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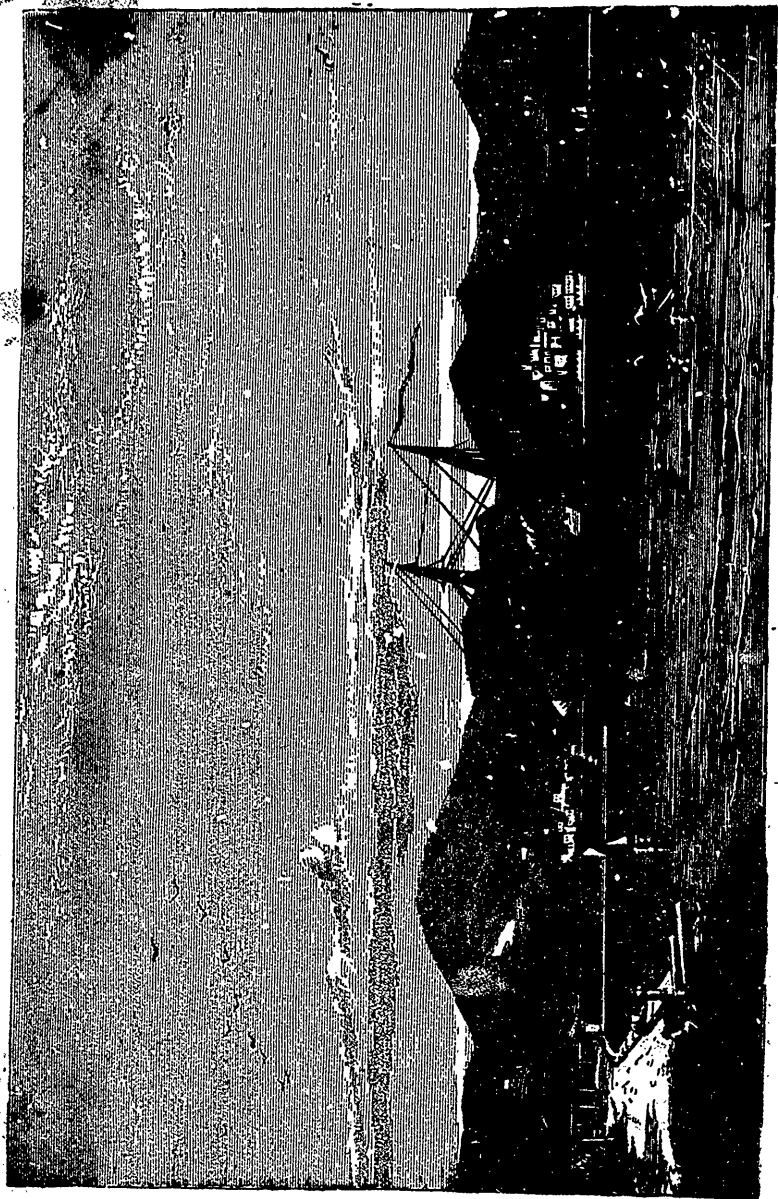
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June 1877

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VOL. V.

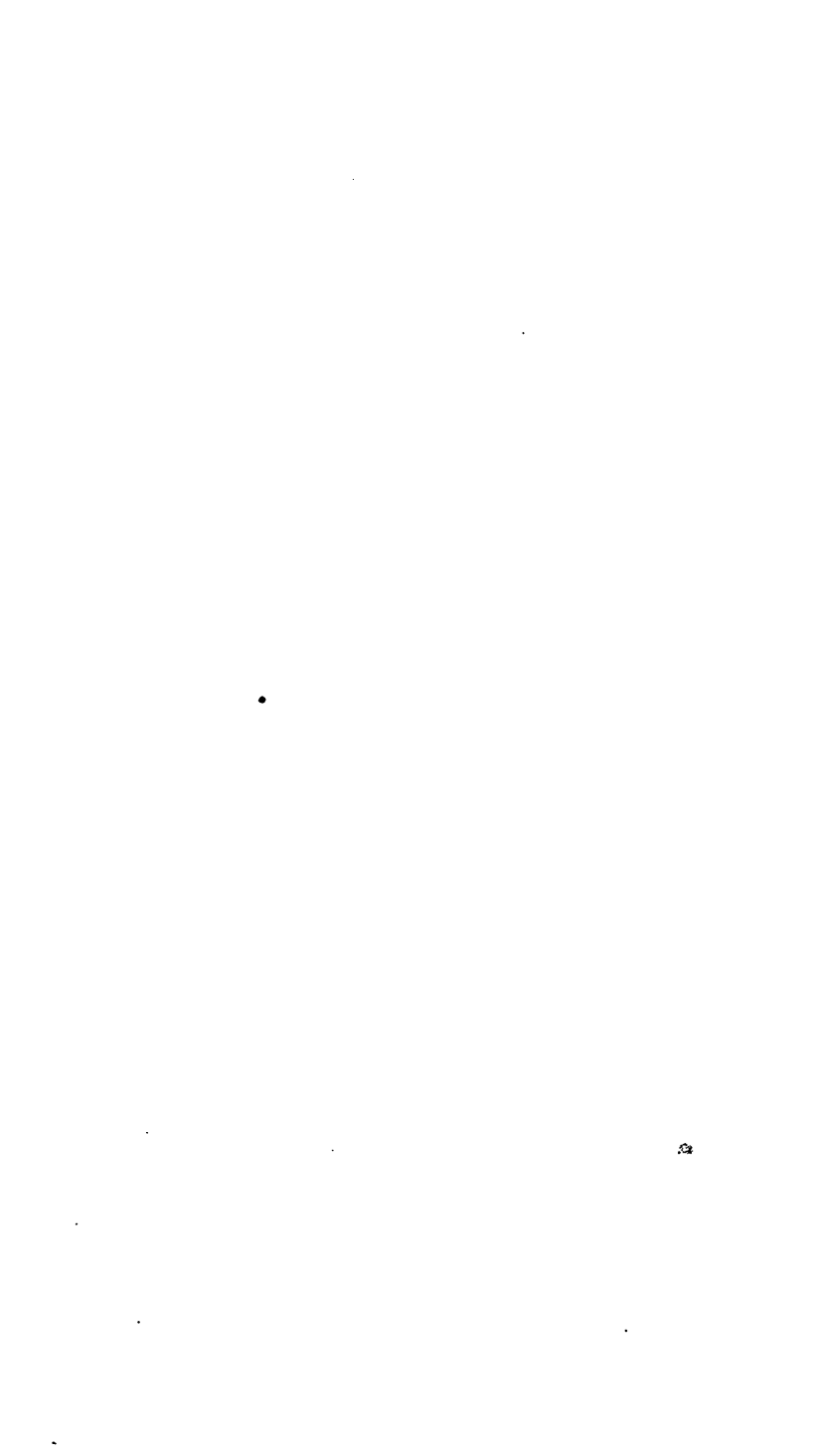
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# THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1877.

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THE REV. GERVASE SMITH, M.A.

BY JOHN CARROLL.

WITH the accompanying portrait of the above-named gentleman, there will be naturally expected some account of the original himself. But, when brought to the task, we are ashamed to confess how little we know of one so famous in Methodist circles in both hemispheres. The colonial sources of information, of which hopes were entertained, have either partially, or wholly failed us; and the time is too short for applying to the gentleman himself in his trans-atlantic home. Yet what little we know, or have gleaned, together with our surmises, may be given.

The name itself will strike at the outset. The patronymic, Smith, it is true, is common, if not common-place enough: the Smiths, together with the Browns, are to be met everywhere, in all the professions, and in all ranks of life. A prosaic surname may be redeemed, however, by a noticeable baptismal name. A Baldwin, or a Brinston Brown, has a freshness about it more attracting than the inevitable John Brown, or even the now classical "Tom Brown." So also, the proverbial John Smith must give place to Sidney, Kenard, Thornley, or, Gervase Smith.

Is Gervase Saxon, Danish, or Norman? We confess our amount of lore does not enable us to answer the question. It surely is not Celtic—although two admirers of Mr. Smith, one of whom sat two years under his ministry in his native country, have an impression in their minds, that, although brought up in the County of Kent, and now an Englishman, pre-eminently, in

instincts and characteristics, he is of Irish parentage. Is this surmise favoured by the gentleman's acknowledged wit and vivacity?

We are morally certain he was born, spiritually, in England, within the walls of the Wesleyan Zion. He must have been converted in boyhood, for he could not have been more than twenty years of age when, a Conference student, he entered the Theological Institution, in 1844. Thirty-two years have passed since then, and he is not surely more than fifty-two at the present time. The Rev. John Learoyd, who knew him personally and sat under his ministry in England, has kindly furnished the following facts concerning the subject of our sketch:—

“His first Circuit was Blackburn, then Glossop, at both of which places he was only one year, he then went to Wakefield. He was received into full connexion in the year 1848. He spent three years at Wakefield; three at York; and, then, three years at Huddersfield. It was while stationed there that he was my pastor. He was the junior preacher. At that time he was very popular as a preacher, and was in great demand for anniversary and special services. His utterance at that time was very rapid, though he had his voice under great control. Sometimes he was very eloquent. I have heard it said that, at his first appearance before an Exeter Hall audience, he produced a very great sensation. In that speech, he played upon the expression that he was ‘only a young man from the country.’

“Mr. Smith in those days was considered very conservative in his views of Wesleyan polity.”

His year's sojourn at the Institution, is said to have brought him in contact with a fellow-student of the same standing, for whom he had a natural affinity, which gave rise to a permanent friendship between them. All familiar with Methodist matters know that we refer to William Morley Punshon, now of world-wide reputation. These two eminent public men and ministers have several things alike, with some dissimilarities: they are about the same age, though unequal in size, Mr. Smith being above the average in height and weight. His hair is black, now beginning to be a little silvered. He is comely in features, and the expression of his countenance is very pleasing. The

lurking mirthfulness expressed by his countenance, joined to the keen out-look from under his dark eyelashes, has, when on lighter themes, to our notion, a laughter-provoking effect, especially during some of the sallies of his irresistible humour. He is a splendid elocutionist and rhetorician. Like the friend with whom we have associated him, he is more than usually eloquent; and, if less eloquent than Punshon, it is counterbalanced by what we might call interestingness, produced by a combination of geniality, quaintness, and humour. He is an able Scriptural and soul-satisfying preacher. His lectures are often of a patriotic character: take the "Overthrow of the Armada," and the "Siege of Derry," for examples.

Need we inform the reader that he succeeded his friend, and preceded the present incumbent, as President of the British Wesleyan Conference, that is, during the ecclesiastical year 1875-76. He has the reputation of being a successful superintendent of a circuit and able in the chair of a District. If he failed, as some have hinted, in the serene dignity and rigorous energy which a few imagine befit the Presidential chair, it would be because of his forbearance and kindness of heart. If these are failings, which, however, we will not concede, they are "failings which lean to virtue's side." His personal magnetism was to us, we confess, stranger though he was, most fascinating and love-inspiring. The people of Canada know that he was twice our guest—the first time in a private capacity, when he visited his friend, then our President, at the Conference of 1870; and the last time, as the honoured representative of the oldest Methodist Conference in the world to the General Conference of the wide-spread Methodist Church of Canada.

While his inseparable friend is now one of the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, the Rev. Gervase Smith fills the scarcely less honoured and equally responsible office of Secretary of the Metropolitan Church Building Society of the parent connexion, vacated by the Rev. and venerable Charles Prest, D.D., in 1875. The portrait given above very satisfactorily recalls the facial and upper bodily proportions of a substantial personality, who, we hope, may be long spared to his friends and to the Church.

## SCIENTIFIC TRUTHS EMBODIED IN THE STRUCTURE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COOKE, D.D.

### I.

EVERY one knows that Egypt lies in the valley of the river Nile, at the north-east of Africa; and every one knows, too, that Egypt has been famed from the earliest ages for its vast cities, and its colossal temples and monuments. Conspicuous among its massive structures are the Pyramids, which differ from other buildings in their shape—their four equal sides rising angularly from their base and verging to a point—and consisting of a mass of masonry nearly solid from their foundation to their summit.

There are pyramids in Mexico, but though some of these are large, and one\* even larger at the base than the largest in Egypt, yet many of the others are comparatively small, and none of them to be compared to those in Egypt in their symmetrical proportions.

The number of Egyptian pyramids is variously stated. The explorations of Colonel Vyse, Perrin, and Lepsius, have brought to light sixty-nine of these structures extending in a line from Abouroash to Dashoor. Some of these are built of brick, and some are in a state of ruin. Thirty-four of them are approximately true in their proportions; two are of prodigious size,—namely, the pyramid of Cephren and the pyramid of Cheops, which is the largest of all; it is also mathematically true in its form, and is distinguished as “The Great Pyramid.” This vast structure stands as the head or monarch of the nine pyramids near to the city Cairo, and in view of the site where once stood the ancient Memphis, the capital of Lower Egypt, the city of the Pharaohs, where Joseph flourished, and where Moses wrought the ten mighty wonders in the name of Jehovah, the God of Israel.

\* The pyramid of Cholula has a base of 1,423 feet, but its height is only 127 feet, and its interior is either a natural hill, or an artificial composition of stone and earth.

The great pyramid stands upon a solid rock, which was cut down to a platform for the purpose, and then levelled for the foundation. It is built of huge limestone blocks in horizontal courses, and as it *now* appears, its sloping sides present a series of rectangular steps; and its summit is not a finely finished point, but a sort of platform, with a surface thirty-two feet square; or, as an observer remarks, "large enough for eleven camels to lie down and rest upon."

Its present rough, external appearance, however, does not represent its original condition; for when finished by its architect, and for more than two thousand years afterwards, its surface was covered with white casing stones, smooth and polished to the general slope, and its height was continued up to a point. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and many Arabian writers describe it thus when they saw it; the casing remaining complete up to those periods. In fact, Colonel Howard Vyse discovered two of the casing-stones *in situ* at the foot of the pyramid; and all the four corner socket holes have been uncovered in their respective places where the four corner casing-stones originally rested. Moreover, thousands of fragments of these stones still lie among the debris accumulated around the foundation of the pyramid; and others, which have been gathered up by travellers, are lodged in various museums. During the late summer, I myself saw, in the private museum of Piazzi Smyth, of Edinburgh, a very fine block of this same casing-stone; its bevelled side showing plainly the mathematical angle of its inclination, and the general slope of the triangular sides of the great building. The great mass of the casing-stones have, however, been removed from age to age, to form other buildings in Cairo and various parts of the country. Some other pyramids, also, were originally finished with casing-stones in a similar manner, and the upper part of the adjoining pyramid, that of Cephren, is still covered with such stones.

Such being the original condition of the great pyramid, its dimensions then were greater than they are now, and its summit being carried to a point, its vertical height was nearly thirty-five feet loftier than at present. The following were the original dimensions of this wonderful structure as ascertained by the

most scientific observers, and in using the most perfect instruments. Its base, being an exact square, measured nearly 764 feet on each side, and its vertical height was 486 feet. Such was originally the magnitude and altitude of this vast pile of masonry, consisting of more than five million tons of stone; its foundation extending over an area of nearly thirteen English acres, and its apex rising to an altitude of eighty-two feet higher than the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral; it was at once the largest, the oldest, and, as Dr. Fergusson himself admits, the most symmetrically perfect stone building known in the history of the world,\* and accounted by the ancients one of the seven wonders of the world.

Here, as we stand before this most ancient and colossal monument, a variety of questions naturally arise. Who was its architect? When was it erected? And for what purpose was it built? These are inquiries which have been made for thousands of years, but without an absolutely certain answer being given. For Egypt has no complete history of her own. Fragmentary records of particular periods there are in Holy Scripture, in Herodotus, Manetho, Diodorus, Strabo, Pliny, and others; but they are only fragmentary. There are also hieroglyphic records on her temples, monuments, and tombs; but these also are only fragmentary, and do not afford the information required. And what is remarkable, neither inside nor outside of this pyramid, is there a single hieroglyph, inscription, or written or pictorial record of any kind, except a few imprudent scratches by modern visitors, and a few marks in some obscure places made by the workmen upon the quarry stones, to indicate the places where they should be laid in the building. The pyramid therefore gives no verbal account of itself.†

Herodotus, the Greek historian, tells us that he learned from

\* "Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries." By James Fergusson, D.C.L., F.R.S. Page 31.

† Herodotus says, "Upon the outside of the pyramid were inscribed, in Egyptian characters, the various sums expended in the progress of the work for the radishes, onions, and garlic consumed by the artificers." If so, that inscription must have been on the casing-stone. But it does not appear that Herodotus saw the inscription, for he professes to have derived all his information from the priests of Egypt. (See Herodotus in Euterpe, 124.7.)



the Egyptian priests that the pyramid was built under Cheops, a king of the fourth dynasty, who reigned over Egypt fifty years; and that the structure occupied 100,000 men for a period of twenty years, and that the second pyramid was built by Cephren, his brother. Herodotus was further informed by the priests that these two pyramids "were called after the name of one Philitis, a shepherd, who fed his cattle in that part." This fact, combined with others, renders it probable that Philitis was the architect. But, more on this hereafter.

As to the purpose for which the great pyramid was built, there were in times past many theories. It has been supposed that this and other pyramids were erected as barriers against the encroachments of the sands of the desert; or, as granaries for storing corn in time of famine; or, as a resort for mankind in the event of a second deluge—notions these which carry their own refutation. Some have supposed that the great pyramid was erected as a temple to the sun or moon. This notion is as untenable as the others, for, besides being altogether unlike a temple in shape, it has no internal space fitted to accommodate worshippers, and no entrance suitable to admit them. Moreover, it contains no image, nor altar, nor name of any god, nor any inscription to their honour. We can scarcely conceive of any structure less fitted for worship.

For many centuries this pyramid was supposed by others to have been erected as a royal mausoleum or sepulchre for a king. Indeed, Herodotus says that he learned from the priests of Egypt that Cheops intended this pyramid to be a tomb for himself. But Cheops was not buried there. In the year 820 A.D., more than 1,000 years ago, the Caliph, Al Mamoun, of Bagdad, employed a host of workmen to break through the northern side of the pyramid, and force their way into the interior, in hope of finding the tomb of Cheops, and, with it, immense treasures; but they found neither treasures nor the body of Cheops, nor any signs to indicate that either king, queen, or plebeian had been buried there. They found certain narrow passages and two small rooms to be hereafter described, and also an empty stone chest without a lid, and without a single inscription outside or inside, or any date or decorations to indicate that it had at

any time been used as a sarcophagus. There is a sort of small crypt cut into the natural rock on which the pyramid stands, about 100 feet below the foundation; but this was never finished, and contained neither stone chest, coffer, nor any other indication of having been used as a tomb. In fact, it is now stated that the real stone coffin or sarcophagus of King Cheops has been recently found in a tomb outside the great pyramid—a granite sarcophagus, with the well-known cartouche of King Cheops engraved both inside and outside; and it may be seen at the Boolak museum. Other smaller pyramids were doubtless used as mausoleums; but there is no evidence at all that the great pyramid was thus used at any period, and the idea must be dismissed as untenable.

The question still recurs, what then was its use? It is worthy of note that several highly gifted men, on comparing the reports and measurements of this pyramid, had conceived that probably it was originally erected for some scientific purpose. Some supposed it had been erected for astronomical purposes. The great Sir Isaac Newton, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, thought the pyramid did "indicate certain harmonious proportions of a fixed measure," and he actually succeeded in rendering this probable by calculations; but, not having seen the pyramid himself, he had to rely on data which were only approximately correct. M. Jomard, a French *savant*, had similar views, as the result of actual observation and measurements fifty years ago. But, Mr. John Taylor, of Gower Street, London, about twenty years ago, having carefully and for a long time studied the measurements of the pyramid, came to the conclusion that its proportions embodied a number of mathematical, geodesical, astronomical, and metrological truths. Is this theory correct?

In endeavouring to present a probable answer to this inquiry, I must acknowledge my entire dependance upon the findings of scientific men—Colonel Howard Vyse, Waynman Dixon, and others, but especially Piazzi Smyth, the Royal Astronomer for Scotland, who, in the year 1865, spent four months at the great pyramid, examining its proportions outside and inside, and who

has published the result of his investigation in four volumes.\* During the late summer it was my privilege to share his hospitality, and while examining his Egyptian museum, to listen to his lucid explanations. I shall state the facts, with a brief digest of the reasoning upon them, and leave the reader to exercise his own candid judgment.

*The great pyramid is constructed upon strictly geometrical principles*—and in this respect is as near perfection as a human work can be constructed, and by competent judges it is pronounced “the most perfect of any stone building the world has yet seen.” This fact implies that its architect must have well understood the principles of geometry and mathematics—a remarkable qualification this for a man who lived in the infancy of our world—nearly two thousand years before Euclid was born!

*The great pyramid is geodesically situated.* For it stands in the 30° north latitude, and in a longitude which, taken together with its latitude, indicate a point which is at once near the geographical centre of the land surface of the whole world; and forms also the point from which equal radii sweep the coast of Egypt as a sector, and hence the pyramid was used by the French *savants* as a trigonometrical centre in their survey of that interesting country. This doubly central position, in both latitude and longitude, is remarkable. Was it accidental or designed? If the former, it was an extraordinarily happy one, for it renders the pyramid the fittest point on the earth’s surface to be made the zero of longitude for all nations; but if designed, it further implies that the architect had a most advanced if not a superhuman knowledge of the terrestrial surface of the earth.

*The great pyramid is astronomically oriented*—the centre of its eastern side coinciding to a point with the eastern azimuth of the heavens; and, of course, the centre of the other three sides, with equal exactness, coinciding respectively with the other points of the compass. Now, this is a scientific adjustment; and if the pyramid was intended for any astronomical or geographical indications, this adjustment was of immense importance. If this adjustment was accidental, it was an accident very

\* “Life and Work at the Great Pyramid, with plates, in three volumes;” and also “Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid,” in one vol., with plates.

remarkable; but, if designed, as it seems to have been, it is an evidence of geodesic and geometrical knowledge and skill in the architect, beyond anything that we have been accustomed to ascribe to the most gifted men, who preceded Pythagoras by nearly seventeen hundred years!

*The proportions of the pyramid demonstrate the mathematical problem of squaring the circle.* This is a most important problem not only in mathematics and high astronomy, but also in practical mechanics; and one that has engaged the study of geometricians for ages. Scientific men have multiplied their calculations to arrive at the nearest possible approximate demonstration of the true proportion between the diameter of a circle and its circumference. That proportion is approximately as 1 to 3.14159.

