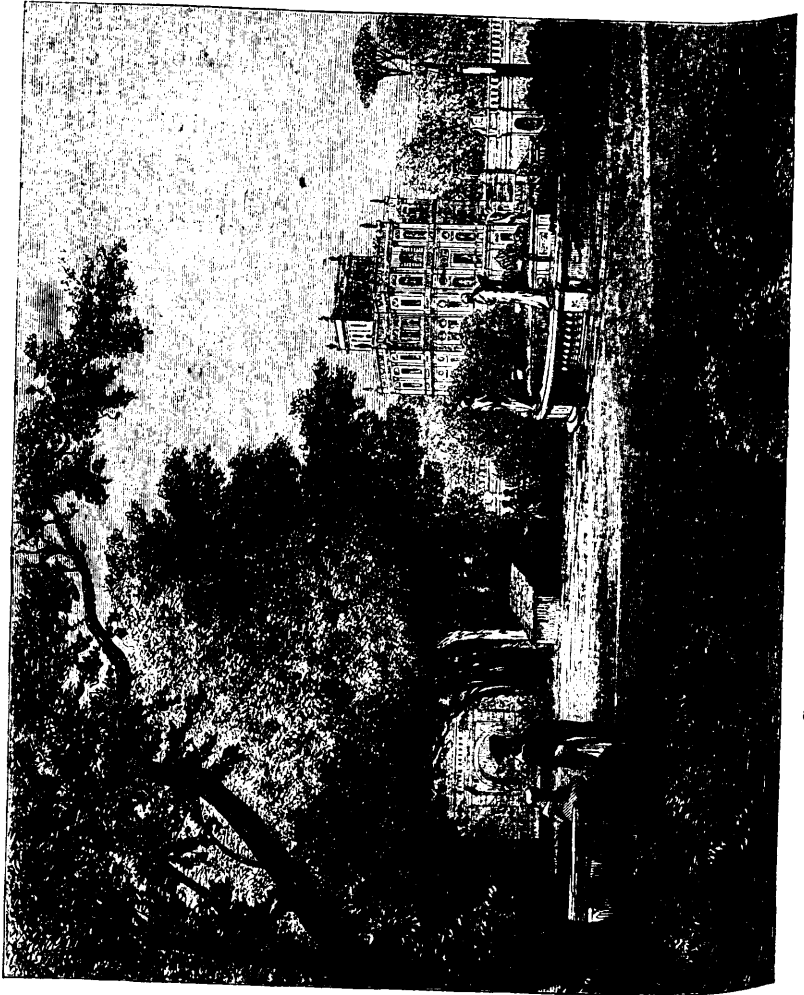
Castle of St. Angelo was near. The length of the Vatican Palace is 1151 feet, by 767. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts, and eleven thousand chambers. Its courts, gardens, and galleries are the finest in the world, and its library the most valuable in existence. No books or manuscripts are visible; they are all inclosed in cabinets, where are books almost innumerable, and manuscripts of the New Testament and other ancient works of the early and the middle ages. Besides these, in the varied rooms and halls of the library are paintings of the great masters and statues of the old sculptors.

In the building behind the Triclinium, attached to a convent of Passionist Monks, and erected by Fontana for Sixtus V., is preserved the Santa Scala. This famous stair-case, supposed to be that of the house of Pilate, ascended and descended by our Saviour, is said to have been brought by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, from Jerusalem, and has been regarded with especial reverence by the Roman Church for fifteen hundred years. In 897 it was injured and partly thrown down by an earthquake, but was re-erected in the old Lateran Palace, whence it was removed to its present site on the demolition of that venerable building. Clement XII. caused the steps to be covered by a wooden casing, which has since been repeatedly worn out by the knees of ascending pilgrims. Apertures are left through which the marble steps can be seen. Two of them are said to be stained by the blood of the Saviour.

Between the statues of "Ecce Homo" and "The Kiss of Judas" the pilgrims kneel to commence the ascent of the Santa Scala. The effect of the stair-case on Good Friday, with the figures ascending on their knees in the dim light, and the dark-vaulted ceiling covered with faded frescoes, is exceedingly picturesque.

It was up those stairs Martin Luther was ascending on his knees, burdened with the weight of sin, and anguished with a heart of sorrow, when about midway the ascending steps, a voice rang through his ear and thrilled his soul—"The just shall live by faith." It was the battle-cry of freedom coming down the ages. A new vision of mercy dawned upon his soul, and the simple plan of salvation unfolded before his mind. He rose erect with a new mysterious power in his heart, and returned to proclaim *salvation by faith*. As he lifted his voice and opened

the Book all Europe trembled. Around the reformer gathered kings, nations, peoples—a host numbering half the millions of Rome, and destined to take the world for Christ. Francis and the Franciscans laboured to bind the votaries of Rome in the



GARDENS OF THE VILLA PAMPHILI DOMUS, ROME.

meshes of a blind superstition, while Luther, as the apocalyptic angel, preached to the nations the gospel of liberty and salvation.

The basilica of Santa Croce—the holy cross—stands where once were the gardens of Heliogabalus, and afterward the palace of the Empress Helena. Mrs. Hemans says :

"Few churches are set within so impressive a picture as Santa Croce, approached on every side through these solitudes of vineyards and gardens, quiet roads, and long avenues of trees, that occupy such immense extent within the walls of Rome. The scene from the Lateran, looking toward the basilica, across the level common between lines of trees, with the distance of the Campagna and the mountains, the castellated walls, the arcades of the Claudian aqueduct, and gardens and groves, is more than beautiful, full of memory and association. . . . The majestic ruins of Minerva Medica, the so-called temple of Venus and Cupid, the fragments of the baths of St. Helena, the Castrens Amphitheatre, the arches of the aqueduct, half concealed in cypress and ivy, are objects which must increase the attractions of a walk to this sanctuary of the cross."

"The recollections of Rome," says Cardinal Wiseman, "will come back after many years in images of long delicious strolls in musing loneliness through the deserted ways of the ancient city; of climbing among its hills, over ruins, to reach some vantage-ground for mapping out the subjacent territory, and looking beyond on the glorious chains of greater and lesser mountains, clad in their imperial hues of gold and purple, and then perhaps of solemn entrance into the cool solitude of an open basilica, where your thought now rests, as your body then did, after evening prayer."

"For myself," says Mrs. Jameson, "I must say that I know nothing to compare with a pilgrimage among the antique churches scattered over the Esquiline, the Celian, and the Aventine Hills. They stand apart, each in its solitude, amid gardens and vineyards and heaps of nameless ruins—here a group of cypresses, there a lofty pine or solitary palm; the tutelary saint, perhaps some Saint Achillio or Santa Bebiana, whom we never heard of before; an altar rich in precious marbles; columns of porphyry, the old frescoes dropping from the walls, the everlasting colossal mosaics looking down so solemn, so dim, so spectral—these grow upon us, until each succeeding visit, they themselves and the associations by which they are surrounded, become a part of our daily life, and may be said to hallow that life when considered in the right spirit."

Among the most attractive features at Rome are the public and private gardens which occupy much of the vast space both

within and without the walls. In these are situated the palaces of the noble Roman families, often abounding in ancestral wealth



BORGHESI GARDENS, ROME.

and treasures of classic and modern art which no wealth could purchase. The Gardens of the Villa Pamfili Doria, and the

Borghese Gardens, are examples. The beautiful stone pines, so striking a feature in Italian landscapes, will be observed in the engraving.

Another feature of conspicuous interest that strikes a stranger is the number and vast extent of the convents of Rome. Some of these are almost like a fortress, with their encircling walls, huge castellated piles of building, and stone-vaulted cells of the monks. Their chapels and libraries often contain treasures of art and manuscripts of the classics, ancient fathers, and early codices of the Scriptures, which are of inestimable value. The convent of Santa Sabina is one of the most extensive of these.

"The friars and fraternities, derived from the Latin *frater* and the French *frere*, for brother," says our author, "are mendicant and preaching monks, who live by donations, and belong to the four leading orders—Franciscans, Dominicans, Carmelites, and Augustinians. Many of them were distinguished teachers of theology in the leading universities of Europe, and exerted unbounded influence.

"A large number of orders and societies have been disbanded and monasteries shut up. In the Middle Ages, in proportion to the population, they literally swarmed. In Italy and Germany quite a large number have been shut up. In the past history of monasticism a great many changes have taken place. Sometimes they became so turbulent and divided among themselves as to require the strong hands of Popes to quell the schisms, sometimes so impure that the whole institution fell by its own corruption. The tales told by Catholic historians of monastic and conventual life in the Middle Ages are scarcely fit to read. It was only when the purity of Protestant life reacted upon Rome that her monasteries began to improve in morals."

The extortions of the mendicant friars, often wrung from the superstitious peasantry, are a severe tax on their meagre resources. These sturdy beggars go around with their donkey cart, taking toll of corn, oil, and wine, and fruit, eggs, and chickens from the toilers in the fields and vineyards, for the maintenance of the idlers in the convent. One great cause of the impoverishment of Italy is the number of hands thus withdrawn from productive industry, and the number of saints' days and festivals observed, when the whole population cease from

their labour, never of the most strenuous sort, and waste the hours at the village wine-shop and at the village festa.



CONVENT OF SANTA SABINA, ROME.

“In the United States,” says Mr. Shaw, “there are about 30 religious orders and congregations of men, with a membership

of 2,500, including the Jesuits, and about 50 orders and societies of nuns, with a membership of 8,000, having under their united charge, in schools and seminaries, about 200,000 children and students. The monastic orders throughout the world number about 8,000, and the male membership 117,000; the convents, or nun establishments, number 10,000, and the membership 189,000,—thus forming a teaching force in the Church of Rome, with the priesthood, of nearly half a million celibates.

One of the most extraordinary religious observances of Rome is the worship of the Bambino. The church of Ara Celi, which signifies the altar of heaven, is celebrated as the place of the relic and the scene of the adoration of the holy Bambino. The word Bambino in Italian is child, and the Bambino of Ara Celi is a wooden image of about two feet long, supposed to represent the holy child Jesus. "On its head is a crown of gold, gemmed with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds. From its neck to its feet it is wrapped in swaddling-clothes. The dress is covered with jewels worth several thousands, so that the Bambino is a blaze of splendour." It is said to have been carved by a monk in Jerusalem, of the olive wood. While at work he fell asleep, and when he awoke the image was finished and painted. In a state carriage it is brought to visit the sick and dying of the rich, whose sick it has recovered, so that it receives more calls, obtains more fees, and accomplishes more cures than all the doctors of the city, and thus has well earned its title, "the little doctor." The festival of the Bambino is celebrated annually from Christmas to the Epiphany, a course of eight days. Rev. Robert Seymour gives the following description of what he saw in his pilgrimage to Rome :

"The church of Ara Celi stands on a height, and is approached by a flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps of Grecian marble, said to be those that formed the approach to the Temple of Venus in the times of heathenism. At the top of this magnificent mass of white marble is the front of the church; and it was on this spot I stood to witness the blessing of the most holy Bambino, one of the most extraordinary spectacles to be seen in the Church of Rome. The whole space below and up the long flight of steps was thronged to excess. The masses of the people were wedged together as closely as possible. There could not be less than five thousand persons, every head un-

covered, and every face upturned, gazing intently upon the scene in front of the church. And such a scene! There, at the height



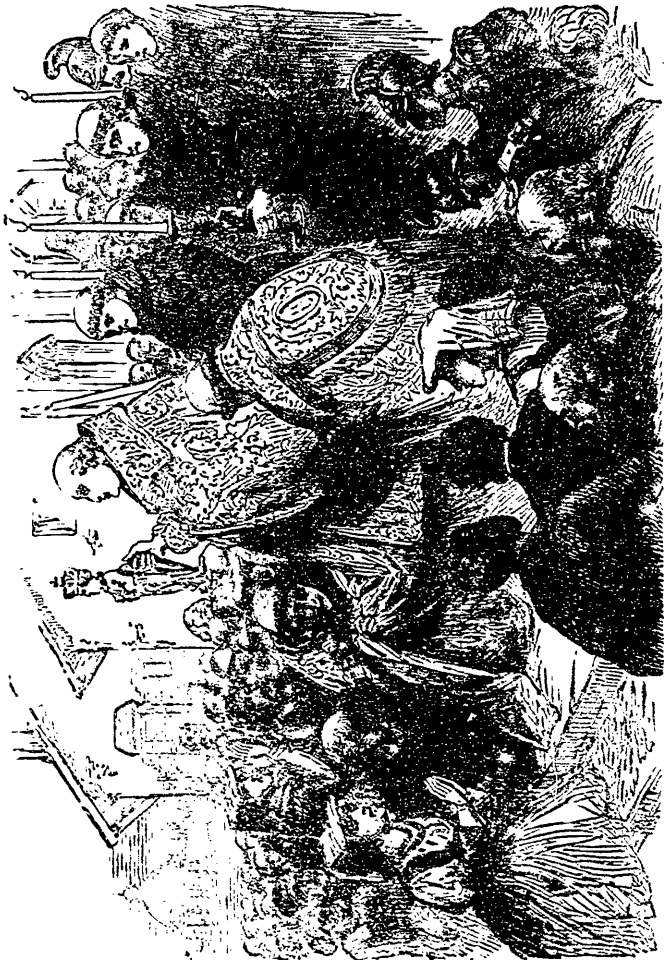
of one hundred and twenty-four steps, upon the great mass of the people, stood the priests in their splendid robes. On one

side were arranged about forty monks; on the other hand about as many more; and, clothed in their sombre dresses, and waving their blazing torches in their hands, they presented a scene of the most striking kind. In the midst were the more immediate officials, holding aloft their gigantic torches; and in the centre of these again were priests surrounding the high priest, who held the little image of the Bambino in his hand. At least one hundred torches, each in the hand of an ecclesiastic, glittered and flamed around. The incense was waved before them, and enwrapped all for the moment in its clouds and perfume. The military band filled the whole space with a crash of music, and the soldiers of the guard presented arms as the chief priest lifted the little image—slowly lifted the Bambino, raising it above his head. In an instant, as if the eternal Jehovah were visibly present in the image, among the vast multitude gazing from beneath, every head was uncovered, every knee was bent, and almost every living soul was prostrate before it. He raised it slowly a second time; he raised it in the same manner, only more slowly, the third time; and the muttered words of prayer ascended from the vast multitude, and told how deeply rooted among the people is this worship of the Bambino.

“The procession re-entered the church, and approached the high altar, the priest holding the Bambino before his breast in an erect position, with its back to himself. He then placed it upon the altar, and he and his assistants knelt and adored it. After a short space he again rose, and taking it into his hands, again held the image before him. The music of the military band rang through the arched aisles, the incense poured forth its volume of perfume, the hundred lights waved in the hands of the monks, the priest lifted the image above his head, and in an instant the whole assembly, at least two thousand souls, lay prostrate upon the earth. A thrill ran through my frame at the sight. He raised it the second time; he raised it the third time. He then slowly returned it to the altar. The people arose from their prostration, and the priests carried their idol behind the curtains, and the festival was ended.”

Naples, the largest city of Italy, is more celebrated in the Roman calendar, says our author, for its saint, Januarius, than for its beautiful bay and burning mountains. On the anniversary of the saint's martyrdom, when the priests bring the saint's

head and a phial of his blood together in the presence of the people, the saint's blood *liquefies*. During the French wars they invaded Italy, took Naples, but, on the anniversary of the saint's martyrdom, the saint's blood refused to melt on account of the presence of the French. The people who had gathered to witness



WONDER OF THE BAMBINO.

the miracle were incensed, and were about to rise *en masse* upon the hostile foreigners, when the French commander marched his troops to the square outside the church, placed his cannon opposite the building, with lighted matches in the hands of his artillery, gave the priests *ten* minutes to bring out the *phial* of



NAPLES.

blood, and that if the saint did not relent of his obstinacy he would blow the church to atoms and lay the city in ruins. Five, six, and seven minutes passed away; no sign; the people waited in suspense. At last the saint relented, the blood liquefied, and the people rent the air with shouts. The church and the saint were spared for future exhibitions, and the priests retired to their homes chagrined that they were compelled for once to work a miracle against their will.

Florence, of which our author gives an engraving, is one of the most beautiful cities of Italy, and presents more art attractions than any other, save Rome itself. In the foreground is seen the "Val d'Arno," whose beauty lingered so fondly in the memory of Milton that it cheered even his lonely blindness, and is embalmed in immortal verse in the noblest epic in the world.

The large cathedral is the far-famed Duomo, surpassed only by St. Peter's. Indeed, its dome is vaster than even that of St. Peter's itself. Beside it is Giotto's Campanile, of such light and airy grace that Charles V. used to say it should be kept in a glass-case. Near by is the baptistery, whose bronze portals Michael Angelo declared worthy to be the gates of Paradise. The church of Santa Croce is the Pantheon or Westminster Abbey of Florence.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality,
Though there were nothing save the past, and this,
The particle of those sublimities,
Which have relapsed to chaos :—here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,
The starry Galileo with his woes ;
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose.

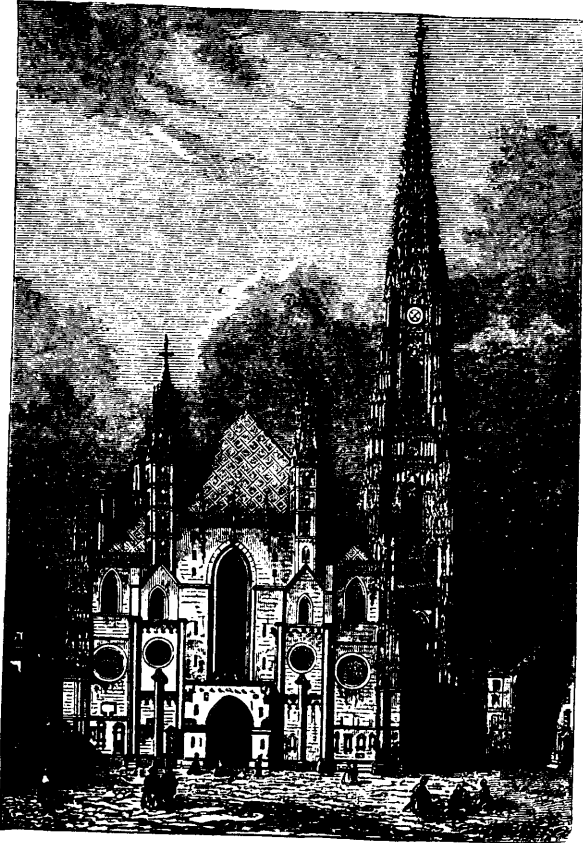
Among the grandest trophies of Roman Catholicism in Europe are the vast Gothic piles which rear their lofty structures toward the skies. Of these our author has selected for illustration two of the most notable in Europe—the church of St. Denis in France and that of St. Stephen's in Vienna. During the violent reaction of France, at the time of the Revolution, against the corrupt form of religion by which Christianity was travestied, the altar as well as the throne was overturned and desecrated.

