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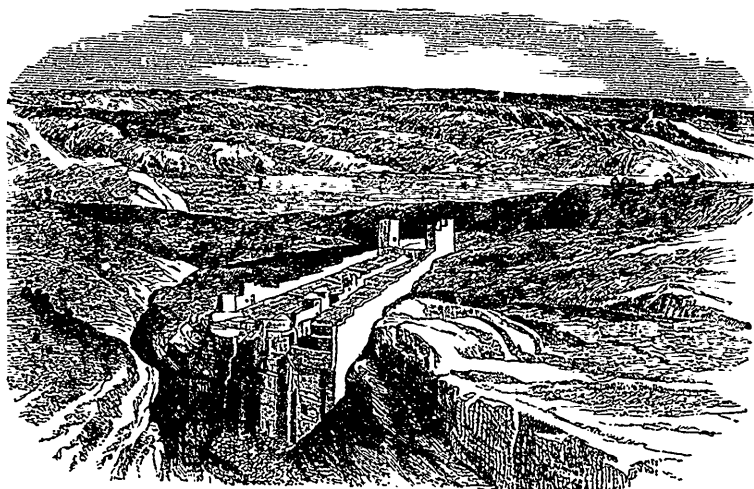
THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1884.

THE LORD'S LAND.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A., B.D.

III.



CONVENT OF MAR SABA.

THE ride to Mar Saba is over hill and dale, and through wild and barren scenery. The dominion of sterility and weird desolation is complete and undisputed; lonely mountains and dark ravines, rough bleak spurs of rocks, sharp ridges, and awful chasms, with now and then a glimpse of the Dead Sea, with the purple cliffs of the Moab mountains looming up in the distant background. After three hours' ride from Bethlehem, the Convent of Mar Saba is reached. This convent stands on the west side of a deep gorge of the Kedron, whose precipitous rock walls rise hundreds of feet in height, and the monastery is one of the

weirdest, most curious structures one was ever in. This lofty, and extraordinary pile rises in terraces, on the sides of the precipice, which here takes the form of an amphitheatre, and, amid the bewildering labyrinths of caves and cells, winding stairs, corridors, natural cavities and constructed chambers, you can scarcely tell which is rock and which is dwelling. There is such a getting up and down stairs, such a winding through labyrinths and chapels, and through cells and hanging gardens—in one of which a solitary palm tree is shown that was planted by St. Saba, in the fourth century, and is now nearly one thousand five hundred years old. We first make a descent by vague and wild passages and stairs, down this convent castle, into a queer open court, in front of the church. The church, after the Byzantine order, is most splendid—blazing with gold and silver, and ornamental lamps, and covered with pictures, sacred banners, and Greek inscriptions. The founder of the convent was a native of Cappadocia, a man of great sanctity, who came to this spot of wild, weird grandeur,—so perfectly adapted to the taste of an anchorite—founded his establishment about A.D. 483, drew around him thousands of followers, and lived and ruled within these walls for half a century. Here is a chapel, in which are shown the skulls and bones of thousands of the monks of this order, who were slain by the Persian hordes. A ghastly array of skeletons are these bones of fourteen thousand martyrs. The seventy monks now here seem “jolly good fellows,” but they must have a lonely time of it, burrowing in their holes, never eating meat, and subjecting themselves to the severest austerities. No woman is allowed ever to enter the convent. No female has ever seen the inside of these walls. Miss Martineau says: “The monks are too holy to be hospitable;” but they have an outside building constructed for special emergencies, and when there is a woman in the party wishing to spend the night in the convent, she, poor creature, is forced to mount a high ladder into an upper window, when the ladder is taken away, and she is secure and secured for the night.

Passing out of the ponderous gates of the convent, we mounted our horses and rode a mile or two along the Valley of the Kedron, to our camping-place. Its deep and rocky sides are burrowed with holes and caverns, once filled with hermits, who were wout to retire from the world to fast and pray in imitation of Christ.