Now, this important problem, so eagerly investigated, and with diversified results, but now approximately fixed by the use of five decimal figures—this problem was demonstrated and built up in the solid masonry and the exact proportions of the great pyramid above four thousand years ago; for the vertical height of the pyramid, compared with two sides of its base, is as the diameter to the circumference of a circle. Can this be the result of accident? Most improbable; for the same proportions have not been found in any other pyramid; and, indeed, not one out of a million of square-based pyramids might chance to have these exact and peculiar mathematical proportions! Such proportions must then have been the product of design, and the design of a mind skilled in theoretic and practical geometry, thus anticipating, in the very infancy of the post-diluvian age, the scientific truths, which have taxed the intellectual powers of men in the most advanced periods of human history! Nor should the fact be omitted, that this same scientific problem, the squaring of the circle, is repeated in the arris lines of the pyramid, and again and again in the internal structure of its chambers and the granite coffer; it is indeed an ever-recurring problem in the proportions of the great pyramid.

*The base lines of the pyramid, divided by the sacred cubit, give equal parts, corresponding exactly with the number of days in*

*the solar year.* The solar year consists of three hundred and sixty-five days, and a fraction less than one-fourth of another day, or strictly, three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes and fifty-seven seconds; and each side of the pyramid at its base contains just three hundred and sixty-five sacred cubits, and the surplus of two hundred and forty-two decimal fractions, being a little less than one-fourth of another cubit. To adjust the revolutions of the earth to the solar year, we add one day every fourth year, to which we give the name of leap-year; and, in like manner, the surplus decimals over each of the four base lines of the pyramid, added together, make nearly another cubit. Here is another remarkable coincidence, and the coincidence is so near that the surplus fraction of a day in the solar year, and the surplus fraction of the cubit in the base line of the pyramid, when multiplied by four, both fall short of a whole by a nearly corresponding decimal fraction!

Was this coincidence accidental or designed? The reader must judge for himself. If accidental, it is a very remarkable accident. If designed, it accords with other proportions, and it shows the exact astronomical knowledge of the architect,—a knowledge anticipating, by ages, the attainments of scientific men. The nations of the earth for thousands of years have confused history and chronology by their diversified modes of computing the length of their years, and by clumsily attempting to adjust diurnal and lunar years to astronomical phenomena, until their errors were tending to bring winter into June, and summer into December; but in the great pyramid's base lines there were laid down in stone, the true length of the year, with a fraction that adjusted the terrestrial to the solar revolutions, and which, properly studied and applied by mankind for this purpose, would have supplied from the beginning the exact mode of chronology for all nations and for all ages, and thus have preserved history from almost inextricable confusion.

But here it may very properly be asked, what is the length of the sacred cubit? and what is the authority for making this the standard of measurement? I reply, the sacred cubit is twenty-five pyramid inches; and a pyramid inch is the same as a British inch, plus one-thousandth part, or half the breadth of a hair.

The length of the pyramid inch is not an arbitrary measure, but is determined by "the boss" on the "granite leaf" in the antechamber of the pyramid; and the sacred cubit, consisting of twenty-five such inches, is denoted by corresponding divisions of five by five in the same antechamber. This is called the sacred cubit, because, according to Sir Isaac Newton's investigations, this was the measure used in the sacred work and utensils of the Tabernacle by Moses; and, as a higher authority than Newton, the prophet Ezekiel, speaking of the sacred cubit, says expressly, that its measure was "*a cubit and a hand-breadth*"\*—that is, a hand-breadth more than the common or profane cubit, and this hand-breadth addition would evidently render the sacred cubit about the length of the pyramid cubit. The force of this is disputed by some opponents, but Piazzi Smyth, Captain Tracey, and others appeal to facts open to investigation; and, certainly, the outcome of the measurement of each base line of the great pyramid is as if the architect had taken into his hand a measuring-rod of the sacred cubit's length, and struck his distance from corner to corner, of 365.242, to mark with astronomical exactness the number of days and the decimal fractions of a day, in the duration of the solar year; and the difference between the indications of the pyramid and the great horologe of the universe is only twenty-five seconds in the year—a difference as likely to be found in the errors of modern measurement as in the architect of that wonderful structure.

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### BE EARNEST.

Be earnest in thy calling,  
 Whatever it may be;  
 Time's sands are ever falling,  
 And will not wait for thee.

Be earnest in devotion,  
 Old age is drawing near;  
 A bubble in life's ocean—  
 Thou soon wilt disappear.

\* Ezek. 43. 13. See also his particular measurements in chaps. 41 and 42.

## STOCK-TAKING.

## A CHAPTER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. J. H. ROBINSON.

STOCK-TAKING ought to be a pleasant business. If all has been going well during the year; if money has been made and our affairs are prosperous, it must be pleasant to ascertain that fact, and thus prepare for a fresh start, with increased means and invigorated spirits for the transactions which a new year opens to us.

I confess I have a great liking to a man who duly takes stock. It is an honest and honourable process. It is a search after knowledge, of a most needful kind to every man of business. It is a proof that a man, thus employed, is not a sham adventurer, getting hold of all he can and selling all he can, but indifferent as to the question of profit and loss; and as to the prudence, economy, industry, and perseverance with which his affairs are managed. I see in stock-taking an evidence that the man who practises it has settled himself to his business with something of the seriousness which all business worth following demands. Life is not a game at "blind man's buff," nor is business either. There are the eternal laws of right and wrong to be minded. The "wealth of nations" is a science; and the wealth of individuals comes, if at all, by dribblets duly husbanded, and by a patient continuance in well-doing. There is a day of small things to most of us; first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear. If you think of it you will see how little of the hap-hazard there is in any thing in the universe. There are laws everywhere, and voices inward and outward—whispering sometimes and sometimes thundering—"This is the way, walk ye in it." This and no other. If you choose another way than the appointed one all your fine schemes will end in a writ of attachment. To avoid this; to meet the serious claims of human life, and of all business in it, there is but one course open to any of us, and that is, to spend less than we earn, and duly to "take stock."

“Well,” but some reader will say,—“This is a very worldly view of the subject,” And what if it is? Would it be out of place if we had a little more writing and preaching than we get on commercial integrity, thrift, prudence, and the proper mode of conducting our worldly affairs? Do some professors of religion stand so eminent in these virtues—as I venture to call them, that they need no advice and no remonstrance to be addressed to them on this subject? Can we for a moment believe that the terrible list of commercial failures which the past two years have furnished are *all*, or even *half* of them, the result of unavoidable causes? We all know how complicated are the threads which hold society together. We all know how one man may be dragged down by another, in spite of all the prudence he can master. But when all this has been allowed for, what a large percentage of our commercial disasters is the result of reckless and even unprincipled trading, which cannot be justified by any law of religion or prudence. Justification by faith and spiritual ecstasies are privileges we all should possess; but so also is Justification by works; and it will avail us little in the sight of God or man to have professed the highest spiritual attainments if we have fallen short of our duty in the common moralities of business and of life. Mary’s serenity of mind and spiritual yearning as she sat at Jesus’ feet and heard His words are highly to be commended; but poor Martha also, who has had scant justice done her by some “commentators,” performed a worthy and necessary office in the domestic economy; albeit, she carried her tendencies, perhaps, a little to excess. If there were none like her in our families and in our business affairs we should soon find plenty of work for the “Official Assignee,”—a gentleman of whom we may say, without speaking evil of our neighbour—the less we have to do with him the better. By all means “let us pray,” but by some means let us pay our debts; that our prayers be not hindered by the fear of man and the corroding sense of embarrassments which will confuse our minds even when we enter into the holiest of all.

But in point of fact there is nothing entirely worldly to the Christian. If we are ever to find a complete character it is in him. If the claims of this life and of the life which is to come



are fully met it is in him. He is not a one-sided but a many-sided being. You may take him from the toil of the bench or the anvil, or from the care and worry of his office into the very sanctities of the Church and the means of grace, but in either case he is ready, because in any case he is serving his God and his generation according to the will of God. Other men's work is a speciality or technicality. They can only do one thing, and that under suitable conditions. The Christian's work is a nature,—or rather the outcome of a nature,—and, according to the conditions of that nature, we see the fruit in a willing and universal obedience to the claims of the law under which he lives. His time is a universal Sabbath, and his life a constant sacrifice,—

Betwixt the mount and multitude,  
His days are spent in doing good,  
His nights in praise and prayer.

In these lines we see where two extremes meet, and at that point of junction the true Christian stands. Some are so worldly that they can do nothing with religion; and some, as for instance the monk and the recluse, are so desperately religious that they can have nothing to do with the world. The real Christian stands between the mount and multitude, grasping both worlds by the hand of faith, and, under a sense of duty to God and his fellow-creatures, showing us how a man may be at once a good citizen, a diligent and enterprising man of business, and a holy and consecrated servant of his Divine Master. To such a man there is nothing exclusively worldly. The grace of God sanctifies his whole nature and all his active pursuits. He is a living sacrifice, who has learned to render to God that reasonable service which God has required of him.

From these preliminary remarks we may pass on to details, and the first item is—*The Capital Account*.

And what is capital? Is it money only? No, for then there are many of us who would have little or no stock to take. Is it the representative of money—as pieces of wood or cordage in a ship; pieces of brick or stone in a building; acres of land, mines of silver, gold, or minerals? Is it machinery for the factory, or tackle for fishermen? Is it store-goods, of whatever kind our trade or business may require? No. The man of

business may have, and it is to be hoped will have, his attention directed to his capital account, as covered by these investments; that he may ascertain how he stands at the end of the old and the beginning of the new year; but the capital account more especially demanding attention from readers of this article is that capital which every one possesses, in a greater or less degree. Indeed, all capital, if rightly defined, resolves itself into two abstract elements—*capacity* and *opportunity*. And in these every reader is or may be and *ought* to be rich.

There was a time when there was no money in the world; when there was nothing that represented money. Nothing on earth but possibilities. Two pairs of eyes only to gaze on nature's beauties. Four hands only to begin the enormous task of subduing the rich world into which the first human pair had been sent. Had they "taken stock" at the end of the first year of their existence, small indeed would have been the ledger requisite to contain the record of their realized wealth. But they might have entered in that ledger two words which would have represented a magnificent heritage—"capacity" and "opportunity" were their wealth. Capacity and opportunity have made the world what it is, and to-day, the best endowment which any one can possess—which any young man can possess in view of his success in life—consists in this, that he has capacity and opportunity. Without these the money left him by his friends will be a temptation and a snare. Want of capacity will insure the squandering and loss of all he possesses, and dependence upon that which he had no capacity to take care of will rob him of the power to take advantage of the opportunities which others having the capacity but not the actual wealth will not be slow to seize.

Now, if capacity and opportunity are wealth—and the only real wealth—what, O brother man! is the amount of that capital of which you are invited to "take stock?"

Did any of us ever try to understand the full meaning of those soul-entrancing words,—“Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour!” A statement which implies *all but* the capacity of an angel! All the grasp of genius, the power and glory of imagination, the vast sway of sympathy; tones of voice that should electrify; re-

searches into nature that may extort from her her most recondite secrets ; discoveries, and even demonstrations in science, that could scarcely have been more exact and wonderful if man had been consulted about the frame of the universe at its creation ; all this and more has been vouchsafed to man, and we see the fruit of these endowments in every walk of knowledge and invention which mark our times.

But the moral range of this capacity is even more wonderful than its natural range.

We may speak to a brute for ever ; it may learn, by assiduous training, the tricks we teach it. It may exhibit, as in the dog, strong attachment to its master. It may show some traces of memory and a wonderful sagacity ; nay, in some instances, it may present evidences of the gift of imagination : but no effort ever yet succeeded in evolving the power of conscience in any instance. In every creature on the earth, except man, this moral faculty is wanting, and this gulf between man and the lower animals must be bridged over before the doctrine of evolution can amount to anything more than an idle dream. But in man this faculty of conscience is his highest gift—his brightest distinction. Granted that it is affected and ripened by religious culture and even by civilization, it is not *created* by them. The faculty, if latent and imperfect in some men, and even some whole tribes of men, is there in their nature. It is a human quality, a gift of God to man, and to man alone. A gift which, when duly cultivated, makes all the difference there is between the saint and the sinner, between the holy and the unholy. We have had Enoch walking with God ; and Abraham, the friend of God, believing in Him, and obeying Him when every instinct of his human nature resented the divine command. We have had a Job wrestling with the dark problems which his sad fate involved, and yet with a courage and serenity never excelled by martyr or confessor, exclaiming—“Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.” We have had Elijah filled with a spirit more than human, contending single-handed against the degrading idolatry of his countrymen, and all the hostile power and patronage of the court, and at last translated to that heaven so near to which he ever dwelt ; a patriot, a prophet, a witness for truth and righteousness when a

time-serving spirit had driven all godliness out of the land. We have had the noble army of martyrs, the glorious company of the apostles, and the goodly fellowship of the prophets. And nearer home in modern times, we have had pastors and teachers, philanthropists and statesmen, and Christian workers of both sexes, gifted with nobleness of mind, purity of character, and a ceaseless zeal for the honour of God and the good of man. And what made them supreme in all the qualities by which they were distinguished? What but the improvement and employment of that wealth of capacity with which they were endowed. The spiritual consciousness, carried to its highest perfection by the action of divine grace upon their hearts, made them beautiful; endowed them with power, and their memory is left to us as a sweet perfume for all the ages to come. It is this capacity for a holy, useful, devoted, and happy life that is our capital—our mental and spiritual wealth. It is latent, alas, in too many cases in the Church. It is a slumbering power, a buried talent, a rusting sword, and because it is so the enemy at the gate prevails, when he might be easily and effectually repulsed and conquered.

But *opportunity*, as well as capacity, is a part of our spiritual capital and wealth.

It is impossible, in a brief article like this, to do anything like justice to this part of the subject. The "age," the "times," or by whatsoever terms we may speak of the present period of human existence on our planet, have furnished themes for innumerable lectures, speeches, and pamphlets, sometimes contrasting and sometimes comparing the present with the past. Our estimate of facts and our inferences from them are diverse according to our age, experience, and method of looking at things. We of the older generation are generally disposed to stand up for "the old times," and, perhaps, we may be liable to depreciate the present, because we feel how incompetent we are to take that active part in affairs which we once did. No man likes to be shelved, and he feels, perhaps, a little spiteful towards those who perform the operation; especially when he feels that, as compared with the younger race, it is principally a question of stiffened joints, rheumatism, or a touch of asthma—and by no means a decay of mental power that make the difference. It is best to

compound matters and to live in charity one with another; for the young will soon attain, if they are spared, to the position of the aged, and we may placidly look on, in heaven or earth, if permitted, to see how they comport themselves. There is so much good in the present times, so many blessed opportunities of getting and doing good, that the present writer, at least, is glad to be alive now, that he may share with others the advantages of the hour. There are some shadows to the picture, and some discount that must be allowed in our favourable estimate of the present as compared with the past: but, on the whole, the present is a time of great and blessed opportunities. Very few persons in the settled portions of this Dominion need be destitute of the means of grace. The messengers of the cross are out on their mission of saving souls in every direction. Places of worship are brought into convenient access to every neighbourhood. Openings for the employment of every kind of gifts and talent are presented in the Church work of all denominations. Spiritual destitution there is little anywhere, except in the outlying regions of our country, and even there noble efforts are being made to meet the wants of the people. Wealth has increased, and has become more diffused among the great bulk of the population. Our ability to give to the cause of God is greater than at any previous period of our history. And if ever a great work in the interests of the cause of Christ could be done it is now.

And if we extend our view to a wider limit, embracing the whole civilized world within its bounds, our opportunities will appear not less precious than they are at home. We do not close our eyes to the opposition of science, falsely so called, nor to the difficult problems which, as in the East at present, await the arbitration of the sword or the dexterous efforts of diplomacy for their solution. But let us remember that there has never been a time when similar or even greater obstacles than we have to meet with, have not existed and operated against the spread of divine truth. The Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, and the great Missionary Societies of England sprang into existence while as yet the smoke of the French Revolution had scarcely disappeared. The Oxford Methodists began their blessed work years before Voltaire died. Mirabeau was a contemporary of Mr.

Wesley, and died in the same year. Diderot, D'Alembert, and the principal French infidels, were all sending forth the poison of their infidel opinions while the great spiritual awakening in England, under the Wesleys and Whitefield, was going on. Bolingbroke was then alive; so was Tom Paine. Tindal and Toland had died previously, but their works were new and were widely read. Fox-hunting parsons were then common; and were as deep in the carouse after the sport of the day as any toper in the parish. Much of the literature of the day was obscene. Men were hung by the dozen at a time for offences which at this day would be expiated by thirty days, or five dollars and costs. And the preaching that should have roused the people from their brutish torpor and cleansed the social atmosphere, was little better than a cold moral essay, sustained as much by St. Seneca and St. Cicero as St. Paul. The truth is, we know little or nothing, as compared with the Gospel labourers of that time, of difficulties in spreading Christian truth, or obtaining the food of the Gospel for the sustentation of our spiritual life.

Let us then come to the personal question in this "stock-taking" of "profit or loss." How is it with you, reader? Is there any growth in spiritual maturity; any increase in knowledge; any better adaptation for usefulness? Remember, fifty-two more Sabbaths are gone this past year. Remember what thinking, reading, and prayer there have been on the part of ministers, what frequent meetings for fellowship, what anxious conversations on Church finance by those who are charged with the responsible duty of steering the vessel of the Church through the breakers and providing the wherewithal to meet all demands. It may be that you have thought it a mighty condescension to come, if the weather has been genial, to hear the sermons prepared for you, and at the same time, though too polite audibly to grumble, you have been impatient if the effort cost you more than fifteen or twenty minutes of your time. Many an anxious mind has thought for you, and many an eloquent tongue has tried to move you. Many a feeling heart, filled with sympathy for you, has sought to transfuse its own emotions into your's. Has it been all in vain? Are you still unconverted—still unsaved? Or, if a professor of religion, are you lifeless, half-hearted, in

fact, almost dead, and plucked up by the roots? Is your heart with the Church you profess to prefer and love, or are you indifferent whether your pew is empty half the time, leaving the minister to digest as he may the mortification of your absence. Something is due at least to good manners, and when a man is appointed to preach, it would be well if the people were to remember that they also are appointed to hear. Church duties are reciprocal. The minister is required to be in his place at the appointed time, and the hearer should be there also, to answer for his part of the obligation. It is but an ill compliment to our judgment to say that the minister is paid for his work and that the hearer is not, and may do as he pleases. This is bad economy for the hearer, in that case, throws away his money.

And then how about our personal usefulness? There is a sphere for all of us if we are willing to work. There is the Sunday-school everywhere needing additions to its staff of efficient workers; and yet it is lamentable that this agency for good is chiefly carried on by the same persons, whose hands and hearts and time are largely occupied in every other work the Church has to do. Many of our superintendents and teachers are also local preachers, class-leaders, and stewards. In most churches the real work is done by a few, and on those few comes also the heaviest giving. Comparatively, they do all the paying and all the working too. And then, these same persons are found charged with much of the cost and nearly all the active labour of those outside movements for the general good—such as the cause of temperance—women's Christian associations—and the like. It is the few that do it all.

It is time, surely, to have a redistribution of labour and duty. Let the Church be conscripted; let it be understood that not one lazy, irresponsible person shall be honoured with membership in it any longer. Good morals are required from the membership everywhere; but why stop here? We need applied force; it is just as necessary to work for Christ as it is to obey His law with regard to the purity of our outward life. We *insist* on good morals, but leave the question of the work to be done to *volunteers*. The time has come to insist on both.

A Happy New Year to you, brother, and all your folks at home; but pray, turn over a new leaf. "Take stock," and resolve that this year shall be the best, the holiest, and the most useful year you have ever lived, that so, if the Master should come, He may find you ready.

LONDON, Ont.

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## THE DARK RIVER.

"And she said, 'It is only a little brook.'"

By that strange mysterious river,  
On whose banks we mortals shiver,  
Shrinking, with a nameless terror, from the deep and rolling tide,  
Stood a child, as pure in seeming  
As if she had caught the gleaming  
From the Throne of Glory streaming, ere she reached the other side.

Once a troubled look stole o'er her,  
And the mighty stream before her  
Seemed to swell in crested billows, dashing onward to the main,  
Will her fragile bark be driven  
By the gale, its white sails riven;  
Or to her will aid be given, ne'er before implored in vain?

Does she see the angels hover  
All around her and above her;  
Hear the waving of the pinions which will bear her safely o'er?  
Does she see the shining portal,  
Leading her to joy immortal;  
Hear the glorious anthem swelling from that dim and distant shore?

Ah! she knows the Hand that guideth;  
And her trust in Him abideth  
Who the winds and waves outrideth, who can bid the tempest cease;  
In that trust, which faileth never,  
Doubt and darkness fled forever,  
And her childish face grew radiant with the light of heavenly peace.

For one moment backward turning,  
With a glance of tender yearning,  
Love and gentlest sorrow blending in that last, that parting look,—  
Passed she from our mortal vision  
To the Blessed Land Elysian,  
Murmuring in tones of gladness, "It is but a little brook!"



## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.\*

WEDNESDAY, May the First, 1745.

MOTHER always said that on the day I became sixteen she would give me a book of my own, in which to keep a diary. I have wished for it ever since I was ten, because mother herself always keeps a diary; and when anything went wrong in the house she would retire to her own little light closet over the porch, and come out again with a serenity on her face which seemed to spread over the house like fine weather.

And in that little closet there is no furniture but the old rocking-chair in which mother used to rock us children to sleep, and a table covered with a white cloth, with four books on it,—the Bible, Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," Thomas a Kempis on the "Imitation of Christ," and the diary.

The three printed books I was allowed to read, but (except the Bible) they used in my childish days to seem to me very gloomy and grave, and not at all such as to account for that infectious peacefulness in mother's face and voice.

I concluded, therefore, that the magic must lie in the diary, which we were never permitted to open, although I had often felt sorely tempted to do so, especially since one morning when it lay open by accident, and I saw brother Jack's name and father's on the page. For there were blots there, such as used to deface my copy-book, on those sorrowful days when the lessons appeared particularly hard.

It made me wonder if mother, too, had her hard lessons to learn, and I longed to peep and see. Yes, there were certainly tears on mother's diary. I wonder if there will be any on mine.

To-night as we were supping, and Hugh Spencer, the vicar's son, with us, Betty the maid, came in great agitation into the room and exclaimed, that a Church parson had been mobbed and all but killed, at Falmouth.