"The wealth of the Church in France," says our author, "was



PÖHNNEPE.

immense, and for years sustained the French army in its wars with the powers of Europe. The bells of the churches alone were run into fifteen thousand cannons. The most beautiful cathedrals and churches were sold and turned into common uses. A traveller in France, at that time, wrote home to England:—

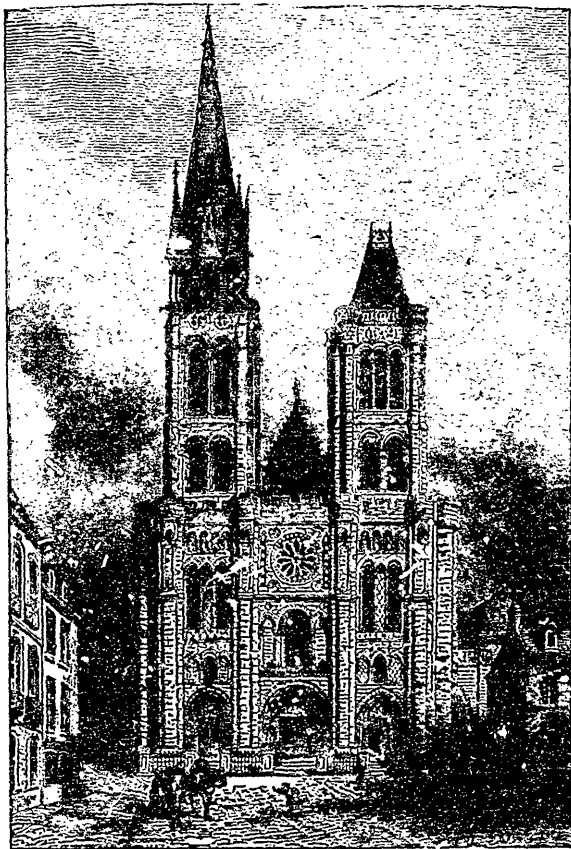


ST. STEPHEN'S CATHEDRAL, VIENNA.

' On turning a corner of a street as we entered Rouen, I suddenly found coach and horses in the aisle of an ancient cathedral. An old cab occupied the place of the altar, and the horses were eating oats out of the sacristy.' Dr. Waugh, in 1802, visiting France, found in Dieppe one of the most beautiful churches filled with wheat, and in another two men winnowing wheat before the pulpit.

"The cathedral at Rheims was turned into a gunpowder manu-

factory, and the ancient church of St. Denis, the patron saint of France, and the mausoleum of her ancient kings, was rifled and robbed of all its costly ornaments, and the leaden coffins of its venerated kings were run into bullets for French soldiers. The spoliation extended to the Catholic churches of Europe, to St.



CHURCH OF ST. DENIS, FRANCE.

Stephen's, of Vienna, as well as St. Peter's, of Rome, wherever French arms triumphed."

The foregoing pages are examples of the mode of treatment, pictorial and literary, of the Roman Conflict, by one of the most recent writers on the subject. His book gives evidence of a wide range of reading and investigation, and conveys a large amount of curious and interesting information.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.



OWL'S HEAD, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

WITHIN four hours' ride from Montreal, *via* the South-Eastern Railway, lies one of the most charming and picturesque regions of Canada, and the most beautiful of Canadian lakes—Memphremagog. We glide out of the busy Bonaventure Station, and leaving the stately city behind us plunge into the dark and echoing tunnel of the Victoria Tubular Bridge.

What strikes one is the composite nature of the train, made up as it is of carriages which, after keeping company for a time, diverge by different routes to Portland, Boston, and New York. From the south shore of the St. Lawrence the imposing river front of our Canadian Liverpool, with its crowded docks, shipping, and warehouses, and its terraced streets and magnificent mountain background, is seen to great advantage.

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

lege. On many farms a rude windmill brandishes its stalwart arms, as if eager for a fray—a feature imported probably from the wind-swept plains of Normandy. Occasionally are seen dusk-eyed, olive-skinned *belles Canadiennes* hay-making in the sweet-scented meadows or spinning in the doorways. Many of the cottages gleam with snowy whitewash—roofs and all—looking in the distance like a new washed flock of sheep, or like the tents of an army. As we proceed further the naked rocks protrude in places through the soil, as though the earth were getting out-at-elbows and exposing her bony frame. The country is much more picturesque, however, than anything we have in the west. At the thriving town of St. John's we cross the broad Richelieu, long known as the River of the Iroquois,—the gateway of Canada by which those ferocious tribes, for two hundred years, invaded the river seigneuries and often menaced, and sometimes massacred, the hapless inhabitants of Montreal. The old "Jesuit Relations" abound with narratives of thrilling adventure on this historic stream, which are now well-nigh forgotten.

After leaving St. John's we pass the pretty and prosperous villages of West and East Farnham, Cowansville, Sweetsburg, West Brome, Sutton, and Abercorn. Several of these nestle in sheltering valleys amid the swelling hills, and in the English parts of the Eastern townships as good farms, farmsteads, and creek abound as one would care to see. This is especially true of the magnificent



ROUND ISLAND, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

rolling land east of Memphremagog, and on the slopes of the St. Francis River. Entering Vermont State at Richford, the hills swell into mountains, some of them over 4,000 feet high. Like ancient Titans sitting on their solitary thrones, they seem to brood over the deep thoughts locked in their rocky breasts.

Lake Memphremagog, two-thirds of which lies in the Dominion of Canada, is the charming rival of Lake George, which it re-

sembles in conformation. Its length is thirty miles, the breadth about two miles, widening in some portions to six miles. The bold, rock-bound shores, numerous wooded islands, the shadowing peaks of lofty mountains, rising, in some cases, to 3,000 feet in height, with slopes of luxurious forests and greenest verdure, serve but to heighten the charm of this "Beautiful Water," supplied from the pure, cold streams of the surrounding mountains.

The memory of a day spent on this lovely lake is photographed forever on our mind as one of its most vivid and beautiful pictures. One takes the steamer at the pretty little town of Newport, in Vermont. Her commander, Captain Fogg, has, for a lifetime, known every point upon these waters, and can give valuable information or amuse you with stories and legends innumerable, pertaining to the old-time history of this wild and secluded region. The zig-zag course of the steamer gives you a trip of nearly fifty miles sailing, from Newport to the village at the northern outlet—Magog—a hamlet with a background of forest extending to Mount Orford. The sail of nearly a hundred miles up and down the lake is one of ever-varying delight. The snow-white hotels and villas of the town are sharply relieved against the verdure of the wooded hills. Pleasure yachts float, doubled by reflection, on the glassy surface, and the snowy pennon of a railway engine streams gracefully in the air. The eastern shores are fertile and sparsely populated with a farming community; the western shore is more bold and abrupt, rising, in many places, in frowning bluffs of several hundred feet elevation.



MT. ELEPHANTIS, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

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

Now we approach Owl's Head, which looms ever vaster and grander as we draw near. It lifts its hoary summit nearly three

thousand feet in the air, and Mount Orford, near the further end of the lake, is nearly a thousand feet higher. The former, however, is more accessible, and makes the more striking impression from the water. "Bald, stately bluff that never wore a smile," from its sealed granite lips there cometh not tradition nor refrain. It keeps forevermore its lonely watch

"—year after year,
In solitude eternal, wrapped in con-
templation drear."



SKINNER'S CAVE, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

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

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

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

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

Round Island is a cedar-crowned swell of rock-bound land, rising from the lake, about a half-mile from the base of Owl's

Head, which you are now approaching. The boat lands you in a few minutes at the wharf of a land-locked and mountain-shadowed hotel, the Mountain House. The view of the lake from this point is superb. The ascent of Owl's Head is made from that hotel. There are curious and prominent way-marks on the ascent, and the prospect is grand and extensive, extending, with favourable weather, to Montreal and the great St. Lawrence River, over the whole extent of the lake and the cluster of lakes, ponds, and system of rivers, with the ranges, peaks, and villages around the wide sweep of view.

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

Eastward from the Mountain House, near the eastern shore, is Skinner's Island, and on its north-eastern shore is Skinner's Cave, a narrow den in the rock, some thirty feet deep. The legend of Uriah Skinner, the bold "Smuggler of Magog," is too long for our pages, but 'tis said he took refuge from pursuit in this cave, and there perished, hence the name of "Skinner's Cave."

Steaming northward from this point, the great mountains rear their huge masses into view. Owl's Head, Sugar-Loaf, or Mount Elephantis, the Hog's Back, and, away in the distance, Jay Peak. Meanwhile, Long Island, with its bold shores, has been passed, and on its southern line is the famous Balance Rock, a huge granite mass, balanced upon a point close to the water's edge,

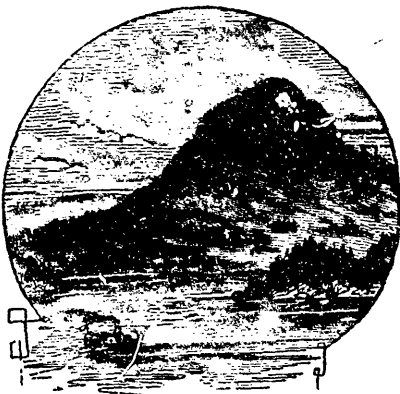


BALANCE ROCK, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

an object of interest to the learned and the curious. The eastern shores are now abrupt, and residences of wealthy Canadians crown the heights. Molson, the Montreal banker, has here his summer residence, and is the proprietor of an island near the eastern shore. Sir Hugh Allan, the great steamship owner, has a charming villa on the shore of the lake. A hale-looking, white-haired old gentleman he looked,

as he stood on the wharf in a butternut coat, buff vest, and white hat. He has an elegant steam yacht, in which he navigates its placid waters.

Georgeville is a place of some importance, where a stop is made for the mails, and you steam across to the western shore to Knowlton's Landing. Steaming on from this landing, and rounding the bold rocky promontory of Gibraltar Point, you have a wide view, with Mount Orford in the distance—the highest summit of Lower Canada, 3,300 feet elevation, distance five miles from the village of Magog. It may be ascended by carriage road-



MT. ORFORD, LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.

way to the summit. A few miles from Newport is Lake Willoughby. This

remarkable sheet of water lies between two lofty mountain walls, evidently once united, but torn asunder by some terrible convulsion of nature in remote ages. The surface of the lake is nearly twelve hundred feet above sea level, and the mountain walls tower on either side to the height of nearly two thousand feet above the lake. Mount Willoughby, the eastern wall, is nearly two thousand feet in height, and Mount Hor, on the western side, is of somewhat less elevation. From the summit of these heights you may look to the south-east upon the White and Franconia Mountains, westward to the bold peaks and ranges of the Green Mountains, northward into the Canadas, and southward along the wide valley between the great mountain ranges. From Newport to the White Mountains, Lake Winnepesaukee, and Boston is a delightful ride along the picturesque Passumpsic and Merrimac Rivers, whose ever-varying scenery makes the trip one long to be remembered.

Travellers, who have seen them both, say that Memphremagog, for beauty of scenery, altitude of surrounding mountains, and picturesque indentation of shore, bears away the palm from the far-famed Lochs Lomond and Katrine. It has also, in some of

its aspects, been compared to Lake George, which it resembles in great length as compared to its breadth, and to the memory-haunted waters of Lake Geneva. But it lacks the historic interest, the human sympathy, the spell of power, that those scenes possess,—

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

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

DANIEL.

BY ROBERT EVANS.

HARK to the wild accumulating roar
That fills with terror the tempestuous night!
Night's brow is black with storms, and the forked light,
Like serpent's fangs, doth rend it more and more;
While Babel trembles like the ocean shore.
Dark as the lion's lair; each sound, each sight,
The soul afflicts with wonder and affright.
Darius mourns; and, e'er the tumult's o'er,
Hastes to the den where Daniel rests in peace;
Calmly he sees the adoring prophet kneel,
Faith's inborn radiance beaming on his face—
The lions saw it as they crouched and fell,
And, in their native fierceness, helpless lay—
But rampant sprang his deadly foes to slay.

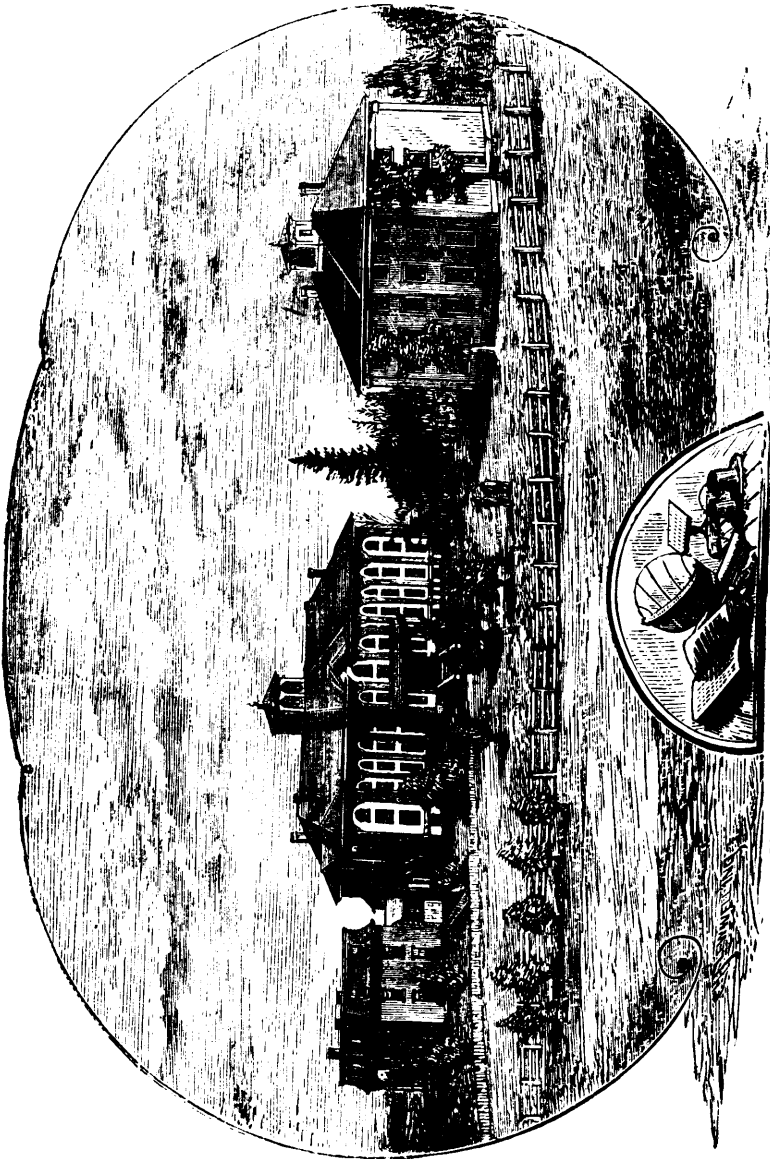
METHODIST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN COLLEGE, SACKVILLE, NEW BRUNSWICK.

METHODISM in the Maritime Provinces, as well as in the Western Provinces of the Dominion, has been true to its native instincts in establishing and fostering institutions for the higher education of its young people upon Christian principles. In connexion with this movement, the honoured name of Charles F. Allison is intimately associated. A native of Nova Scotia, having amassed a competency in colonial trade, and having been converted to God through the agency of the Wesleyan Church, he retired from business in 1840 that he might devote himself to the benevolent and educational enterprises to which the remaining nineteen years of his life were given. The chief of these was the founding of the Mount Allison Wesleyan Academy, to which he gave the sum of \$20,000. A suitable, and, for the time, noble building was erected at Mount Allison, Sackville, commanding a view of one of the fairest landscapes in the broad Dominion. The Academy was opened January 19th, 1843, with seven students, which number before the end of the year increased to eighty, and was still further increased the following year. The institution evidently met a felt want, and not a few of the leading men of the country received instruction within its walls.

The success of this enterprise justified the establishment of a Female Academy, which was accordingly done. It was opened in 1854, with the Rev. Dr. Evans as Governor and Chaplain, and Miss M. E. Adams, Chief Preceptress, assisted by her sister, Miss Augusta Adams. Thus, these ladies have held prominent positions in the inauguration of two important Wesleyan institutions. The Rev. Dr. Pickard continued for several years President of the Male Academy. The ladies' department has occupied from the beginning a large and commodious building, which has been extended till it is now a four storey structure, 160 feet in length by 45 in breadth, with accommodation for 100 boarders.

The Mount Allison Wesleyan College is the outgrowth of the Male Academy. It was organized in 1862, under a charter



MOUNT ALLISON WESLEYAN COLLEGE AND MALE ACADEMY.

obtained from the Legislature of New Brunswick with full university powers. For some time after its organization it was partially dependant upon the Academy for financial aid. It is now, however, entirely separated, except that the Academy is the preparatory school for the College. The Rev. Dr. Pickard was President of the College, till he was succeeded by Dr. Allison in 1869. In June last Dr. Allison was appointed to the important position of Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia.

The College, true to the historic reputation of the other and older Mount Allison institutions, is conducted on strictly non-sectarian principles. The general denominational control under which it is placed furnishes a sufficient guarantee that skeptical license will never be allowed to run riot within its walls, but does not imply the existence of a purpose or a wish to interfere with the conscientious convictions of any. The fullest recognition, however, is given to the truths and claims of the Christian religion: the Bible is publicly honoured as the Word of God, and no pains are spared that the education imparted may be suitably leavened with religious principle.

For several years the Collège has enjoyed the unique distinction of receiving financial aid from the Legislatures of both New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but to an extent, even in addition to the assistance which it receives from the denomination to which it belongs, which is quite inadequate to its growth and development.

In 1876 the Legislature of Nova Scotia passed an Act establishing the University of Halifax as an examining Board, in order to promote the cause of higher education, by securing the sympathetic co-operation of the governing Boards and Faculties of various Colleges. Interpreting this as a sincere movement in the interests of Educational unity and University Reform, the Mount Allison Wesleyan College Board authorized such a modification of the arts' curriculum as will promote the convenience of students preparing for the degree examinations of the University of Halifax. This, however, in no wise affects the chartered rights of the University.

Mr. W. L. Goodwin, the winner of the Gilchrist scholarship for 1877, received his preparatory training entirely at the Mount Allison Academy and College, and two of the students of the College took the first and second prizes at the first B.A. exam-

ination of the University of Halifax, their percentage of marks being very high. These facts alone are a sufficient guarantee of the eminent efficiency of the literary training of the College. The engraving which accompanies this article gives a view of the College and Male Academy. The value of the property is between \$80,000 and \$100,000, and the amount of the endowment fund is about \$70,000. But in view of the need of new buildings, and of a more complete library and educational apparatus, and more adequate maintenance of the faculty of instruction, its income is far too limited.

In connection with the College is also a Faculty of Theology, of which the Rev. Dr. Stewart is Dean. Eighteen probationers of our Church are here receiving theological and literary training, which fact gives the College an important claim upon the sympathy and support of the Methodist Church of Canada. The present principals of both Male and Female Academies, the Rev. B. Longley, M.A., and Rev. D. Kennedy, S.T.D., are both graduates of Victoria University. Another graduate of Victoria, Rev. J. Burwash, M.A., is Professor of Chemistry in the College.

We have pleasure in reproducing the following eloquent remarks of President Inch on the important subject of the relation of the Church to higher education:

"The history of Christendom shows that the diffusion of the higher education has always been regarded as a legitimate part of Church operation. If that view be correct, and few will attempt a denial, then the Mount Allison College has a sufficient *raison d'être* with which she may triumphantly meet the challenge of every gainsayer. The Methodist Church of Canada exercises its jurisdiction from Vancouver Island to Newfoundland, and south to the Bermudas, and numbers, as its adherents, probably not less than 500,000 souls. The only educational institutions with chartered University powers which this vast constituency is called upon to maintain are Victoria University at Cobourg, and the Mount Allison Wesleyan College.