No choicer spot for monks and hermits could be imagined, than around the stupendous cliffs of this wild, deep gorge; and these abounding caverns—now the homes of owls and bats—were once alive with anchorites, who sought to escape the pollutions and degradations of the world around them, in a life of seclusion and poverty, simplicity and piety.

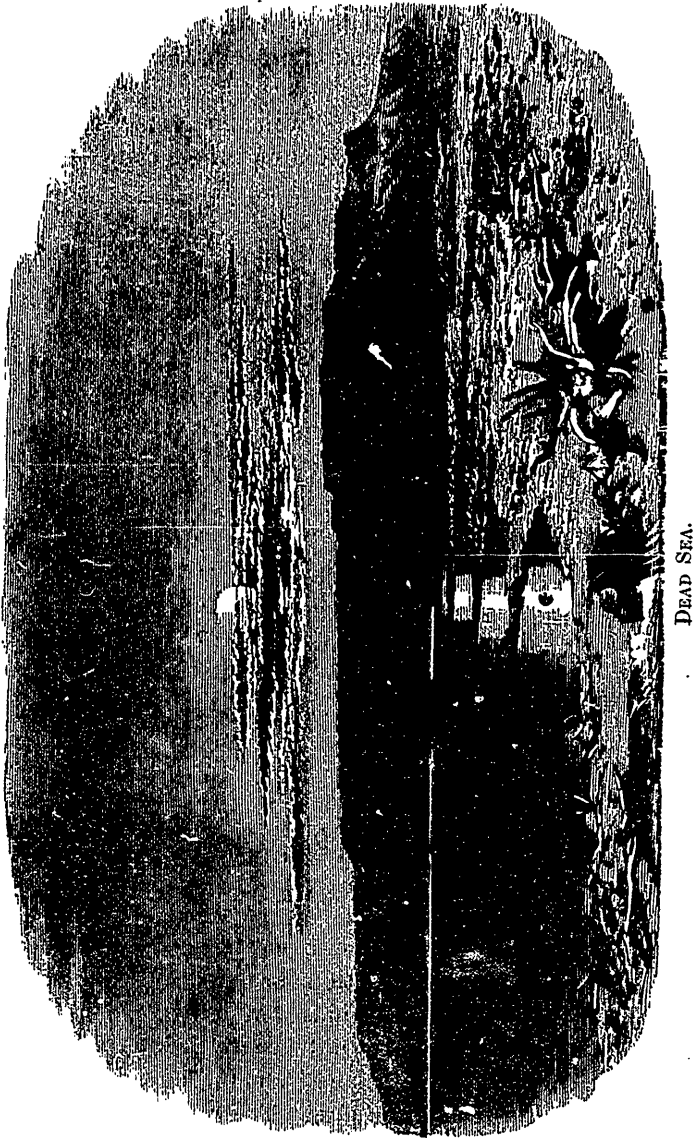
We encamped in a desolate and wonderful gorge—the Wady-en-Nar, or Valley of Fire, as the Kedron is here called—and that



WIND STORM.

night a terrible storm burst upon us. The lightning flashed, and lit up the wild landscape; the thunder rolled and shook the hills; the rain fell in torrents; the winds were let loose, and swept the canvas tents. Our poor Arab attendants fled terrified towards the caves, crying, "Allah! Allah!" and the dragomen could with difficulty keep them at their post. The order went round that none were to undress. There was a running from tent to tent, and a strengthening of the stakes; but the storm passed, leaving us unharmed; and though during the night the rain descended, we were perfectly dry and secure.

Next morning we made a long and tedious ascent to the summit of the mountains, and there burst upon us one of the



DEAD SEA.

grandest views in all Palestine. Below us, the mountainous undulations we had passed, with their wild and desolate ravines and ridges. Before us the blue and rugged chain of the Moab

mountains, their feet washed by that "great and melancholy marvel," the Dead Sea; far away the Jordan Valley, with its line of verdure; and, in the distance, rose notable peak after peak, until the eye rested on snowy Hermon, its white, glittering summit set against the distant sky. The entire length and breadth of the land was clearly discerned, and we were filled with wonder that a country so small and circumscribed should have exercised so potent and imperishable an influence on the destinies of humanity. Yet here it is—the land of patriarchs and of prophets, the land of Immanuel!