He had been preaching to the people in the open air, and was staying quietly in Falmouth; when the mob were excited against

\* Condensed from "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevvilyan," by the author of the "Schonberg Cotta Family."

him, and led on by the crews of some privateers in the harbour, attacked the house in which he was, swearing they would murder the parson. The family fled in terror, leaving him alone with one courageous maid-servant. The mob forced the door, filled the passage, and began to batter down the partition of the room in which the parson was, roaring out, "Bring out the Canorum!"\* "Where is the Canorum?" Kitty, the maid, through whom Betty heard of it, exclaimed, "Oh, sir, what must we do?" He replied, "We must pray." Then she advised him to hide in a closet; but he refused, saying, "It was best for him to stay just where he was." But he was as calm as could be, and quietly took down a looking-glass which hung against the wall, that it might not be broken. Just then the privateers'-men, impatient of the slow progress of the mob, rushed into the house, put their shoulders to the door, and shouting, "Avast, lads! avast." tore it down and dashed it into the room where the clergyman was. Immediately he stepped forward in their midst, bareheaded, that they might all see his face, and said, "Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you?—or you?—or you?" So he continued speaking until he had passed through the midst of the crowd into the street. There he took his stand, and raising his voice, said, "Neighbours, countrymen! do you desire to hear me speak?" The mob stood hesitating and abashed, and several of them cried vehemently, "Yes, yes; he shall speak!—he shall! Nobody shall hinder him!" and two of their ring-leaders turned about and swore, not a man should touch him. Then they conducted him safely to another house, and soon after he left the town in a boat.

"A brave heart the parson must have had, truly," said father. "I had rather face an army than to be pulled in pieces by a mob. But what did the mob attack him for?"

"Because he will preach in the fields, Master," said Betty, "and the people will go to hear him, and the parsons won't have

"But parsons and privateers'-men do not usually act in concert," it, and the magistrates read the Riot Act on him the day before."

\* A slang name for Methodist in Cornwall. (See *Wesley's Journal*, 1845.

said father, "and the Riot Act seemed more wanted for the mob than for the parson?"

"I have heard of them, sir!" said brother Jack. "Some say this parson has been sent here by the Pretender. The common people go to hear him by thousands, and he speaks to them from a hedge or a door-step, or any place he can find; and the women cry, and fall into hysterics."

"Not the women only, Master Jack," interposed Betty. "My brother-in-law, as wild a man as ever you saw, was struck down by them last summer, and he has been like a lamb ever since."

"What struck him down, Betty?" said mother, in a bewildered tone.

"It is the words they say!" said Betty,—“they are so wonderful powerful! And they do say that they be mostly Bible words, and the parson is a regular Church parson—none of your low-lived Dissenters—and if he comes in our parts, I shall go and hear him.”

"But, Betty, you must take care of what you are about," said mother. "There are wolves in sheeps' clothing; and I do not understand women going into hysterics and men being struck down. There is nothing like it in the Acts of the Apostles. I hope, indeed, it is no design of the Jesuits."

But Betty stood her ground. "I am no scholar, Missis," said she; "but I should like to hear the parson that turned my brother-in-law into a lamb."

"And I," said father, "should like to see the man who can quiet a mob in that fashion."

"And I," said Hugh Spencer quietly to me, "should like to hear the sermons which bring people together by thousands."

I do not know that I should have thought so much about it if our vicar had not preached about it on the next Sunday.

The things our vicar preaches about seem generally to belong to times so very long ago, that it quite startled us to hear him say that in these days a new heresy had sprung up, headed by most dangerous and fanatical persons calling themselves clergymen of the Church of England. This new sect, he said, styled themselves Methodists, but seditiously set all method and order at defiance. They had set all England and Wales in a flame, and

now, he said, they threatened to invade our peaceful parish. He then concluded by a quotation from St. Jerome (I think), likening the heretics of his day to wolves, and jackals, and a great many foreign wild beasts. He gave us a catalogue of heresies from the fourth century onward, and told us he had now done his part as a faithful shepherd, and we must do ours as valiant soldiers of the Church.

Betty thought our vicar meant that we should be valiant like the privateers'-men at Falmouth; but I explained to her what I thought he really meant.

But in the evening, as I was reading in the Acts of the Apostles how the magistrates and the mob seemed to agree in attacking the Apostles; and about the riot at Ephesus and the calmness of St. Paul, I wondered if the Apostle looked and spoke at all like that brave clergyman at Falmouth.

And my dreams that night were a strange mixture of that old riot at Ephesus, and this new riot at Falmouth, and Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Hugh says the clergyman's name is the Reverend John Wesley, and that he is a real clergyman, and fellow of a college at Oxford.

To-day a letter came from Aunt Henderson to father, inviting him and me to pay a visit to them and Aunt Beauchamp in London. She said it would be a pity to let slip this opportunity, it was time I should be learning something of the world; and Aunt Beauchamp, who was staying at Bath for the waters, would fetch me in her coach from Bristol, if we could get as far as that.

Father would not hear of going himself, saying he had seen enough of the world, and had done with it; but he was very earnest that I should go. He said I ought not to mope my life away in Cornwall.

Mother turned rather pale, and spoke of the perils of the world for such a child as me.

But father would not heed her; he has found a ship about to sail from Falmouth to Bristol, and he himself will accompany me thus far. So all is settled, and mother says no doubt it is best.

My box is packed, all but the corner into which I must squeeze

my diary, if it were only for the precious words at the end in mother's handwriting.

I am glad, now it is settled, that it is so near. I cannot bear to meet mother's eyes, and see her try to smile as she turns them away, and feel how long they have been resting on me.

Oh, I wish I were back again, or that things need never change!

Mother came in as I had finished these words, and brought me some little bags of lavender she had just finished to lay in my linen. She saw I had been crying, and bade me go to bed at once, and finish my packing in the morning.

Then she knelt down with me by the bedside, as she used when I was a little child, and said the Lord's Prayer aloud with me, and saw me safely into bed, and tucked me in as when I was a little child, and kissed me, and wished me good night, in her own sweet, quiet voice.

All the days and nights I am away from her shall I not feel like a child left alone in the dark?

But then came on me the echo of her voice saying, "Our Father which art in heaven," and if I can keep that in my heart, I cannot feel like a child alone in the dark.

I suppose that is why our dear Saviour taught it to us, and not only taught it us, but said it with us, that we might feel, as it were, His hand in ours when we say it, and so be wrapped all around with love.

HACKNEY, near London.

It has happened as mother said. The first few days were dreadful. I felt like a ghost in another world,—I mean a kind of heathen ghost in a world of shadows it did not belong to.

Mother stood like a white statue at the door when I rode away on the pillion behind father; Jack laughed and made jests, partly to cheer me up, and partly to show himself a man; Betty hoped I should come back safe again, and find them all alive; "but no one ever knew;" and the only refuge I could find was to fly from all the uncertainty straight to Him with whom all is life and certainty; to fly from circumstances to God Himself, and say,—*"Thou knowest. Thou carest. Keep them and me."*

And then I became calm, and could even talk to father as we rode along, and think of the last requests I wanted to make for the animals and the flowers, which had to be cared for while I was gone.

It did make me proud to see how noble father looked in his plain old suit of clothes. Every one knew he was a "born gentleman;" and when cousins met us in their velvets, and laced suits, and hats, I thought he looked like a prince in disguise among them.

It is worth while coming into the world a little, if only to learn what father is.

And cousins felt it, too. One of the first things Cousin Harry said to me when we were all in the coach on our way to London was,—

"Your father looks like an old general, Kitty. One would never think he had been rusticated for a quarter of a century among the Cornish boors."

"Captain Trevelyhan could not fail to look like a gentleman and a soldier," said his father, Sir John Beauchamp.

I like Sir John's manners far better than Cousin Harry's. He is so grave and courteous, and attends to all I say as if I were a princess, in the old cavalier manner father speaks of; and never swears unless he is very angry with the groom, or the coachman. But Harry spices his conversation with all kinds of scarcely disguised oaths, and interrupts not me only but his mother and Cousin Evelyn, and is as free and easy as if he had known me all my life.

Yet I think he is good-natured, for once when I coloured at some words he used, he was quite careful for an hour or two. Cousin Evelyn and he had most of the conversation to themselves, although Evelyn was not very talkative. Frequently when I looked at her I found her large dark eyes resting on me, as if she were reading me like a book. Aunt Beauchamp was busied among her furs and perfumes, and seemed every now and then on the point of going into hysterics when the horses dashed round a corner into a village, or the carriage jolted on the rutty road.

In one place, not far from Bristol, she was very much

frightened. We had to stop while way was made for us through the outskirts of a large mob who were collected to hear a great preacher called Whitefield. Uncle Beauchamp says he is a wild fanatic, and that the magistrates were not worth their salt if they could not put such fellows down. Aunt Beauchamp said we might as well travel through some barbarous country as be stopped in the King's highroad by a quantity of dirty colliers, who made the air not fit to breathe.

But as we waited, I could not help noticing how very orderly the people were. Thousands and thousands all hanging on the words of one man, and so quiet you could hear your own breathing! All quite quiet, except that, as I listened, I could hear repressed sobs from some, both men and women, and I saw tears making white channels down many of the scoty faces.

And the preacher had such a clear, wonderful voice. He seemed to speak without effort. His whole body, indeed, not only his tongue, seemed moved by the passion in him, but the mighty, musical voice itself flowed easily as if in familiar conversation, and the fine, deep tones were as distinct on the outskirts of the crowd where we stood as if he had been whispering in one's ear. He looked like a clergyman, and the words I heard were very good. He was speaking of the great love of God to us all, and of the great sufferings of our Lord for us all.

I should have liked to stay and listen with the colliers. I never heard music like that voice; yet the words were more than the voice; and oh, the reality is more than the words! It made me feel more at home than any words since mother's last prayer with me; and I should like Hugh Spencer to have been there.

Uncle Beauchamp asked me soon after we had gone on, what made me look so thoughtful.

I said I was wondering if these were like the people they called Methodists in Cornwall, who come together in thousands to hear a clergyman called Wesley preach.

"Are they there, too?" said Uncle Beauchamp. "Confound the fellows, they are like locusts. The land is full of them, but if ever they set their feet near Beauchamp Manor, I shall know how to give them their deserts?"

"They have met their deserts in more places than one, sir,"

said Harry ; and he proceeded to relate a number of anecdotes of Methodist preachers being mobbed, and beaten, and dragged through horse-ponds ; which seemed to amuse him very much.

But they made me think again of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

Suddenly Cousin Harry paused, and said,—

"Cousin Kitty looks as grave as if she were a Methodist herself ; and as fierce as if she could imitate the Methodist woman who once knocked down three men in defence of a preacher they were beating."

"I cannot see any fun in hundreds of men setting on one and ill-using him." I said.

"Well said, little Englishwoman," interposed Uncle Beauchamp. "I have no doubt if she did not knock the assailants down, she would have picked the preacher up and dressed his wounds, in face of any mob."

"I hope I should, Uncle," I said.

And since that, Uncle Beauchamp generally calls me his little Samaritan.

But Aunt Beauchamp checked the further progress of the conversation by languidly observing that she thought we had been occupied long enough with colliers, and mobs, and Methodists, and all kinds of unwashed people.

"John Wesley is certainly not that," said Harry. "He looks as neat and prim as a court chaplain."

"Is the fellow a dandy, too?" exclaimed Uncle Beauchamp,—  
"more contemptible even than I thought."

"Dandy or not," said Harry, combatively, "I have heard he is a gentleman."

It was three days before we reached London. And then I was not so much surprised with it as my cousins wished.

The streets were certainly wider, and the houses higher, and the shops grander, and I saw more sedan chairs, coaches, and magnificent footmen in an hour than I had seen in all my life before. But that seemed to me all the difference. The things man makes seem to me, after all, so very much alike, only a little larger or smaller, or a little richer or poorer.

The great wonder is the people, and that is quite bewildering.



Because the stream never ceases flowing, any more than the river or the sea at home.

And so many of the faces look so white and wan and defeated, as if the people had been tossed and broken and beaten back so very often. Only God will not let His human creatures struggle and be tossed about and baffled for nothing. I am quite sure of that.

I wish the preacher I heard near Bristol, Mr. Whitefield, could speak to these poor London crowds. I think he might comfort them. Perhaps he *has* spoken to them, and has helped those who would listen.

The place Aunt and Uncle Henderson live in is called Hackney. I had no idea a merchant's house could be as pretty as this is. Father always spoke of his sister Henderson as "poor Patience," implying that she had lowered herself irremediably by marrying a "tradesman." But I find that Aunt Henderson as commonly speaks of father as "my poor brother," apparently regarding Cornwall as a kind of vault above ground, in which we led a ghostly existence, not strictly to be called life.

And, indeed, as to what are called riches, handsome furniture, and costly clothes, Aunt Henderson is certainly right.

It is very strange to me the idea some of the people in London seem to have, as if the rest of the world were a kind of obscure outskirts of this great town.

Uncle Henderson is a Dissenter.

Mother warned me a little against this. But I find they have their own good books, just as we have, although they are not the same.

Quite a different set of names there are on the book-shelves in the best parlour; Baxter and Howe, and Owen, and a number of tall, old books, bound in calf, which do not look much read, and which seemed to me to go on very much from page to page, with very long paragraphs.

Some of the books, however, seem to me as good as Bishop Taylor, and easier to understand, especially "The Saint's Rest," by Mr. Baxter, and a small book called "The Redeemer's Tears over Lost Souls," by Mr. Howe.

There are also some new hymns, some of which are delightful, composed by Dr. Watts and by Dr. Doddridge.

I do not think mother knows anything of all these good people. She will be pleased when I tell her. It is so pleasant to think how many more good books and men there are and have been in the world than we knew of.

Uncle Henderson, however, does not seem at all pleased with mother's good books. When he asked me one day what we read at home on the Sabbath, and I told him (although mother does not read her religious books only on Sunday), he shook his head very gravely at Bishop Taylor, and said he was very much in the dark, quite an Arminian, indeed, if not a Pelagian, besides his natural short-comings in common with all Prelatists.

Then I said that mother's principal good book was the Bible, and that I liked it much the best of all.

And Uncle and Aunt Henderson both said,—

“Of course, my dear, no one disputes that.”

Neither do I like the service in Uncle Henderson's chapel very much.

At home the sermon was very often beyond my understanding, but then there were always the prayers, and the psalms, and the lessons. But here the prayer seems as difficult as the sermon, and is nearly as long, and all in one piece without break. And when it is done I feel as if I had been only hearing about sacred things instead of speaking to God (although, of course, that is my own fault). The minister does not preach about Socrates and St. Jerome, like our vicar; but somehow or other, when he speaks about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, it seems just the same as if they had lived in the past, and made decrees and done great things a long time ago.

And the people do not look interested. They are all, however, handsomely dressed. Aunt Henderson says she has counted five coaches at the door; almost as many, she says, as there are at the church Lady Beauchamp attends at the West End.

I suppose the poor go somewhere else. I should like to know where.

Uncle Henderson says this was quite a celebrated chapel in the days of the old Puritans. The minister used to preach in it, and the people to come to it, at the risk of their lives or, at the least, of having their ears slit, and being beggared by fines.

I should like to have seen the congregation then. Probably none of them went to sleep. I suppose the poor came there then; and the coaches went somewhere else.

On our way home from the chapel to-day I saw where the poor people go.

It was in a great open space called Moorfields. Thousands of dirty, ragged men and women were standing listening to a preacher in a clergyman's gown. We were obliged to stop while the crowd made way for us. At first I thought it must be the same I heard near Bristol, but when we came nearer I saw it was quite a different-looking man; a small man, rather thin, with the neatest wig, fine, sharply cut features, a mouth firm enough for a general, and a bright, steady eye which seemed to command the crowd. Uncle Henderson said,—

“It is John Wesley.”

His manner was very calm, not impassioned like Mr. Whitefield's; but the people seemed quite as much moved.

Mr. Whitefield looked as if he were pleading with the people to escape from a danger he saw, but they could not, and would draw them to heaven in spite of themselves. Mr. Wesley did not appear so much to plead as to speak with authority. Mr. Whitefield seemed to throw his whole soul into the peril of his hearers. Mr. Wesley seemed to rest with his whole soul on the truth he spoke, and, by the force of his own calm conviction, to make every one feel that what he said was true. If his hearers were moved, it was not with the passion of the preacher; it was with the bare reality of the things he said.

But they were moved, indeed. No wandering eye was there. Many were weeping, some were sobbing as if their hearts would break, and many more were gazing as if they would not weep, stir, nor breathe, lest they should lose a word.

I wanted so much to stay and listen. But Uncle Henderson insisted on driving on.

“The good man means well, no doubt,” he said, “but he is an Arminian. He has even published most dangerous, not to say blasphemous, things against the immutable divine decrees.”

And Aunt Henderson said,—

“It might be all very well for wretched outcasts such as those

who were listening, but we, she trusted, who attended all the means of grace, had no need of such wild preaching."

But he was not speaking of the immutable decrees to-day, nor of anything else that happened long ago. He was speaking of the living God, and of the living and the dying soul, of the Saviour dying for lost sinners, of the Shepherd seeking the lost sheep.

And I am so glad, so very glad, the lost sheep were there to hear.

Because in Uncle Henderson's chapel it seems to me there are only the *found* sheep, or those who think they are found; and they do not, of course, want the good news nearly so much, nor, perhaps, on that account, do they seem to care so much about it.

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## THE NEW SONG.

BY. H. BONAR, D.D.

BEYOND the hills where suns go down  
 And brightly beckon as they go,  
 I see the land of far renown,  
 The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of Time,  
 And discord of its angry words,  
 I hear the everlasting chime,  
 The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome; and my haste  
 To join it cannot brook delay:  
 O song of morning, come at last,  
 And ye who sing it come away!

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,  
 Sound over earth, and fill these skies,  
 Nor ever, ever, ever cease  
 Thy soul-entrancing melodies.

Glad song of this disburdened earth,  
 Which holy voices then shall sing;  
 Praise for Creation's second birth,  
 And glory to Creation's King.

## WORTHIES OF EARLY METHODISM.

JOHN NELSON, THE YORKSHIRE MASON.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

"I, JOHN NELSON, was born in the parish of Birstal, in the West Riding in the County of York, in October, 1707, and brought up a mason, as was my father before me." Thus begins one of the most remarkable autobiographies in the language. In simple, homely Saxon words, the author tells the story of his life. We get in his pages a vivid picture of the England of a hundred years ago—of its spiritual destitution, and of the great Wesleyan revival that swept over it, and gave it a grand, moral impulse, which is felt to-day throughout the world.

John Nelson's life was one of apostolic zeal and grandest heroism. Like many a man through whom God has blessed the world, he was made to pass through intense religious experience, doubtless, that he might the better counsel and comfort those who were in spiritual distress. We shall tell the story, as much as possible, in his own words. While yet a boy, he was "horribly terrified with the thoughts of death and judgment." As the awful imagery of the Apocalypse was presented to his mind, the word came with such power that he "fell with his face on the floor, and wept till the place was as wet, where he lay, as if water had been poured thereon." Still, he had no saving acquaintance with the truth till after his marriage and settlement in life. But all the while, his heart cried out for the living God. The hand of God was heavy upon him, and often forty times a day he prayed for pardon. His fellow-workmen persecuted him because he would not drink with them, till he fought with several of them; then they let him alone. He wandered from one part of the kingdom to another, seeking rest and finding none. In his thirtieth year, he writes, "O that I had been a horse or a sheep! Rather than live thirty years more as I have, I would choose strangling. O that I had never been born!" An awful sense of the reality of the unseen world and of the impending terrors of the judgment-day, weighed, like an intolerable load,

upon him. He went from church to church,—to St. Paul's, to the Dissenters, the Quakers, the Roman Catholics, to "all but the Jews,"—to try to save his soul; but still the burden of conscious guilt was unremoved. He realized, in all its bitterness, that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

A score of times he stood amid the surging, grimy throng that gathered around Whitefield, as he preached on Moorfields; but though he loved the man, and was ready to fight for him, he found no peace from hearing him. The pains of hell gat hold upon him. Sleep departed from his eyes, and when he fell into slumber he dreamed that he was engaged in mortal combat with Satan, and awoke convulsed with horror and affright.

At last John Wesley preached at Moorfields. When he spoke he made the heart of Nelson beat like the pendulum of a clock. Conviction deepened. He felt that his great business in this world was to get well out of it. His friends would have knocked Mr. Wesley's brains out, for he would be the ruin, they said, of many families if he were allowed to live and to go on as he did. For weeks Nelson wrestled with God in agony of soul. At last he vowed that he would neither eat nor drink till he found forgiveness. He prayed till he could pray no more. He got up and walked to and fro, and prayed again, the tears falling from his eyes like great drops of rain. A third time he fell upon his knees, but "was as dumb as a beast before God." At length, in an agony, he cried out, "Lord, thy will be done; damn or save." That moment was Jesus Christ evidently set before him as crucified for his sins. His heart at once was set at liberty, and he began to sing, "O Lord, I will praise Thee. Though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." Through such spiritual travail was this valiant soul born into the kingdom of God.

That night he was driven from his lodgings on account of his much praying and ado about religion; but, as he was leaving, conviction seized upon his hosts, and they were both, man and wife, soon made partakers of the same grace.

Nelson was ordered to oversee some work on the following Sunday. He declined, and was threatened with dismissal from his employment. "I will not willingly offend God," he replied

“Nay, I would rather see my wife and children beg their way barefoot to heaven than ride in a coach to hell. I will run the risk of wanting bread here rather than the hazard of wanting water hereafter.” His master swore that he was as mad as Whitefield; that Wesley had made a fool of him. But, instead of being dismissed, he was raised higher than ever in his master’s regard, nor were any men set to work on the Sunday.

In all this time he had never spoken to Mr. Wesley, nor conversed with any experienced person about religion. He longed to find some one to talk with; but, he pathetically says, he sought in vain, for he could find none. Nevertheless, he was taught of God, and had sweet fellowship with Him in almost constant prayer and in the study of His Holy Word.

Such a desire for the salvation of souls now possessed him that he hired one of his fellow-workmen to hear Mr. Wesley preach, which led to his conversion and that of his wife.

But Nelson was permitted to be sorely buffeted by Satan; grievous temptations assailed his soul. God’s hand, too, was laid heavy upon him. An accumulation of calamities, almost like the afflictions of Job, overtook him. A single letter informed him that his almost idolized daughter was dead, that his son’s life was despaired of, that his wife had fallen from a horse and was lamed, that his father-in-law was dead and his mother sick. But, like Job, he exclaimed, “Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.”