"I am aware that a certain class of doctrinaires affect to speak disparagingly of denominational colleges as narrow and inefficient; and hesitate not to bring charges of sectarianism against those who decline to accept their conclusions as to the relative merits of denominational and state educational agencies. It is

a sufficient answer to all such charges to appeal to facts and history. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Such an appeal will show that, after all that may be justly said against the bigotry of a corrupt Church which could accept as a maxim, that Ignorance is the mother of devotion; and after all that has been unjustly said against the scholastic learning of the middle ages, the incontrovertible fact remains that were the results of the direct educational work of the Christian Church eliminated from the world, mankind would at this day be in a state of ignorance far below that of the ancient pagan civilizations! In the moral and religious safe-guards to students which denominational colleges afford, in their economic aspects, in the private liberality which they call forth, in the enthusiasm and self-denying devotion on the part of both professors and students which they excite, these colleges have proved themselves especially adapted to this age and country. Comparisons are likely to be invidious; but it is safe to say that of the vast number of young men who during the last half century have received the benefits of liberal culture in the United States and British America, not a third would have ever had their thoughts directed to the subject had it not been for denominational colleges. Now, think of the mighty streams of private benevolence which set in operation the denominational colleges of this continent. Think of the abundant and refreshing showers of private liberality which annually fall to maintain them in efficiency. Think of the result of these agencies on the lives and the life-work of their 22,000 students each year. Think on these things, and your respect will not be increased for the wisdom of the men who would dry up the fountain of these rivers of life, or confine their waters to the narrower channels of theological training.

"But to approach this question a little more closely, let us inquire what are the mutual relations, and what the obligations which denominational colleges sustain to the religious bodies whose name they bear? In other words, what does the denomination require of the college, and what may the college reasonably expect from the Church under whose name and auspices it performs its functions? In reply it may be said:

"The Church requires, first of all, that the courses of study and the methods of collegiate life shall recognize the supernatural

character and the historical facts of the Christian religion; and the obligation which rests upon all men to learn of Christ and submit themselves to His sovereignty. In the second place, the Church reasonably requires that no religious dogmas, contrary to the spirit of her recognized standards, shall be authoritatively taught in the college classes. In the third place, the Church avails herself of the college organization, if she desire to do so, to form special courses of study for her ministerial candidates; but these theological courses are usually post-graduate, always distinct from the arts' course, and rest upon a separate financial foundation. Besides these, I know of no other requirements, positive or negative, which are binding upon Protestant denominational colleges and not equally obligatory upon others. No religious test is required of professors or students in the one class of colleges more than in the other.

"Objections to such a relation as I have indicated between the Church and the College have been urged by three classes. First, by those who deny the Divine origin and character of Christianity. Second, by those who think that a pre-recognition of Christianity is inconsistent with the scientific method, and with freedom of thought and investigation; and Thirdly, by sincere believers who imagine that secular education is not Church work, and who, in their horror of bigotry, would confide the religious interests of college students to agencies and influences wholly outside the daily college life.

"With the two classes first named I shall not attempt to deal in the present discussion, but to the third class I would heartily commend the forcible words of President Porter of Yale College: 'We trust,' he says, 'that none will be surprised when we assert, that other things being equal, that institution of learning which is earnestly religious is certain to make the largest and most valuable achievements in science and learning, as well as in literary tastes and capacities. The college, as compared with other communities, stands in special and imperative need of religious restraints and religious influences. We cannot overlook the fact that not a little of science and culture at present is conspicuously anti-Christian. For a college to hesitate to teach theism and Christianity, is practically to proclaim that in the opinion of its guardians and teachers, the evidence for and against is so evenly balanced that it would be

unfair for them to throw their influence on either side; and is, in fact, to throw it on the side of materialism, fatalism, or atheism. One thing is certain, that all the experiments which have been tried in this country to conduct institutions of learning without Christian worship and Christian influences have failed; that all the so-called State colleges have, in some sort, been forced to adopt, either directly or indirectly, the same methods of religious influences which are employed in denominational colleges; that in the choice of their officers they have largely given the preference to men of positive and earnest Christian faith, for their greater usefulness as teachers, and their greater acceptableness to the community.'

"To meet the charge of bigotry, and to allay the fears of those who dread the danger of denominational colleges becoming hotbeds of sectarian intolerance, we would again appeal to fact. The truth is that the manifestation of a sectarian spirit in the instruction or government of a Protestant college would be regarded now-a-days as an unmistakable proof of the absence of that culture which colleges are intended to promote, and of that catholic spirit which collegiate studies tend to produce.

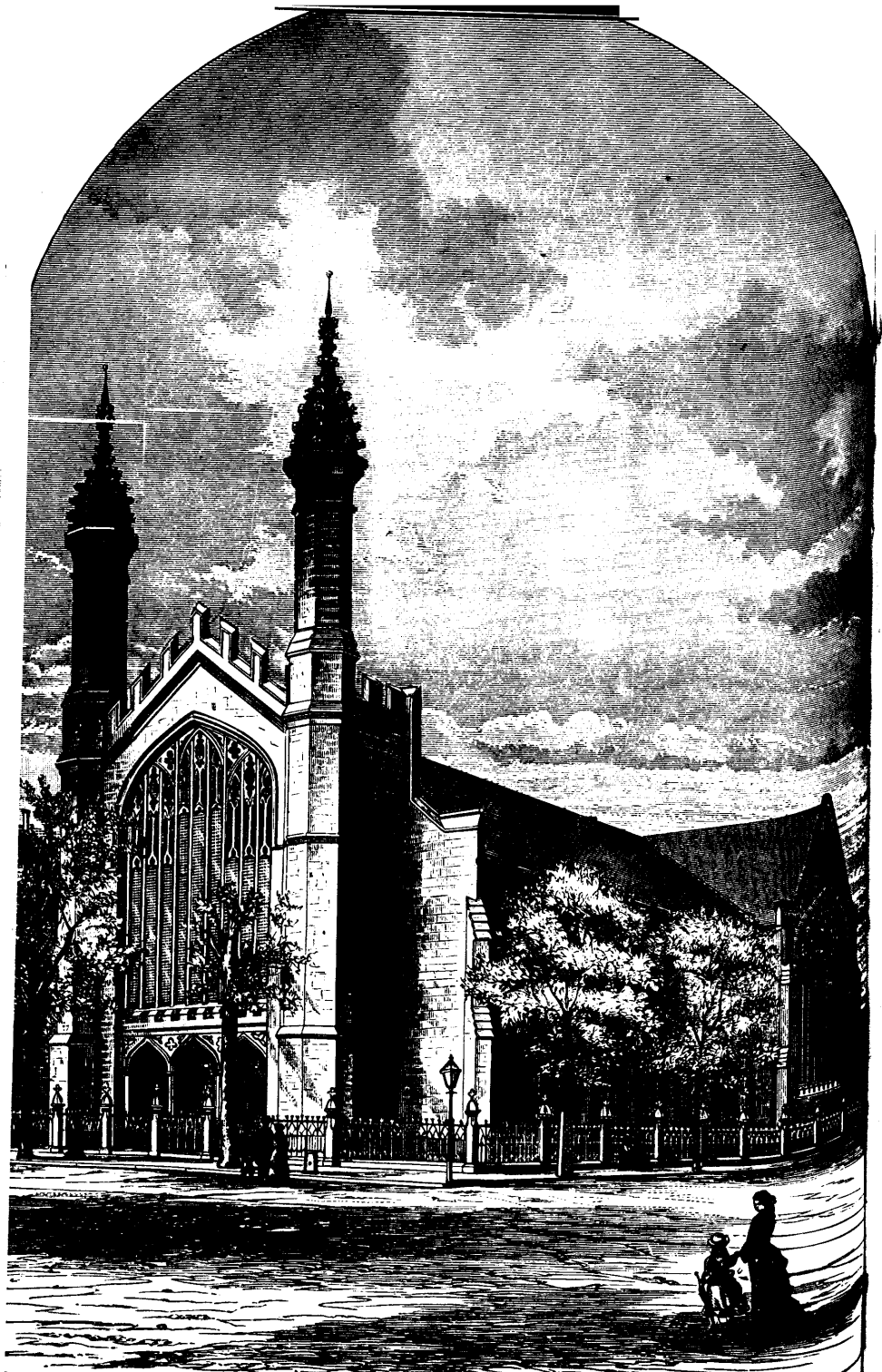
"The answer to the second question proposed, viz. : What are the obligations of a religious denomination to the college which bears its name? is too patent to require extended remark. It is very evident that the obligation does not cease when the college has been inaugurated and endowed more or less liberally; but demands on the part of every loyal member of the denomination a continued interest and an intelligent support. To keep pace with the constantly extending progress of thought and investigation, a college requires to widen constantly its sphere of activity, and of consequence to increase its expenditure. Under such circumstances it is a very comfortable thing for an institution to have the revenues of a rich Province or State to fall back upon. But when enshrined in the affections of enlightened men and women who, moved by no spirit of sectarian narrowness, but by the Spirit of Christ, are ready to devote not only wealth, but their best hours and their best thoughts to leaven society with the 'sweetness and light' of Christian culture, a college has nothing to fear however limited may be its material resources. This is the strong tower into which denominational colleges may run and be safe. Their vital interests are not dependent upon

the frigid sympathy of the State, and cannot be imperilled by the exigencies or caprices of political partisanship. And here it might be logically urged that the denominational character of a college should not deprive it of aid and recognition by the State. If religious feeling establishes institutions of direct public advantage that would otherwise be lost to the community, it is difficult to see upon what equitable grounds a just measure of public support should be withheld."



THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

The University of New Brunswick, originally known as King's College, was founded by Royal Charter in 1828, and only assumed its present name in 1860. Established as a Church of England institution, it was considered too sectarian and exclusive in its character, and the several attempts made to modify it failed to give general satisfaction. In the year 1859 it was made non-sectarian in character, and eliciting broader sympathies as the University of New Brunswick, entered upon a career of increased efficiency and success. It occupies the commodious building shown in our engraving, which crowns a noble height in the immediate vicinity of Fredericton, New Brunswick. In company with the late Hon. Judge Wilmot we visited this institution in June, 1877. In its prosperity the Judge always took a warm interest, and by his death lost a wise counsellor and friend.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, NEWARK, N. J.

A. LITTLE
RICHYBRO

METHODIST CHURCHES.

III.

IN the circumstances connected with the introduction of Methodism into France, and its establishment in various places on the European continent, we can scarcely fail to notice some beautiful illustrations of the providence and grace of God. Among the prisoners taken by the French during the war between England and France, in the early part of the present century, were a number of pious Methodists, who embraced every opportunity of edifying each other, and of seeking to promote the spiritual welfare of their fellow-sufferers in the land of their exile. As early as 1807 some of these wrote home to their friends from the Arras prison, giving interesting accounts of earnest exhortations, the conversion of sinners, lively prayer-meetings, and happy class-meetings; and reporting seventy persons united in Society at that place.

Whilst the leaven of Divine truth was thus working on the Continent, a gracious movement commenced in Great Britain among the French prisoners taken by the English. The unfortunate foreigners were regarded with feelings of sympathy and kindness by the British people generally. In some instances laudable efforts were made to alleviate the distress of the sufferers, by supplying them with clothing and such other temporal comforts as they could not otherwise have obtained, whilst, at the same time, every opportunity was embraced of communicating to them the light of the Gospel. Indeed, a regular Methodist mission was at length organized for the benefit of the French prisoners of war, especially on the Medway, where seven thousand were confined in ten ships, which were anchored in the river, to receive them as they were brought in. This work of Christian charity originated in motives of pure benevolence, and was carried on in a manner worthy of the highest commendation.

Early in the year 1810, the Rev. William Toase, who had a knowledge of the French language, received a polite invitation from the commander of H. M. prison ship *Glory*, to visit and preach to the prisoners on board. This he did for the first time on the 7th of March, and the result of the experiment was so

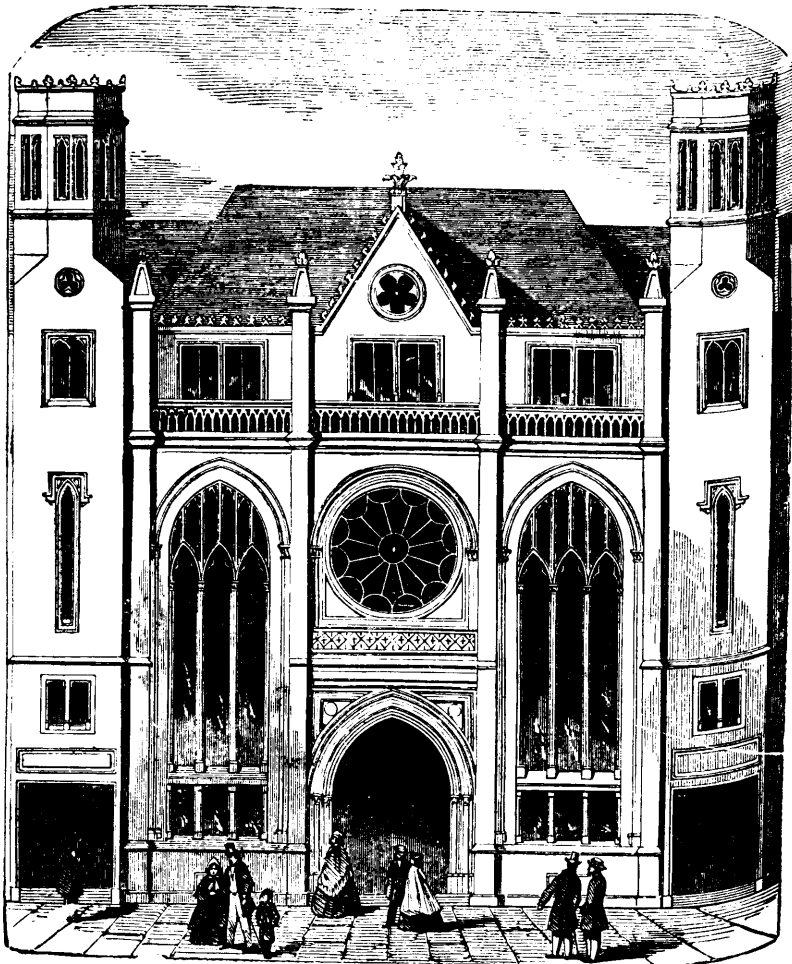
encouraging that he repeated his visits as often as his other engagements would permit. The sanction of the Government authorities having been obtained, through the intervention of Dr. Coke, for the Wesleyan ministers to visit all the other ships, at the following Conference Mr. Toase was appointed to Rochester, with the understanding that he should devote himself chiefly to this interesting department of Christian labour. This arrangement enabled the zealous missionary, assisted by a pious French preacher named Kerpezdron, to establish preaching and teaching on board most of the prison ships connected with the depot at Chatham. He also visited Portsmouth, where nine thousand French prisoners were confined in fifteen prisons.

Thus was the Gospel of Christ faithfully preached to thousands of poor captives in their own tongue, who, in the day of their adversity, were disposed to attend to it in a manner which they perhaps would not have done under other circumstances. And there is reason to believe that by these means, and the schools which were established for the instruction of youths, the circulation of the Scriptures and other religious books, and the visits paid to the sick in the hospital, many were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, and received impressions never to be effaced. At intervals arrangements were made by the Government authorities for a *cartel*, when a considerable number of prisoners were liberated and permitted to return to France as invalids, or in exchange for English prisoners. On such occasions the most affecting scenes were witnessed when the liberated captives took leave of the missionaries, whom they regarded as their friends and benefactors, and who, in some instances, had been made the means of their salvation. And, what is better still, they returned to their native land well supplied with copies of the sacred Scriptures and other good books for their edification, and for the instruction of their friends and countrymen. These evangelical labours among the French prisons were continued for three years, with manifest tokens of the presence and blessing of God, and with the most beneficial results to the poor sufferers. Many of those who had been brought to Christ during the time of their captivity, wrote the most pleasing and interesting letters to the missionaries, after their return home, expressive of their sincere gratitude for the blessings which they had received at their hands.

There can be no doubt but the return of the French prisoners to their own country, under the circumstances we have described, would tend to prepare the way for the reception of the Gospel by their fellow-countrymen; and it was not long afterwards that direct and systematic efforts were made to introduce Methodism into France. When the war was over, which had so long kept the continent of Europe in a state of constant ferment, the missionaries in the Channel Islands turned their attention to the neighbouring coast, where some of their converts were already settled, and where the people generally manifested a willingness to hear the Gospel. In the year 1816, Mr. De Quitteville visited Normandy, and spent several weeks at Beuville, Periere, Conde, and Cherbourg, where he met with a kind reception, and preached to the people with evident tokens of the Divine blessing. Having formed a small society of those who were awakened to a sense of their sinful state, and expressed a sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come, Mr. De Quitteville returned to Guernsey to resume the duties of his own station. In the early part of the following year Messrs. Toase, Olivier, and Le Sueur visited the coast at different times as they could be spared from their circuits, to build up the little flock, and to make known to all who were willing to hear, the way of salvation. Notwithstanding many difficulties and considerable opposition from Popish priests and others, the good work continued to prosper, and neat little chapels were built, first at Periere, and then at Beuville, and other places.

In 1818 arrangements were made for the occupation of several stations on the coast by resident missionaries, with the hope of giving permanence to the work. The following year the Rev. John Hawtrey was appointed to labour in Paris, where he was succeeded, after a considerable interval, during which the station was vacant, by Mr. Cook and others, who prosecuted the work, with varied measures of success, amid many difficulties and discouragements, till, by the blessing of God upon the labours of His servants, it reached its present position of importance and respectability. In 1862 a beautiful new chapel and mission premises were erected in the Rue Roquepine, where religious services are regularly held every Sabbath, and frequently during the week, in French and English, and occasionally in German, for the convenience and benefit of the inhabitants and the

numerous visitors who frequently flock to the French capital. There also a book depot has been established, and schools are conducted for the training of the rising generation, and the station is an important centre of light and influence in a dark,



WESLEYAN CHAPEL, PARIS.

benighted land. The work has also been extended to Chantilly, Rheims, Calais, and Boulogne, where there are a considerable number of English residents, who, by means of our missionaries, are favoured with a Gospel ministry in their own tongue. At the same time an important work is carried on in French by

native ministers, who have been raised up as the fruit of missionary labour. Since the organization of the French Conference in 1852, Methodism has been planted in various parts of the south of France and Switzerland, where it had not previously been introduced, and the noble band of faithful labourers who occupy the ground are pressing onward in their holy enterprise with heart and hope, amid numerous difficulties, arising chiefly from Romish prejudice and the want of adequate means to carry on the work.

As companion pieces to the beautiful Wesleyan chapel at Paris, we give pictures of two of the most elegant Methodist churches of the United States. The first of these is the beautiful structure shown in our frontispiece—Union M. E. Church, at Covington, Kentucky. Covington is a thriving city of some 25,000 inhabitants, on the Ohio River, opposite Cincinnati, of which city it may almost be considered a suburb. Covington has eight Methodist churches, with a membership of nearly 1,800. Of these, Union Church is the principal, with a membership of 460, and property valued at \$100,000. The noble trees which surround the building add greatly to the beauty of its appearance.

The other representative church of American Methodism that we illustrate is St. Paul's M. E. Church, Newark, New Jersey. Newark is a thriving city of 105,000 inhabitants, the largest in the state. It was settled in 1666 by colonists from Connecticut, who passed a law that no one should hold office, or even vote, who was not a member of the Congregational Church. Methodist services were introduced in 1786, but the first society was organized in 1806, and the first church built in 1809. There are now twenty-two Methodist churches in the city, with a membership of nearly 6,000. St. Paul's church, shown in the cut, was built in 1856, at a cost of \$80,000. It has pews for 1,260 persons. The large window is one of the best specimens of perpendicular Gothic in the country. A handsome parsonage adjoins the church, the whole property being worth \$150,000.