Now we descend into the valley of the Jordan to the northern shore of the Dead Sea, passing here and there in our windings down the hills and through the pasture land of the tents of Kedar, which, in the distance, look like black, circular rings. The sea, usually calm and placid, was disturbed by the wind, and the great waves lashed the shore. But we were all eager for a dip, and plunged in. The waves rolled over us. How the water made the eyes smart, and the whole body tingle! It filled our mouth. Ugh! What a taste of potassium, sodium, magnesium, asphaltum, and the decayed sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah! That pungently, acrid, nauseous, detestable taste, salt, bitter, sulphurous; that unpleasant, sticky, glutinous stuff, making the body burn and smart, inflaming the eyes, stiffening the hair and setting "each particular hair on end!" We were not able to ascertain the boyant property of the waters, for swimming was impossible, but we noticed the great specific gravity by the weight and violence of the waves. It has been ascertained by careful analysis that while sea-water contains less than four per cent. of salts, fully twenty-five per cent. of this water consists of various salts. Most mysterious of seas! Covering a superficial area of two hundred and fifty miles, its surface thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean; its deepest bed is at least twenty-six hundred below the sea-level, a phenomenon without parallel. It has no outlet, and though receiving the waters of the Jordan and other smaller mountain torrents, its mighty cauldron is never filled to overflowing, and it never rises more than a few feet above the average level. The sea lies in a deep trough and shut in by lofty cliffs of barren limestone; exposed to the unclouded beams of the sun the evaporation is so rapid that the supply of water never exceeds the demand. It is

destitute of all animal and piscine life. The beach is strewn with branches and trunks of trees brought down by the streams into the sea, and then, after tossing on the bitter waters, driven by the violence of the waves on the shore; but not a tree, or flower, or blade of grass, or shell can be found along this northern shore. A strange gloom seems to hang over this land of saltness



CLIFFS OF DEAD SEA.

and sea of death. How awful the associations connected with it! We cannot keep out of mind that fearful catastrophe, when the clouds of Divine indignation gathered, and "the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire."

We rode another hour over the hot, bare plain, with its white sulphurous crust, before we reached the Fords of the Jordan. The heat was intense; our body was smarting from the bath as

if it had been rubbed with caustic; our lips were parched with thirst, and we toiled painfully along, every step of the horse breaking through the nitrous crust of soft bare soil, and now and then plunging knee-deep into a morass, overgrown with reeds and rushes. A few stunted trees, their leaves crusted with salt, are seen, among them the *osher* or apple of Sodom, that fruit

" Which grows
Near that bituminous lake where Sodom stood."

I had no relish to examine that deceitful fruit, which plucked, turned to ashes in the hand. A thicket of poplars, willows, and sycamores hid the sacred stream from our view. But soon we got a glimpse of Jordan, and leaping from our horse we stood on the banks of the river so sacred with historical associations. What a muddy little, turbulent, treacherous torrent, and how it runs, whirling and eddying along between its steep banks that are scarcely one hundred feet apart. But for its associations it would be one of the most uninteresting streams. But our halting place is at the ancient Ford, the pilgrims' bathing-place, the traditional spot where the Israelites "passed over, nigh against Jericho;" where Elijah smote the Jordan with his mantle, when its waters rolled back to give a passage for the prophet; where Jesus was baptized, "when the heavens opened and the Spirit descended like a dove and rested upon Him."

While the western banks are flat and low, the eastern banks are steep, and from them rise the rugged and precipitous mountains of Moab. Numerous ravines intersect this mountain chain, and lofty peaks rise here and there. Yonder, too, in the same lofty range, are Pisgah and Nebo, where the prophet, with eye undimmed, surveyed the Land of Promise.

We were anxious to bathe in Jordan, but it was deep and swift, and its banks precipitous, and we did not care about being drowned in even so sacred a river. The main channel is not more than twelve or fifteen feet deep, but the river falls nearly a thousand feet in its sinuous course of two hundred miles, and this gives it a very rapid flow, hence the name *Jarad*, to descend rapidly.