A solemn sense of the presence of God resting upon him constrained him to leave London and go to Yorkshire. He set out on his eventful journey, but he “had no more thought of preaching than of eating fire.” His friends were astonished at the story of his conversion. They said they had never heard of such a thing in their lives. His mother said his head was turned. “Yes,” he replied, “and, I thank God, my heart also.” His neighbours upbraided and mocked him. His wife refused to live with him; but by his faith and love he brought her to a knowledge of the Saviour. He forthwith began exhorting his neighbours to flee from the wrath to come. Like Andrew, he first brought his own brother to Jesus, and in a few days, six of his neighbours also. There was a spiritual famine in the land, and he had found the bread of life. He could not, therefore, but cry

aloud to those who were perishing of soul-hunger. Soon his aged mother, another brother, and most of his kindred were brought to God; and, for several weeks, six or seven persons every week were converted through his exhortations.

He was urged to preach, but he exclaimed, "O Lord, Thou knowest I had rather be hanged on that tree than go out to preach;" and, Jonah-like, he fled from the call of God. A great congregation was gathered in the fields, and begged him to preach. He fell flat on his face, and lay an hour on the grass tasting, he believed, the cup of the damned. "Let me die, let me die!" he exclaimed in bitterness of soul, in his shrinking from the burden of this cross. But in his anguish the Sun of Righteousness shone upon him, and he exclaimed, "Lord, I am ready to go to hell and preach to the devils if Thou require it." That night two men were converted under his burning words, which he took as a seal of his call of God to preach the Gospel. But in his mental strait he would have given ten pounds, he said, for an hour's conversation with Mr. Wesley.

Some of his more cautious friends now urged him to wait a month till he knew more of his own heart; but the Word of God was a fire in his bones, and he exclaimed, "Nay, unless you will persuade the devil to be still for a month from going about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Oftentimes when he preached at night, after his day's work, the people, hungering for the bread of life, refused to go away, waiting like beggars that wanted a morsel of food.

Soon he began his ranging through the kingdom, a herald of salvation proclaiming the Word of Life. As he entered Leeds, he was warned,—“If you preach there you need not expect to come out alive, for a company of men have sworn that they will kill you.” “All the men in the town cannot kill me,” answered the dauntless soul, “till I have done my Heavenly Father's work.” But the people, he tells us, heard the Word with meekness. At Manchester, however, some one threw a stone which cut him in the head, but as his audience saw the blood run down his face, they kept quiet till he was done preaching. With a boldness not less than Luther's on his way to the Diet of Worms, the sturdy Englishman, in spite of the threat that he



would be mobbed and killed if he entered Grimsby, exclaimed, "By the grace of God, I will preach if there were as many devils in it as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses."

Nelson's most bitter opposition came from dissolute clergymen of the Established Church. In Derbyshire, a drunken parson, with a lot of lead-miners, began to halloo and shout as if they were hunting with a pack of hounds; but the power of the truth so affected the rude miners that they became the champions of the man they came to persecute. Thus God put a bridle in the mouths of howling mobs, who came not merely to mock but to kill, and many of them remained to pray.

He was summoned by Mr. Wesley to London. But he had worn out his clothes in the cause of God and had none fit to travel till some tradesmen, unsolicited, sent him cloth for a suit. Unable to hire a horse, he set out on foot for London, preaching as he went. The aristocratic gownsmen and embryo parsons of Oxford vied, in ruffianism, with the rude miners of Derbyshire. "I never heard a soldier or sailor," says Nelson, "swear worse than they did."

On his way to Cornwall with a fellow-evangelist, they had but one horse between them, so they rode by turns. Like the Apostle Paul, Nelson laboured with his hands at his trade, that he might not be burdensome to those to whom he preached. Nevertheless, he was sometimes in want of bread, and, like his Master, had not where to lay his head. At St. Ives, he and Mr. Wesley, for some time, slept every night on the floor—the learned Oxford Fellow and the Yorkshire mason, side by side. "Mr. Wesley," writes Nelson, "had my great coat for a pillow, and I had Burkett's Notes on the New Testament for mine. After being here three weeks, one morning, about three o'clock, Mr. Wesley turned over, saying, 'Brother Nelson, let us be of good cheer. I have one whole side yet, for the skin is off but one side.' We usually preached on the commons," he adds "and it was but seldom any asked us to eat or drink."

One day after preaching, Mr. Wesley stopped his horse to pick the wayside berries, saying, "Brother Nelson, we ought to be thankful that there are plenty of blackberries; for this is the best country I ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst

I ever saw for getting food. I thought of begging a crust of a woman," he added, "but forgot it till I had got some distance from the house." By such unostentatious heroism were the foundations of Methodism laid in Great Britain by these apostolic labourers.

On Nelson's return to Yorkshire he found his wife ill through maltreatment by a mob, while she was bravely defending a preacher whom they were assaulting. "You are Nelson's wife, and here you shall die," swore the savages, and did their best to fulfil their threat.

"In Leeds," Nelson naively remarks, "the mob did not meddle with me, only some boys threw about a peck of turnips at me." A sergeant, who came to assault him, publicly begged his pardon, and went away weeping.

At Grimsby, the church parson rallied a drunken mob, and smashed the windows and furniture of the house with paving stones. A ringleader, after beating his drum three-quarters of an hour, began to listen, and then to weep, and at last to pray. "So we had great peace in our shattered house that night," says Nelson, "and God's presence amongst us."

At length the drink-loving parsons and the ale-house keepers—worthy allies!—resolved that Nelson must be impressed into the army, as the only way to stop his interference with their pleasure or profits. Still he durst not keep silent, but continued hewing stone all day and preaching every night. "I am not my own but the the Lord's," he said; "he that lays hands on me will burn his own fingers." By a monstrous perversion of justice he was arrested as a vagrant; £500 bail was refused; and the Commissioners of the Peace, among whom was the parson, pressed him as a soldier, under the penalty of death if he refused. Still his soul was kept in perfect peace, and he prayed to God to forgive them, for they knew not what they did.

With other prisoners condemned for vagrancy and theft, Nelson was marched off to York, he being singled out for especial severity. At Bradford, he was lodged in a noisome dungeon, reeking with filth, without even a stone to sit on, and with only a little foul straw for a bed—a type of too many of England's prisons a hundred years ago. But his soul was so filled with the love of

God, that the felon's cell was to him a paradise. Exulting in the glorious liberty of the sons of God, he realized that

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage.

Some friends brought him meat and drink, which they put through the small opening in the door, and

Like Paul and Silas in the prison,  
They sang the praise of Christ arisen.

"I wished that my enemies," he says, "were as happy in their houses as I was in the dungeon."

At four o'clock in the morning his noble wife visited his cell and said, although she then most required a husband's care, "Be not concerned about me and the children: He that feeds the young ravens will be mindful of us;" and the brave-souled husband answered, "I cannot fear either man or devil, so long as I find the love of God as I do now."

"Now, Nelson, where is thy God?" jeered a woman, as the prisoners stood, like a gang of slaves, for hours in the streets of Leeds. He referred her to Micah vii. 8, 10, "Rejoice not over me, O mine enemy," etc.

Large bail was offered for his release, but was refused. "I am too notorious a criminal," he somewhat bitterly remarks, "to be allowed such favours; for Christianity is a crime which the world will never forgive." And this persecution for righteousness' sake took place in Christian England little more than a hundred years ago.

But he was not without consolation. "The time has not yet come," he says, "for me to be hated of all men for Christ's sake." At night a hundred of his friends visited him in the jail. They sang a hymn and prayed together, and he exhorted them through the opening in his cell-door.

When he was brought before the military officers, he boldly reproved them for the sin of swearing. "You must not preach here," he was told; but he answered, "There is but one way to prevent it, that is, to swear no more in my hearing." All York came forth to see him guarded through the streets, "as if he had been one that had laid waste the nations;" but he passed

through the city as if there had been none in it but God and himself. He refused to take the King's money. "I cannot bow my knee to pray for a man and then get up and kill him," he said. Nevertheless, he was girded with the weapons of war; but he bore them as a cross, and would not defile his conscience by using them. But if he was bound, the Word of God was not bound; for "if any blasphemed, he reprov'd them, whether rich or poor."

At the instigation of some clergymen, he was forbidden to preach, under the penalty of being severely flogged; but, Peter-like, he replied, "Is it better to obey God than man?" "I will have no preaching nor praying in the regiment," swore the officer. "Then," said Nelson, "you should have no swearing nor cursing either." He was, however, carried off to prison; yet God gave him to rest as well on the bare boards, he declares, as if he had been on a bed of down. "For what were you imprisoned?" demanded the major. "For warning people to flee from the wrath to come," said the intrepid preacher; "and I shall do so again, unless you cut my tongue out."

The London Methodists having hired a substitute to serve in his place, through the influence of the Wesleys and the Countess of Huntingdon with the Earl of Stair the discharge of this resolute non-combatant was procured. When he left the regiment, several of his fellow-soldiers wept and desired him to pray for them.

He was now free to indulge his hallowed passion—to preach the Gospel without let or hindrance. For the most part the people heard him gladly; yet, in many places, lewd fellows of the baser sort assailed him with sticks, stones, and filth. Once a halter was put round his neck to drag him to the river to drown him. At Ackham, in Yorkshire, he was knocked down eight times in succession by a drunken mob, led by some "young gentlemen;" he was dragged over the stones by the hair of the head, kicked, beaten, and trampled on, "to tread the Holy Spirit out of him," as the murderous wretches blasphemously declared. "We cannot kill him," they said; "if a cat has nine lives, he has nine score." "This," says Nelson, "was on Easter Sunday." They swore they would serve Mr. Wesley the same way. "Then we shall be rid

of the Methodists forever," they said, in vain, deluded prophecy ; "for none will dare to come if they two be killed." The next morning this Ajax of Methodism set out to meet Mr. Wesley, and "was enabled to ride forty miles that day." But these things were light afflictions ; for the Gospel had free course, and multitudes were converted to God.

Here ends the remarkable journal of John Nelson. For five and twenty years longer he continued to range through the kingdom as one of Mr. Wesley's regular helpers—a burning and a shining light to all—a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He finished his course with joy, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. 1774.

We shall obtrude no comments of our own upon the lessons of this noble life. No braver soul ever went to the martyr's stake, or won the martyr's starry and unwithering crown. He, and such as he, by their consecrated toils, their sufferings, and their undying zeal, laid the foundations of that goodly structure of Methodism that now rises fair throughout the land they loved so well, and throughout the world. Their memory is the imperishable heritage of the Church universal. It shall be to all time, and in all lands, a glorious example of valiant living and holy dying, a rebuke to indolence or self-seeking, and an inspiration to zeal and energy in promoting the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

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### SAUL JOURNEYING TO DAMASCUS.

WHOSE is that sword—that voice—and eye of flame,  
The heart of inextinguishable ire ?

Who bears the dungeon keys, and bonds, and fire ?

Along his dark and withering path he came—

Death in his looks, and terror in his name,

    Tempting the might of heaven's eternal Sire,

    Lo ! THE LIGHT shone ! the sun's veiled beams expire—

A Saviour's self a Saviour's lips proclaim !

Whose is yon form, stretched on the earth's cold bed,

    With smitten soul, and tears of agony

Mourning the past ? Bowed is the lofty head—

    Rayless the orbs that flashed with victory.

Over the raging waves of human will

The Saviour's spirit walked—and all was still !—*Roscoe.*

## THE FATAL GLASS—A NEW YEAR'S SKETCH.

[FOUNDED ON FACT.]

THE scene of our little sketch is the brilliantly-lighted parlour of a wealthy city merchant; the time is at the fall of dusk on New Year's day, 1870. The short daylight had faded away. The bleak winds of the dark streets made the warmth and cheer of the comfortable apartment all the more attractive by contrast. Two fair sisters, richly dowered with every winsome charm and accomplishment, gracefully received the stream of New Year's callers that had not yet ceased to enter the precincts of their domain.

Between these affectionate sisters a difference of opinion—a very rare thing with them—had arisen as to the manner of entertaining their New Year's guests. On the previous Sunday their pastor, whom they loved and revered, had urged from the pulpit the disuse of wine for that purpose. To this the elder and more thoughtful sister seemed disposed to agree; but the younger and more impulsive was horrified at the idea.

"Whatever will all our friends say?" she exclaimed. "It will look so inhospitable, so mean, to have no wine. Why, everybody, all the very best families give wine. Then, there's that sparkling Moselle and fine claret that papa ordered on purpose. We really must have it. We should be so laughed at as a set of temperance fanatics if we did not."

A compromise was at length affected, whereby both wine and coffee were provided for their New Year's callers, who were to be allowed their choice of beverage on the occasion.

At the close of the afternoon, while the sisters were counting the cards and canvassing the merits of their visitors, as young ladies will do under such circumstances, the bell again rang, and two gentlemen of unexceptionable toilets and polished manners were ushered into the room.

After the usual compliments of the season, the younger sister rose, and approaching a table set out with glittering cut glass and gleaming silver, offered cake and wine to the callers.

"Excuse me, Miss Thornton," said one of the gentlemen, whom we will call Mr. Adams, "excuse me, I never take wine."

"Oh, you'll make an exception this time, won't you? Why, it would be treason to good fellowship not to take a glass of wine on New Year's day."

"Oh, he has signed the pledge," laughed the other gentleman, whom we shall designate Mr. Evans, a promising student at the Theological College, of the denomination to which the young ladies belonged. "Now, I set an example of true temperance; I let my moderation be known to all men, and we have good authority for that, you know," and he received from the fair hands of the lady the proffered glass of wine.

"After this good precedent you surely cannot refuse, Mr. Adams," she said, again turning to that gentleman.

"Pardon me," he replied, with respectful firmness; "not even for Miss Thornton can I violate a principle."

"You will take some of my simpler beverage, will you not, Mr. Adams?" said the elder sister, pouring a cup of fragrant Mocha.

"Thanks; this is indeed thoughtfully provided. I wish that it were the only beverage offered this day. It is not mere caprice that makes me decline wine. I know too many young men, whose *devoir* to their fair friends this day, has led to an indulgence that is an ill omen for the rest of the year."

"Forgive me, Mr. Adams," exclaimed the impulsive Miss May Thornton, a glow of generous sympathy mantling on her cheek. "I honour your firm adherence to your principle, the wisdom of which I now recognize. It is I who am to blame. Pray, pardon my thoughtlessness."

After the gentlemen retired, which they shortly did, the elder sister said gravely, "O May, I wish we had not had any wine to-day. Did you notice how flushed and excited Mr. Evans looked? and how his hand trembled as he took the glass? I hope no harm will come of it."

"Nonsense, Clara," exclaimed her sister; "and he a divinity student, and such a promising preacher! I confess, however, that I respect the scruples of Mr. Evans for the sake of others, more than the easy compliance with custom of his friend."

Three years glided swiftly by, as they will with either young or old. In the great world they had wrought their manifold changes. War, and sieges, and battle had written their dark record on the page of history. But in that quiet family circle they seemed to have passed almost unnoted. Again the sisters were engaged as we saw them three years before, in the discharge of the same pleasant duties. A still more quiet light shone in the grave eyes of the elder, and a maturer and more thoughtful expression had tempered the natural vivacity of the younger, as if they both had truer conceptions of the serious ministries and grave responsibilities of life. We notice, however, in the provision for the entertainment of visitors, the conspicuous absence of the decanters of wine from the sideboard, and of the glasses from the table. Among the callers again is Mr. Adams, unchanged, save that the stamp of thought and high principle was more clearly marked upon his brow.

"I am glad that you have discontinued the practice of offering wine, Miss Thornton," said the gentleman, as he sipped the fragrant coffee which was proffered him.

"Do you know, Mr. Adams," said Miss May, "it was what you said three years ago made us resolve never to offer wine again. At first, papa laughed at us, and said it was only a woman's whim, and that we would soon follow the fashion again; but Clara has actually talked him into giving up his after-dinner's glass of sherry. He never took more than one."

"I am very glad indeed that any words of mine," said the gentleman, "had any influence in promoting this social reform; for such I consider it. I see additional reason every year for firmer adhesion to my principle."

"By the way," inquired Miss Thornton, "what has become of Mr. Evans, who called here with you that day? I have not seen him for a long time."

"It is a sad story," replied Mr. Adams; "and is a painful illustration of the subject of which we have been speaking. He unfortunately acquired the habit of taking too much wine; and though, for a time, he struggled heroically against it, at length it got the complete mastery over him."



"You shock me, Mr. Adams," exclaimed the younger sister. "And he so devoted to the duties of his sacred calling!"

"Alas! he soon lost his status with his Church, and had to be deposed from the ministry and expelled from the college. For a time, he did Bohemian literary work on the staff of a daily paper; but his unsteady habits caused his dismissal. He had brilliant social qualities, which were at once the cause of his attractiveness and of his ruin. Only last New Year's day, during a round of calls, he drank so much wine that at one place he was refused admission, and made so much disturbance that the aid of the police had to be called in. To-day, I saw him reeling from a low tavern, carrying a bottle of liquor in his pocket."

Generous tears fell from the eyes of both ladies as they expressed their deep commiseration over the fall of this lost son of genius,—the once-brilliant gold-medalist of his college, and eloquent preacher of the Gospel.

"O Mr. Adams! can nothing be done to save him?" exclaimed the conscience-stricken Miss May Thornton. "God forgive me! To think that I should have placed temptation in his way. Can I do nothing to undo the wrong which, unwittingly, I caused?"

"Nothing, I fear, dear lady. I have striven with him as with a brother, and he has promised, and vowed, and prayed, but all in vain. Forgive me for harrowing your feelings. Blame not yourself too bitterly. There were many causes that conspired to produce this sad result, among the most potent of which was the fatal and mistaken kindness of his mother. She used every night to give her dear boy—whom she loved with almost more than a mother's devotion—with her good-night kiss, a glass of wine and a biscuit, as she left him burning the midnight oil at his studies. She was proud of her noble boy; but even his love for his widowed mother, which is still the noblest trait in his character, cannot break the spell of the fatal fascinations of the wine cup."

Can you wonder that these young ladies devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the temperance reform; and that when, during the course of the year, after vain efforts on their part and that of his heart-broken mother to break the spell that bound

this young man, once so full of brilliant promise, he sank into an early and a drunkard's grave, with their poignant grief was mingled a feeling of compunction for having, at least, in part, contributed to the ruin of that noble life ?

And such tragedies as these are going on around us every day. O fair reader, if you would not plant thorns in your pillow, and pour bitterness in your cup, do not become the temptress, it may be to perdition, of some noble soul.

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### SNOW FLAKES.

Out of the bosom of the air,  
 Out of the cloud-folds of her garment shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
 Silent and soft and slow  
 Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
 Suddenly shape in some Divine expression ;  
 Even as the troubled heart doth make,  
 In the white countenance, confession,  
 The troubled sky reveals  
 The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
 Slowly, in silent syllables, recorded ;  
 This is the secret of despair,  
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
 Now whispered and revealed  
 To wood and field.

—Longfellow.

## RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF THE CENTENNIAL

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

EVERY visitor to the Centennial Exhibition regarded it from his own point of view, and formed his opinions accordingly. While each would pay attention to the vast and varied whole that presented itself to his eye, there would be special points of attraction to each observer. The mechanic would probably find himself most at home in the Machinery Hall; the merchant, amid the varied products of many climes, gathered in the Main Building; the farmer, in the Agricultural Hall, and the artist, in the midst of the paintings and statues which form for him an appropriate subject of study. And it may be, that, here and there would be found a philosopher still indulging in his habit of generalization, and forming deductions from what he saw, with a correctness of observation and justness of conclusion, such as familiarity with mental processes would render easy and pleasant. Nor need the Christian minister ask pardon for exercising the privilege of looking upon the wondrous scene from his own standpoint, and learning those lessons which instruct his own mind, and make his ministrations more useful to those who hear him.

The first reflection suggested to our mind while looking at the Centennial Exhibition was this:—*The existence of such an Institution is possible only in a Christian country.* The tendency of heathen civilization is to divide mankind into small communities. As soon as the descendants of Noah forgot God they were scattered. Egypt was comparatively a small country in the day of its highest intellectual culture. Assyria was held together only for a short time, and then by force of arms, not by community of interest and unity of feeling. Alexander conquered a wonderful extent of country, and while his arm retained its strength, his empire retained its unity, but he had scarcely breathed his last before it broke into fragments. In the palmiest days of ancient Greece she was but a collection of independent states, each of which was jealous of its neighbour. Imperial Rome retained her unity for ages, but until Chris-

tianity, bound her provinces together in more peaceful bonds, her sway was maintained only by the sword. To-day the same state of things exists in heathen countries. The great wall of China is but a visible manifestation of the spirit of jealous suspicion with which every unchristianized country surrounds itself. The petty strifes, the universal mistrust of foreigners, the lack of enterprise in any pursuit but that of war, and the frequent conflicts that prevail in heathen countries, render such an institution as a World's Fair impossible among them. Who would think of such a thing as possible in China or Japan, in Turkey, Egypt, or Central Africa.

On the other hand, Christianity is peaceful and conciliatory. Countries that yield to her influence partake of her spirit, and are prepared for such an enterprise as this. Such countries have opportunity to develop their resources and cultivate a taste for peaceful and profitable pursuits. They have no mistrust of foreigners such as would keep them from their shores, or make it dangerous for them to land. The orderly visitor from Africa or Asia is safer in the streets of London or Philadelphia than he is at his own home. He is welcomed and protected by Christianized civilization. He is invited to show what he can do, to bring to our shores the products of his own lands, and place them side by side with our own. In the light of these facts we are not surprised to find that London, Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia are the only cities in which a World's Fair has been held; that no such thing has been found outside of nations, at least nominally Christian.

*The Centennial celebration with which the Exhibition was inaugurated marked the growth of religious as well as civil liberty on this continent.* We write neither as an American nor a Canadian, but as a Christian. We are aware that that grand and impressive inaugural celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of a free and glorious nation. That hundred years of history is as full of high achievement as any similar period in the story of any other nation. She suffered severely before she swept slavery from her shores, but it was done. She came to a loftier attitude of freedom through the second struggle than the first. She has won her way fairly to the vantage ground which she now

occupies. But let us go a little further back in the path of history. Let us take a wider view than that which the story of a nation presents. One hundred and twenty-five years ago, a few British Colonies existed on the eastern shore of this continent; Canada, on the north, was held by France. French missions lined the noble St. Lawrence and the shores of the western lakes and rivers. French forts crowned the heights of Quebec, nestled at the foot of the Royal Mount, and threw their shadows over the beautiful Ontario. Still farther west and south did their fortresses appear, threatening to hem in the little band of colonies. Braddock fell, and Washington proved his youthful prowess on the terrible march towards Fort-du-Quesne, where Pittsburg now guards the gateway of the Ohio valley. On the south, Florida and Mexico were held by Spain, which threatened to extend its conquests till they joined those of France. To all human appearance the continent was doomed to be the stronghold of superstition. There seemed to be nothing to prevent the forces of France and Spain from occupying the whole of North America, but the presence of a few British colonists

A century passes by, and what do we see? The flag of England floating above Quebec; the whole of North America, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic circle, shared between the two most free and enlightened nations on earth. The grasp of France is no longer upon the continent. Free institutions are rising up on every hand. Liberty of conscience is everywhere enjoyed. The Word of God is unfettered. The principles, for which the Puritans left their homes and endured the hardships which have immortalized their name, now prevail from ocean to ocean, and from the tropics to the frigid zone. While a nation celebrates its Centennial with all appropriate ceremonies, may not we, who rejoice in the blessings of British rule, see, in that celebration, a signal of our own advance as well as theirs, in all that truly elevates mankind? Have we not as much reason as our neighbours to exclaim in grateful astonishment, "What hath God wrought!"