For the large engravings and the accompanying information we are indebted to Bishop Simpson's *Cyclopædia of Methodism*, and for the smaller one to the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Punshon.

NEVILLE TRUEMAN, THE PIONEER PREACHER.

A TALE OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER X.—DISASTERS AND TRIUMPHS.

BUT we must return to trace briefly the general progress of public events. Sir James Yeo and Sir George Prevost, with seven vessels and a thousand men had, early in the season, sailed from Kingston to destroy the American shipping and stores at Sackett's Harbour. This object was only partly achieved in consequence of the impromptitude, not to say incompetence of the commander-in-chief. It was felt that the gallant Brock had not yet found his successor.

In the month of July, Commodore Chauncey again appeared on Lake Ontario, with a largely augmented American fleet. With Colonel Scott and a force of infantry and artillery, he sailed for Burlington Heights, to destroy a quantity of British stores at that place, which was the principle depot of Vincent's army. A body of Glengary Fencibles had been sent from York to protect the depot, thus leaving the capital defenceless. Chauncey therefore sailed for York, and Scott, landing without opposition on the 23rd of July, burned the barracks, and such public buildings as had previously escaped, broke open the jail, and plundered both private and public stores. Chauncey then sailed for the Niagara. On the 8th of August, he came out of the river to give battle to Yeo's fleet of six vessels—less than half his own number. A running fight of two days' duration ensued. In endeavouring to escape from the British, two American vessels, the "Scourge," of eight, and the "Hamilton," of nine guns, capsized under press of sail, and went to the bottom with all on board, except sixteen men, who were rescued by the boats of the British fleet. Chauncey lost two other vessels by capture, and was glad again to seek refuge in Sackett's Harbour.

Stirring events were also transpiring in the West. General Harrison, notwithstanding the disastrous defeat of Winchester, was determined, if possible, to drive the British out of Michigan. For this purpose he had, early in the spring, established a ren-

devious at Fort Meigs, on the Miami River, near the western extremity of Lake Erie, and formed a depot of stores and provisions. The expense of victualling his army was enormous. It is estimated that every barrel of flour cost the American Government a hundred dollars. Stores of all kinds had to be carried on the backs of pack-horses through an almost pathless wilderness, and few of the animals survived more than one journey. It is estimated that the transport of each cannon to the lakes cost a thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, two squadrons were preparing to contest the supremacy of Lake Erie. Perry, the American commodore, had nine vessels well-manned with experienced seamen, to the number of nearly six hundred, from the now idle merchant marine of the United States. Barclay, the British captain, had only fifty sailors to six vessels, the rest of the crew being made up of two hundred and forty soldiers and eighty Canadians. After alternately blockading each other in the harbours of Presqu' Isle and Amherstburg, the hostile fleets met on the 10th of September in the shock of battle, off Put-in Bay, at the western end of Lake Erie. Perry's flagship soon struck her colours, but Barclay, his own ship a wreck, could not even secure the prize. Through the lack of naval skill of the inexperienced landmen, the British ships fouled, and were helplessly exposed to the broadside of the enemy. The heavier metal of Perry's guns soon reduced them to unmanageable hulks. The carnage was dreadful. In three hours, all their officers and half of their crews were killed or wounded. Perry dispatched to Washington the sententious message: "We have met the enemy. They are ours."

The result of this defeat was most disastrous. All the advantages resulting from Brock's victory over Hull in the previous year were forfeited. Michigan was lost to the British, not again to be recovered. Proctor, short of provisions, cut off from supplies, exposed in flank and rear, and attacked in force in front, could only retreat. He dismantled the forts at Detroit and Amherstburg, destroyed the stores and public buildings, and fell back along the Thames with eight hundred and thirty white men, and five hundred Indians under Tecumseh. Harrison followed rapidly with three thousand five hundred men, several hundred of whom were cavalry, of which Proctor had none. He fell upon the British rear-guard at Moraviantown, October 4th, and captured

over a hundred prisoners, and all the stores and ammunition. Proctor was forced the following day to fight at a disadvantage, on ill-chosen ground. He had also neglected to break down the bridges behind him, or to defend his position with breastworks, and only six hundred men were brought into action against six-fold odds. The mounted Kentucky riflemen rode through and through the British ranks, dealing death on every side. The brave Tecumseh was slain at the head of his warriors. He had fought desperately, even against the mounted riflemen. Springing at their leader, Colonel Johnson, he dragged him to the earth. The dragoons rallied around their chief, and Tecumseh fell, pierced with bullets. The rout was complete. Proctor, with a shattered remnant of his troops, retreated through the forest to Burlington Heights, where, with two hundred and forty war-wasted men, he effected a junction with Vincent's command, which had been compelled for a time to raise the siege of Fort George, and take up its old position. Harrison, the American general, assumed the nominal government of the western part of Upper Canada.*

In these stirring scenes, Captain Villiers and Zenas Drayton bore an active part. After the harvest Zenas, eager for active service, had volunteered to join Proctor in the west, and had shared his disastrous retreat and defeat. From the camp at Burlington, he forwarded by Neville Trueman a letter to his sister Kate. The writing, grammar, and spelling were not quite as good as they might have been; but the schoolmaster was not abroad in Upper Canada in the early part of the century as he is now. The following is a copy of the letter, *verbatim et literatim* :—

“IN CAMP AT BURLINGTON HEIGHTS,

“October 10.

“I take my pen in hand, leastways the quartermaster's, which he lent me, to let you know that I am well and hope you are enjoying the same blessing, also father and the sore colt, about which I am mighty particular, as my roan has fallen lame. You will have heard about the fight at Moraviantown. It was a bad business. We was dead-beat with marching day after day, from Fort Malden; and Harrison,—that's the Yankee general,—had a strong body of cavalry and captured nearly all our stores and amunishun. Our kurnel seemed to have kind of lost his head,

* See Withrow's History of Canada, pp. 318-322.

too; (leastways, that's what I heard Captain Villiers say) and never broke down a single bridge, nor blockaded the road behind us. A few of us Niagara boys could soon have felled some trees that would stop their big guns pretty quick, but we had no axes. Backwoods fighting has to be done in backwoods way, with the axe and spade as much as with the musket. But some of these red coats fit in Spain with Wellington, and think what they don't know about fighting aint worth knowing.

"Well, at Moraviantown was an Indian church, built by a Dutch missionary from Pennsylvania, and a few houses, and our kurnel gave the word to halt and make a stand against the enemy. But the ground along the River Thames was black and mucky, almost like a swamp, and we was soon fagged out. Afore we knowed it almost, the Kentucky mounted rifles was on us a-shouting like mad. They rid right through our lines, cutting and hacking with their heavy sabres, and then they formed behind us and began firing with their muskets. Our line was completely broken, and badly cut up, and most of our fellows threw down their arms and surrendered on the spot. They could'nt do much else.

"But Tecumseh never showed the white feather a bit. He and his braves was all painted and plumed, and he wore on his naked breast the King George's medal Brock gave him, and they emptied a good many saddles from behind the trees. When they saw it going so hard with our fellows, they yelled their war-whoop and rushed at the dragoons. Tecumseh pulled their kurnel off his horse, and was fighting like a wild cat when a dozen mounted rifles spurred to the spot, and riddled him with bullets. We'll never see his like again, Kate. No white man or red-skin ever was a better soldier. He died for his country like a hero, as he was. He should long be remembered, Captain Villiers says, by every Canadian as the bravest of the brave.*

"Captain Villiers rallied a couple of companies and brought us

* An attempt was made in 1877, to identify his grave in order to pay fitting honours to his bones, but without success. His chief memorial has been the giving of his name to a township of that Canada for which he gave his life.

An American poet has thus commemorated Tecumseh's last conflict with Colonel Johnson :

"The moment was fearful ; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung his battle-axe o'er him ;

off after a smart skirmish. You'd think the Captain was in love with death, he was so reckless of his life. We made forced marches almost day and night, till we got to Ancaster; and, I tell you, glad men we was when we saw Vincent's lines. We're kind of rested now. Trueman was as good as a surgeon at dressing wounds and the like, and he had enough of it to do, besides his preaching and praying, and writing letters for the men. I got a scratch myself, but I thought I'd try and write to you. But I have to sit on the ground and write on a drum head, and its kind of tiresome.

"No more at present from your loving brother,

"ZENAS.

"Captain Villiers has asked me to add a post-scriptum, sending his polite regards."

This was the first letter Kate had ever received in her life, for in these days His Majesty's mails were not heavily burdened with private correspondence; and she had never been further from home than to York once with her father in a schooner, to see the opening of the Parliament. She read her letter eagerly in her room, and then rushed back to the parlour exclaiming,

"O Mr. Trueman, is he badly hurt?"

"Zenas, do you mean?" asked the young preacher. "Well nothing dangerous if he keeps quiet; but he has a pretty severe sabre cut on his sword arm. But he's well cared for. Captain Villiers looks after him like a brother."

"How kind of him," said Kate, with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

"It is only paying a debt he owes you I am sure," replied Neville; but as if unwilling to detract a particle from his merit, he added, "He behaved very bravely in the late action, and his praise is in every body's mouth at Vincent's camp."

"Who? Zenas? I am sure of that," replied Kate proudly.

"Zenas played a gallant part too. His wound is proof of that," answered Mr. Trueman, "but I was speaking of the Captain."

But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
 And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.
 He fought in defending his kindred and King,
 With a spirit most loving and loyal,
 And long shall the Indian warrior sing
 The deeds of Tecumseh . . . royal."

"Of course," said Kate, somewhat coldly, "but he is not my brother you know," and the conversation turned in another channel.

We now proceed to notice briefly the progress of the war elsewhere. The Americans having overrun so large a part of Upper Canada, were free to concentrate their efforts on the reduction of Kingston and Montreal. Wilkinson, Commander-in-Chief of the forces on the Niagara and Upper St. Lawrence frontiers, received instructions to effect a junction with the "Army of the North" about to advance from Lake Champlain for the subjugation of Lower Canada. There were comparatively few British troops in the lower province, and only three thousand active militia under General Sheaffe, for the protection of a thousand miles of frontier.

In pursuance of the American plan of invasion, on the 24th of October, an army of nine thousand men, with ample artillery, under General Wilkinson, rendezvoused at Grenadier Island, near Sackett's Harbour; but the stone forts of Kingston, garrisoned by two thousand men under De Rottenburg, protected that important naval station from attack even by a fourfold force. Wilkinson, therefore, embarking his army in three hundred batteaux, protected by twelve gun-boats, in the bleak November weather threaded the watery mazes of the Thousand Islands in his menacing advance on Montreal. A British "corps of observation," eight hundred strong, under Colonel Morrison, followed the enemy along the river bank. A number of gun-boats also hung on the rear of the American flotilla, and kept up a teasing fire, to their great annoyance and injury. Wilkinson slowly made his way down the St. Lawrence, halting his army from time to time, to repel attack. Near Prescott, his flotilla of batteaux suffered considerably by a cannonade from the British batteries, as they were passing that place on a moonlight night. The molestation that he received from Morrison's corps and from the loyal local militia was so great that he was forced to land strong brigades on the Canadian shore in order to secure a passage for his boats. At the head of the Long Sault Rapids, Wilkinson detached General Boyd with a force of over two thousand men, to crush the opposing British corps. The collision took place at Chrysler's Farm,—a name thenceforth of potent memory. The battle-ground was an open field, with the river on the right, the woods on the left. For two hours the conflict raged. But Canadian valour and discipline

prevailed over twofold odds, and the Americans retreated to their boats, leaving behind one of their guns captured by the British. Their loss in this engagement was over three hundred killed and wounded,—more than twice that of their opponents. Wilkinson's disorganized force precipitately descended the Long Sault Rapids, and awaited at St. Regis the approach of Hampton's army. It was destined to wait in vain.

The invasion of Lower Canada by way of Lake Champlain had also been attended with serious disasters. Early in September, General Hampton, with a well appointed army of five thousand men, advanced from Plattsburg on that lake, with a view to a junction with Wilkinson's army, and a combined attack on Montreal. On the 21st of October he crossed the border, and pushed forward his forces along both sides of the Chateaugay River. Sir George Prevost called for a levy of the sedentary militia, who rallied loyally for the defence of their country. Colonel De Salaberry, with four hundred Voltigeurs,—sharpshooters every one,—took up a strong position at the junction of the Chateaugay with the Outarde, defended by a breastwork of logs and abattis. General Izzard, with a column three thousand five hundred strong, attempted to dislodge him. The Voltigeurs held the enemy well in check till they were in danger of being surrounded by sheer force of numbers. By a clever ruse, De Salaberry distributed his buglers widely through the woods in his rear, and ordered them to sound the charge. The enemy, thinking themselves assailed in force, everywhere gave way, and retreated precipitately from the field. Hampton soon retired across the borders to his entrenched camp at Plattsburg. Wilkinson, sick in body and chagrined in mind, learning the shameful defeat of the "Grand Army of the North," abandoned the idea of further advance on Montreal, scuttled his boats and batteaux, and retired into winter quarters on the Salmon River, within the United States boundary. Here he formed an entrenched camp, and sheltered his defeated army in wooden huts all the following spring.

Thus the patriotism and valour of some fifteen hundred Canadian troops hurled back from our country's soil two invading armies of tenfold strength, and made the names of Chrysler Farm and Chateaugay memories of thrilling power, and pledges of the inviolable liberty of our land.*

* See Withrow's History of Canada, 8vo. ed., pp. 322-325.

CHAPTER XI.—ELDER CASE IN WAR TIME.

WE now return to trace the progress of events in Upper Canada. After the British disasters on Lake Erie, and at Moravian Town, Sir George Prevost instructed Vincent to fall back on Kingston, abandoning the western peninsula to the enemy—a desperate resolve, only to be adopted in the last extremity. At a council of war held at Burlington Heights, however, it was wisely decided by Vincent and his officers to stand their ground as long as possible. Colonel McClure, the commandant of the American force, was strongly posted at Twenty Mile Creek, and his foraging parties ravaged the country, and pillaged the inhabitants.

The season for active operations in the field having now passed, the Canadian militia were dismissed to their homes with instructions to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action should necessity demand their aid. Zenas Drayton had returned to The Holms, quite recovered of his wound and covered with glory by the distinction it had conferred upon him. He strode about with a martial air, to the undisguised admiration of the maids of the household and of all the damsels of the neighbourhood. His father's eyes followed him sometimes with a look of pride, but oftener with one of glistening wistfulness, for in these troublous times pre-eminence of merit was pre-eminence of peril. But Kate lavished all the love and homage of her woman's heart upon her brother, as the ideal hero of her dreams. The lad was in a fair way to be spoiled, if he was not also pretty sure to have the conceit taken out of him in the stern school of adversity.

One evening, early in December, the family were sitting around their kitchen fire, which snapped and roared up the wide chimney throat as merrily as though such a thing as war had never been known. The squire and Zenas sat on opposite sides of the hearth comparing the old soldier's reminiscences of the Revolutionary War with the boy's recent military experiences. Between them sat Kate as she had sat on that memorable evening, more than a year before, on the eve of the fatal fight of Queenston Heights. How much she had lived in that short time. The outbreak of the war had found her a light-hearted girl, she had now the graver mien and sometimes the thought-weighted expression of a woman. But to-night, a look of happy contentment rested on

her face as she gazed musingly on the glowing embers, or occasionally took part in the conversation of her father and brother.

Suddenly was heard without the fierce barking of the mastiff watch-dog, which as suddenly subsided and was followed by a quick, joyous yelp of recognition. Shuffling feet were then heard in the outer kitchen, stamping off the snow.

"Who can that be?" asked the squire.

"Some of the neighbours, I suppose," said Kate, for the hospitable hearth presented rare attractions to the rustic swains of the vicinity.

"Some of Kate's admirers I should say," laughed Zenas, as he rose to open the door, "only they don't hunt in couples."

Two snow-besprinkled, travel-stained men, came in out of the darkness and stood revealed in the glowing fire-light as Sandy McKay and Tom Loker.

"Welcome home! However did you get here?" asked the squire warmly shaking their hands, and making room for them at the fire. "We thought you were prisoners in the hulks at Sackett's Harbour."

"So we were," replied Tom Loker with all his old *sang froid*, "longer than we wanted."

"How did you like picking oakum for the Yankees, Sandy?" asked Zenas.

"Nae oakum picked I," said Sandy with an air of grim determination. "It was clean against ma conscience to gi' aid or comfort to the King's enemies in ony way."

"What did they say to that?" asked the squire. "I thought they had a way of overcoming scruples of that sort."

"They could na owercome mine," said Sandy.

"They jist clapped him in the bilboes and kept him there for one while," interjected Tom. "For me, I'd rather pick all day at the tarred rope though it *was* hard on the fingers."

"Did they use you well otherwise?" asked Kate with commiseration in her voice.

"Prisoners can na be choosers, Miss Katharine," responded Sandy. "I suppose our treatment was naithing by ordinair. We hadna thae oaten bannocks and hot kale ye aftens gave us. But warst o' a' was bein' pent in the close hot hulks 'tween decks, whaur ye couldna stan' upright wi'out knocking your heid

again the timmers, and whaur ye gatna a sough o' the blessed air o' heaven save what stole in through the wee port-holes. How we tholed it sae lang I dinna ken. We faured better after yon Methody parson came."

"Ay, he wor a good un, he wor," said Tom.

"Who was he?" asked Kate with much interest.

"He wuzn't much to look at," continued Tom; "that is, there wuzn't much of him. But he had a heart a big as a mountain; ther wuz nothin he wouldn't do for them poor prisoners. 'He wuz come to preach salvation,' he said, 'to them that wuz bound.' Case wuz his name,—a leettle man, but worth mor'n a dozen ornary men. I reinember one day he came 'long side with a boat load of tea, coffee, sugar, and several jars of milk for the prisoners; and he preached, and prayed, and exhorted so long that it seemed as if he couldn't tear hissself away."

We may be allowed here to quote, in illustration of the labours of that heroic man, Elder Case, to whom Canadian Methodism owes such a debt of gratitude, extracts of two of his letters written about this period:

"I was present," he says, "a few hours after the battle of Sackett's Harbour, where I witnessed a scene of death and carnage more moving than ever I saw before. Numbers lay cold in death. Many were groaning with their wounds and bleeding in their gore. Myself and two preachers were in Rutland, about ten miles from the Harbour, and were about to commence clearing off a camp-ground, but on hearing the cannon and constant roll of small arms we gave up the idea of work and betook ourselves to prayer. Such sensations I never realized before. We knew many of our acquaintances were there, among whom were brethren in the Lord. We thought on the condition of the women whose husbands and sons were exposed; the welfare of the country, where so much was at stake, and the honour of the nation concerned; but more than this a thousand times—the immortal interests of the thousands who were engaged in the contest, Americans and Englishmen, all of one creation—alike the subjects of redeeming blood, all accountable to the King of kings, and deserving the same condemnation. With these reflections we immediately called the household and fell upon our knees in prayer, and the Lord poured on us the spirit of supplication. We wept aloud and prayed most fervently to the Ruler of nations

and Saviour of men that He would pardon our national crimes, save men from death, and have mercy on the souls of those constantly falling in battle. You may suppose that the constant sound of the instruments of death gave weight to our concern, and ardency to our petitions, with all that grace could inspire.