From the Ford we rode to the irregular clay hills which form the highest bank of the renowned river. We passed through a forest of thorn trees, to the ruined heaps of ancient Jericho, the

city whose walls fell before the trumpet blasts of Joshua's army. We forded the Kelt, the brook Cherith, of which Elijah drank



FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

when hiding from the wicked and idolatrous Ahab, here a rushing stream, and camped by the Fountain of Elisha, under the shadow of Quarantania, the traditional scene of our Lord's temptation in the wilderness.

After the day's ride, my first enjoyment was a bath in the clear, fresh fountain, whose waters were healed by the prophet whose name it bears. The waters were so soft and delicious that I can testify to the permanency of the healing. In the calm of the evening and the quiet radiance of the setting sun, I ascended an elevated mound to obtain a view—one of the most beautiful and impressive in all Palestine. Behind us the lofty and rugged wall of Judean mountains. Mount Quarantania, rising up savage and desolate, fit spot for the "forty days'" fast, and fierce assaults of the Evil One; its almost perpendicular east face, honey-combed with caves, the cells of the hermits of the middle ages, and its summit crowned with a Greek chapel that marks the spot of the



EXPLORATION BENEATH THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Redeemer's triumph over the Prince of Darkness. Before us, and on either side, as far as the eye can reach, is the Plain of the Jordan, its soil of inexhaustible fertility, but uncultivated and given over to rank weeds, and thorns, and willows, lovely even in utter neglect. The tortuous windings of the Jordan are plainly visible from the flashing waters of the Dead Sea, far up towards Galilee, and away eastward; rising thousands of feet above the valley, the long range of the mountains of Moab and Ammon, furrowed with deep ravines, and clad in deep rich purple shade, and glowing with tints of magical beauty; around us heaps of *debris*, entombed dwellings, and palaces of the mighty Canaanitish city.

Early next morning we were in the saddle, and riding over the mounds and mouldering ruins of old Jericho, and through a forest of picturesque thorn, which occupies the ground of that vast grove of majestic palms, which once stretched eight miles

long, we climbed up to Jerusalem, over the very road which our Saviour took in His last journey to the city. The road lay along that sublime gorge, the Wady Kelt, through which the Brook Cherith flows, and where Elijah was fed by the ravens, and known in still earlier times as the Valley of Achor, in which Achan was stoned to death for his sin. The ascent is continuous and steep, being no less than three thousand feet in fifteen miles.



UNDERGROUND PASSAGE AT JERUSALEM.

Hence the Scripture phrases: "going up to Jerusalem," "going down to Jericho."

About midway on our journey, we pass the old ruined Khan, where, according to tradition, the good Samaritan entertained the poor fellow who had fallen among thieves. The falling among thieves is yet common, for it is still a place of robbers. These mountains and narrow rocky defiles are the haunts of plundering Bedouins, and

only a little while before a traveller had been robbed and stripped of everything except his hat. A strong, vigilant escort is needed. We were guarded by the Sheik, or Robber Chief of the Jordan. These scamps will rob you if you do not employ and pay them to protect you.

In a little while we reached Bethany—a sweet, retired spot, beautifully situated on the southern slopes of Olivet. No doubt about the hallowed spot; but now it is a ruinous, miserable Arab village, of twenty or thirty stone houses, and its only attractions

are its precious associations. They show you the tomb of Lazarus,—an excavation in the rock,—and with lighted candle we crept down a steep winding stairway, of twenty-five or thirty steps, and then reached a square cavity which led down several steps further into a small cave, the traditional tomb. We did not take much stock in Lazarus' tomb, or the house of Simon the Leper, or the "house of Mary and Martha;" but our hearts were filled with the memories of Jesus, and this home in Bethany. We climbed the south-eastern spur of the Mount of Olives, green with verdure and bright with flowers, and stood with reverent awe upon that elevation from which the Lord of glory "ascended up into heaven." We rode along the summit through a wretched Arab village, to what is called the Church of the Ascension—a small octagonal-shaped building, possessing no other interest