The Centennial Exhibition teaches us that *Christian nations keep the front rank in the progressive march of mankind.* Nearly three-quarters of the human race are still unchristianized. Those vast numbers of human beings who do not offer even nominal

allegiance to Christ, inhabit countries fertile in soil and various in resource and climate. Surely such a number of people ought to be proportionately represented at the World's Fair. No religious distinctions were recognized in the invitations to exhibit which were extended to all the principal nations of the earth. One would think that at least three-fourths of the whole space allotted would be occupied by the products of heathen countries. But what is the fact? Only one-twelfth of the Main Building was taken up by the contributions of other than Christian lands. Not a single production of heathen art was to be found in the Memorial Hall and Annex, except those which had been preserved and brought there by inhabitants of Christian countries. In the Agricultural Hall the proportion of space so occupied was still smaller than in the Main Building, and elsewhere it was scarcely traceable. Christian civilization, representing a little more than one-quarter of the population of the earth, occupied eleven-twelfths of the space in the Main Building, and more than that proportion in the other places of exhibition. Now this could be no accidental circumstance. It is almost certain that a similar state of things appeared at the Exhibitions of London, Paris, and Vienna.

The nature, also, of the products seen in Christian and heathen sections at Philadelphia was as instructive and significant as the proportion of space occupied. In the latter there were many natural productions, such as minerals, grasses, flowers, roots, skins, hair, and wool, though many things showed the utmost skill and dexterity on the part of the manufacturer. But the Corliss engine and the multiplied forms of machinery driven by it, the models of railway and steamship mechanism, the various displays of electric, galvanic, and chemical art, the hundreds of ways in which the cultured intellect and skilled hand of man can control and direct the forces which nature furnishes; these spoke of the greater light and artistic power to be found only in connection with Christian civilization. No thoughtful man can compare these things, as they appeared on that grand arena, without coming to the conclusion that Christianity gives true impulse to all that is mighty in effort and genuine in progress. It is the main-spring that drives the machinery of the age, the motive-power of all mental activity, and the source of the

material prosperity as well as the moral excellence of the people who yield to her beneficent reign. In the light of that Exhibition we see that to sweep away Christianity would be to destroy nearly all the forces that have lifted some nations out of barbarism, and placed them upon the plane of a lofty and progressive civilization; and to bring back humanity to the days of moral darkness and intellectual apathy.

*The Centennial Exhibition teaches us that Christian civilization is progressive, and heathen civilization is retrogressive.* Egypt, the oldest of the nations, was represented, with the exception of a few natural products and some manufactures, by relics of the past. This is a type of her history. Her mummies speak of past life and vigour, present death and decay; so does her history. Egypt gave the world the alphabet, lined the Nile with temples, taught the nations art, and built the pyramids; but she is now effete. Civilization is silent, humanity stationary in sight of those massive monuments of a vigorous past. Where are Ninevah, Babylon, Tyre, and Athens? Why do they not send their wondrous works to such a centre of attraction as this? Their productions tell of the past, not of the present. The winged lions, the sculptured tablets, the beautifully proportioned pillar, these have fallen, and the poor waifs of humanity that now tread those storied ruins know not their value, and lack the energy to bring them to the light.

On the other hand, the exhibits presented by Christian peoples show that their civilization is vigorous and progressive. The mental treasures accumulated, the scientific discoveries made, the artistic appliances brought to bear upon the resources of the world for the last century, are found in connection with Bible-enlightened lands. Who has heard of the erection of a heathen temple, or the rise of a heathen city into prominence and power during the last fifty years, apart from the influence of more enlightened lands? But during that time Christian churches have been dedicated to the worship of God almost every day, cities have grown up around them, schools have been almost as frequently opened for the education of the masses, and the moral, as well as the material desert has been made to blossom as the rose. The names of Copernicus, Galileo, Bacon, Newton,

Harvey, and Morse, though reaching back to a distant past, are those of citizens of Christian countries; and it is only in such countries that real progress has of late been made. Christian hands have seized and harnessed the steam-giant to the railway train and made him draw the products of the nations, as well as an ever-moving population, from ocean to ocean, and bear above the yielding sea the burdens that they choose to lay upon him. They have tamed the lightning, and made it the swift moving Mercury of the world. They have brought the ends of the earth together, overcoming the mountain's craggy height, and the ocean's restless depths, casting up the highways upon which the nations move toward each other. There can be no question that each succeeding International Exhibition will present a more convincing demonstration of the inertness of heathenism, and the activity and growth of Christianity.

No one can look over the vast and varied products displayed at the Centennial Exhibition without being reminded that *the principal resources of the world are to-day in the hands of Christian nations.* We do not refer to this fact with the pride of those who attribute these advantages to their own skill and enterprise. The hand of Providence is in this. He has designed that Christianity shall be the impelling force of the world. Such are the treasures of energy, skill, and wisdom with which He has endowed those who dwell under her purest influences, that though they form the minority, they control the majority of the world's population. These are the nations that hold the balance of power to-day. They can hold back, or "let slip," as it pleaseth them, "the dogs of war." The gold of California, Australia, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, and the Indies, is theirs. The silver of the Sierra's shining heights and Superior's rocky shores, lies side by side with other specimens of mineral wealth. Theirs are the massive magazines of iron, and the dark stores of coal that are yet to be disinterred from their vast sepulchres. Theirs, too, is the sovereignty of the seas, while their majestic rivers and far-reaching lakes invite the commerce of the world. These are gifts of value so great as to defy all human estimate. They afford promise of a future so brilliant as to bewilder the most active imagination. With these wondrous endowments a corre-



sponding responsibility is associated. Well will it be for those nations which use the former so as not to dread the latter. It will be found that, in a material, as well as a moral sense, "righteousness exalteth a nation."

In our wanderings through the Centennial Exhibition we were reminded that *Christian Art exalts Christ*. In this hard and utilitarian age the question is proposed in relation to much that is mainly ornamental, "What good will it do?" In answer to this inquiry, it may be sufficient to say that whatever refines our tastes, purifies our affections, and elevates our sentiments, does good; good as real and practical as the most positive of moral injunctions. But our sturdy Protestantism often leads us to reject as evil, what is good in itself, but which has been rendered injurious by misuse. Hence, many of the most magnificent works of art are turned from with indignation, because others have made them the objects of idolatrous regard. Because the Mother of Jesus has received divine honours from the votaries of a degrading superstition, we frequently go to the other extreme and remand her from the region of our thoughts altogether. A similar course has been taken with those representations of the person and worth of Christ which have borne a prominent part in the worship to which we refer.

Is this course right? Should we not be thankful that Art has exercised her highest powers in the endeavour to place the Saviour and His Passion properly before us; that amid the most exquisite productions of the painter and the sculptor the benignant countenance of the "Man of Sorrows" appears. Why should not He speak to us from the glowing canvas and the breathing marble, as well as from the domains of nature and revelation. Better that Christ should be remembered in this way than not at all; better that our hearts should be touched by such means, than remain in hardness and rebellion forever. Let Christian devotion aim to regard such memorials of the sacred past only with those feelings which are as far removed from the idolatry of the Romanist as from the contempt and scorn of the bigot, who would rob religion of all external rites, and make it a bare and unattractive series of duties.

As we were passing down a corridor, not devoted to Art, we found ourselves in the presence of a statue of the "Good

Shepherd," with one of the lambs of His flock in His arms, while the pedestal bore the inscription, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." We need not say that this unexpected contact with such an impressive and beautiful remembrancer of the Saviour and His work, did us as much good as a sermon. And when, as we passed through the rooms devoted to the different schools of painting, and the statuary of many lands, we saw the gentle face of the "Madonna," the placid beauty and sweet simplicity of the "Holy Family," the "Adoration of the Magi," "Christ among the Rabbis," "Christ Stilling the Storm," "The Crucifixion," "The Resurrection," and "Ascension;" and, in some cases, the same subject treated by more than one artist, we felt thankful that, although error mingled itself with many of these productions, so much of truth was thus brought to the minds and hearts of the vast multitudes of admiring spectators. The great question of the day is,—"What think ye of Christ?" Skepticism has its answer; Philosophy has its response; Faith has its reply. Why should not Art speak, too, on a subject so interesting and so momentous.

*The Centennial has a religious mission.* Commercial, literary, agricultural, and mechanical interests have been promoted by it; nor has it failed to do some work for Christ. Mohammedans, Buddhists, Brahmins, worshippers of the sun, and followers of Confucius found their way to that wondrous scene. By painted window, glowing canvas, and speaking marble, and from the Word of God published in hundreds of languages, religious truth was taught. These foreigners saw the enterprise and prosperity of Christian countries reflected in the features of that vast exhibition. They heard prayer offered in the name of Christ to the God of Israel. They heard the praises of the Saviour sung, and His name repeated by thousands of His followers. They saw, though associated with many imperfections and inconsistencies, some of the most striking phases of the Christian life. Would this have no effect upon them? Would no inquiries be started by impulses so new and powerful? Would no revelations of the loftier altitude of Christian civilization reach them through these things? To these questions there need be no doubtful answer. God will use this, as He has used other means, for the promotion of His glory in the salvation of men.

## BISHOP JANES.

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

No death in Methodism has been as memorable since Francis Asbury breathed his last, as that of Bishop Janes. Over sixty years separated the two days. Many of her men of might passed onward and upward between their days of death. But no one of them so deeply impressed the Church as Edmund Storer Janes. We see every sort of talent in the best form, in that long and famous procession. But the small man that concludes, for the moment, the never-concluding procession, was the master of them all—not in every line of ability; not, perhaps, in any one special line; but in that solid aggregate, or crystallization, of faculties and forces which we call character and ability. The Church stands awe-struck before the grave which closes upon all that was mortal of him, till the glorious morn breaks from its throne, and brings forth the consecrated dust in glory everlasting.

Bishop Janes we entitle the second Asbury. His gifts, work, and even time, were not unlike that chiefest of our apostles. The beginning of his official career was with the beginning of a new era in our Church. When the Methodist Episcopal Church came out from the General Conference at Greene-street, New York, in 1844, it was in a fearful condition. Out of regard to principle it had allowed nearly one-half of its members, with their ministry and churches, to depart from its fold. Its senior Bishop left with the great multitude. Into ten States of the Union, where some of its most notable triumphs had been won, it could not send a minister save with the certainty of his speedy and violent death. In three others it had a slight, but feeble, hold on their Northern edge, but was practically excluded from their centres, their capitals, their chief towns, their rural population.

It was a worse state of affairs, seemingly, than that which attended the beginning of Asbury's career. Then the Church, though feeble, was harmonious, and the nation was open to its itinerants. Not so when Bishop Janes, hardly more than a youth, came to his place. He was set over a Church fearfully affected

by the great convulsion; terrified, almost, at the result of her adhesion to her Discipline; poor, and well nigh disheartened by the struggle she had gone through. The last gift of our departing brethren was Bishop Janes. Their votes gave him to our Church. It was a gift of far higher value than they themselves or we ourselves imagined. It did much to make up for what we had lost. The hour needed a new Asbury, and the Lord, the Master, sent him. When standing, last spring, by the grave of Dr. Robert Emory, he said: "He was the first man who ever spoke to me about becoming a Bishop. Near the Greene-street Church he met me, during the session of that Conference, one day, and said, 'If you were not so small, Brother Janes, I think we would make you Bishop.'" That was his first intimation of such a possibility. But a few days made it a reality.

He commenced these itinerant episcopal labours in the spring of 1844. The first Conference he visited was the New England. A youth, small, delicate of feature, shrill of tone, elected by the votes of those who were leaving the Church, he appeared before the Conference that was the chief instrument in their departure. His gentleness made him great. They were disarmed, captivated, captured, and ever after held him high in their love and reverence. He entered the South-west, and sought to prevent their departure by his former relations to them and by his obligations. Not yielding in his churchly tenacity, he hoped to have them yield their tenacious purpose. He failed, and retired to await the time when they should return to the fold they had left and which he fondly hoped to live to see, and whose preliminaries he did live to see, and was glad.

From that year he was abundant in labours. He was at work everywhere and all the time. What he said to another, he verified in his own home: "Your children, they are orphans." The Church was his child, as was it, also, his mother. To it his whole thought, and care, and toil, and time were given. He regarded not the winter's cold or summer's heat. He rested not from his labours until his last hour released him. He had no summer vacations. Camp-meetings filled up the space between Conferences, and dedications absorbed the winters and all chance Sabbaths. He crossed the Continent when no railroad existed west of the

Missouri, if west of the Mississippi. He crossed the ocean before steamers had made the trip a luxury. He went everywhere, preaching the Word and superintending the churches.

In these journeyings he kept his eyes solely on his work. Twelve times, I heard him say, he passed within sound of the roar of Niagara before he saw it. And then, I doubt not, he was called there to preach. He rode clear by Yosemite, and did not stop to look at its gorge; went near the great trees, and never beheld them.

His visits to Europe were exclusively devoted to his official work. He went and came without turning aside or tarrying to look upon the famous sights of which he had often read, and which he would have been delighted to have visited. But it was not in his plan, and so was not in his work.

Nor was this abstinence because of any lack of culture or appreciation for such scenes. Few natures were touched to finer issues in this direction. He had a keen sense of natural beauties, and love for historic lore and lands. But the office and work to which he was called in the Church of God did not, in his judgment, allow him to turn aside to these secular recreations. He was a Puritan of Puritans in adhering to his ruling idea—the fulfilling of the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus.

Bishop Janes was not merely a traveller and worker; he was an organizer. He developed the work wherever he went. He had a quiet and deep eye. He saw the strategic points. He knew where to fortify. He was a wise husbandman, and planted in the richest soils. He was, therefore, always pushing his Church forward. In California and Oregon he spent six months in travelling, and every considerable town and camp was visited by him. He, therefore, knew that land thoroughly, and could help the worker there by his own observation. So was he observant and stimulant throughout the whole work.

He was daring in the direction of his ideas. No pent-up Continent cabined his zeal. A true son of Wesley, he felt that the world was his parish. Those who heard will not readily forget his exclamation at Chicago, that the General Conference of our Church would yet be held in Rome. The development of our Church in that land and city, where it had no existence when this

proclamation was made, shows that his prophecy may be nearer fulfilment than even he was aware. He disliked local or missionary bishops, because they seemed to limit the range and boundaries of the Church. Let the superintendents of the Church superintend the whole of it, he would say. Let no fear of sickness, nor peril among foes, nor weariness, nor sacrifice of time or home, interfere with the execution of the Church idea, an *itinerant general superintendency*. Limited superintendency interfered with this world-wide work, and was, therefore, contrary to the genius of the Church. He, who never flinched, expected like following from those who came after him.

But Bishop Janes was not only a greater itinerant than Asbury, and an equal, if not superior, organizer; he was also hardly less remarkable as a manager. I use the word manager in its best sense. That only was his idea of management. He knew how to do what he thought ought to be done, wisely and with the least possible friction. If he could by suggestion bring his ideas to pass; suggestion was all he used. If statement was needed, statement was employed, and that only. But if the opposition was such as required an outburst of eloquence for its annihilation, the fiery utterance was sure to come, swift, shrill, sharp, a mighty burst of oratory, and the victory was won. Nothing in this vehemence was personal against his antagonist; it was only against the antagonism. So when his point was gained, nobody felt hurt. It was a triumph for his cause and not over his brethren. How grand have been their ringing appeals in Church Extension and Missionary Committees when some advance move was hindered by the fears or unbelief of some prominent members, and when the majority seemed likely to go with the regressives. His leaping cry against retrogression has saved many a forlorn hope, and made it the post of a new advance upon the lines of the enemy.

He was a remarkable preacher and platform speaker. The rich unction of his sermons, the ease, freshness, fulness, and aptness of his addresses, were among his most noticeable gifts. The sermons were "strong, without rage, without o'erflowing, full." They were always on Gospel themes, and always sound in doctrine and earnest in appeal. No taint of heterodoxy ever revealed itself

in his discourses. His New England origin may have cured him of any tendency in this direction, if such tendency he had ever had. He had not the marvellous sweep of Durbin's speculations, or the Niagara rush of Olin, or the sweet felicity of Fisk; but he had a style more nearly resembling Wesley's than any of his compeers. His published sermons, not numerous, but enough, probably, for a volume, should be put together as among the best specimens of such kind of preaching as every young minister may safely imitate.

His platform addresses were more novel than his sermons. His readiness was remarkable. His theme always opened into new vistas under his touch. He appeared as though he had never thought a word of what he was going to say, and yet the whole scope and language were exceedingly novel and taking. Few will forget those rich talks on preaching and pastoral work he gave the Boston theological students. They were full of anecdote and illustration, full of practical wisdom and sound principles, fresh as a June sunrise, yet solid as the eternal mountains. In one of these he gave an instance of that gift at management which he displayed afterwards on wider fields: In his first pastorate an old sore existed. A group of brethren drew off from the regular prayer-meeting, and organized one of their own. They meant to have it all by themselves. He appeared at the place at the hour they had appointed, unasked and unwished for. But it was a Church prayer-meeting, and his right and duty was to be there. He opened the meeting by giving out a hymn. No one would sing. He sung it himself, and called on the chief brother to pray. He would not say a word, whereupon the preacher prayed; rose, gave out another hymn, sang it alone, and called on another brother to pray. He declined, and the preacher prayed again. He did that seven times, singing alone and praying himself, and then dismissed the meeting. Nobody could get angry at him. He had given no cause of offence, yet he had conquered the rebellion.

Bishop James was the longest in active service of any Bishop in our Church. Bishop Morris may have occupied the office more years, but his active service was considerably shorter. Hedding retired from active work several years before he died. James, like

Asbury, ceased at once to work and live. Just two weeks before his death I received a telegram asking me to call and accompany him on his going to his Conferences.

The Friday following, expecting to go with him on his tour, I visited him at New York. He had suffered a relapse, he said, and had concluded not to attend the Michigan Conference, but he should try and go to the Chicago German Conference. He was advised not to make so long a journey for a single Conference, especially as it could be attended without difficulty in connection with his other Conference. But he was assigned that work, and go he should, were he able. He had never seen Milwaukee, and wished to observe the state of our work in that city. The next day he had surrendered the Chicago German Conference, but was quite sure he would be able to attend the Central New York Conference. And all the while he was thus planning and purposing, his agony was unspeakable. He would grind his hands together, set his lips, a wave of distress would go over his face, and then he would calmly go on with the conversation. "Few people ever know pain," he remarked, after one of these fearful spasms passed over his countenance; "many die and never know pain." And then he described or gave a glimpse of the agony he was thus placidly and firmly undergoing. Yet no murmur, no lack of self-control, no cessation of his work or duty, was found in the story of his later hours, till cessation had clearly come to his mind from the Voice above, when no one could more calmly turn his face to the wall and die. No death was more serene.

This undecaying of his powers was seen at Baltimore last spring. Never had he such power in a General Conference. His words were those of a dying ecclesiastical statesman. The magnificent periods in the address, wrought out all winter long by a dying wife's dying bed, and by a dying husband's dying hand, the strong arguments, the logical statements, the fervent appeals, the ringing halleluias, all of which went through that distinguished assembly with thrilling power, and brought tears and shouts from eyes and lips—how little they thought who listened that the author and reader was even then trembling with pain, unutterable, and had all along felt it more than probable he might not live to pronounce his own production!



That paper in its grand passages, which themselves revealed new capacities in their author, should be lithographed and hung in every Methodist home.

Thus faithful unto the end was Edmund S. Janes—without pomp or pretence, living in most modest style, far inferior to many a parsonage; a Methodist gentleman of the old school, earnest, assiduous, passionately devoted to his Church, his eye single and his whole body full of light in this direction. He died as he lived, with his armour on, in the thick of the fight, at the head of the column. Like Asbury, in his work, he was like him in his ceasing to work. No decay of power, or influence, or interest. "My correspondence," he said last August, "was four times as great the last quadrennium as the one before." It has been four times as great since this quadrennium began as it was the last one.

This ceaseless call was ceaselessly acknowledged. In labours he was abounding more and more until he ceased from his labours and let his works follow him. Bishop Janes was not without defects. He was not as easy in working as he was energetic. He made work for himself by a determination to do all the work himself. The faculty of working through others, the gift of some of the greatest of men, was not strikingly his. He was his own clerk and servant. Less care in this direction would have lengthened his life.

He was not of a reforming, so much as of a developing type. He did not see the lateral lines of Christ's kingdom as easily as he saw the vertical. He recognized the duty Godward more speedily than its neighbour's application, if, indeed, one side is more Godward than the other. Perhaps it was not so much lack of discernment as it was the weight of the statesman, whose instinct is to hasten slowly—never to have more principle than policy can hold in solution. He was, therefore, not a pioneer of reform. Like Asbury, he endured evils that a sharper treatment of might have saved Church and nation large distress, and even many deaths. But he never defended the wrong.

His Massachusetts blood kept his lips pure, if his policy was sometimes slow, and even seemingly hostile. He recognized

crowning events sagaciously and courageously, and was always rejoicingly in at the death of evils others had more zealously sought to extirpate. Never had he openly opposed rising reformatory ideas, though from his constitution he was not actively urgent in their enactment and establishment in the Church.

If the Church was stripped of half her numbers and thrown out of half her territory when he entered his office, it was wonderfully enlarged and strengthened when he left that office. The year of his election the Church was practically confined within the St. Lawrence, Ohio, Potomac, and Mississippi rivers, and much of this territory was, Methodistically, thinly and poorly settled. Only one feeble mission of expatriated slaves and serfs, the despised of the nation, driven out because despised, was its outside post. At his departure the Church had re-occupied all the lost national domain; seen the iniquity abolished that compelled the revolt, and those, then slaves, its pastors, presiding elders, and members of its General Conference; spread itself from the Mississippi to the Pacific; become the mother of German Methodism and so of German regeneration; entered Mexico; occupied India, Japan, China, and established Conferences in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Switzerland, initiated them in Italy and the Turkish Empire, and had become marked and mighty before the nations. To that result his ceaseless sagacity and service in no small degree contributed. Eighty Conferences testify to the zeal and wisdom of our later Asbury.