“ We then mounted our horses and set out for the scene of action, that, if possible, we might afford some assistance as ministers, and administer consolation to the wounded and dying. When we reached the Harbour the British had retreated to their shipping, leaving part of the dead and wounded upon the field of battle. These, with the others, were brought in from the field; the dead were stretched side by side in rows, and the wounded on beds and straw in as comfortable a condition as could be expected. We were conducted by a friend to the several hospitals, where I saw the distress of about eighty wounded. I cannot describe my feelings to hear the groans of the wounded and dying, some pierced through the body, others through the head, some bruised by the falling of timbers, others with broken bones, and one whose face was shot away (save his under jaw) by a grape-shot. He was yet breathing strong. This was a shocking view. Some were in such pain they could not be conversed with; others being fatigued and broken of their rest were asleep, but we conversed with many who manifested seriousness, whom we pointed to the suffering, bleeding Saviour, and exhorted them to look to Him for mercy. Here I saw how useful a faithful and feeling chaplain might be. The best opportunity would present itself in alleviating the miseries of men in some degree, by procuring such things as the distressed most needed, and by comforting them in their afflictions; and here he might be heard though at another time his counsel might be slighted.

“ Having been without bread for a long time, many of the militia were very hungry. Some wanted coffee, some milk, some bread. We gave them the biscuits we carried down, but could procure no milk for them. I really desired to stay with them; my heart thirsted to do them good.

“ On leaving the Harbour, we called on some brethren, who, with their neighbours, carried down several gallons of milk, and distributed it among the wounded. We also represented their case to the congregation at the close of the camp-meeting, when twenty-five dollars were contributed and put into proper hands,

who purchased coffee, sugar, and other delicacies which they much needed, and from time to time distributed among them. For this they were very thankful, and both English and American blessed me with many good wishes when I again visited the hospital, four weeks ago.

"Our preachers on the lines have frequent opportunities of preaching to the soldiers, who are very fond of hearing. We find it necessary to avoid all political discussions, both in public and in private.

"Having been kindly indulged by Col. Larned, commandant to the prisoners, we most joyfully embraced the privilege of proclaiming to them the sweet liberty of the Gospel. They were called together by their officers, and a more attentive congregation I never expect to address again. As soon as we began to sing there was weeping; and immediately on our kneeling to prayer they all knelt down, and here and there we heard the voice of 'Amen' to our petition for their salvation. I could not solve this till after the service. To my great surprise and mingled grief and joy, several brethren and acquaintances from Canada came and made themselves known unto us; they were militia in arms, and were taken near Fort George. Among these were Messrs. George Lawrence, leader at Four-Mile Creek; William Clinton, from the head of the lake, and Russel Hawley, brother of David Hawley, of the Bay of Quinte. Their captivity was an affliction which made friends more consoling.*

On this statement, Dr. Carroll thus comments :

"Mr. Case says the Canadian prisoners 'were militia in arms,' but Mr. Lawrence was an exception. The reader will remember that he was one of the Methodist Palatine stock, and brother of John Lawrence, the second husband of Mrs. Philip Embury. In the war-time he was so advanced in years as to be exempt from militia duty, although his sons bore arms, and one of them was wounded the day his father was taken prisoner. Mr. Lawrence, senior, kept about the peaceful avocations of his farm, and continued to meet his little class in his own house in those stormy times. He was made a prisoner at his own door at Cross-Roads.† The writer, though only a child of four years, was there, and remembers well his arrest, as he does all events consecutively

* *Carroll's Case and His Contemporaries.* Vol. I., pp. 316-20.

† About four miles west of Niagara.

since the battle of Niagara. The Americans were then in the occupancy of Fort George, and a portion of the British army were entrenched at the Cross-Roads, about half a mile from Mr. Lawrence's residence. A general skirmish had taken place all that morning between the pickets and advanced guards of the two armies. A body of only ten American Indians, or white men disguised like Indians, advanced toward Mr. Lawrence's, where an officer's mess was kept and a guard of thirty soldiers posted.

"The cowardly officer of the guard, one *McLeod* (let his name go down to posterity), threatened to 'cut off the first man's head who fired a shot;' and they fled to the camp, leaving the women and children to the mercy of the savages. These latter, when they came up, shot a corporal of the Glengaries, a Mr. Smith, who chanced to be there, and who boldly stood on his defence. Mr. Lawrence thinking the matter some *emeute* between the soldiers and our own Indians, passed through the front gate into the road and gave one of the savages his hand, who took and held it, while another came up with an angry countenance and grasped the old gentleman by the neck-cloth, and made him a prisoner. He and poor Smith, whom only the courage of a woman, Mrs. Cassady, kept the savages from killing outright in the house, whither he had crawled, were led away from our sight. Smith died on the road. The alarm was given before any one had broken fast. We all fled. The writer's mother and her four youngest children, passing the camp, found the army preparing for march, and an elder son and brother just mounting his horse with a view to coming to our rescue. We followed the retreating army through the Black Swamp road all that weary day, and broke a twenty-four hours' fast at sunset. We had the supreme felicity of extending the hospitalities of our humble house in York to Mr. Lawrence, whom we all revered and loved as a father, towards the close of the war, on his way back from captivity."*

We return from this digression to the group at the fire-side of the Holms.

"How did you get away?" asked Zenas.

"Tam here gied 'em French leave," replied Sandy, "He just droppit oot o' a port-hole into the water after the guard made his rounds and got awa in the mirk; I wonner he was na drooned!"

* Case and his Contemporaries. pp. 320-22.

"So I wuz e'en a'most. But wuss still was that villian of a sentry blazing away at me. It's lucky the night wuz so dark. But I thought I'd have to give up afore I got to land. I had to lie on the beach panting like a dying mackerel. Well, I walked all night to Cape Vincent, and at daybreak I just borrowed one of Uncle Sam's boats and paddled across to Wolfe's Island, and soon after got to Kingston."

"How much longer did *you* stay, Sandy?" asked the squire, who said the story reminded him of the adventures of the Yankee prisoners in the *Jersey* hulk during the old war.

"Weel Tam here helped me tae win oot, as I may say," replied Sandy. "He hadna eneuch of fechtin', sae he mun join thae yeomanry corps that followed Wilkinson's army doun the St. Lawrence, and took part in the battle o' Windmill Point. They took a hantle o' preesoners there, and sune cam a 'cartel' they ca' it, offering an exchange. We did garrison duty at Fort Henry awhile, and learned the big gun drill; it may come in useful yet."

"How got you here?" asked the squire, "you never marched from Kingston at this time of year, surely"

"No," said Tom Loker, "the ten-gun brig *William and Mary*, Captain Richardson, Master, wuz a-carrying stores to Colonel Vincent at Burlington, and we got leave to take passage in her. We reached there last night and walked all day to get here, and glad we are to get back to our old quarters, the best we've seen since we left them."*

By this time Kate had a hearty supper ready for the wanderers, to which they did ample justice before returning with grateful hearts to their old lodgings in the capacious attic. By such privations and sufferings on the part of her faithful yeomanry, were the liberties of Canada maintained in those stormy days of war and conflict.

* Captain Richardson afterwards became a distinguished minister and Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, and was for many years Agent of the Upper Canada Bible Society. He was under fire at the taking of Oswego, and while engaged rigging a pump, a round shot carried away his arm. We have heard him say in his own parlour, picking up a carpet ball, "It was a ball like this that took off my arm." He became, on recovery from his wound, sailing-master of Sir James Yeo's flag ship, the *St. Lawrence*, a position requiring much nautical skill, as the huge kraken drew twenty-three feet of water, and carried something like a hundred guns. Few men were better known or more esteemed in Canada than Bishop Richardson. He died in 1875, full of years and full of merits, beloved and regretted by all classes of the community.

GREAT PREACHERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

AUGUSTINE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

ONE of the most striking pictures of modern art is that of Ary Scheffer which represents the communings of Augustine and Monica. The son of many prayers, and the saintly mother who had borne him on her heart with sore-tried faith for many years, sit with locked hands side by side. In utter content and a sympathy that feels no need for words, they look out at the western sky, as if they saw in the golden clouds of eventide, that holy "City of God," the theme of the lofty meditations of both mother and son. The memory of the yearning affection and tender piety of that noble mother breathes across the centuries and is fragrant throughout the world to-day. The life and labours of that son, the greatest of the Latin Fathers, are at once the monument and memorial of her faith and zeal.

The materials for the study of this remarkable life are found in what is—for its subtle soul-searching, its sad self-accusings, its intense sorrow for sin, its keen mental analysis, and its fervent piety—the most wonderful autobiography in any language. The Confessions of Augustine have been for fourteen centuries the moral portraiture of a weary sin-satiated soul, struggling out of the Slough of Despond to the solid ground of assured faith. They record in burning words "the trepidations, the misgivings, the agonies, the exultations of the religious conscience." And then, a striking characteristic of this book is the utter frankness and minute details of its confessions of sin, with an intense spiritual abhorrence of it. The only book with which it can be compared is the confessions of the "self-torturing sophist, Rousseau." "There is," says Professor Shedd, whose edition of Augustine we have used; "the same *abandon* and unreserve in each; each withdraws into the secret and silent confessional of his own memories, and pours out his confidences without thought of spectator or listener."

But here the resemblance ends. Rousseau gloats and glories over his sins and the recital is corrupting to both writer and

reader. But the Confessions of Augustine are the wail of a stricken conscience before God. Rivers of water run down his eyes because he kept not God's law. He confesses his secret and scarlet sins that he may magnify that unmerited grace which snatched him, as he devoutly exclaims, "from the very bottom of the bottomless pit." "I call to mind," he says, "the carnal corruptions of my soul, not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For the love of Thy love I do it; reviewing my most wicked ways, in the very bitterness of my remembrance, that Thou mayest grow sweet unto me." "The vileness is brought to sight," writes the English editor of his life, "only that it may be trampled and stamped upon. With the clear eye of the cherubim he beholds his sin as meriting the wrath and curse of God, and his own sentence of self-condemnation is like that of the bar of doom."

Another characteristic of this book, as noted in the keen analysis of Professor Shedd, is not merely its burning hatred of evil, but that it palpitates with the love of goodness and of God. He gazes with enraptured vision on the heavenly beauty, the divine love. "Not with doubting" is his utterance, in a vein of lofty poetry, "but with assured consciousness, do I love Thee, Lord. But what do I love when I love Thee? not the beauty of bodies, nor the fair harmony of time, nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varied songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers and ointments and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to the embracements of flesh. None of these do I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light, a kind of melody, a kind of fragrance, a kind of food, and a kind of embracement, when I love my God,—the light, the melody, the fragrance, the food, the embracement, of the inner man: where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain, and there soundeth what time beareth not away, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not. *This is it which I love, when I love my God.*"

The rhythmic sonorous Latin language throbs and thrills under the impulse of this mighty soul, as a harp beneath the plectrum of a master of sweet sounds. But this sense of spiritual union with God is not a mere sensuous sentiment. It is founded

on evangelical repentance and reconciliation through Jesus Christ. He has knelt with bruised and broken heart at the bar of the Judge, before he dared to throw himself on the bosom of the Redeemer.

In his impassioned speech his spiritual pantings after God find expression, says Shedd, "in terms as fervid as those which we are wont to associate only with the most absorbing and consuming of earthly passions." The rich copiousness and sinewy strength of the noble Roman tongue are taxed to the utmost to express the love-longings of the soul to behold the King in His beauty; to rejoice in the light of that divine and beatific vision. "O Thou most sweet, most loving, most gracious, most precious, most longed for, most worthy to be loved, most fair, sweeter than honey, whiter than milk or snow, more grateful than nectar, more precious than gems or gold, dearer to me than all the riches and honours of the world, when shall I behold Thee? When shall I appear before Thy face? When shall I be satisfied with Thy beauty?"*

For a parallel to this fervid Oriental soul-longing we must go to the matchless Song of Songs, with its spiritual yearnings for the Heavenly Bridegroom, the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. But to the Augustines, the Anselms, the Bernards, the 'angelic' and 'seraphic' doctors of the past, the tender mystics like Madame Guyon in her prison cell, and many a saintly soul who walks in close communion with God, is vouchsafed this vision of the pure in heart. The spirit walks in the Beulah land of perfect love, and breathes on earth the air of heaven, sweeter than the odours of Bether, more fragrant than the mountains of myrrh.

Yet these fervid utterances relate the soul-experiences of one of the keenest intellects, of one of the most profound and metaphysical writers, of one of the most logical and rigorous thinkers, in the range of Christian literature. Well does Shedd remark, "When we find the most abstract and intellectual of the Christian Fathers dissolving in tears, or mounting in ecstasy.

* "Dulcissime, amantissime, benignissime, preciosissime, desideratissime, amabilissime, pulcherrime, tu melle dulcior, lacte et nive candidior, nectare suavior, gemmis et auro preciosior, cunctisque terrarum divitiis et honoribus mihi carior, quando te videbo? Quando apparebo ante faciem tuam? Quando satiabor de pulchritudine tua?"

we may be certain that the emotion issues from truth and reality. When the rock gushes out water, we may be sure that it is pure water. . . . As we scan the sentences and syllables, we seem to hear the beating of that flaming heart, which now for fifteen centuries, has burned and throbbed with a seraph's affection in the Mount of God. We have seemed to look into that deep and spiritual eye, which gazed without shrinking, yet with bitter penitential tears, into the depths of a tormenting conscience and a sinful nature, that it might then gaze without dazzling, and with unutterable rapture, into the eyes and face of the Eternal. Our Protestantism concedes, without scruple, the cognomen of Saint to this ethereal spirit. Our Christianity triumphs in that marvellous power of grace, which wrought such a wonderful transformation. Having this example and living fact before our view, we believe that Christ, the Lord, has all power, both in heaven and upon earth; and that there is lodged in His pierced and bleeding hands a spiritual energy that is able to renovate the mightiest, and the most vitiated forms of humanity. The Cæsars and Napoleons, the Byrons and Rousseaus, all the passionate spirits, all the stormy Titans, are within reach of that irresistible influence which is garnered up in the Redemption of the Son of God, and which is accessible to the prayers and the faith of the Church."

"O God, Thou madest man for Thyself," says the opening paragraph of the Confessions, "and our hearts are restless till they find repose in Thee." And this is the key-note of the whole succeeding strain, the cry of a soul seeking after God, if happily it may find Him.

Aurelius Augustinus, the future theologian and bishop, was born in the year 354, at Tagaste, an episcopal city of Numidia, in North Africa. His mother, Monica, was a Christian woman of deep and fervent piety, who diligently instructed her son in the faith of the Gospel, and had him brought up among the catechumens of the Church. His father, Patricius, a pagan nobleman of moderate fortune, cared only to advance his son in secular learning, or "tongue-science," as Augustine calls it. He confesses that in his childhood he was fonder of playing ball than of his Latin and Greek, and that he sinned in transgressing the commands of his parents and masters. Yet he could not forget that he had been dedicated to Christ from his birth—

“sealed with the mark of His cross, and salted with His salt”—and he prayed with no small earnestness that he might not be beaten at school. He complains of the immoral teachings of the pagan writers, and the “wine of error was drunk,” he says, “from the golden vessel of the classic poets.” Freed from the restraints of home and exposed to the temptations of the dissolute city of Carthage, with its large pagan population, where there sang all around in his ears, he says, a chorus of unholy passions, Augustine plunged into a career of dissipation and sin, which he records with keenest self-upbraidings and compunctions of soul. “Thy wrath had gathered over me, and I knew it not. I was grown deaf by the clanking of the chain of my mortality, the punishment of the pride of my soul, and I strayed further from Thee, and Thou lettest me alone, and I was tossed about, and wasted, and dissipated, and Thou heldest Thy peace, and I wandered further and further from Thee, into more and more fruitless seed-plots of sorrow, with a proud dejectedness, and a restless weariness. Thou wert ever with me, mercifully cruel, besprinkling with most bitter disgust all my unlawful pleasures, that I might seek pleasures without alloy.”

Such was the effect of the evil companionships with which he “walked the streets of Babylon” as he expresses it, “and wallowed in the mire thereof, that he was ashamed to be less vicious than they, and made himself appear worse than he really was, that he might not be dispraised.” He describes a youthful escapade in which, with a set of wild young students, he robbed an orchard of pears, not for eating, for they flung them to the hogs, but for very joy of the theft and sin itself. And he falls into deep metaphysical moralizing upon innate depravity and the strange human love of sin. “O monstrousness of life and depth of death! did I like what I ought not only because I ought not? To Thy grace I ascribe whatsoever sins I have not committed, for what might I not have done who ever loved a sin for its own sake. Who can disentangle that twisted and intricate knottiness of my soul? Foul it is: I hate to think on it, to look on it. At once I loathed exceedingly to live, yet feared to die.”

The attractions of the theatre, with its pernicious pleasures and miserable felicities, also carried him away. “What marvel

was it that a forlorn sheep, straying from Thy flock, and impatient of Thy keeping, I became infected with a foul disease? My life being such, was it life, O my God?"

Augustine was first arrested in his sinful course, as Milman remarks, "not by the solemn voice of religion, but by the gentler remonstrances of pagan literature. It was the 'Hortensius' of Cicero which awoke his mind to nobler aspirations, and the contempt of worldly enjoyments."

"But philosophy," continues the historian, "could not satisfy the lofty desires which it had awakened: he panted for some better hopes and more satisfactory objects of study. He turned to the religion of his parents, but his mind was not subdued to a feeling for the inimitable beauty of the New Testament. Its simplicity of style appeared rude after the stately march of Tully's eloquence. But Manicheism seized at once upon his kindled imagination. For nine years, from the age of nineteen to twenty-eight, the mind of Augustine wandered among the vague and fantastic reveries of Oriental theology."

But his mother, the faithful Monica, watched and prayed and wept over him, more, he writes, than other mothers weep the bodily deaths of their children. In her sorrow of soul she was comforted by the wise words of a Christian bishop, who had been himself entangled in the mazes of the false philosophy of Manicheism. "Let him alone," he said, "only pray God for him. Go thy ways and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of so many tears can perish."

Till the twenty-eighth year of his age Augustine continued in Carthage, teaching rhetoric and seeking poetic prizes, the fading garlands and the evanescent praise of the theatre. Yet there was an innate nobility about him that would not stoop to the petty arts employed to gain success. Once contending for a prize, a wizard or soothsayer asked what sacrifice he would offer to win. "Though the garland were of imperishable gold," replied the proud spirit, "I would not suffer a fly to be killed to gain it."

About this time Augustine wrote a philosophical treatise on "The Fair and Fit," but little to his own satisfaction. "I turned, O sweet Truth," he says, "to thy inward melody, longing to hearken unto thee, and to rejoice greatly at the Bridegroom's voice, but could not."

The Manichean heresy in which he had become entangled, neither met the deep religious cravings of his soul nor satisfied the demands of his acute and subtle intellect. He was urged by his literary friends to seek a wider scope for his distinguished talents as a teacher of rhetoric, at the capital of the world. But his mother's heart yearned over her wayward son, and she besought him not to leave her. "But I lied to my mother," he writes with bitter self-accusings, "and to such a mother, and escaped. That night I privily departed while she remained weeping and in prayer. For this also, O God, Thou hast mercifully forgiven me."