PENDANT COLUMN IN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.

apart from its name, except, perhaps, a stone, bearing the impress of a foot, which, according to superstition, is the last spot on which the foot of the Incarnate Saviour rested. I cannot regard this as the precise spot of the Ascension, as it is over against Jerusalem. Close at hand is the Church of Pater Noster, standing on the traditional site where the Master taught His disciples the Lord's Prayer. The Church and Convent have been restored by Aurelia of Bossi, Princess of Tours; and on the walls of a

colonnade, surrounding the inner court, the Lord's Prayer has been painted in thirty-two different languages. The view from the summit of the Mount of Olives I have already attempted to describe, but what words can express the emotions awakened by

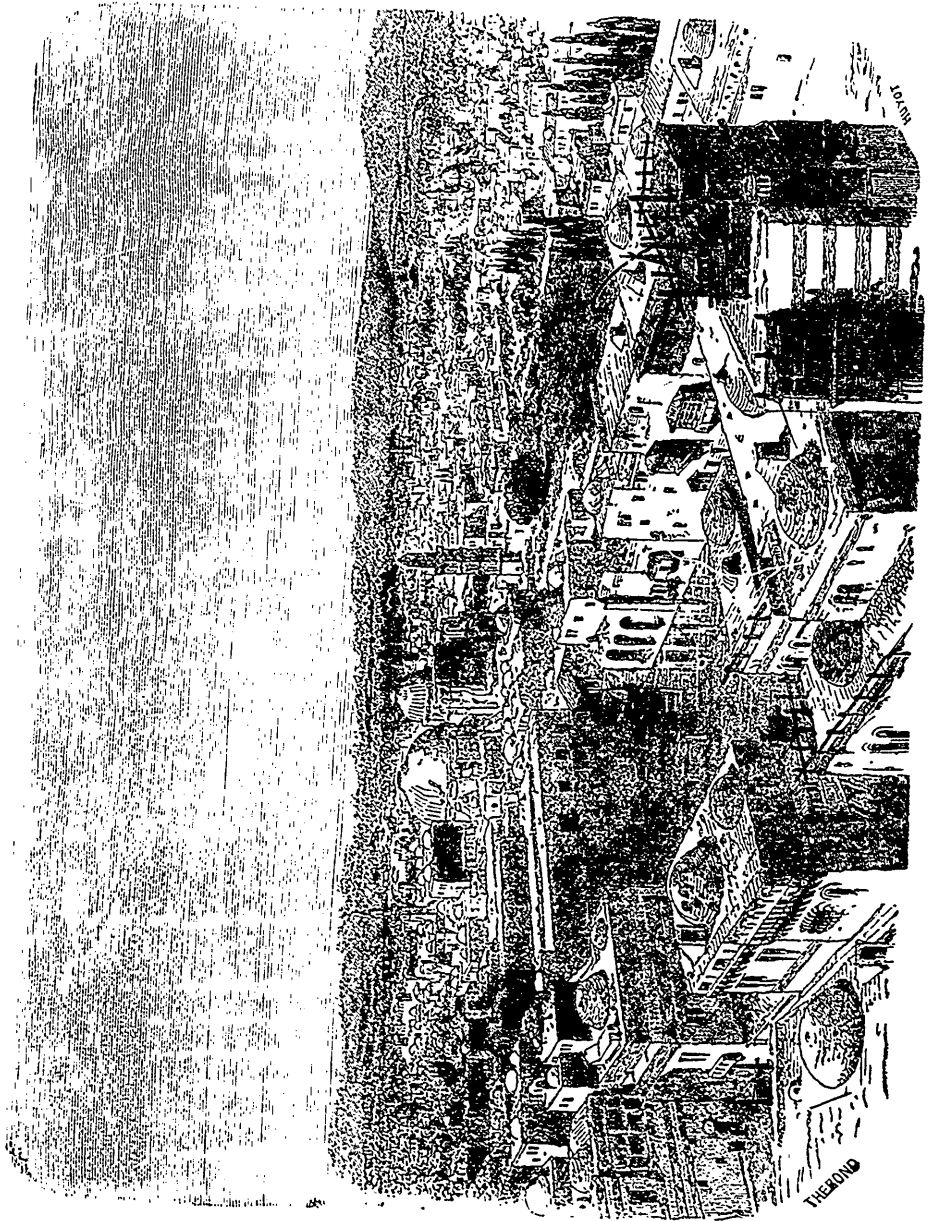


PHENICIAN MARKS ON STONES IN UNDERGROUND PASSAGES.