His fame is chiefly ecclesiastic and Methodistic. Other ministers of our Church may have to-day a more national fame, or one more literary, educational, oratorical, or reformatory; but no one, living or dead, will equal him in the height of his reputation as a builder of his own Church—as a clerical statesman; and that fame will include all other fame. It may be another threescore years before the third successor to our American founder leaves his sphere of duty here for the sphere of duty in heaven. May that interval see many who will emulate the self-denial, humility, faith, patience, and industry of our second Asbury!—*Christian Advocate.*

## THOUGHTS FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

HARK, to the trickling of the golden sands  
 In God's great hour-glass—dread eternity !  
 The circling years are God's swift-wingèd hours !  
 The last few precious diamond-grains—the yet  
 Remaining moments of the year—have well  
 Nigh fled ; inexorably swift they glide  
 Away, and God's great hand is now about  
 To turn His mighty glass, and once more send  
 His cycling mercies on their missioned way.  
 Now, bright-wingèd angels in their starry homes  
 Keep solemn silence, while they list  
 The awful trickling of the golden grains ;  
 But man—vain, puny man !—with his loud noise  
 And riot madly drowns in giddy mirth  
 The warning voice of God, which speaketh in  
 Time's silent lapse !

Thus do our lives glide on !

The wingèd moments bear remorselessly  
 Away the checkered record of our good  
 Or evil wrought ; again to meet us at  
 The last Great Day— as silver-wingèd doves,  
 To welcome us to heavenly joys, or as  
 Lil-omened ravens, croaking out despair.

Oh, think you not the past is dead !  
 The buried centuries are but the roots, of which  
 The present is the leafy bloom, of which  
 The future promiseth the golden fruit.  
 The past still lives in all the wealth of thought  
 It hath bequeathed the world ; and it shall live !  
 It cannot die ! Its influence goes on  
 For aye ! Our actions are eternal in  
 Their scope ! Our voice may die—its echo lives !  
 Our lives may sink beneath time's stream—the wave  
 They caused shall still go on, and still  
 Shall ever widen as it onward goes.

And now the old year hastes to join the ghosts  
 Of the dead centuries that 'wait him 'mid  
 The brooding darkness of the shadowy Eld—  
 A grey-beard, spectral brotherhood, who hold  
 All secrets in their weird and mystic ken.

Soon shall be ushered in the glad New Year—  
 The child born pure and taintless—without sin—

As stainless as the snowy garniture  
 Earth putteth on to welcome his approach.  
 Oh, let him live, then, unaspered by sin's  
 Foul stain—his holy whiteness undefiled—  
 Nor by thy errors smirch the fond New Year!  
 Oh, use with thankfulness the precious gifts  
 He beareth in his hands—the golden hours  
 He freely gives—nor let him go till, like  
 The patriarch's angel, he hath left his blessing.

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## THE INDIANS OF CANADA.

THE various nationalities comprised within the confines of the British empire are so numerous, and the conditions of their lives so little known, that there is a danger lest the responsibilities attaching to the possession of great power should be overlooked and ignored. Few persons, perhaps, have ever realized the fact that a population of nearly ninety-two thousand, comprising many distinct tribes and languages, but included under the general name of North American Indians, are subjects of the Queen, and, as such, claim the sympathy and interest of Englishmen. Even in Canada, where their presence is more felt, but little is known of their real condition, excepting by the department of the government in whose especial charge they are. It is, however, satisfactory to perceive that there is considerable activity in this branch of the Dominion government, that important improvements have been made in the method of dealing with the wilder tribes, and that steps are to be taken to advance the civilization of those who have adopted a more settled life and have devoted themselves to agricultural industry.

The Indian population may be divided broadly under three heads, each numbering about thirty thousand. First, there are those who reside in Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces, the remnants of the tribes who were brought in contact with the original settlers. Nearly half of these tribes possess reserve lands or settlements in Ontario, and are making considerable progress in agriculture. About ten thousand are scattered throughout the Province of Quebec, leaving the remainder to the Maritime Provinces. The second division comprises the In-

dians of Manitoba, the North-west, and Rupert's Land. These consist mostly of wandering tribes, divided into wood Indians and prairie Indians—the former subsisting principally by fishing, and the latter by hunting, the buffalo forming their staple food. But little civilization has yet reached them. Missionaries, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, have been at work with varied success for many years, and the Hudson Bay Company has exercised over them a parental sway, which has now been replaced by that of the Canadian government. The third division, of about equal numerical strength, is comprised within the Province of British Columbia, where the Indian population considerably outnumbers the white settlers. These Indians may also be subdivided into the tribes settled on the coast, who subsist by fishing, and those who are possessed of considerable property in cattle, and who occupy the valleys among the western slopes of the Rocky and Cascade Mountains. Unfortunately they are discontented with their present lot; the terms granted to them by the provisional government of British Columbia have been less favourable than that which Ontario and Quebec have conceded to the tribes within their borders, and, as they feel their numerical strength, they are the more urgent in pressing their not unjust claims.

The system of dealing with the Indian tribes which has gradually grown up, and which has worked so far well that no Indian wars have, since the British settlement, devastated Canada, may be said to consist in buying up the native claims, founded on their rights of hunting through the territories required by the settlers, by yearly grants of money or of goods to each chief and family, and by the allotment of tracts of country termed Indian Reserves. This property is under the charge of an agent or superintendent, who watches over the welfare of the tribe, protects it from the encroachments of white settlers, and prevents the alienation of the property. Some large Indian Reserves may be seen close to the most important cities of Canada, and those who have travelled on the St. Lawrence or the Ottawa will remember the wild and almost waste strips contrasting with the highly cultivated land on either side, which belong to the remnants of the once famous tribes of the Iroquois and the Algonquins. The

last of the Hurons occupy the village of Lorette, near Quebec, whilst the Six Nations partially cultivate a large district in the heart of the most fertile portion of Ontario, in the vicinity of the town of Brantford. All profess deep loyalty to the English crown, and appear generally contented with their condition. Some time must, however, elapse before the habits of the hunter will give place to those of the agriculturist, and even among the most civilized of the tribes many men will be found who for several months of the year leave their homes and seek the excitement of their former life among the more distant forests. The religious tenets of the settled Indians usually correspond with those of their white neighbours; the Indians of Quebec being mostly Roman Catholics, whilst those of Ontario belong to some Protestant denomination. Paganism, however, retains its hold over many of the older men, and even in the settlements of the Six Nations some are to be found who profess the faith of their ancestors.

Passing to the second division—namely, the Indians of Manitoba and the North-west—we find conditions of life more nearly resembling those which existed before the arrival of the white men, although even here the approach of civilization has made several marked changes. A section of the savage tribe of the Sioux, which sought refuge in our territory to avoid retribution after the Minnesota massacre, is now established in the newly organized province of Manitoba, and the men are well reported of by the settlers as sober and industrious laborers. Treaties have been made with the Crees and the Salteaux, their internecine feuds appeased, and reserves, in the proportion of one hundred and sixty acres to each family of five persons, allotted to them on the shores of Lakes Winnipeg and Winnipegosis. Many of these tribes had, until recently, found employment as boatmen on the Red River, and in conveying the stores from York Factory to the inland forts of the Hudson Bay Company; but the introduction of steam on Lake Winnipeg, and the change of route owing to the opening of communication with Lake Superior, had deprived them of their means of livelihood, and led them readily to welcome the settlement of their claims proposed by Mr. Morris, the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. Along the valley of the Sas-

atchewan the mounted police force has established law and order, and has been welcomed as protectors by the Assiniboines and the more warlike Blackfeet. East of the Rocky Mountains, Indian affairs appear very fairly prosperous, and seem to warrant some advance in the legislation dealing with these children of the soil. An indication of this change is given in the report of Mr. Laird, the Minister of the Interior, who announces that the gradual enfranchisement of the Indians will be one of the most important objects of a proposed new Act. Care, however, must be taken so to word its provisions that protection may be afforded to those who do not desire to avail themselves of what they may fail to consider an adequate compensation for paternal government.

On the western side of the Rocky Mountains, the Indian question will, it is feared, give more trouble; indeed, if the reports of men who have resided among the tribes are to be credited, an Indian war has only been avoided by the divisions among the Indians themselves. The great grievance, which no amount of presents or subsidies will overcome, lies in the illiberal conduct of the British Columbian government in regard to the allotment of land. Whereas, in the treaties with the Indians of Manitoba, one hundred and sixty acres of land were handed over to each family of five persons, the Indians of British Columbia are only offered twenty acres, and even this small grant has reference merely to new reserves. So deep is the feeling of discontent that two of the tribes have refused to accept their usual annual presents, lest they should appear to waive their claim for compensation for what they regard as an injustice. Three causes have led to this dissatisfaction on the part of the Indians. Since communication with the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains has become more frequent, information has reached them of the better terms awarded to the tribes of Manitoba, and consequently they require similar treatment from the government of British Columbia. Again, the pressure of the white settlers who occupy the more fertile districts, and who, as the dominant race, enforce what they choose to consider their rights at the expense of the Indians, is, of course, more felt as population increases; and, thirdly, the Indians are becoming aware of their numerical strength, although happily they have not as yet appreciated the strength which union adds to numbers. The question involved is a serious one,

not only to the local government and to Canada, but to England, which must be ultimately responsible that no unfair treatment should lead the Indians to take up arms in a cause which, to say the least of it, would have the appearance of being a just one. Happily, both the Canadian and the local governments appear to be aware of the importance of settling the points in dispute. Three commissioners are to be appointed conjointly by the two governments, who will visit the tribes or nations, and determine the extent and locality of their respective reserves. These reserves are to be determined, not by a fixed extent of acreage, but by the requirements and habits of each nation, and they will be increased or diminished according to the variations of the Indian population. The different modes of life of the tribes of the interior who possess horses and cattle, and those on the sea-coast who live by fishing, afford a reason for diverging from the plan in force in the older provinces of Canada, and for adopting a more elastic rule in dealing with their several claims. It is to be hoped that a liberal policy will be agreed upon, and that the scandal of Indian wars, which has so long afflicted the frontiers of the United States, and which have even, within the last few months, been productive of so great disasters, may be averted from the Pacific, as it has hitherto been avoided in the Atlantic and central provinces of the Dominion.

Meanwhile, the presence of the Earl of Dufferin in British Columbia, and his well-known interest in all that concerns the well-being of the Indian tribes, will exercise no unimportant influence over the local government, and will encourage those who regard this great question in a broader view than that presented by the merely temporary interest of a small community. It is in dealing with these and similar matters of more than local importance that the value of the influence of an English statesman, such as Lord Dufferin has proved himself to be, is likely to be felt; and if the result of his visit to British Columbia tends to a satisfactory settlement of the Indian difficulty, as well as the removal of some of the causes of friction between that distant province and the central government, he will have done much to further the true welfare of the Dominion, whose rule embraces so many nationalities with varying and often conflicting interests.

—*Saturday Review.*



## THE ETERNITY OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

WE cannot hesitate a moment as to what the distinct understanding of every plain unsophisticated man must be, in regard to the sense and doctrine of the Bible, on the matter at issue. There can be no misconceiving that, and without repeating its affirmations, I must say that once you exterminate and dilute them, you inflict a blow on practical religion of which, perhaps, you are not aware. For only think what the great and mischievous delusion is with the majority of the species. It is not in general, that they disbelieve in the realities of a future state, neither is it that they purpose not, some time or other, to provide against them. Perhaps in every Christian land, every nine out of ten have an indefinite but vague purpose of turning round and betaking themselves, in good earnest, to the work of preparation ere they die; but they cannot and will not put forth the resolution of entering upon this decisive movement yet. They are for postponing it a little longer, and a little longer; and it is just this habit of perpetually adjourning the question, of shifting it forward by succeeding intervals, to a more convenient season, of quieting the present by a resolve which shall take effect at some time, or somewhere in the distant futurity before them: it is this, I say, that shuffles religion onward, by little and little, from being seriously felt or seriously proceeded on, and thus, on this ruinous principle, are men borne onward through life till death come upon them like a whirlwind, and they at length find themselves cheated out of their eternity.

Now, what is the effect that the doctrine of the non-eternity of hell torment would have upon the human mind? Just to carry the principle of postponement across the barrier of death altogether—just to make it shoot ahead of the termination of our mortal existence—just to adjourn the whole question from the world we are in to the world which is beyond us—just to banish from human hearts the purpose or the wish to make a recovery from sin to righteousness here, and that because taught to believe a recovery may still be competent there—just to annihilate the

character of our earthly state, as being a state of probation, and by lulling men into security, and into the idea that there is room for repentance and recovery on the other side of death, to turn the whole of their existence on this side of death into a jubilee of impiety and irreligious defiance.

The Scripture gives us no warrant to believe that our all is not staked, and irrecoverably staked, on the faith and obedience of the present. Be assured you will paralyse all the motives to practical Christianity, by giving *any* countenance to the opposite representation; and you will not only indulge in unlicensed speculation, by attempting to dilute and do away with the obvious literalities of Scripture on this subject, but you will find it a speculation of the most baleful influence on the practice and the general principles of all who are infected by it.

When the Scripture roundly and explicitly affirms any doctrine, the whole of my Christian philosophy would lead me simply and silently to acquiesce. After this I think it wrong almost to defend the proposition, as if the authority of an accredited message from heaven needed any confirmation or support from our reasonings. Yet let me briefly and in but one or two sentences, advert to what I hold an important view connected with this matter. When men talk of the disproportion between the sins of an ephemeral life and the penalties of a never-ending eternity, it should be recalled that this is not really the light in which the matter ought to be regarded. There is a law of habit exemplified within the field of every man's observation, and which he does not quarrel with. In virtue of this law, by every act of obedience a man becomes stronger in the purpose and character of obedience, and by every act of wickedness the propensities of wickedness lord it all the more strongly and resistlessly over him. Now just imagine the continuity of this process to be kept up between time and eternity, and that if we carry with us unreclaimed impiety and disobedience across the limit which separates the two worlds, we shall carry with us into our future state the habits and the passions and all the vitiated principles of rebellion against God; and the punishments which come on the back of these will not be punishments for the sins of the present life, but fresh punishments for the fresh sins to which the in-

veteracy of our diseased moral nature is hurrying us—an inveteracy only to be cured on this side of death, and so affording a most impressive argument for our strenuous and, withal, our immediate repentance.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

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## THE TWO VILLAGES.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

OVER the river on the hill,  
Lieth a village white and still ;  
All around it the forest trees  
Shiver and whisper in the breeze ;  
Over it sailing shadows go  
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
And mountain grasses low and sweet  
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,  
Another village lieth still ;  
There I see in the cloudy night  
Twinkling stars of household light,  
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,  
Mists that curl on the river shore ;  
And in the roads no grasses grow  
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,  
Never is sound of smithy or mill ;  
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,  
Never a clock to tell the hours ;  
The marble doors are always shut,  
You cannot enter hall or hut ;  
All the villagers lie asleep ;  
Never a grain to sow or reap ;  
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,  
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
When the night is starry and still,  
Many a weary soul in prayer  
Looks to the other village there,  
And weeping and sighing, longs to go  
Up to that home from this below ;  
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,  
Whither have vanished wife and child,  
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—  
“Patience! that village shall hold ye all.”

## THE HIGHER LIFE—A LIVING AND DYING UNTO GOD.

It cannot be doubted that the Scriptures abound everywhere in lofty ideals of character and conduct. With all the descriptions of human depravity and waywardness there are conjoined as full and complete descriptions of the elevation and blessedness to which man is invited hereafter and here. How to reconcile the wonderful contrast between the depth of sin and the height of reward is no little task for the preacher and the teacher; but here comes in the great fact of the redemption of Christ, which solves all mysteries, and reconciles all antagonisms. Paul, in writing to the Romans, laid down one of the fundamental principles of apostolic action when he said, "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." The doubt which hangs over most lives did not apply to that of himself and his associates. The mission on which they entered might seem hazardous to worldly eyes, but to the eye of faith there could be no doubt.

In what sense is the believer the property of the Lord? True, every man's life is subject to a divine supervision. No one, however lost to a sense of justice and purity, can go beyond certain limits in the use of his evil purposes: and in this sense there is no human being over whom the Creator is not supreme ruler. But there is a nearness of relation, an intimacy of proprietorship and friendship, which can apply only to the pure and the good. When Tilly and Wallenstein fought against the forces of Protestantism, there was a supervising purpose which hedged in their strongest endeavours to sweep away all record of the Reformation from Europe. But far different was the nearness of God to Gustavus Adolphus, who began his battles with Luther's "A strong tower is our God," and whose every victory was more a triumph of prayer than of the sword. Though he did die on the field of Lutzen, it was a victory which shook all Europe, and the object of his life was fully accomplished. He was the Lord's, whether living or dead. The same may be said of every pure

character. There is no unwilling bondage, but a devout and confident trust, like that of the son in the father.

The career of Wilberforce furnishes abundant evidence of the confidential relations of the Saviour and the disciples. The veil which hides the Supreme Ruler from his reverent servant was impenetrable by the natural vision; but then that great reformer knew it was only a veil, and he communed with God as with a near and trusting and trusted friend. Can we wonder that good men succeed in their work? Can we wonder that they never fail? Can we be startled at their wisdom? They put their interests in the hand of God, and henceforth it is He, and not they, who conduct the great cause to its final issue. There was something simply sublime in the conduct of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, when, late in life, he started off on his laborious tour of personal inspection of the Scotch missions in India. His burdens were already greater than rested upon the heart and brain of any five men in Scotland, and yet he went as joyfully as a schoolboy when released from his summer task. Every mile over land and sea toward his scene of labour was one of real pleasure, and every letter he wrote while away indicated far less pain of body than health of soul.

Is not this consciousness of divine proprietorship an unfailing test of the Christian character? Is one a true disciple who cannot say, "I am the Lord's, whether I live or die?" There is a vast difference between fighting one's battles alone or with a powerful hand to aid us. The whole world of duty abounds this very hour in enterprises apparently hopeless. There seems no possibility of victory. But there is another side to the question. There can be no defeat where God takes part in the struggle. He is never defeated. He is never surprised. He sees the end from the beginning, and the end is always the full and perfect success of His own cause. We look abroad on the demands of this day with no despondence of soul. There is much money to be given to our institutions of learning, or they must be crippled in their efforts to help the young and aspiring Christian manhood of our times to reach a great and honourable goal. There are vast regions of unevangelized territory to be brought within the sway of divine truth. There are the young and the ignorant to be

educated. These, and a great many other fields of duty, invite our energy and faith.

But can such work be done alone? Is the human arm strong enough for missions like these? If we are the Lord's, and are ready to live or die for Him, there can be no question that He will give success to every effort, and make the success all the greater after the reaper has fallen. We are constant witnesses to the fidelity to party issues. Men will quarrel on personal matters, but when the question is one of partisanship they work unitedly, that they may win. The fidelity which we owe to God is based on creation, preservation, and redemption. Did ever one hear of such a ground of ownership? And yet we go reluctantly on the smallest missions of duty, as if we were conferring a boon on the Master whom we serve! It is high time that our reluctant energies were enlisted in the full service of God. Is life so long, and the divine proprietorship over man so little a thing, that we can go so slothfully? What we need to-day is a burning zeal in the Master's cause, which shall apply to every force of our moral being, and move against the powers of darkness with an energy worthy alike of the late period in the life of the Church, and of the magnitude of the task yet lying before us for accomplishment.—*Christian Advocate.*

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### THE NEW YEAR.

WE are standing on the threshold, we are at the open door,  
 We are treading on a border land we have never trod before;  
 Another year is opening, and another year has gone,  
 We have passed the darkness of the night; we are in the early morn;  
 We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;  
 We passed into the future, which none of us can read.  
 The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould,  
 May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty fold.  
 Then hasten to fresh labour, to thrash, and reap, and sow,  
 Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the Old Year go—  
 Then gather all your vigour, press forward in the fight,  
 And let this be your motto, "For God and for the Right."

## EDITORIAL.

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### A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

THE close of the old year and the beginning of the new is a most fitting time for retrospection and reflection. Then, if ever, should even the most frivolous bestow a moment's earnest thought upon the past, and seek Divine aid to essay the duties of the future. Standing, as we do, in "the centre of immensities, the conflux of eternities," all things conspire to make us feel that our lives are rapidly gliding away, that they shall soon have passed forever. The successive New Years are milestones, as it were, by which we measure our progress through time.

As travellers who cross the Alps, climbing the hoary mountains' sides gain broader, clearer vision, and a wider horizon; as they look back upon the path by which they have ascended and perceive that its devious windings were necessary to avoid some crevasse, or overcome some difficulty; and as, gaining the summit of the pass, they behold the fertile plains of Lombardy and the far-shining city of their pilgrimage; so, to us, the New Years are hill-tops, as it were, whence we may look back on all the way by which the Lord our God has led us, and from which looking forward, as the pilgrims from the Delectable Mountains, we may get clearer views of the end of our journey, of the goal of all our hopes.

Our life's pathway may often seem rugged and devious, but from the vantage ground of added years we gain wider horizons, and, at last, from the supreme vantage ground of heaven we may discern that all life's devious ways have been part of God's great plan; that we have been led by a way that we knew not, by a way that we might not have chosen for ourselves, but by a way that has been wise and good and true.

At these memorial seasons we are especially reminded of the shortness of life and the rapid flight of time. In Holy Scripture the most fragile and ephemeral things are chosen to represent the

duration of human existence. Man's days are a hand-breadth, and his years are as nothing in the sight of God. His is like grass that in the morning flourisheth and groweth up fresh and fair and gemmed with dew, but which in the evening, dry and dead, cut down and withered, strews the ground.

The different generations of men, in the sight of God, are like an exhalation rising from the ground and passing away,—like the mist wreath on the mountain's brow which, while we gaze upon it, vanishes in air,—like the early dew that with liquid diamonds bedecks the feet of the morning, then, kissed by the sun's first rays, disappears. Like the flight of an arrow, through the yielding air, or the gliding of a keel, through the returning waves, that leaves no trace behind—like anything most evanescent—such, in the sight of God, is the life of man.

But, though life be short, it is of infinite importance. Though time be fleeting, on it most momentous issues hang. It is the seed time of eternity. It is the probation for an endless future. We may sow the good seed from which shall spring a harvest of everlasting joy, or the baleful seeds of sin from which shall grow a bitter crop of unending remorse and shame.

O 'tis solemn living,  
 When we know each hour is giving  
 Radiance bright, or darkness, to the soul's eternal years.