At Rome he soon won distinction as a teacher of eloquence, and on the recommendation of the orator Symmachus, he received an invitation to practice his profession at the episcopal city of Milan. Here he was brought within the influence of the great Ambrose, whose piety, apostolic eloquence, and zeal, cast their undying spell over the heart and mind of the acute rhetorician, and he became again a catechumen of the Catholic Church.

To the city of Milan, drawn by her love over land and sea, came the now widowed Monica. Her faith failed not, and even in perils of shipwreck she encouraged the mariners with the assurance of their safely reaching the land. The applause of the forum and the theatre could not satisfy the cravings of the restless heart of Augustine. "How miserable was I then, and how didst Thou deal with me to make me feel my misery on that day when I was preparing to recite a panegyric of the Emperor, wherein I was to utter many a lie, and, lying, was to be applauded by those who knew I lied, and my heart was panting with these anxieties, and boiling with the feverishness of consuming thoughts."

But an end of his tribulations was at hand. "Lo," he says, "I was now in my thirtieth year, sticking in the same mire, greedy of enjoying present things, which passed away and wasted my soul; while I said to myself, 'To-morrow I shall find it.' Praise be to Thee, glory to Thee, O Fountain of mercies. I was becoming more miserable, and Thou becoming nearer. Thy right hand was continually ready to pluck me out of the mire, and to wash me throughly, and I knew it not;

nor did anything call me back from a yet deeper gulf of carnal pleasures, but the fear of death, and of Thy judgment to come."

The story of his conversion, as told in the eighth book of his Confessions, is one of strange power to touch the heart, in its subtle self-dissection, self-accusing, and final triumph of faith. He was sitting with his friend Alypius, when he received a visit from a Christian officer of the Imperial court. Upon a gaming table lay a parchment scroll. The visitor took it up and found it the writings of St. Paul. This led to converse on religion, and the visitor told how, while walking with the Emperor in the gardens of Treves, two high officers of the court found the Life of St. Antony, written by Athanasius, and were so quickened by his holy example as to devote their lives to God. While the story was told, Augustine looked within and beheld "how foul he was, how crooked and defiled, bespotted and ulcerous." All his life long he had been praying, "Give me purity, but not now." "And now the day was come," he writes, "wherein I was to be laid bare to myself, and my conscience was to upbraid me. Thus was I gnawed within, and exceedingly confounded with an horrible shame. What said I not against myself? with what scourges of condemnation lashed I not my soul, that it might follow me, striving to go after Thee." In the agony of his soul he retired to the privacy of his garden. "And Thou, O Lord," he continues, "didst press upon me inwardly by a severe mercy, redoubling the lashes of fear and shame. I said within myself, 'Be it done now, be it done now.'" And he surrendered every vile affection, every earthly tie. "I cast myself down," continues this soul-history, "I know not how, under a certain fig-tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out an *acceptable sacrifice to Thee*. And, cried I unto Thee: *O Lord, how long? how long, Lord, wilt Thou be angry for ever? How long? how long? 'to-morrow, and to-morrow?'* Why not now? why this hour is there not an end to my uncleanness? So was I speaking, and weeping in the bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice, as of boy or girl, I know not, chanting, and oft repeating, '*Tolle, lege; Tolle, lege.*'—'Take and read; Take and read.' I seized, opened, and in silence read that passage, on which my eyes first fell: *Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and*

envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh. No further would I read; nor needed I: for instantly at the end of this sentence, by a light as it were of serenity infused into my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away. I shut the volume, and with a calmed countenance made it known to Alypius. Thence we go in to my mother; we tell her; she rejoices; we relate in order how it took place; she leaps for joy, and triumphs, and blesses Thee, *Who art able to do above that which we ask or think.*"

Augustine now determines to devote his life to God and to abandon his profession of rhetoric, or, as he styles it, "the service of his tongue in the marts of lip-labour," and resolves, having been redeemed by Christ, to sell himself no more.

At length he with his friend Alypius, his brother, and his son Adeodatus—the child of his sin—were baptized together by Ambrose, at Eastertide, in the basilica of Milan. As he listened to the Ambrosian hymns and canticles recently introduced for the consolation of the victims of the Arian persecution, tears of joy and thanksgiving flowed down his face.

Seeking where they might serve God most usefully, the neophyte converts were returning to Africa, and were already at Ostia, the port of Rome. Here took place the pious communion of mother and son, immortalized in art by the pencil of Scheffer. "She and I stood alone," records Augustine with loving minuteness, "leaning in a certain window, which looked into the garden of the house where we now lay, at Ostia; where removed from the din of men, we were recruiting from the fatigues of a long journey, for the voyage. We were discoursing then together, alone, very sweetly; and *forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before*, we were inquiring between ourselves of what sort the eternal life of the saints was to be, *which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.*"

The saintly soul in the fulness of her joy uttered her *Nunc Dimittis*. "Son," she said, "I have no further need of anything in this life; my highest hopes are now fulfilled. What do I here any longer?" Within five days she fell ill of her mortal sickness. "Here shall you bury your mother," she said to her weeping sons. When asked whether she shrank not from leaving her body so far from her native city where she had

prepared a tomb beside that of her husband, she replied, "Nothing is far from God, nor is it to be feared that in the end of the world He shall not know whence to raise me up." With such holy words, in supreme content, the blessed spirit passed away. When the weeping of the mourners was assuaged, with tearful voices they softly chanted around the bier the words of the Psalter, "I will sing of mercy and judgment, to Thee, O Lord."

Amid the ruins of the crumbling port of Ostia is still pointed out the traditional tomb of Monica, where, through the long centuries of war and conflict that have rolled above her grave, her ashes peacefully await the resurrection of the just at the last great day.

The remaining forty-three years of the life of Augustine were passed in ascetic austerity and in zealous labours, with tongue and pen, in expounding, enforcing, and defending the doctrines of the Catholic faith. He was called to the episcopate of the North African town of Hippo, and bore its burdens for five and thirty years of arduous toil. Every day, and sometimes twice a day, he preached to the faithful and disputed with heretics of every name. His rigid theological system is most strikingly developed in his controversy with the British heretic Pelagius. His noblest work, "The City of God" (*De Civitate Dei*), is the monument of highest genius of the ancient Church, and in its kind has never been surpassed. Its immediate occasion was one of the great epochal events in the history of the race—the fall of the Roman Empire and the capture of its capital by the Goths.

"The city of God," says Milman, "is at once the funeral oration of the ancient society, the gratulatory panegyric on the birth of the new. It acknowledged, it triumphed in the irrevocable fall of the Babylon of the West, the shrine of idolatry; it hailed at the same time the universal dominion which awaited the new theocratic polity. The earthly city had undergone its predestined fate; it had passed away with all its vices and superstitions, with all its virtues and its glories (for the soul of Augustine was not dead to the noble reminiscences of Roman greatness), with its false gods and its heathen sacrifices: its doom was sealed, and forever. But in its place had arisen the City of God, the Church of Christ; a new social system had

emerged from the ashes of the old; that system was founded by God, was ruled by Divine laws, and had the Divine promise of perpetuity."

The writings of Augustine comprehend over two hundred and thirty separate treatises, most of which have been many times republished in ponderous tomes, and many of them have been translated into every European language. Their influence for fourteen centuries on the theology of Christendom has been unequalled by that of any other writer. The rigorous assertion of his theory of predestination arises doubtless from his early Manicheism, and from the virulence of the Pelagian controversy. "The Church of Rome," sneers Gibbon, "has canonized Augustine and reprobated Calvin, yet the real difference between them is invisible even to a theological microscope." But above the rigour of his stern theology rises the grand personality of the man, the fervour of his piety, the intensity of his spiritual affections, his untiring zeal in the cause of God. Of his humility of spirit many touching examples are recorded, but none is more striking than that afforded by the publication, in his seventieth year, of his *Retractationes*, in which he corrects many of his previous opinions, and performs the difficult task of acknowledging himself to have been in the wrong.

The death of this great man was worthy of his life. Genseric and his Vandals fell like a simoon on the North African provinces. With fire and sword they persecuted the Churches as in the direst days of the pagan Emperors. Augustine refused to leave his flock, and while the Vandal army besieged the city of Hippo, he employed his strength only to calm the fears and sustain the faith of his brethren. His worn-out frame succumbed to the perils of the siege before its fall, and he was spared the spectacle of the desolation of his diocese. His end was one of pious ecstasy, and the tears of a weeping multitude attested the depth of their grief for his loss. His body was transported to Italy, and slumbers in the Cathedral of Pavia. His doctrine has leavened the thought of Christendom for centuries, and his piety has inspired the faith of generations to the present time.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT TRIP THROUGH EUROPE.

BY H. E. CLARKE, ESQ.

III.

THE journey from Florence to Rome is through uninteresting scenery, except where here and there towns and villages are perched on towering rocks that overhang the valley through which we pass. These rocks are pierced with openings which overlook the highway, and when tier upon tier of lights are shining from them at night they have the appearance of fortified dwellings, reminding one of the middle ages, when such fortifications were a necessity of existence.

About seven or eight miles from Rome the traveller sees before him what seems to be a beautifully-shaped mountain rising from a level plain. It has a strange effect, standing out alone against the clear blue sky, visible only at intervals as the train winds in and out through the many curves of the road. But as it breaks upon the view, rising majestically against the horizon, we need no guide to tell us we are gazing upon the beautiful dome of St. Peter's, the grandest church upon the face of the earth. The dome in a short time sinks below the hills again or is shut out from sight as the train rushes on through the valley, but strange thoughts crowd upon the mind as we near the eternal city. To be in the home of the Cæsars, under the shadow of walls that were built when the world was young! To know that somewhere in this neighbourhood St. Paul and St. Luke and Timothy walked and talked and wrote! To be in a city that was founded nearly a thousand years before Christ—that was a mighty power in the earth while as yet the inhabitants of Great Britain were tattooed savages. Well, this is getting as near to the cradle of humanity as most men care to go.

How to make a selection of the many objects that present themselves for description in such a place is my difficulty. Perhaps, as I have already mentioned St. Peter's, I may be allowed to attempt what so many have tried, and what must for ever baffle any trial that may be made, a description of the greatest piece of work ever done by man. The perfect symmetry of St. Peter's and

its enormous size put it out of comparison with any other church. Nothing but the grand mountains of Switzerland made such an impression on me. And yet the church from the outside does not show as well as St. Paul's. It is hidden by its portico, and overshadowed by the Vatican. But once inside, that man must be strangely constituted who does not feel an involuntary inclination to worship. No one takes in the size of St. Peter's on his first entrance; the perfect harmony and symmetry of the building take away from its size. Only when you begin to measure and make comparisons, do you begin to grasp the idea of its vastness.

For instance, as you enter the church you see that the dome is supported by four massive columns. They seem to be in perfect keeping with the place, and your mind takes in no other idea than that of ordinary columns in a church; but when you confine your attention exclusively to those columns, and find that they stand twice as high, and that they are twice as wide as any ordinary house, then you begin to take in the idea of size all round. I remember once reading about an officer sending his regiment to St. Peter's, and who, following afterwards himself, was surprised that none of his soldiers were visible, though all were present, and I thought at the time that the story was an exaggeration. I know now that ten thousand men could be placed in St. Peter's, and a man coming in at the front door would not see one of them.

But to get an idea of the richness and yet chasteness of its ornamentation, you must stand on its marble floors and look on its rich marble walls, relieved by pictures in mosaic, that you can scarcely be persuaded are not oil paintings of the richest description. These are further set off by some of Canova's master-pieces in statuary. So exquisite are these in workmanship, that a pope might be willing to die for the chance of living again for ages in such noble marble form.

I am very sorry that I had no opportunity of witnessing here such a grand service as the Roman Catholic Church can give; but at present the Pope, by some fiction of the imagination, holds himself a prisoner in the Vatican, and, until he chooses to call himself free, there will be no great or grand service in St. Peter's. This was a grievous disappointment to me, for I had looked forward to a grand service on Sunday, and the pettiest

little village church in Canada could have given me a service more impressive. There was a marked want of reverence on the part of the singers as they responded in the solemn service of mass, and the few hundreds of people present seemed to be lost in the immensity of the place. I went to the church intending to see nothing but devotion in the most ancient form of religion, and I came away convinced that the form only was observed, and then only as a matter of routine, that had to be got through for the benefit of the few spectators present.

The Vatican adjoins St. Peter's, and as you go down the great square, a door to the left gives you entrance by a noble marble stairway, to that home of the Popes. I shall not attempt to describe what is really a little town in itself. The Sistine chapel is under this roof, and in this chapel the cardinals are walled up when engaged in the election of a new Pope. Here, also, covering the whole end of the chapel, is Michael Angelo's picture of the last judgment. (See engraving in May number.)

I must carry you without further ceremony right across the city to the church of St. John Lateran, if it be only to see the stair never ascended but on bended knee—the stair up which Luther was toiling in prayer when that strange voice whispered in his ear, "The just shall live by faith," and which whisper or inspiration became the key-stone of the Protestant religion. The stair is a flight of twenty-eight marble steps, taken from Pilate's palace at Jerusalem and brought to Rome, says tradition, by the Empress Helena. The steps are completely covered by oaken boards, worn smooth by the knees of the faithful. There are openings at intervals, to allow the marble to be kissed. Devotees ascending these stairs on bended knee, can descend on foot an adjoining stair on either hand. In front of this church there stands an obelisk of red granite weighing some six hundred tons. It was brought from Egypt sixteen hundred years ago, and is supposed to have been some thousands of years old then. So the traveller in passing can touch a column under whose shadow it may be Abraham rested when journeying into Egypt. Turning south from this church, and leaving the city by the San Sebastian gate, we enter the famous Appian Way, made by Appius Claudius three hundred years before Christ, and after a short time we tread upon the very stones that were trodden by

St. Paul as he made his way from the Three Taverns towards the city to lay his appeal before Cæsar.

On the left of this way, just before we reach the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, is a small church called "*Domine quo Vadis*," in the centre of which there is a marble block having the imprint of the Saviour's feet upon it, at least so say the monks. The legend they give you says that St. Peter, escaping from the city on account of persecution, meeting there the Saviour, said, *Domine quo vadis*, which, being interpreted, means, "Lord, whither goest thou?" The Saviour answering that He was going to Rome to be again crucified, brought Peter to a sense of his duty. He returned to Rome and to his labour, until he was called to suffer martyrdom. The marble block in the church is the stone upon which the Saviour stood when He thus rebuked his faltering disciple, and it is no unusual thing to see devotees, from all parts of the world, kneeling before that stone, and kissing the imprints with a religious fervour that does credit to their faith.

The Appian Way is a marvel of engineering skill, straight as a rule, and better now after two thousand years of traffic than are the streets of Toronto. It is lined on either side with ancient monuments, great structures of brick that had once been covered with marble. I don't know how far they extend, for I went out only about five miles; but, far as the eye could reach, they dotted the landscape like ghostly giants of a former age.

There is one other church in Rome that I must ask you to visit with me. I would like to have said a word about the Pantheon, because I am satisfied that Paul and Luke and Timothy, like sight-seers of the present day, made it their business to visit that old pagan temple. But the church of the Capuchins cannot be passed over. The Capuchins are an order of Friars who for many years have been accustomed to gather the bones of their deceased brethren, and arrange them in vaults under the church. Some are whole skeletons, standing or sitting in niches made by the bones of their brethren, and clothed in the dress they wore while living. There are the skeletons of four thousand monks here. About a dozen of them are whole, and clothed in the garb of the order. It is the arrangement of the bones that must attract attention. The skulls generally form columns or arches; but the other bones, big and little, are

fastened in such a way as to make splendid designs, over the ceiling, down the walls, and over the ground. You could easily imagine that you were walking through a garden of flowers. Beds of all shapes are spread out before you with the usual walks between, while on the walls, crowns and wreaths and other floral designs are beautifully displayed, and to add to the general effect or illusion, very fine rustic baskets filled with twining flowers are suspended over your head as you make your way through the walks. I don't know that I ever saw more perfect designs anywhere; but wreath, flower, basket, column, arch, and border, everything is made of dead mens' bones. It is a curious fancy, and it must have been with a strange sensation that one of the order would walk through this fanciful garden, knowing that his bones, after a while, would help to form a wreath or mend a broken arch. I believe that no more gardening of this sort will be allowed; the Italian Government has ordered the strange custom to be discontinued. The last monk of the order who was raised from his grave has the skin upon his face, and his whiskers give him a look of life as he stands before you in his black robe holding his cross in his hands.

We will now, if you please, move rapidly past the capitol and down the hill towards the Forum. There I know of a spot where Macaulay's New Zealander could find employment for his ready pencil. I don't suppose there is another place in the world where the eye can rest on such an object-lesson as that which is here presented. Imagine the New Zealander seated on the broken arch of Septimius Severus. There, directly under his feet, is the Roman Forum which has echoed to the eloquence of Cicero, when, perhaps, Julius Cæsar and Pompey and Brutus were among his auditors. There, too, Mark Anthony thrilled the hearts of the Roman people; but right above the Forum stand the ruins of Cæsar's palace, from which the decree went forth, "That all the world should be taxed." It was a simple act the signing of that decree, but it called a new star into existence, and wise men from the east followed that star until it set over Bethlehem's plains. Then you are irresistibly reminded of that strange life in Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, and especially of that last journey to Jerusalem, when from the brow of Olivet the sad prediction was uttered that not one stone of the city should be left upon another; for there, right under

the palace of the Cæsars, is the arch of Titus, erected by Vespasian to commemorate the destruction of Jerusalem. The arch spans the sidewalk, and I am told that to the present day a Jew will not pass under it, but will make a *detour* out into the street to get round the spot. Dark seemed the day of Christianity when that arch was erected; but here, to the left, is the Mamertine Prison where the grandest missionary that ever trod this earth was once imprisoned. He can preach in prison, nor does he preach in vain, for even in Cæsar's household he made converts. The religion spreads, and there, beyond the arch of Titus, just facing the Coliseum which was built by Jewish captives, stands the arch of Constantine, the first Roman Emperor to embrace the new faith, and pagan Rome lifts up the standard of the Cross to carry it in triumph round the globe.

The Mamertine Prison is a circular room, about the size of an ordinary house. It is about twenty feet underground, but as that is about the depth of the Forum, the prison in Paul's time was about on a level with the street, the twenty feet representing the *debris* of ages. Under the prison proper is a lower cell where men were put when condemned to death, and here you are shown the stone to which Paul and Peter were chained while under sentence of death. Not far from the stone you are shown a spring of pure water that burst forth when Peter called for water to baptize his gaoler. I do not vouch for the truth of that legend, but neither do I think there can be any doubt about Paul's imprisonment in this place, and probably it was here he wrote, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith." And in imagination you can follow him as he is led from the Mamertine prison across the Forum, round the base of the Palatine hill, out of what is now called St. Paul's gate, where a pyramid now stands overlooking the Protestant burying-ground that Paul looked at as he was being led to execution, past St. Paul's church which is richer in marble and precious stones than even St. Peter's, on to the church of the Three Fountains, where Paul was offered up.

Here I remained sometime, in charge of the monk who undertook to show me every object of interest connected with the

death of St. Paul. First, he showed me the identical block or column of marble on which Paul had to lay his head when he received the fatal blow. This I felt disposed to doubt, but when he showed me the three fountains, and told me that the decapitated head bounded three times, and at each place where it struck the ground a fountain sprang up, I confess he had no ocular demonstration ought to convince any man, and no doubt the fountains were there, for I tasted their waters; but I was afraid that monk saw a look of incredulity in my eyes, for he put on a look of injured innocence, while I listened with an air of resignation to all that was said, and believed as much as I talked of it afterwards.