a view which embraces more interesting objects than any other in the world. Bethlehem, Gethsemane, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the City of Jerusalem, with Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, and Calvary, the Plains of Jericho, the mountains of Moab, with Nebo and Pisgah, the Valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. Slowly we descended from the summit by a path, no doubt, often trodden by our Lord, passed the Garden of Agony,

and crossing the Kedron, we climbed Ziou's Hill, and entered the Holy City.

Jerusalem, as a city, is "compact together," and there is no difficulty in finding one's way from place to place. We were favoured with one of the most excellent dragomen, Mr. Bernard Heilpern, in the employ of Cook & Son. He is a Prussian, and came to Jerusalem many years ago as a religious enthusiast, expecting the speedy appearance of Christ to make Jerusalem the metropolis of His kingdom on earth. He has, consequently, studied with great care every foot of the sacred city. Underground Jerusalem was more interesting to him—indeed, to many



POOL OF HEZEKIAH, JERUSALEM.

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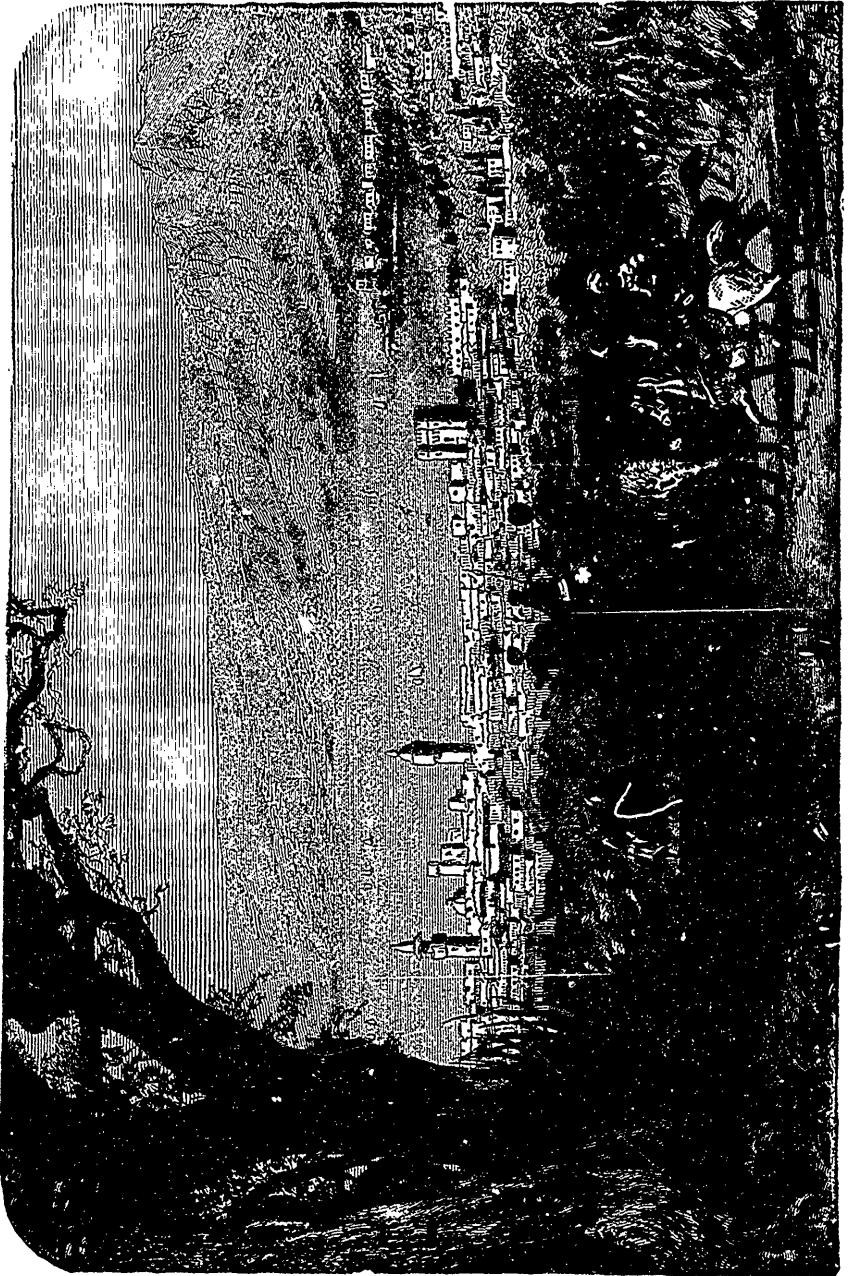
THE BOND