How important, therefore, is the right use of time! How earnestly should we pray, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom!" What rigid economy of time should we practise! How should we endeavour to redeem the time, to make the best use of it as it passes! The wise rule of John Wesley, if faithfully followed, will be of great value to us all: "Never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed." And grandly did he illustrate his own rule. What a record of well-spent time is the story of his active life! What a monument—more lasting than marble—of consecrated zeal is the work that he accomplished for the glory of God and the welfare of man.

The wise employment of the spare moments of even the busiest life, will achieve great results, and often make all the



difference between glorious success and disastrous failure. Dr. Barnes' voluminous commentary was all written in the precious moments which many waste in the morning before breakfast. So frugal was Macaulay of his time, that he kept a book before him while partaking of his solitary meals. The men who have accomplished the grandest work in literature, science, art, or religious achievement, have not been the men of ample leisure, but men who had learned to redeem the spare moments of a busy life. And some of the most important works that shall bless the world for ages, were written amid the pressure and hurry of manifold engagements, in odds and ends of time that most people would think not worth saving.

But it will be of no advantage to be constantly employed, unless we are wisely employed. So varied are the relations and duties of life, that no rules for general application, in this respect, can be given; but no one that realizes the importance of time, and his responsibility to God for its wise improvement, need be long without suggestions. While there are such stores of knowledge within our reach, while such fascinating studies invite our application, while there is such grand work to be done in God's world, while there is so much suffering to be relieved, and sorrow to be assuaged, one need never be without the means of redeeming the time.

It may seem to the idle pleasure-seeker a hard saying, but the wise economist of time will appreciate it: Never let *mere amusement* occupy your hours—that is, if you have outgrown the days of childhood, and at all profess to have put away childish things. We do not say that one should eschew recreation. Far from it. It is often absolutely necessary, but it may always be combined with some pleasant and profitable employment. A mere change of work is often the best rest. And we may find one of the purest and richest pleasures of life—a never-failing source of enjoyment in getting or in doing good—in the culture either of the head, or heart, or body—in the improvement of the intellectual, moral, or physical being. The mere pursuit of pleasure, for its own sake, is one of the dreariest, most melancholy things in the world. And the pleasure thus sought, like a phantom, eludes the grasp; or, like a bubble, bursts in the hand; or, like a fragile

flower, is crushed and withered in the heated palm ; or, like the apples of Sodom, turns to ashes in the mouth. So true is it that she who liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth, and knows no real, deep, soul-satisfying joy. All our readings, thinkings, pleasures, and employments should be made subservient to our soul's growth in grace, and to the glory of God. Thus shall we find the grandest and noblest development of our immortal nature in serving God here and, at last, enjoying Him forever.

But let us not look back mournfully into the past. Let us rather look forward hopefully into the future. If we have wasted time, let us waste it no longer. The past is irrevocable ; the future yet is ours. Let us endeavour, with the New Year, to serve God in newness of life. Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, let us press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

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## THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY ALICE CARY.

VAINLY, vainly memory seeks,  
 Round our father's knee,  
 Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks,  
 Where they used to be :  
 Of the circle once so wide,  
 Three are wanderers, three have died.

I am for the living three  
 Only left to pray ;  
 Two are on the stormy sea ;  
 Farther still than they  
 Wanders one, his young heart dim—  
 Oftenest—most I pray for him.

Whatso'er they do or dare,  
 Whereso'er they roam,  
 Have them, Father, in thy care,  
 Guide them safely home ;  
 Home, O Father, in the sky,  
 Where none wander and none die.

## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

## THE SUPERANNATED MINISTERS' FUND.

A good deal of attention has been called to the unfortunate deficiency in this important fund. The lucid explanations of the vigilant treasurer, the Rev. John Douse, and of the Hon. J. C. Aikins, Secretary of the Board, clearly explain the causes of the deficiency:—"The Missionary Board formerly appropriated funds for retired Missionaries nearly equal to their claims as Superannuated Ministers for the years they had spent in the Mission work. But now the appropriation from that source only covers about one-half of the time so spent. Then, the General Conference by an enactment takes five per cent. of the income of this Board, to be invested to form a fund for use hereafter, whether the claims of claimants are met in full or not. Further, by the late Union, through labour being economized and better directed, fewer ministers were required to work the field formerly occupied by the two Churches. This has caused, with the ordinary wear of ministerial life always going on, a largely increased charge upon the fund, without a corresponding increase to meet it."

The clearest explanation, however, of the causes of the deficiency does not lessen its painful consequences. The reduction of twenty-five per cent. on an allowance which, when paid in full, is none too large, but rather the reverse, and which, in many cases, is almost the sole support of our aged veterans, worn out in the service of the Church, is a source of very serious embarrassment. Of the different plans which have been suggested by several brethren for the more adequate sustentation of the fund, the most feasible seems to us to be the assessment of a certain

minimum amount per member on each Circuit, as in the case of the Children's Fund. One brother estimates that an average payment of thirty cents per member, with the subscriptions of the ministers, would meet the claims on the fund in full, and with the large subscriptions which some pay, would largely increase it.

Such legislation, however, is the business of the General Conference. In the meantime, something should be done at once to meet the exigencies of the case. The Board, therefore, throws itself upon the tried liberality of our kind people. When the constitution and purpose of the fund are clearly explained, as we think they should be in the public congregation—Paul thought it no sacrilege to make the collections for the Saints at Jerusalem the subject of part of an inspired epistle—we are persuaded that our generous friends will endeavour to meet the pressing necessities of the case. There is no fund which appeals more strongly to their sympathies, or is more deservedly popular, than that for the support of the worn-out ministers, and the widows and orphans of those who have fallen in the field. It is not to be thought of without a pang, that these should be so deficient in their too scanty allowance, when a comparatively trivial contribution from each of our members would relieve the anxieties of many an aged veteran and minister's widow or orphan child. There is a great difference in the amounts raised for this purpose on different Districts. Some do remarkably well; others do comparatively little. Were all to do as well as the best, there would be no difficulty about the fund.

Brethren, let us bear one another's burdens. Let those that are strong

bear the infirmities of the weak, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

#### THE "LICENSED VICTUALLERS."

On what principle these gentlemen assume this designation it would be hard to say. It is the most flagrant abuse of words to call ale or beer, wine or whisky, victuals or food, for they contain, if any at all, only the most infinitesimal proportion of nutriment for the body. We suppose they feel it necessary to give a reputable name to a disreputable calling. They evidently feel alarmed at the growing convictions of the community of the pernicious character of the liquor traffic, and of the need of its restriction or suppression. There was, therefore, a grand rally of the tavern-keepers and their friends in this city, on the 7th of December, for the defence of their craft, which, like the image-makers of Ephesus, they felt to be in danger. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, says the French proverb,—“He who excuses accuses himself.” And certainly the flimsy defence, the paltry apology, the limping logic of the “Victuallers,” and the ablest advocate they could find, was the most emphatic condemnation of the guilty traffic in the most prolific source of the woes and sorrows and vices of mankind. Among the points urged were the following: That there were other excesses as bad as that of drinking, as in eating, and notably the excess in speaking of the temperance advocates. Beef and beer, we were told, made Great Britain what it is to-day,—especially the beer, we suppose. It was the beer-drinking English and whisky-drinking Irish and Scotch who won the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar. In spite of the amplest testimony to the contrary, it was averred that teetotallers, who were coarsely assailed as impostors and hypocrites, must inevitably deteriorate, individually and collectively. The Bible, we were informed, not only did not forbid, but permitted, nay, enjoined,

the use of strong drink, and Timothy was again made a stalking-horse for wine-bibbers and toppers. Murderers and other criminals, it was asserted, were more likely to be teetotallers than drinkers, because their crimes required steadiness of nerves.

So inconsequent and puerile were the arguments adduced, that one gentleman who avowed that for years he had been a moderate drinker, declared his resolve to become a total abstainer, and signed the pledge on the spot, thereby calling down upon himself a torrent of coarse abuse.

The cause of temperance was ably championed by the Rev. E. H. Dewart. If excess in anything else, he said, produced he evil that excess in liquor did, he would urge its prohibition at once. As to compensation for the vested interests involved, he would be in favour of it, if the liquor-dealers would undo the physical, moral, and social ruin they had wrought. As to the revenue aspects of the question, he showed that the traffic *produced* nothing, but the license system was merely an expensive mode of collecting a certain taxation, far outweighed by the resultant evils. The advocates of prohibition, he claimed, were actuated by the purest patriotism and philanthropy, while its opponents laid themselves open to the imputation of interested and mercenary motives.

In the interests of temperance the meeting was a grand success. The “Victuallers” covered themselves with ridicule, and exposed the indefensible weakness and wickedness of their cause.

#### THE EASTERN QUESTION.

We have recently had important utterances on this subject by prominent leaders of English thought. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Carlyle, and Mr. Freeman have avowed themselves strongly in favour of driving the Turk out of Europe altogether. In these views they have the sympathy of a large portion of the Liberal

party. Lord Beaconsfield and a number of his followers, although his party by no means generally support his policy, wish, if possible, to maintain the *status quo* of Turkey, even, if necessary, by the aid of British arms. Mr. Bright, in a recent eloquent address at Llandudno, in Wales, utterly deprecated England's going to war on account of the Turks at all; and, by cogent argument and burning words, demonstrated the impolicy, the inhumanity, and the wickedness of most of the wars in which England has been engaged during the last two hundred years. His words will, doubtless, have great weight with the nation. His appeal to the 50,000 preachers of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace, to use their influence for the prevention of bloodshed and war, was of great power and pathos. England, we trust, will never again lavish her best blood on behalf of the butchers of Bulgarian maids, matrons, and babes. May the holy Christmas-tide bring to the war-vexed nations assurances of peace on earth. And forbid it, Heaven! that the New Year should usher in fresh scenes of battle and slaughter and blood.

#### OUR MISSION WORK.

Since our last issue, the complete and official report of the meeting and public anniversary of the Missionary Board, at St. John, has come to hand. That meeting was the most important that has yet taken place in connection with the Missionary enterprise of our Church. The embarrassing question of the debt of the Society was met in the spirit of prudence, courage, and faith. Arrangements were made for the still more efficient organization and careful oversight of our Missionary operations, and for the most rigid economy of expenditure. Each Conference is requested to appoint an efficient deputation to go through the entire work, for the purpose of securing an increase of income. The utmost caution is to be observed in

taking up new Missions and in the erection of Mission premises. The change of form and method in the publication of the Annual Reports, alluded to in our last issue, will also, it is expected, effect a further saving.

But the chief retrenchment, it is thought, may be effected in the expenditure on Domestic Missions in old and well-settled parts of the country. On this Mr. Macdonald, the Missionary Treasurer, insisted, with great force and eloquence, in the anniversary meeting as well as in the committee. "Thousands of dollars," he said, "are spent every year in rich districts in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario, and Quebec;—in your best sections in New Brunswick, in the fertile valleys of Nova Scotia, and in the best farming districts of Ontario. And what benefit are we bestowing upon such Domestic or Home Missions? None whatever! We are doing them harm—infinite harm. We are demoralizing them! Do you want to find a broken-down, impoverished Church? Do you want to find a feeble cause? Do you want to find a sickly-religious people, without progression and without hope? Go to a Domestic Mission, in a good district, which has been in the receipt of Missionary money for twenty years. Such circuits only begin to prosper when they relinquish Missionary grants—when they begin to build churches, to increase their ministers' salaries, and find that, instead of being dependant upon the Missionary Society, they are able to contribute to its funds for the conversion of the heathen."

Alluding to the chivalric self-sacrifice of England's stainless knight, Sir Philip Sidney, lying wounded and parched with thirst on the bloody field of Zutphen, yet handing the water which was offered him to a dying soldier, with the sublime words: "Give it to him; his need is greater than mine," the speaker exclaimed: "How noble it would be if many of these circuits, abun-

dantly able to support the preaching of the Gospel among themselves, and yet yearly the recipients of Missionary money, would refuse any longer to take it, but would say, 'Send it to the heathen—they need it more than we!'"

The Missionary meetings already held throughout the Connexion, seem to have received an impetus from the earnest words and exhortations of the Board at St. John. After the most rigid scrutiny of the work, and the exercise of the utmost economy, the Board found that grants to the amount of \$167,955 for 1876-77, being an increase of \$13,239 beyond that of 1875-76, were necessary to carry on with proper efficiency the work of the Church. When it is remembered that among the items of income of last year was the unprecedented sum of \$10,000 in a single legacy, it will be apparent that very zealous and systematic efforts must be made on every Circuit and Mission to make the income of the year meet its expenditure, to say nothing of reducing the accumulated debt. We are sorry to know that the great Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, both North and South, is relatively far more burdened with debt than are we, and, as shown on another page, with an annually increasing deficit.

#### OUR FRENCH WORK.

Over a year ago we reviewed in this Magazine the Rev. L. N. Beaudry's very interesting autobiography, "The Spiritual Struggles of a Roman Catholic." In the Providence of God, our brother has been brought to labour in connection with our Church, among his fellow-countrymen and former co-religionists in Montreal. Very signal success has already been vouchsafed to his labours. In association with the Rev. E. DeGruchy and Madame Patenaude, both converts from Romanism, he has been carrying on an active evangelistic work in that city.

By tract distribution, visitation, preaching and Sunday-school work, a deep and wide-spread religious interest has been awakened among the French population. Already the capacity of the preaching-place has become too strait, and the urgent necessity is felt for more ample accommodation. The Ministers' Meeting of our churches in Montreal have sanctioned the project of the erection of a suitable French Methodist Church, and an appeal is made to the Methodists of the Dominion to assist in this important work. If our Church is to do her part in resisting the political aggressions of the most compact system of Romanism on the face of the earth—a system which threatens the stability, and welfare, and civil liberties of the commonweal, it will be by diffusing the energetic Protestant principles of free thought, and free speech, and unfettered religious inquiry among our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. Our devoted French Missionaries should be increased in number, and efficiently sustained by the sympathies and prayers and financial aid of the Church.

Our Educational projects will prove a most valuable auxiliary in this evangelistic work. We hope that no Methodist will be guilty of the crime, for crime we consider it, of exposing his daughter at the most susceptible and formative period of her mental history, to the perils of Romish and Romanizing institutions. Unhappily, a large proportion of the patronage of those institutions is that of Protestants; and, worse still, it is credibly averred that no less than seven-tenths of those girls, thus placed under the Jesuitical influence of Popery, become perverts from the faith of their fathers to the superstitions of Romanism. To obviate all necessity for this is the object of our several Female Colleges and of our French Educational Institute just erected at Sherbrooke.

The especial purpose of the latter is to furnish a thorough education,

under Protestant auspices, to those quick-witted French youths, who would be otherwise doomed to ignorance or to the Romanizing influence of the priests' schools. We trust that Bro. Charbonnel will be assisted in meeting the personal obligations which he has incurred in carrying out this important project—obligations which were incurred for the benefit of the Connexion and in reliance upon the co-operation and support of our liberal friends.

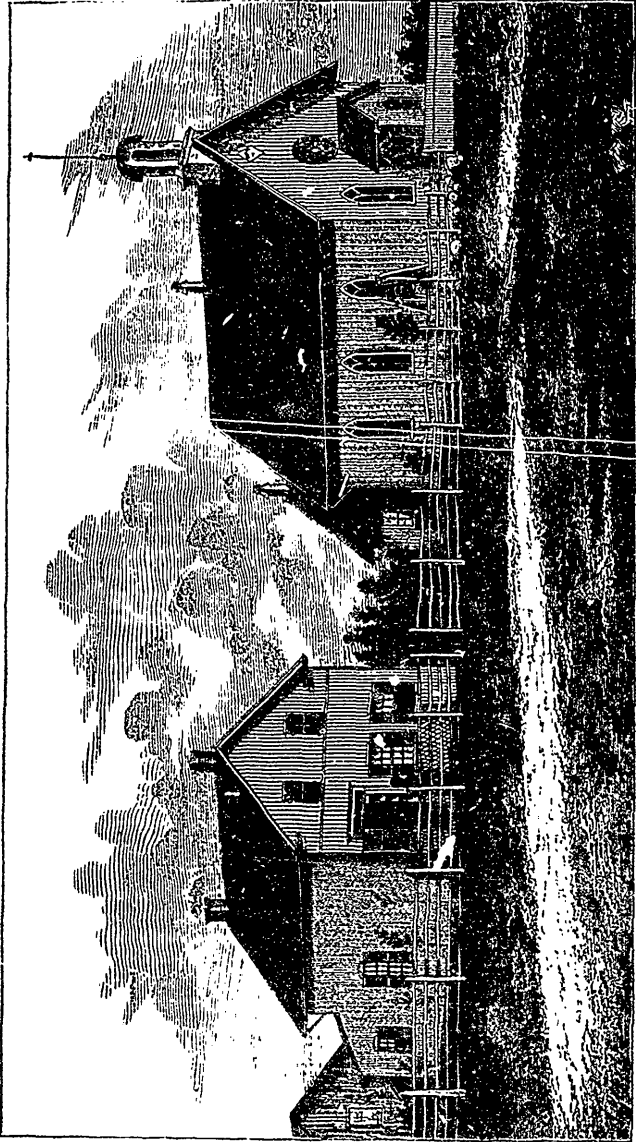
#### PERSONAL.

Our esteemed friend, Dr. Lachlin Taylor, better known, probably, throughout Canada in all the Churches than any other man, has, we understand, sailed from Great Britain, and may soon be welcomed by his numerous friends in this country. Shortly before leaving Scotland, the Dr. delivered, in the Parish Church of Inverary, an address on the Dominion, characterized by even more than his usual eloquence. The Marquis of Lorne, the Queen's son-in-law, presided on the occasion, and paid a very complimentary tribute to the Doctor's admirable address. The report of the proceedings was gotten up in very elegant style and submitted to Her Gracious Majesty. We are proud that our country was so well represented on that, and on many similar occasions, as it has been by Dr. Taylor, whose able services have laid, not only the Government, but every loyal Canadian under great obligation.

#### FIGURE HEADS.

In our daily walk, we often pass a

fruit stall, where a mechanical figure worked by springs or concealed machinery, is industriously turning a crank, which communicates motion to a rotating drum in which peanuts, or something of the sort is roasting. It is amusing to observe with what an air of strenuous effort the figure toils at its task, as though working for dear life. No unapt illustration is this, of certain fussy characters whom we meet in life. To look at them, you would think that the great movements of the age depended upon their individual efforts, that if they ceased to toil, the world would stand still. But in reality the work is done by concealed labourers. They are only the figure-heads, used as an advertisement and for outside show. It were a pity to disturb the complacency of these gentlemen, so much do they enjoy their dignity; but, we confess to feeling a certain satisfaction at witnessing how helplessly and aimlessly the automaton creatures move, when the concealed machinery, the real source of power, becomes deranged. But, on the other hand, so that real work be done, those that do it very often do not greatly care to whom the credit is ascribed. Our individual anxiety should not be to be mere genteel ciphers in society, deriving a factitious value from our relations to some sturdy digit; but to be rather the efficient factor in the work, whatever it is, in which we are engaged. "Where is thy work?" says Carlyle, "what hast thou done? Soon that will be the sole question with thee, henceforth and forever."



METHODIST MISSION PREMISES—"GRACE CHURCH," WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



## GRACE CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

THE following summary, with reference to this Mission, is from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Wood:—

The Mission was begun by the Rev. George Young, in 1868. Bro. Young gave up his pastoral charge of the Richmond Street Church and congregation, Toronto, and the Chairmanship of the District, in response to an invitation to begin this new enterprise. True, there had for a long time been Wesleyan Missionaries to the west and north of Fort Garry, the former one thousand miles away, and the latter five hundred, but these principally laboured among the Cree and Stoney Indians. A change in the relationship of these vast territories, from the Honourable Hudson Bay Company to the Home Government and the Dominion of Canada, would naturally throw open for immediate settlement the fine lands on the Red River and Assiniboine, with other attractive sections, now embraced in the Province of Manitoba; to prepare for this movement, Bro. Young began his labours.

A valuable and commodious site, in what will become a city of large dimensions, was generously presented to the Society by the Honourable Hudson Bay Company, and on this, with indefatigable labour, and for

the first two years with a good deal of social inconvenience to his family, Bro. Young erected "Grace Church," with its school-room, and comfortable parsonage and out-buildings. The heavy frame of timber between the two buildings bears up a fine-toned bell, given by the Sabbath-school at Oshawa, as the inscription cast upon the external surface points out. This bell pealed forth its notes of welcome when Colonel Wolseley and the British troops marched into Winnipeg to put down the Riel rebellion.

In the year just closed there were eight Methodist ministers among the settlers in Manitoba. In the past seven years eight sanctuaries have been built, societies organized, and the ordinances of religion maintained with much regularity. The grasshopper plague has diminished the ability of the people to sustain the cost of these Missions, but we are anticipating more fruitful harvests, and a tide of greater prosperity pervading the whole Province. Attached to the sanctuaries and "preaching places" are three hundred and one Church members.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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### WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

The annual Missionary Meeting for the two London Districts was recently held in Exeter Hall, which was crowded. A new feature in the meeting was a choir of five hundred children, selected from various Sunday-schools in the metropolis. The singing added not a little to the interest of the meeting. It might be well to utilize the services of our

children more than we do at Missionary Meetings.

Revival Missions, preceded by Conventions, have been numerous. Those of London probably excited the greatest attention. The preliminary meetings at City Road were seasons of hallowed enjoyment. An entire day was set apart to conversation respecting the children and young people. Our fathers are paying increased attention to their

young people, and are adopting vigorous measures for securing their conversion in early life. The Sunday-schools, as at present conducted, will become a powerful agency in revival movements.

Dr. Jobson has lately visited Germany and Switzerland with a view to recruit his health, but he embraced the opportunity of visiting the Missionaries stationed in those countries, and his letter published in the *Notices* proves that he was no idle spectator. He is very favourably impressed with the position of Methodism in the land of Luther. He pleads earnestly for the erection of a good church at Stuttgart, and promises one hundred pounds for the building fund.

The foundation of a new Wesleyan church was recently laid at Leyton, in honour of Mary, wife of the seraphic John Fletcher. Leyton was the scene of Miss Bosanquet's zealous labours prior to her marriage with Mr. Fletcher.

A new church is also about to be erected at Oxford, which will cost some \$40,000. All the Methodist churches in that collegiate city are of an inferior description, and now that a great number of Methodist youths are in attendance at the University, of which, it will be remembered, John Wesley was a Fellow—it is indispensable that means should be adopted to retain them in connection with the Church of their fathers.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The statistical returns from the various Conferences, for the year 1876, report that the net increase of lay members is 61,508. There is a decrease in the Conference collections of \$130,036.