The run from Rome to Naples is very interesting, passing as you do the aqueduct built by Nero to supply the city with water—huge arches of stone that have defied the ravages of time for two thousand years. I am doubtful if we have at the present day any engineer who could construct a work that would last half as long. After we have passed these monuments of engineering skill, the country soon extends to a grand plain, with enough rolling ground to lend beauty to the landscape. It does not require a very strong imagination to people these plains again with the ghosts of armed men contending for empire. Many a long year has passed since Rome was first invaded, and for nearly thirty centuries these plains have resounded to the tramp of warriors bent on conquest. How quietly they now rest beneath these knolls, Goths and Visigoths, Romans and Carthaginians—

“They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again.”

The Roman Campagna in some places is very beautiful. Far as the eye can reach you see an undulating plain teeming with vine and fig-tree, and the little towns in the distance seem to sit cosily and comfortably in the lap of the Appenines.

By-and-by the Bay of Naples is spread before you, and you are forced to confess that the Neapolitans are right when they call it the most beautiful bay in the world. Neither the Lake of Geneva nor the Lake of Lucerne can equal it, and indeed it is doubtful if it has its equal anywhere. It has so much in its favour—calmness, extent, back-ground. What better back-ground

could you have than Vesuvius, smoking away as if eager to belch forth its fiery stream? And Vesuvius forms only one side of the frame, the Island of Capri gives the other, with the Mediterranean Sea rolling in the distance.

From San Martino, a lofty hill back of Naples, the prospect is very fine, and the city looks well, but it does not improve on a nearer acquaintance. In some places the houses are remarkably high, and the streets remarkably narrow. The principal characteristic of its people is dirt. The streets are kept tolerably clean, but to look at the people—of course I mean the multitude—one would think that the most unfashionable thing in Naples was cleanliness.

The journey by rail from Naples to the buried city of Pompeii is accomplished in less than an hour, and the guard's cry of "Pompeii" sounds like a voice from the dead, so little are we accustomed to associate anything living with a city that was destroyed eighteen hundred years ago. And yet it has its railway station, and its ubiquitous cabman, whose services can be very well dispensed with as the walk up-hill is not more than two hundred yards to a barrier, where, on paying two francs you are furnished with a ticket and a guide, who is also a soldier, armed. Not much chance for relics here, and they don't take a large party either. There is a soldier for every two, and as there are many parties they keep crossing and re-crossing each other, so that you are continually under their eyes. It is a very unpleasant way of doing a place, but after all it is only fair and just. These relics are more precious than gold, and it is not known what discoveries may yet be made. If strangers were allowed to wander at will through the place there would be much wasteful destruction of property.

Your first visit is to the Museum, where you are shown what seem to be the bodies of three or four men and two women in a perfect state of preservation. The bodies were formed in the ashes and scoria a mould from which these forms are cast. There are eight or ten loaves of bread without a break in them. The oven in which they were baked you see as you are making your rounds through the city. There are several handkerchiefs and other articles of wearing apparel, but these seem to have been damaged by the heat. There are eggs

perfectly whole, and looking as fresh as if laid yesterday, though they were laid eighteen hundred years ago.

When you get through the Museum you go up the street on a solid stone pavement. The sidewalk is elevated about fifteen or eighteen inches above the level of the street, and for crossings they had three large stones—which must have been awkward when driving at night. You can form some idea of the width of the roadway when you cross them in three steps. It is curious to notice the ruts worn in the stones by the wheels that rolled over them twenty centuries ago. Indeed, it is with a strange and something of an awful sensation you walk those streets, and reflect that these very stones once resounded to the tramp of a wild multitude, who in agony and despair thronged them everywhere. It requires but little imagination to bring up again the scene, as you look upon the streets and houses that tell such a strange history. The streets are very narrow, the houses are many, and when each tenement poured its living stream of humanity into the narrow streets, mothers with their children, men with their household goods or worldly possessions, the sky overhead darkened with the falling ashes, unless where it may have been lit up by the living embers, while from the mountain streamed the livid fire—oh, it must have been an awful sight, and no doubt was made more fearful by the struggle for life that would characterize such a scene. The rich in their carriages dashing madly down the streets, utterly regardless of the moans or the groans or the curses of the down-trodden, who would be swept beneath their chariot wheels as each one sought escape for himself; the sick left in their weakness to die in despair; terror and wild agony on every brow—all are brought before you as you turn this corner or enter that house.

How strangely everything has been preserved. As you walk the streets you look at the very signs that were over the shops of that day. They are written in large letters on the front walls, in that red paint which seems to mock at time, and which even at this day retains its brilliant hue. It is a very curious walk one takes in such a place, and it requires a good deal of walking, for the streets are long and numerous, and yet not more than half the city is uncovered, and workmen are still employed in these excavations, now under the Italian Government. It is really surprising to find with what accuracy they are entering

every house and lot in a catalogue, marking every one with the trade or calling that was there carried on. In some places this is easy enough; thus, where you find an oven and a mill you may be sure a baker held his ground, and in one place a marble slab or block with the impression of a butcher's knife clearly traced on it, would show what kind of a trade was carried on there; but in other cases special knowledge is required to catalogue as accurately as they now do. There are many streets now uncovered, and a good idea can be had of what the city was. Some of the houses were evidently owned by very wealthy men, and some by poorer men. The inequalities of wealth were just as marked then as they are now.

We return from Pompeii to Naples and Rome, where we take the train for Paris by way of Genoa and the Mont Cenis tunnel. For three hundred miles we run on the edge of the Mediterranean, passing Pisa at night, and Genoa just before the break of day. We reach Turin at eight o'clock in the morning, and from Turin to Mont Cenis we are running through a succession of tunnels, until we reach the great tunnel itself. Running round the Mediterranean in this way we get a fair view of Sardinia and the Island of Corsica, and at Turin we are above ground long enough to admire the Italian side of the Alps, which seems to be under better cultivation than the French side, probably because it has more warmth. Passing through the tunnel we are again on French territory, and have yet a journey of twenty-four hours by rail before we can take that charming trip across the Channel, which makes Dover such a welcome sight to wilted passengers, who feel that their faces must resemble her chalky cliffs.

Reaching England, we may stop for a day at Windsor, where we may take the opportunity of seeing the State apartments. Windsor itself is an old-fashioned town with narrow, hilly streets, and houses of all shapes and sizes; but Windsor Castle is a place worthy of a long line of kings. It is built on a hill, and the grand old towers look proudly down on the whole country below. There is the Curfew tower and Edward the Third's tower, then the towers of York, Lancaster, Brunswick, Clarence, and I don't know how many others; but in the very centre of the enclosure, and commanding a view of the country for miles around, is the great round tower so familiar in all pictures

of the castle. From this tower a good view may be had of the Royal Park, Frogmore, and Eton College, while right under your feet you have an historic pile that runs away back almost to the commencement of English history. It begins with Edward the Confessor, and it is still the chosen home of our noble Queen. The first room that we enter is called the Queen's audience chamber. The ceiling is covered with a beautiful painting representing Catharine, the queen of Charles the Second, sitting in a car drawn by swans, and attended by any number of goddesses. Then the walls are all covered with Gobelin tapestries, which look like rich oil paintings. They represent scenes in the life of Esther, and the figures are life-size.

The Queen's presence chamber is very much like the audience chamber, and the tapestries are a continuation of Esther's history. Each tapestry is about the size of a parlour floor. It covers the wall like an immense picture, and the border of the tapestry is like a frame in which the picture is set. They have some consideration for visitors at the castle, for although the carpets are up and the furniture covered, they leave one or two pieces uncovered so that visitors may know what they are like. The chairs and sofas are all gilt, and the upholstery is either crimson or blue, or light green, to suit the walls. In two of the rooms the walls are covered with crimson satin, having the royal arms worked in for a pattern. The grand reception room is ninety feet long, thirty-four high, and thirty-three wide. It is furnished in the very richest style, with large looking-glasses, fine cabinets, elegant vases, and other furniture to match. Here, too, the walls are covered with tapestry, which represent the history of Jason and the golden fleece.

The grand banqueting hall is two hundred feet long, and nearly forty feet wide. The walls and ceiling are covered with the shields of the Knights of the Garter, and there are portraits of all the kings from James the First to George the Fourth. The table is of solid mahogany, and a man sitting at one end would find it hard to distinguish a face at the other end, so great is its length. I was very much interested in what is called the Guard Chamber, where they keep a piece of Nelson's ship the Victory—a piece of the mast eight feet high with a hole right through it, made by a cannon ball at the battle of Trafalgar. Nelson's bust is on top of the mast. There is also a bust of the

Duke of Marlborough, and a banner taken at the battle of Blenheim, with many other interesting relics.

Then there is the Throne room. Here the hangings and furniture are all blue. The throne is ivory, richly carved, and at the back is a very large diamond set into the ivory, which sparkles like a star. On the whole, the visitor at Windsor Castle comes away satisfied that our Queen has a very good house to live in.

It is a long leap from Windsor to Edinburgh, but limits of space remind us that long strides are necessary, and there must be few stopping places by the way. Edinburgh is a beautiful city. It would be wrong to say more beautiful than Paris, but for its size it will compare favourably even with Paris. Its natural advantages are great, built as it is on ridges that slope up into lofty hills, like the Castle Hill on one side, and Calton Hill on the other. The streets, too, are wide and well laid out, kept in good order, and clean, while the stores are solid-looking stone buildings. Between Calton Hill and the Castle there is a ravine which is kept as a public garden, and, as from either hill you have this continually under your eye, you must of necessity be always looking at something attractive. Prince's Street, the principal street of the city, is built only on one side, the other side is a terrace overlooking these gardens, and on this terrace, with much taste, are erected the monuments to Scotland's great men, Sir Walter Scott, Sir James Simpson, Allan Ramsay, and others.

Of course I am speaking now of the new town; the old town, which is reached by crossing this ravine, and which is built on a ridge that extends from Edinburgh Castle to Holyrood Palace, is something very different. Some of the houses are ten stories high; some of the lanes are not more than four feet wide, and as these are crowded with tenement houses, it would be better perhaps not to attempt any description of the sights, sounds, and odours that are presented to the different senses as we make our way as rapidly as possible to more inviting streets and courts.

St. Giles' Church, where John Knox preached, is in High Street, and his house stands on a bend of the same street, where it turns into the Cannongate and leads directly down to Holyrood palace, where Knox's queen, the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots, lived in daily dread of her terrible subject, Knox. At

the Chalmers' Memorial Church I had the pleasure of listening to a man whose sweet hymns we often sing, Dr. Horatio Bonar. He is a fine-looking old gentleman, and makes a good impression on you by his dignified appearance. He is slow in his delivery, but every word tells, and he never seems to waste a word, rather making his sentences abrupt, through a fear, one would think, of weakening what he had to say by a rounded phrase.

Glasgow is distant from Edinburgh a little over forty miles by rail, and you can, if you like, make the journey in an hour, but to get to Glasgow through the Trossachs takes a whole day, and it is well worth the round-about journey it gives you. I don't think that Scotchmen need leave their own country to see bold and romantic landscapes. The scenery coming through the Trossachs will compare very favourably even with Switzerland. It is a quieter kind of beauty; the mountains are not as lofty, and the lakes are not so large, but they have a beauty of their own of which Scotchmen may well be proud.

I may here say that the Trossachs is a district made famous as the scene of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and thoroughly to enjoy the journey a fair knowledge of that poem is necessary. Ben Ledi and Ben Lomond are not as high as the mountains in Switzerland, but their shape and colour greatly enhance their beauty. Heather in full bloom, when it covers a whole mountain side, is a sight worth seeing. Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, especially the latter, remind you very forcibly of the lakes you see from the top of the Righi. But the whole route, from Edinburgh over the field of Bannockburn to Stirling, then on to Callendar, and through Roderich Dhu's country to Loch Katrine, thence by boat and stage to Invernaid, where you take boat again on Loch Lomond, brings you through a district of romantic beauty, whose memory shall ever remain one of the sunniest pictures of one's life.

As I said at the beginning, there is a peculiar charm in visiting places that are rich in historical association. But when we have seen all that we can see, and then begin to make comparisons with our own country, think of our educational advantages, our social customs, our free institutions, our liberty of thought and action, our present position and our future prospects, then as Canadians, proud of our country, we can truthfully say:—

"There's no place like home."

THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND MUTATIONS OF METHODISM IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA.*

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

II.

THE Presiding Elder appointed in charge of the Upper Canada District, on the assumption of jurisdiction by the General Conference of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, was the notable Henry Ryan, a powerful man, physically, of Irish extraction, but born in Connecticut, April 22, 1775, who had entered the ministry in 1800, and had been in Canada five years when placed in charge of the District, in which official capacity he was destined to remain fourteen years, covering the war period and reaching till the organization of the Canada Annual Conference in 1824. He was a mightily moving preacher, of great gifts, and very successful in the work of the ministry.

The war referred to prevented regular intercourse between the authorities of the Church in the States and the "Two Canadas," from 1812 to 1815, and caused the return of some preachers of American origin, and the retirement of some others. Mr. Ryan resumed the charge of the work over a good part of Lower Canada as well as his trust in the Upper Province, supervising it from end to end with tireless energy, performing very much the work of a Bishop, as well as Presiding Elder, calling out preachers to supply the Circuits, and holding no less than three several Conferences, the one published for Niagara, said to have been adjourned to Beaver Dam; one at the Bay of Quinte, and one in Matilda.

There was a strenuous movement for some years after the war, to bring about a separation from the American Church, which led, first, to the organization of the Canada Conference, referred to, in 1824; and four years after, May, 1828, the American General Conference gave consent for the Canadian brethren to organize an independent Church for the Province, which went into effect the following October.

* A contribution to a forthcoming illustrated History of Methodism, by the Rev. W. H. Daniels, M.A.

To the separation movement Elder Ryan lent himself with characteristic vehemence; but from his spirit and manner therein, he first lost his Presiding Eldership in 1824, and becoming more and more alienated he withdrew in 1827, one year before the object was achieved. As he had adopted revolutionary ideas of Church government about this time, and as the independent Church continued, at least in theory, the Episcopal form, he and a few others organized a Church in 1829, which incorporated lay-delegation and gave local preachers, of a certain status, a seat in the Conference, giving it the name of the Canadian Wesleyan Church. This organization held together till 1839, when a minority returned to the old Church, and the rest of their Conference formed a union with the Methodist New Connexion of England, which modified autonomy had a respectable and useful career until its entering into the great unifying arrangements of 1874.

The original Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, although it lasted five years under that name, and elected at least three several elders to the office of Bishop, namely, Bangs, Fisk, and Straton, yet never consecrated one. Elder Case acted as General Superintendent, by the appointment of the General Conference, and was elected to preside at each succeeding Annual Conference, there being but one Annual Conference, and the General Conference, at its last modification, being "composed of all the travelling elders."

There had been an interruption of exact uniformity, and of unity in Canadian Methodism since 1814, which in the issue wrought a change of the name and form of the main Methodist body of the Province. By the failure of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States to supply the old city of Quebec continuously through the war of 1812, either directly or by its agents in the country, the few Methodists of that place became dissatisfied, and, believing in the substantial oneness of Methodism under both its Episcopal and Presbyterial forms, applied to a leading Wesleyan minister in Nova Scotia, through whom the British Conference was induced to send them the Rev. John Bass Strong, who arrived in Quebec, June, 1814. The war had produced a prejudice against American preachers in the minds of some in other places as well, which proved to be the state of feeling among the majority of Methodists in Montreal,

who also applied for a British missionary, and received one in the person of the Rev. Richard Williams, who arrived in that city about the time the American appointee, Mr. Burch, who had remained through the war, was returning to the United States. The British party, being the majority, retained the chapel on the plea that the money which built it was mostly collected in England. Soon after, other missionaries arrived, and took up the St. Francis country and other places in Lower Canada. The Revs. Messrs. Black and Bennett, on behalf of the British Conference and the missionaries, met Elders Ryan and Case, from Canada, at the General Conference of 1816, to try and adjust the embroglio. The interpellations drew forth a cautionary letter from the Missionary Secretaries of London to their agents in Canada, but it proved an ineffectual expedient, and by 1820 their missionaries had entered the Upper Province also, and located themselves in Cornwall and other parts adjacent, Kingston, and Bay of Quinte, and in and about York and Niagara. In 1820 there was an interchange of delegates between the British and American General Conferences, which led to an agreement that the European labourers should be withdrawn from Upper Canada and the American from Lower Canada; thus, like Lot and Abraham, dividing the country between them.

Nevertheless there were many persons calling themselves Methodists in Upper Canada restive under American jurisdiction, or who shrank from it altogether. To meet the prejudices of these persons, the expedient of an Annual Conference was tried in 1824, and by 1827 all the Methodists were brought over to the idea that independence was best, and the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada was created in 1828.

That Church had the right of legally settling its church property, and of solemnizing matrimony on the part of her ministers, to secure. The endeavours after these naturally allied the Church to the so-called Reformers in politics. This led to private representations from individuals, and the irresponsible colonial authorities, to England, that the indigenous Methodists were disloyal, and to request Wesleyan missionaries to be sent into the country. These the British Conference thought might now be stationed in Upper, as well as Lower, Canada, without any breach of the compact with the American General

Conference, that body having withdrawn its jurisdiction from Canada, and the compact not having been re-affirmed with the independent Church. Accordingly they took up two stations, one among the whites and another among the Indians, and sent out a commissioner to inquire after other openings.

The Rev. Robert Alder arrived in York early in the summer of 1832, and was led to visit the session of the Canada Conference in the August following. The deliberations issued in preliminary articles of union, the visit of a delegate—the Rev. Egerton Ryerson—the following summer to England, and to the consummation of an organic connection between the two Conferences in October 1833, which substituted an Annual Presidency appointed, if desired, by the British Conference in place of life-long Episcopacy, and the change of the Church's name from Methodist Episcopal to Wesleyan Methodist; each successive step of which arrangement was carried by observing all constitutional requirements and by the legal majorities, and finally consummated by a unanimous rising vote.

The constitution adopted did not allow of those becoming local preachers after 1833, being eligible to ordination; and finally, because of difficulties with which the continuing to ordain local preachers was beset, it was decided by resolution at the Conference of 1834, "that it was inexpedient to ordain any more." This naturally displeased many of that order, and their friends, all of whom, though they cared little for the office of Bishop, were now disposed to fall back on the old Episcopal *regime*. The dissidents finally met, organized, and reconstructed a Methodist Episcopal Church for the Province, which claimed to be the original and legal one, and entered suits for the church property, in which endeavour, however, they ultimately failed. The decision of the American General Conference of 1836, after full investigation, decided, "That, in June 1835, certain persons, to the number of five, only one of whom was a travelling preacher, the others being local elders, met and resolved themselves into what they called a General Conference, and elected one of their number to the office of Bishop, and the remaining four proceeded to ordain him." They had in 1836, twenty-one stationed or travelling preachers, twenty local preachers, and 1,243 members of society. Considering the disadvantages under which it laboured, that section of Dominion Methodism has

been very successful, and now embraces, mostly in Ontario, abating a few Missions in Manitoba and British Columbia, 27,235 members, 384 Sabbath-schools, 516 churches, 128 parsonages, and 267 ministers, in three Annual Conferences, with two Institutions for higher education.