of us, than a good portion of the present city. He led us on and on, through cavern after cavern, to the old city wall, in the south-



SUPERHERANEAN ARCH, JERUSALEM.

east corner. There were the marks of chiselling in the rock, just as they were left when the workmen dropped tools thousands of



BEIRUT, CHIEF PORT OF NORTHERN PALESTINE.

years ago. There were the niches for the lamps and the smoke of their burning upon the rock. We turned aside to get the dimensions of one huge block, partially cut down, but left unfinished. What a history in those dark caverns! We were most likely in the place where the stones were made ready by the kingly builder for the goodly temple, that was to glitter on Moriah.

A Sabbath spent in Jerusalem is a memorable day. I "was in the spirit on the Lord's-day" and felt a strong desire to visit the traditional spot where the Lord was crucified, and where He rose in triumph from his rock-hewn sepulchre, of which supreme event every Sunday is the anniversary.

Accompanied by a Christian friend, we went early to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Climbing the hill called Calvary, we found ourselves quite alone, and stood close by the rent in the rock and the hole through the marble slab over the spot where the cross was fixed. I forgot the surrounding ornaments and trappings; the Virgin's face, set in diamonds, and other shows, that burlesque a scene so solemn, and held on that sacred spot for a long season unbroken communion with Him "who loved me and gave Himself for me," and is now "alive for evermore."

Then we descended to His vacant Tomb. A service was going on at the Latin Chapel near by, and the magnificent music rolled solemnly and gloriously through the aisles, and arches and chapels of the wonderful building; and, as I saw the passionate devotion of the worshippers, and the costly decorations, I was ready to allow their religious ceremonies, and to admit that even their worship, so full of superstition, might be acceptable to God.

Our last afternoon in Jerusalem we spent in wandering over the Mount of Olives. It was so precious to meditate on the love of the Incarnate God, to walk where He walked, sit where He sat, and listen afresh to the heavenly wisdom which He spake on the mountain side. Here He was wont to pray, and here He oft-times resorted with His disciples. On the slopes of this mountain, with the city full in view, He predicted the destruction of the Temple and the overthrow of Jerusalem. On this mountain, at whose base lay Bethany on one side and Gethsemane on the other, He blessed the apostle band; sent His message of mercy to all mankind, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and from it He ascends to glory. He

spread His scarred hands over them in benediction, and while speaking, the glories gathered around him, His form rises, it moved upward thronged by an escort of ministering spirits, until it seemed to melt into a glory-cloud that floats high above the heads of His lingering followers, as they stand and gaze upon its fleecy folds, with wonder-stricken faces until the last attendant of the angel train tells them "This same Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." In the evening we had a social gathering in the Mission House, and, before leaving, our kind host took us to the flat-roofed top, and from that commanding elevation in the soft moonlight, which, in the land of the Orient, turns night into day, we gazed for the last time upon the holy city, its streets, and mosques, and minarets, and towers—its hills and valleys and sacred pools. Farewell, Jerusalem! thy glories have been levelled to the dust; but thou art dear and sacred still. Farewell, Kedron! and "Siloam's brook!" Farewell, Gethsemane and Calvary, and sacred stones on which the Saviour gazed Farewell, Jerusalem!