The General Missionary Committee held its Annual Meeting in New York. The net indebtedness of the treasury, November 1st, was \$151,746.56. The liabilities have increased in one year \$76,792.72. The appropriations for 1877 have been cut down to \$500,000, with \$100,000

towards the indebtedness. The *Missionary Advocate*, which during the past year cost nearly \$17,000, is to be discontinued.

#### METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Bishop McIntyre has recently been holding the Indian Mission Conference, which was a season of more than ordinary enjoyment. The great Seneca tribe, so famous in history, is reduced to about nineteen men, with their families. The gospel has done great things for the tribes of the territory. The *Weekly Cherokee Advocate* prints three pages in English, and one in the vernacular. Their laws are enacted in English, and then translated back into their own tongues. All their schools teach English.

The work of union among Methodists progresses. The decisions of the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Churches has given almost universal satisfaction. Already some grand fraternal meetings have been held, and appearances indicate that the two Churches will henceforth have regular fraternal exchanges.

Eleven Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church have concurred in calling a general convention for 1877, to consummate a union with the Methodist Church. Both of these bodies are now Episcopal Methodist branches, which were separated by the slavery question.

#### THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The sixty-seventh Annual Meeting was recently held at Hartford, Conn. Four thousand people were present. The first meeting of the Board was held in 1810, at which only five persons were present. It is now one of the most efficient and extensive Missionary organizations of the world. Its record is a noble one. If it had done nothing more than the Chris-

tianization of the Sandwich Islands, it would have accomplished a work which must have placed it among the most honoured Missionary institutions of the nineteenth century.

Its principal Missions are in the Turkish Empire, India and Ceylon, China, Japan, Micronesia, Africa, the Papal Lands, and among the North American Indians. It employs 1,488 labourers, of whom 388 are from the United States. The rest are natives. Fifty-eight of the Missionaries are children of Missionaries, who are treading in their fathers' footsteps. There are twenty-three boarding-schools for girls, with seven hundred and thirty-two scholars. There are eleven training and theological schools, with three hundred and sixty-five scholars.

The receipts for the year are \$465,442, a falling off of \$10,586. The debt has been reduced to \$31,050. Since the Board began its work in 1810, with about a \$1,000 income, it has received and expended about sixteen millions of dollars, an average of nearly a quarter of a million a year. The first Chinese pastor in connection with the Board was recently ordained.

#### PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Board received during the past year \$295,000, expended \$309,451, and is indebted \$72,705.

Henry W. Lyle, a deaf mute, was recently ordained a deacon, by Bishop Stevens, at Philadelphia. This was the first ordination of a deaf mute which has ever taken place in a Christian Church.

The Church Missionary Society proposes to appoint qualified natives from the interior of Africa for Christian labour among the 50,000 Mohammedan traders, who yearly visit Sierra Leone, and Lagos, on the coast.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has authorized the formation of the dioceses of Rupert's Land, Moonsony, Athabasca, and Saskatchewan, into an ecclesiastical province,

of which the Bishop of Rupert's Land shall be the Metropolitan.

The second grand Pan-Anglican Synod is to be held at Lambeth Palace, July, 1878.

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that in the last forty years \$150,000,000 have been expended by members of the Church of England in the restoration of the old churches, and on the building of new ones.

The Bishop of Northern Texas, U.S., has issued a call for two itinerants in the wild south-west of his jurisdiction, for work that will demand special gifts. "Scant income and, small sympathy, wearing solitude and long, lonely journeys, poor food and poor shelter," he says, "are to be dreaded."

#### REVIVALS.

While there are several evangelists labouring in various parts of the world, the chief interest seems to be felt in the labours of Messrs. Moody and Sankey at Chicago. At the time of writing they have been labouring in that city some nine weeks, and the interest is, if possible, greater than when they began. Thousands flock daily to hear the Word, and overflow meetings are frequently held.

The influence has extended to places beyond Chicago. Several adjacent towns are now being visited with "showers of blessing."

#### THE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

At Great St. James Street, Montreal, were a grand success—far ahead of anything previously achieved, notwithstanding the unparalleled commercial depression. The admirable Missionary organization, especially among the Sunday-school scholars, results in very, very large and liberal subscriptions.

The Missionary Anniversaries at Hamilton and elsewhere have been very successful, and demonstrate a growing intelligent sympathy with our Missionary operation.

## THE DEATH ROLL.

English Methodism mourns the death of the Rev. Alfred Barrett, who, though he has lived in retirement for some years, was revered and beloved as a faithful minister. He was for eight years Governor of Richmond College, and was the author of some works of great practical value.

Rev. S. D. Waddy, D.D., one of the ex-Presidents, has also joined the company of the redeemed in heaven. For many years he occupied a prominent place among his brethren. He had paid considerable attention to the cultivation of his mind, and took great interest in education. Wesley College, Sheffield, of which he was for several years the Governor, was not a little indebted to him for its prosperity. He leaves behind him a son who is a Queen's Counsellor, and an M.P. A younger son is in the ministry.

Our Methodist Episcopal brethren mourn the death of Dr. Durbin, who has been designated "the Prince of Missionary Secretaries." He was a great man in whatever department he might be placed. The Missions of the Church are largely indebted to him for their extension. In his palmy days, he went from Conference to Conference advocating their claims, and there is no city, and but few towns in the United States in which his eloquent voice has not been heard on behalf of the Missions of the Church.

In our own Church, Rev. R. Garry has been called home after an illness of only four days. For forty years he had been employed in calling sinners to repentance.

As we go to press we learn with deep regret of the death of the Rev. Ezekiel Richardson, at Edwarsburg. We have received no particulars concerning his death, but it seems to have been rather sudden.

## YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Meeting for the Mari-

time Provinces was held at Amherst, Nova Scotia, and was a season of great religious enjoyment. Rev. R. A. Temple, President of the Methodist Conference, attended, and delivered a very eloquent address. The young men are doing a good work.

An Association has been formed at Milwaukee, the members of which are exerting themselves greatly on behalf of the religious welfare of the Germans in that city. There is great need for evangelistic labours in that city. Its population exceeds 100,000, two-thirds, at least, of whom are foreigners.

An Association has been formed at Beyrout, Syria, which is carrying on active Missionary work among the Mohammedans and other religious sects. Similar societies have also been organized in Damascus, Nazareth, and Zahleh.

The Association at Melbourne, Australia, has erected a building at a cost of \$30,000. At Geelong, there is an Association of one hundred and twenty-one members, who are doing successful work.

In Philadelphia, the members of the Association held Gospel Meetings in the evenings, at the Atlas, Grand Exposition, and Elm Avenue Hotels, during the Centennial.

The St. George's Association, Montreal, have been very successful in their Mission work, and some of the stations at which they held services have become distinct parish Churches with ministers of their own.

The extension of Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the Protestant world is a hopeful sign of the times. Ten years ago there was but one Young Women's Christian Association in the United States. To-day there are forty-seven; sixteen of this number are the possessors of propriety valued at \$1,000,000.

Sometime ago, Rev. W. Muirhead, a Missionary in China, visited Japan,

and wrote thus respecting his visit : "It is an interesting fact that Christianity is making its way, especially among the better classes in Japan, and there are many who have accepted Christianity in the love and power of it, and are now illustrating its holy requirements in their lives and labours. They not only observe

its quiet and passive virtues, but no less carry out its active and energetic spirit. Schools have been established in all directions, and are extensively sought after by all classes, and the interest in foreign learning seems to obtain in regard to the Bible, and Christian books generally."

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## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Religious Life of London.* By J. EWING RITCHIE. 8vo., pp. 386. London : Tinsley Brothers. Toronto : S. Rose.

London is a microcosm of the world. Here the forces of good and evil are more active than probably any place else on the face of the earth. Amid abounding iniquity grace much more abounds. Nowhere, we believe, do the pulses of religious life and energy more strongly throb.

What especially strikes a traveller from the New World, from the free air and religious equality of Canada, is the overwhelming prestige, and social influence, and enormous wealth of the State Church. It possesses 700 religious edifices and 2,100 regular clergy in London. In the sixty years' reign of George III., only six new churches were erected. Within ten years near ten million dollars have been raised for church extension, and hundreds of churches have been built. Yet many of the old churches are almost deserted. In fourteen churches, with an annual income of over \$10,000 each, the average congregation was only 11½ persons.

The Church of England has exhibited great activity in Missionary work, and the employment of lay agents in open air and theatre preaching. The churches of all denominations are centres of extraordinary social and moral activity—truly lights in a dark place.

It is the long-despised and down-

trodden Dissenters, however, who are the bulwark of Protestantism and of religious liberty. One of the most numerous dissenting bodies, though less pronounced in its dissent than others, is the Wesleyan Methodists, whose recent progress at the metropolis has been very rapid. To them our author applies the words of Tertullian about the primitive Christians: "They are but of yesterday, yet have filled the world." He gives an account of a watch-night service in the historic City Road Chapel, a Methodist custom, which has been followed by nearly all the Churches. There are over 250 Methodist churches in London, the majority of which are Wesleyan.

There are in London a good many endowed crotchets, as the Seventh Day Baptists and other mummied sects, that maintain a semblance of life without any social or religious influence. There are fifteen Unitarian churches. Of this sect were Sir Charles Lyell, Lord Amberly, Charles Dickens, and other *litterati*.

The Moravians, who trace their pedigree back through Zinzendorf and Huss, to Theodorus and Cyril, still subsist in Fetter Lane, where Baxter and Wesley worshipped with them.

The Swedenborgians seem to have had special attractions for artists. Blake, Flaxman, and Power were of this sect. Fletcher of Madely had a strong admiration of the remarkable Swede.

Among the minor sects noticed are the Peculiar People, only 40 in number; the Sandemanians, of whom Faraday was one; the followers of Joanna Southcott, whose story is one of the most remarkable in the history of delusion.

Mormonism, with its promise of an earthly paradise, has strange attractions for the work-worn masses; and Spiritualism finds its votaries even among the titled and scientific world.

The advanced religionists, secularists, and Church of Progress, are generally little cliques and coteries that meet for esthetic culture and abstract discussions; their religious or philanthropic influence on the masses is absolutely nil.

A survey of the religious life of London afresh illustrates the truth that the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, is the power of God unto salvation—the only voice that can turn the masses of a city, as great and as wicked as Nineveh, to repentance and faith.

*Social Pressure.* By SIR ARTHUR HELPS, K.C.B. 12mo., pp. 412. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1875.

This book is rather disappointing. From its title and its opening pages, one is led to expect a discussion of the important social problems arising out of the growth of great cities, and the aggregation of large populations within limited areas. But the author presently glides off into the abstract treatment of such irrelevant topics as Intrusiveness, Over Publicity, Vulgarity, Ridicule, and the Uniform Extent of Human Folly. Of course the essays, like everything from Sir Arthur's polished pen, are beautifully written. The style is as pure and sparkling as a mountain brook. The subsequent discussion of the topics by the cultivated interlocutors, Ellesmere, Milverton, Cramer, and the ladies, is a charming way of expressing varieties of opinions on the various subjects. But the subjects, except for a short time,

are not the one we are anxious to hear discussed. We wonder, too, that such a veteran book-maker as Sir Arthur Helps would allow this volume to go forth without either index or table of contents—without which a book is like a knife without a handle.

Among the evils of great cities pointed out in the opening pages, are the waste of physical power, animal and human, which they involve; the loss of health, time, and comfort; the impure air and water; the fragmentary and discrete society; the difficulties in the exercise of charity, and its liability to abuse; the crowded spaces, the noise, the hurry and the worry of city life. But there are graver evils than these upon which we would like to have heard the sage opinions of Sir Arthur and his friends; and no subject more urgently demands the efforts of the social philosopher than their mitigation or removal.

We are glad to find that Milverton's ideas on the Federation of the Empire agree with those which we have lately expressed. "I have always thought," he says, "that colonies are an enormous advantage to the nation—an absolutely unspeakable advantage. . . . The main error that we have committed is that we have not sufficiently associated the colonies with the Imperial Government. The fountains of honour should have been as freely open to them as to ourselves. There should have been colonial peers and colonial privy counsellors. The wonderful increase in our time of rapidity of locomotion, favours this view. . . . Our policy should be, by every means in our power, to keep up the strictest possible union with the colonies, so that we might avail ourselves of the attachment of each and all of them, for the aid and protection of any one which might, for the moment, be in danger. The time may come when we may greatly desire the existence of such attachment."

On the subject of an Imperial Parliament, with self-government by local assemblies, also treated in a recent number, Mr. Brodrick, in a late volume of "Cobden Club Essays," makes the following suggestive remarks:—"The National Legislature would be relieved of the weight of purely local business, which is now proving greater than it can bear; and, without encroaching on the province of Imperial sovereignty, local government (in Great Britain he means) might once more become a great constitutional power, intermediate between the State and the individual citizen: the permanent bulwark of social order, and the national school of civil liberty."

Thus we see opinion is ripening in many directions towards the organization of a great Britannic Federation.

*The Moon: Her Motions, Aspect, Scenery, and Physical Condition.*  
By RICHARD PROCTOR, B.A. Cr. 8vo., pp. 384. New York: D. Appleton. Methodist Book Rooms.

There is a strange fascination in the study of our nearest neighbour among the heavenly bodies—so near and yet so far, so mysterious, so little known after ages of unwearied questioning. This book is probably the most complete treatise, which, in a popular manner, discusses this subject.

The best telescopes bring the moon, for observational purposes, practically within forty miles of the earth. Mr. Proctor gives several fine photographs and engravings of the rugged volcanic scenery, the frightful precipices and gorges that even to the naked eyes mottle the whiteness of her face. It is evidently a lifeless waste, a burned out, blasted world. At mid-noon of its long month-day its rocky surface glows with the heat of 500° Fahrenheit; and at midnight it is chilled by frightful rigours of frost. The huge orb of the earth, hanging in her sky, turns round successively her mighty

continents and seas, but there is no eye to note their wondrous scenery. Mr. Proctor thinks that the gigantic scars that have pitted, as with a frightful smallpox, the face of the moon, may have been caused by the rain of huge meteors upon her viscid surface, and that the ridges, hundreds of miles long, were caused by the shrinkage and crumpling of her rock-ribbed sides. Her oceans and atmosphere, if she ever had any, may have retired within huge caverns in her interior. In opposition to the nebular hypothesis, our author conceives that our solar system was formed by the collision and aggregation of meteors attracted from space, as shown in his "Other Worlds than Ours." But whence came the original meteors?

*Words: Their Use and Abuse.* By WILLIAM MATTHEWS, LL.D. Cr. 8vo., pp. 384. S. C. Griggs & Co.; Methodist Book Room.

The study of words is a very fascinating one, and is every year receiving more and more attention. It reveals living forces and hidden treasures in language before undreamt of, and gives increased facility and skill in the use of these ministers of thought. At the same time no study is so apt, unless it be guided by sound judgment, to lead to false and even absurd conclusions.

Prof. Matthews' book is one of the best we have seen on the subject; but some of his derivations are fantastic and far-fetched, and some of them are altogether erroneous. For instance, he derives *menial* from the Norman *meinez*, many. Much better is that given by Blackstone in his Commentaries—from *mænia*, walls, tropically a house. Of this derivation both Johnson and Webster seem unaware. Neither is *sincere* derived "from the practice of filling up flaws in furniture with wax, whence *sine cera* came to mean pure, not vamped up or adulterated." It is rather from the practice of straining the wax out of honey, which was then *sine cera*,

unmixed, as "sincere milk of the Word," and, at length, unfeigned. There are also much better derivations of *cant*, *woman*, and several other words, than those here given. The book, however, is exceedingly interesting and instructive, and quickens our apprehension of the hidden beauties and depths of meaning of our common words, and of their clustering associations, often going back to the dawn of historic time and to the cradle lands of the race.

*The Prattler. A Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls.* Toronto: Belford Bros.; Methodist Book Rooms. 8vo., pp. 366; cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00.

The enterprising firm of Belford Brothers have inaugurated a new epoch in the business of book publishing in Canada. Their first year's list comprises over sixty volumes, several of them large and sumptuously illustrated. The fine paper, good printing, and elegant binding of these books are a credit to Canadian workmanship. The impetus given to native industry by the execution of this work in this city is very great. Many hands have been employed, and thousands of dollars have thus been expended among us; and, what is better still, a taste for buying and reading good books has been largely cultivated in the community. The success of this venture seems to indicate that even without protection, (for the five per cent. duty on books is a merely nominal tax,) the Canadian book trade is able to compete with the great publishing houses of Great Britain and the United States. We have especial pleasure in calling attention to the volume now under review as a specimen of the printing of our Connexional establishment. With the improved Adams' press our skilful pressman, Mr. Carney, is able to do work that will compare with the very best that can be done anywhere. The numerous illustrations are brought out with a clear-

ness of definition and delicacy of shading that is quite artistic.

*Popular Science Monthly.* New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Among the contents of the January number of this valuable Monthly are—"The Earlier Forms of Life," by Professor Hitchcock, in which the discoveries of Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, are duly recognized; "Theories of Primitive Marriage," by Herbert Spencer; the third of Professor Huxley's lectures on Evolution, which are not nearly so satisfactory a treatment of the subject as we were led to anticipate;—if these are the strongest arguments for Evolution that its chief priest can adduce, the verdict, we think, must be "Not Proven;"—Prof. Martin on the Study of Biology; an interesting explanation of the Parallel Roads of Glenroy; Prof. Draper on Science in America; Dr. Farquharson on Mental Overwork—a much-needed warning to brain-workers; an important paper by Dr. Maudsley on the Medical Profession in Modern Thought; a chapter on Sharks, and a sketch and portrait of Sir Wm. Thompson. Many of these articles are illustrated, and, although we dissent from some of their conclusions, ancient wisdom urges us to hear both sides, and to learn even from an enemy.

*The Prince of Wales in India; or, From Pall Mall to the Punjab.* By J. DREW GAY, Special Correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph. Crown 8vo., pp. 364. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1.00. Toronto: Belford Bros.; Methodist Book Room.

Almost like the progress of a conquering hero, of a Cyrus or an Alexander, but with bloodless laurels, and winning the love, not the hate of the native races, was the visit of the heir of Britain's crown to the "gorgeous Inde." But the details of the triumphs of those early conquerors is lost in oblivion, "*carent quia vult*



*sacro*," which may be freely rendered—"because they were unrecorded by the ready pen of the special correspondent." By means of the vivid descriptions of Mr. Gay, and the graphic illustrations by which they are accompanied, we may accompany the Prince to Bombay, Poona, Baroda, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Delhi, Cashmere, Gwalior, and Allahabad. We may visit the ivory palaces, the stately temples, the royal fetes of that wonder-land of the world, since the time of Thales,—the cradle of ancient wisdom, the abode of barbaric pomp and squalid misery. The Prince's visit will, doubtless, be of considerable social and political benefit; but to our unsportsmanlike taste, there was rather much tiger-shooting, cheetah-hunting, elephant-fighting, and the like amusements. We think, also, that he somewhat compromised his dignity in visiting the temple of the sacred monkeys, in witnessing the exhibition of the holy tooth of Buddha, the dances of the

nautch girls, and the cruel sports of Baroda. They were in the programme, however, and are all graphically described in Mr. Gay's interesting volume.

*One Summer.* By MISS HOWARD.  
*Helen's Babies.* Toronto: Bedford Brothers.

These are two dainty little 16mo. books, handsomely printed and bound. The first gives an account of the social experiences of a tourist party on the New England seacoast. It abounds in sprightly writing and sparkling repartee; but the conversations are almost too brilliant and epigrammatic to be quite natural. The second book is a very clever delineation of childhood—its innocence and winsomeness, and, alas, its mischief-making, cause many a smile, and, perchance, a tear to those, the sunny days of whose childhood lie many a year behind them. It is charmingly gotten up in blue and gold.

## Tabular Record of Recent Deaths.

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

NAME.	RESIDENCE.	CIRCUIT.	AGE	DATE.
Emma Edmunds . . . . .	Watford . . . . .	Watford, O. . . . .	18	Sept. 2, 1876.
John Garton . . . . .	Thornhill . . . . .	Yonge St. Cen., O . . . . .	71	" 13, "
William Mitchell . . . . .	Warwick . . . . .	Watford, O. . . . .	91	" 19, "
Miles Wilkenson . . . . .	Toronto . . . . .	Toronto 4th, O. . . . .	48	" 23, "
Elizabeth A. Mason . . . . .	Williamsburgh . . . . .	Cartwright, O. . . . .	60	Oct. 2, "
Rebecca Furse . . . . .	Glasgow . . . . .	Glasgow, P.Q. . . . .	47	" " "
John Dexter . . . . .	Ohio . . . . .	Shelburne, N.S. . . . .	75	" 3, "
Sarah Falt . . . . .	Petite Riviere. . . . .	Nova Scotia. . . . .	79	" 12, "
James Anderson . . . . .	Arthur . . . . .	Arthur, O. . . . .	73	" 16, "
James M. Lake . . . . .	Fortune . . . . .	Fortune, N. F. . . . .	44	" 23, "
Rev. R. Garry . . . . .	Washago . . . . .	Morrison, O. . . . .	73	" 31, "
Ann Darling . . . . .	Burgoyne . . . . .	Arkwright . . . . .	33	" " "
Fred. H. Clarke . . . . .	Canning . . . . .	Canning, N.S. . . . .	24	Nov. 2, "
Mrs. Clement . . . . .	Toronto . . . . .	Toronto 2nd, O. . . . .	55	" 3, "
George Perry . . . . .	New Canaan . . . . .	Havelock, N.B. . . . .	85	" 5, "
John H. Marshall . . . . .	Halifax . . . . .	Halifax N., N.S. . . . .	52	" 8, "
Joseph James . . . . .	West York . . . . .	Yonge St. S., O. . . . .	63	" 20, "

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

# "Here am I; Send me."

*Andante.*

MUSIC BY CHAS. F. HANSON.

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus crying, Who will go to work to-day? Fields are white and harvest

waiting, Who will bear the sheaves away? Loud and strong the Master calleth, Rich re-

-ward He of-fers thee; Who will an-swer, gladly saying, Here am I,—send me, send

me, Who will an-swer, gladly saying, Here am I, send me, send me.

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
 And the heathen lands explore,  
 You can find the heathen nearer,  
 You can help them at your door;  
 If you cannot give your thousands,  
 You can give the widow's mite;  
 And the least you do for Jesus,  
 Will be precious in His sight. :||

3 Let none hear you idly saying,  
 "There is nothing I can do,"  
 While the souls of men are dying,  
 And the Master calls for you,  
 Take the task He gives you gladly,  
 Let His work your pleasure be;  
 Answer quickly when He calleth,  
 "Here am I; send me, send me." :||