Some difficulties having arisen between the authorities of the Canadian and British elements in the Wesleyan Church in Canada for some years previously, in 1840 the British Conference withdrew from co-operation with the Wesleyan Conference in Canada. The Wesleyan name and discipline were retained by both sections in the Province during the seven years of their separate operations. Circumstances favouring, an effort to restore the union was successful, and in 1847 it went into effect very little modified, though somewhat improved from what it was at first. Thenceforward, the combination worked harmoniously, and the Church went forward, gathering numbers, building churches, promoting education, and planting missions till 1874, when the organic union with the British Conference was dissolved by mutual consent, with a view to a more comprehensive measure of unification. At this time the Church numbered 656 ministers and 73,701 members. The Church Relief Fund amounted to \$2,830.83, the Contingent Fund to \$6,638.32, the Education Fund to \$2,961.84, the Superannuated Preachers' Fund to \$13,419.40, and the Missionary Fund to \$117,940.57. The Missionary District of Canada East, and the Wesleyan Missions in the Hudson Bay Territory had been incorporated with the Canada Wesleyan Conference twenty years before, namely, in 1854; and five years after, in 1859, with the concurrence and assistance of the British Conference, British Columbia and the whole Pacific Coast were taken up as a field of Missionary labour, giving this Church, when the last union came into effect, a succession of Mission Stations from the Bay Chaleur to Victoria, and from the New Credit to Norway House.

Negotiations for a general union had been going on among nearly all the Methodists in the Provinces, but when the measure went into effect in 1874, all withdrew excepting the two sections of Wesleyan Methodism, the Canada Conference, and the Conference of Eastern British America, and the New Connexion, which had stations on the ground covered by both the other bodies, which bodies united under the name of the Methodist Church of Canada.

When amalgamated in 1875, the numbers of the united Church stood as follows: 773 ministers and 102,178 members. The whole has been divided into six Annual Conferences, the Toronto, London, Montreal, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and the Newfoundland Conferences. A General or Legislative Conference is held once in four years, composed of an equal number of ministers and laymen, which elects its own President for the four years' term. Each Annual Conference elects a President annually. All the essentials of Methodism, the class-meeting, itinerancy, and provision for transfer of ministers are provided for and preserved. The statistics of the Church stood in 1878 as follows: 1,165 itinerant ministers, 3,589 local preachers, 122,605 members of the Church, 1,783 Sunday-schools. Missionary income for 1877, \$141,475,12; Mission Stations, 409; Missionaries, 422; members on Missions, 39,165; Circuits, 829; three Connexional Book and Printing Establishments, and two Weekly Papers, one Monthly Magazine, and two Sunday-school Periodicals. The ground covered by the Church and its Missions reaches from Bermuda to Japan, and from Toronto to Nelson River. It has two Universities, three Theological Schools, three Ladies Colleges, and two or three other Collegiate Institutions or Seminaries. Besides the Methodist bodies already described, there are the following minor ones: The Primitive, begun in 1830, numbers 98 ministers and 8,174 Church members; Bible Christian, entering the country later, has 81 itinerant preachers and 6,549 members; and British Methodist Episcopal Church (coloured), 41 preachers, members not ascertained. Besides, the Evangelical Association (mostly German) is doing a great work and progressing. Something like the same may be said of the United Brethren in Christ. All these bodies publish books and papers to a large extent.

Our space has not allowed us to present many sketches of individuals, besides Messrs. Black, Losee, and Ryan, who have been briefly mentioned. Yet, not to wholly overlook other important personages who have exerted a great influence, it may be said that William Case, a native of the United States, gave fifty years to the ministry, forty-five of them in Canada, in which he was mainly instrumental in planting and nurturing the Indian Missions of the main body, was a wise, laborious,

and holy man. Egerton Ryerson, a Canadian, has been distinguished in the same section of Methodism as a defender of the Church's rights and a promoter of education, connexional and provincial. Enoch Wood, an Englishman, came in with the second union, and has stood thirty-two years connected with the management of the Missions of the same body, distinguished for wisdom and sagacity. John Reynolds, a native of Ireland, brought up in Canada, who took Nathan Bangs' place in 1806 when removed to Montreal, was the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada. Peter Jones and John Sunday were distinguished Indian preachers in the central body. J. H. Robinson, English, was a leading mind in the New Connexion, and Humphrey Pickard the same in Eastern Wesleyan Methodism. The exhausting of our space forbids the mention of more.

OVER THE RIVER.

BY N. A. W. PRIEST.

OVER the river they beckon to me—
 Loved ones who've crossed to the further side ;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 For none return from those quiet shores
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 And catch a gleam of the snowy sail :
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
 Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for sound of the boatman's oar :
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail ;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
 I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,
 To the better shore of the spirit-land ;
 I shall know the loved who have gone before,
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR VOLUME X.

In fulfilment of a long cherished purpose, the editor of this Magazine has made arrangements, Providence permitting, for a holiday trip to Europe. It is an education, which one seeks in vain in books, to visit the memory-haunted scenes of the Old World. In the monuments and institutions of the past, in the hoary minsters and crumbling classic fanes, in the many places consecrated by heroism or by song,—by the martyrs' or the patriots' blood, or by the poet's lyre—one beholds a chrystalized history, which thrills the soul with a presence and a power before unimagined. The writer will endeavour to share with the readers of this Magazine, as far as he may be able, the pleasure and the profit of his pilgrimage to those old historic lands.

His prescribed route will lead him, after a short stay in Great Britain, to the continent. Landing at Ostend he will traverse Belgium, visiting Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, Antwerp, and probably Rotterdam, the Hague, and Amsterdam, with their memories of the brave struggle of the Protestant liberties of Europe against the persecuting bigotry of Spain. Reaching the Rhine at Cologne and sailing up that storied stream to Mayence, his route leads to Worms and Spire, the scenes of the moral heroism of the great-hearted Luther—to Heidelberg and Strassburg. Here, leaving the Rhine, his route leads through the mountain regions of the Black Forest—the Schwartzwald of German story—to Shaffhausen on the Rhine again. Thence it traverses the extreme length of Switzerland—to Lausanne, the birthplace of Fletcher, Geneva, with its associations of the Reformation, and Mont Blanc. Crossing on foot the Gemmi Pass and Wengern Alps, the Righi and the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons, haunted with the stories of Tell, Winkelried, and Zwingli, are all visited. His route then leads

over the St. Gotthard Pass to Italy. Traversing the lovely lakes Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, it reaches, by way of Milan and Verona, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and Pompeii, whose very names are a spell of power. *En route* homeward it passes through Pisa, Genoa, Turin, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the Jura Alps, Central France, Paris, Rouen, Dieppe, to old England again. A tour through the chief historic parts of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and the voyage home again, will complete the projected journey.

In a series of papers written *en route*, and continued after his return, he will endeavour to condense his foreign experience for those of his readers as care to follow his adventures. These papers, under the title "A Canadian in Europe," will begin in the July or August number, and continue to the end of the year. Arrangements have been made for the regular issue of this Magazine with its usual number, variety, and excellence of engravings and articles; and with enhanced interest and constant improvement.

Among the early illustrated articles will be the following: Underground Jerusalem; the Canyons of the Colorado; Methodist Missions in Ceylon, in Zululand, and in the West Indies; Methodist Churches and Colleges; and other copiously illustrated articles. The Story of the War of 1812 will be concluded, and another series of the popular "Odd Characters" will be given. The July and August numbers will have articles by Dr. Punshon and Dr. Nelles. All business communications to be sent to the publisher. The literary contents of the Magazine are made up for the next three months. Intending contributors will therefore please withhold their articles till the expiration of that time. The beginning of a new volume

will be a good opportunity for our friends to extend the circulation of this Magazine.

Since the above was written a sore bereavement has befallen the writer in the death of his much-loved mother. After a stroke of paralysis and a few days' illness, she passed peacefully away. A consistent Christian life for many years gave assurance of her readiness for her departure when the summons came. Full of years, and feeling in bodily infirmity their weight, her exchange of life's burden for heaven's rest was a happy release. It was the writer's privilege to minister to the needs of her latter days, and to repay, in part, the debt of a life-long unwearying love and care. But private griefs must not obtrude upon public

sympathy. This bereavement projects its shadow over the future, but does not furnish ground for the abrogation of a previous purpose. Thus, in the march of life, one after another falls from the ranks, but still the column moves for ever on. May all life's partings the better prepare us for the great gathering at the marriage supper of the Lamb, when those that enter in go out no more forever.

We trust that our friends whose subscriptions expire with this number will favour us with their prompt renewal, as the rules of the office require renewal of the order to secure the continuance of the Magazine. We do not wish to part with one of our old friends, and hope to receive large accessions to our list.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Life of the Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, D.D. By the REV. CHAS. N. SIMS, D.D. With Introduction by the REV. BISHOP SIMPSON, D.D., LL.D. 12mo. pp. 392 New York: Nelson & Phillips. Toronto, Montreal & Halifax: Methodist Book Rooms.

Dr. Eddy was a minister of more than ordinary ability in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a son of one of the pioneers of the West. At an early age he became a member of the Church of his father, and when only nineteen years of age, he might be seen mounting his steed, his saddle bags packed with his wardrobe and books, as he went forth to call sinners to repentance. His circuits were extensive, embracing whole counties, which required him to be from home for several weeks together; but he was even then a zealous Methodist preacher, for at the close of his first year he says, "I have preached about three hundred times. There have been more than three hundred conversions

on the circuit and as many accessions to the Church. The year has been a good one. My receipts for salary have amounted to *sixty dollars!*"

From the commencement of his itinerancy he was popular. At camp meetings and other great gatherings his services were always in great demand. He was fluent in speech, his style was racy, and he always preached with power. His youthful appearance secured him sympathy with the audience, while his sprightly conversation and occasionally amusing anecdotes made him a great favourite in the social circle. His biographer, who knew him from his youth, says he was strictly pious and spent much time in devotional exercises. This was characteristic of him through life. When a resident in Chicago and New York, he was seldom absent from the weekly services of the church which his family were accustomed to attend.

While on probation, he was led to

examine with great minuteness the subject of Christian holiness and often preached upon it. He gave evidence that he enjoyed full salvation, and often testified that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. The personal enjoyment of this blessing, and frequent preaching on the subject is one grand reason why the early Methodist preachers were so successful in turning men to righteousness. We hope that the Life of Dr. Eddy may give a great impetus to the higher life.

Being fond of classical studies young Eddy was soon able to read the Scriptures in the original tongues, hence he became an able expounder of the word of God. His sermons were carefully prepared, and were delivered extempore. They were always fresh and were delivered with much energy. He was ever ready to join in evangelistic services, and became known as a successful revivalist.

Like most of his brethren, when he received ordination he took to himself a wife—the lady who survives him. Parsonages were then few and far between, and during the first years of his married life he had not even a house, but was obliged to board with his friends. His salary as a married man was \$290, but at the close of the year, the Quarterly Conference, taking into consideration, "his extraordinary labours and his delicate health unanimously resolved to increase it to *three hundred dollars!*"

One of the towns in which he was stationed was the location of the State's Prison, and during his residence there he visited the prisoners almost as much as the chaplain. He greatly interested himself on behalf of the criminals, some of whom gave evidence that his labours on their behalf were not in vain.

His health having always been delicate, his excessive labours at times made it doubtful whether he would not soon be compelled to resign. He was successively Agent for the Bible Society and Presiding Elder for one year each. In 1856

he was appointed Editor of the *North Western Christian Advocate*, which office he held for twelve years and resided in Chicago. He was now one of the leading men of the Church. For several years he had been accustomed to contribute largely both to the Church periodicals and to the secular press. The *Advocate* increased from eleven thousand to thirty thousand during the years that he occupied the tripod. During the years of the civil war he wrote several articles of great power in favour of the union, and also published two octavo volumes of more than six hundred pages each relating to the patriotism of Illinois.

He warmly advocated the admission of laymen into the General Conference. He laboured earnestly on behalf of the North Western University, delivered many eloquent addresses at the centenary services of Methodism in America, and was known at this time as the Church Dedicator of the North-West.

In 1869 he again entered the pastorate and was stationed in Baltimore, where during his incumbency Mount Vernon Church was erected, one of the most elegant in Methodism, a view of which was given in a former number of this Magazine. From Baltimore he went to the Metropolitan Church Washington, which in association with Bishop Simpson and Dr. Punshon he had dedicated a short time previously. His labours were greatly owned of God in the former city. In Washington he only resided a few weeks as the General Conference of 1872 appointed him one of the Missionary Secretaries which caused him to remove to New York. Here he only remained little more than two years until he was called to his reward, but they were probably two of the most abundant years in labour of his whole life. His correspondence was voluminous, and after sitting for several hours at his desk he would travel all night to meet his engagements with some Conference or public meeting. He threw his whole soul into his work

with his colleagues, refusing to leave New York for any other purpose than to aid the Missionary cause. Commercial depression was severely felt in every part of the Union, and the income of the Missionary Society was not sufficient to carry on the work and enter the doors of usefulness which were open in various parts of heathendom. This state of things pressed so heavily on Dr. Eddy that he could not rest, and for the last few months of his life, he was almost ubiquitous, for he went everywhere calling upon the Church "to fling down its gold at the feet of Jesus."

He returned from the West to die, though he did not anticipate this, and even said that his medical advisers must be mistaken: "I am just in the prime of life, I know how to work for Jesus and I love to work for His cause. Does it not seem strange that I should be called home from the vineyard, when there are so many laggards in the field, which is now, as never before, whitening to the harvest?" Having given instructions relative to business matters, he calmly waited the end. His parting with his family and friends was most affecting, and his last words were, "Sing, pray. Eternity dawns." Two hours after he closed his eyes in death.

A noble man left the world when Dr. Eddy died. We saw him at the Canada Conference in 1865, when he was accompanied by Drs. G. Peck and C. Elliott, all of whom have now joined the Church triumphant. Like many, others we felt greatly attached to Dr. Eddy at this time and have now read his Life with great pleasure and profit. The introduction by Bishop Simpson is not the least interesting portion of the book. The steel engraving is an excellent likeness of the deceased. His bereaved widow has shown great respect for his memory in devoting the profits of the volume to the Missionary cause on whose behalf her sainted husband laboured so zealously and to which we might almost say, he died a martyr.

E. B.

Father Corson; or, The Old Style Canadian Itinerant. By the Rev. JOHN CARROLL, D.D. 12mo., pp. 277, price \$1.00. Rev. S. Rose, Toronto; and Methodist Book Rooms, Montreal and Halifax.

The preparation of this book has been to Dr. Carroll a labour of love. Father Corson was a man after his own heart, in the portraiture of whose character and virtues his facile pen found congenial employment. Few men were better known, or more beloved, or more successful in bringing souls to Christ, throughout Canadian Methodism, than Father Corson. The record of his early trials and triumphs carries us back to the heroic days of the pioneer preachers of Canada. Those who knew the subject of this biography only in his later years would not suspect the fund of humour with which in his early days, in the stormy war-times, he was wont to be the life of the military camp—for he served his king in arms—or with which, a few years later, he moved to smiles, to be quickly followed by tears, the camp-meeting in the forest. The story of those days of trial, but of glorious triumph, is an inspiration to zeal and consecration in the service of God. The record of "\$160 salary, and a hundred and sixty souls saved," in a year, is typical of many similar records in the life of Robert Corson, and of other of the pioneer preachers of our land. Yet by dint of energy and unflagging industry Father Corson brought up in Christian culture a large family, several of whom acquired distinguished success in the learned professions, and above all, adorn with the graces of a Christian character the name and the memory of their father. Even in the later years of his life, when laid aside from active duty, Father Corson was "in labours more abundant"—often preaching a hundred times in a year, reading nearly as many books, and visiting indefatigably. Dr. Carroll has treated his admirable subject with even more than his customary vivacity and vigour, and has been greatly aided

by the classic and elegant contributions of Dr. John Wesley Corson, the accomplished son of the subject of the memoir, and by the reminiscences of his numerous friends.

An Illustrated Commentary on the Gospel According to St. John.
By LYMAN ABBOTT, D.D. 8vo.
pp. 245. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; and Methodist Book-Rooms. Price \$2.00.

The names of Jacob and Lyman Abbott, father and son, are inseparably associated with Biblical illustration in America. In this volume Dr. Abbot worthily continues the traditions of his name. It is what it professes to be—a cheap, popular commentary. It aims to give the results rather than the processes of scholarship, and the conclusions rather than the controversies of scholars.

A valuable introduction prepares the way for the intelligent and profitable study of this most interesting of all the Gospels. The commentator defends by cogent reasoning its Johannine authorship, and gives an admirable *resumé* of the arguments for and against that view. Its points of resemblance to, and contrast with, the synoptic Gospels are also illustrated, and the gnostic philosophy of the early centuries, to which such plain allusion is made in the first chapter, is explained. The book is illustrated by thirty-four engravings, several of them being remarkably vigorous delineations of Oriental life, which, in graphic fidelity, contrast very favourably with the conventional treatment of these subjects in sacred art. We cordially commend this book as one of the most useful of its class.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament, with Illustrations and Maps. Prepared by a number of British and American Scholars of the leading Evangelistic Denominations. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D., General Editor. Large 8vo. \$5.00 a volume. Rev. S. Rose, Methodist Book-Room, Toronto.

This Commentary aims to present, in an Evangelical Catholic spirit, and in popular form, the best results of the latest Biblical scholarship for the instruction of the English reader of the Word of God. It embraces the authorized version, marginal emendations, brief introductions and explanatory notes on all difficult passages, together with maps and illustrations of Bible lands and Bible scenes derived from photographs, and apt to facilitate the understanding of the text. The work is intended to have an international as well as interdenominational character, as it will be the joint product of well-known British and American Biblical scholars of different Churches. The contributors have been selected chiefly from the members of the Anglo-American Bible-Revision Committees, who have for several years been engaged in correcting and improving King James's version for public use, and who have gathered invaluable experience for a work like this. The New Testament will be completed in four volumes. The second volume, containing John and Acts, is now in the printer's hands. The maps have been prepared under the supervision of Prof. Arnold Guyot, Princeton, New Jersey, and the material for the pictorial illustrations furnished by the Rev. Dr. William M. Thomson, who from long residence in the East is perfectly at home in the "Land and the Book."

The first volume, comprising an introduction, and the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, by Prof. Philip Schaff, D.D., and Prof. Matthew B. Riddle, D.D., is before us, and is illustrated by one hundred original engravings on wood, ten of them full-page; one steel, and three full-page maps and plans. One volume, royal 8vo. Cloth extra, price \$6.00. Half calf, \$8.50. Among the co-labourers on this commentary we are glad to observe the names of Prof. Moulton and Dr. Pope, distinguished Wesleyan scholars. We consider this an admirable commentary.

"Breast the Wave, Christian."

Words by JOHN STAMMERS.

Music by Rev. EDW. COAN, Mus. Ed.

1 Breast the wave, Chris-tian, When it is strong-est; Watch for day,

2 Fight the fight, Chris-tian, Je-sus is o'er thee; Run the race,

Chris-tian, When the night's long-est; On-ward and on-ward still

Chris-tian, Heav'n is be-fore thee: He who hath prom-ised

Be thine en-deav-our, The rest that re-main-eth Will be for-ev-er.

Fal-ter-eth nev-er; He who hath lov'd so well Lov-eth for ev-er.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,
Just as: closeth;
Raise thy heart, Christian,
Ere it repositeth:

Theo from the love of God
Nothing shall sev-er;
And when thy work is done
Praise Him forever.

* The small notes and the slur are to be used in the first verse only.