"MADE PERFECT."

"The spirits of just men made perfect." (Heb. 12. 23).

BY REV. T. P. BRIGGS.

IN the world of light and gladness
 We shall greet loved ones again,
 Free from sin and free from sadness,
 We with Christ will ever reign.

Pure and perfect as our Saviour,
 We shall walk in endless love;
 In our thoughts and in behaviour
 Fashioned like to God above.

No more doubts concerning duty,
 Heaven's clear light shall be our guide,
 We shall there confess the beauty
 Of all truth which must abide.

Blessed world of light and gladness,
 Far away from sin and strife,
 Surely men are filled with madness
 Who refuse God's gift of life!

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE YACHT "SUNBEAM."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

XI.



MAHARAJAH OF JOHORE'S HOUSE.

I REMEMBER the black wharves and the slips,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;
 And the Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
 And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
 And the magic of the sea.

Saturday, March 3rd.—After our long day of sight-seeing at Canton, I did not feel capable of acceding to our guide's proposition of being ready at half-past six for further explorations before break-fast; besides, I wanted to see Tom off by the nine o'clock boat to Hongkong, whither he is obliged to return in order to keep various engagements. It was a most lovely day, and after some little delay we started about eleven o'clock, a party of seventeen in chairs. There were five ladies and twelve gentlemen. We made quite a procession, with all the servants, bearers, etc., and excited much commotion in the narrow streets, where everybody had to make room and squeeze up to the side as best they could. Men ran before to clear the way for

us, shouting, yet we were more than an hour going right across the city.

Our road led us through part of the butchers' quarter, where rats were hung up by their tails, and what looked like skinned cats and dogs dangled beside them. Whole cages full of these animals were exposed for sale alive. Some travellers deny that the Chinese eat cats and dogs and rats, but there can be no question that they do, though they may be the food only of the lower classes.

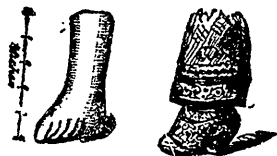
At last the city gates were reached, and we once more found ourselves outside the walls, and able to breathe again. The whole of the White Cloud Mountain is one vast cemetery—it is the Chinese Holy of Holies, whither their bodies are sent, not only from all parts of China, but from all parts of the world. Frequently a shipload of 1,500 or 1,600 bodies arrives in one day. The Steamboat Company charges forty dollars for the passage of a really live Chinaman, as against 160 dollars for the carriage of a dead celestial. The friends of the deceased often keep the bodies in coffins above ground for several years, until the priests announce that they have discovered a lucky day and a lucky spot for the interment. This does not generally happen until he—the priest—finds he can extract no more money by divination, and that no more funeral feasts will be given by the friends.

By the time the city walls were reached on our return, the rain had ceased, and a glorious red sunset glowed over the roofs, glinting through the holes in the mats, and lighting up all the vermilion boards and gold characters with which the houses and shops are decorated. The shadowy streets were now full of incense or rather joss-stick smoke, for every house and every shop has a large altar inside and a small one without, before which joss-sticks are burnt more or less all day long.

Sunday, March 4th.—There is a fine cathedral at Shameen, in which the services are beautifully performed. A lady kindly lent us her house-boat, and after service we rowed across to Fa-ti, to see the gardens of Canton. They are very wonderful, and contain plants cut into all sorts of shapes, such as men, birds, beasts, fishes, boats, houses, furniture, etc. I managed to bring home some euphorbias, cut into the form of junks, and some banyan trees, one 100 and one 50 years old. I believe they are the first that have ever reached England alive and have flourished.

Not far from Fa-ti are the duck-hatching establishments, and still further up the river are the duck sampans, where the crowds of ducks are reared. They are sent out every morning to get their own living and return at night. Until they learn to obey their keeper's call quickly the last duck is always whipped. I am told it is most ridiculous to see the hurry of the last half-dozen birds of a flock of some thousands of ducks.

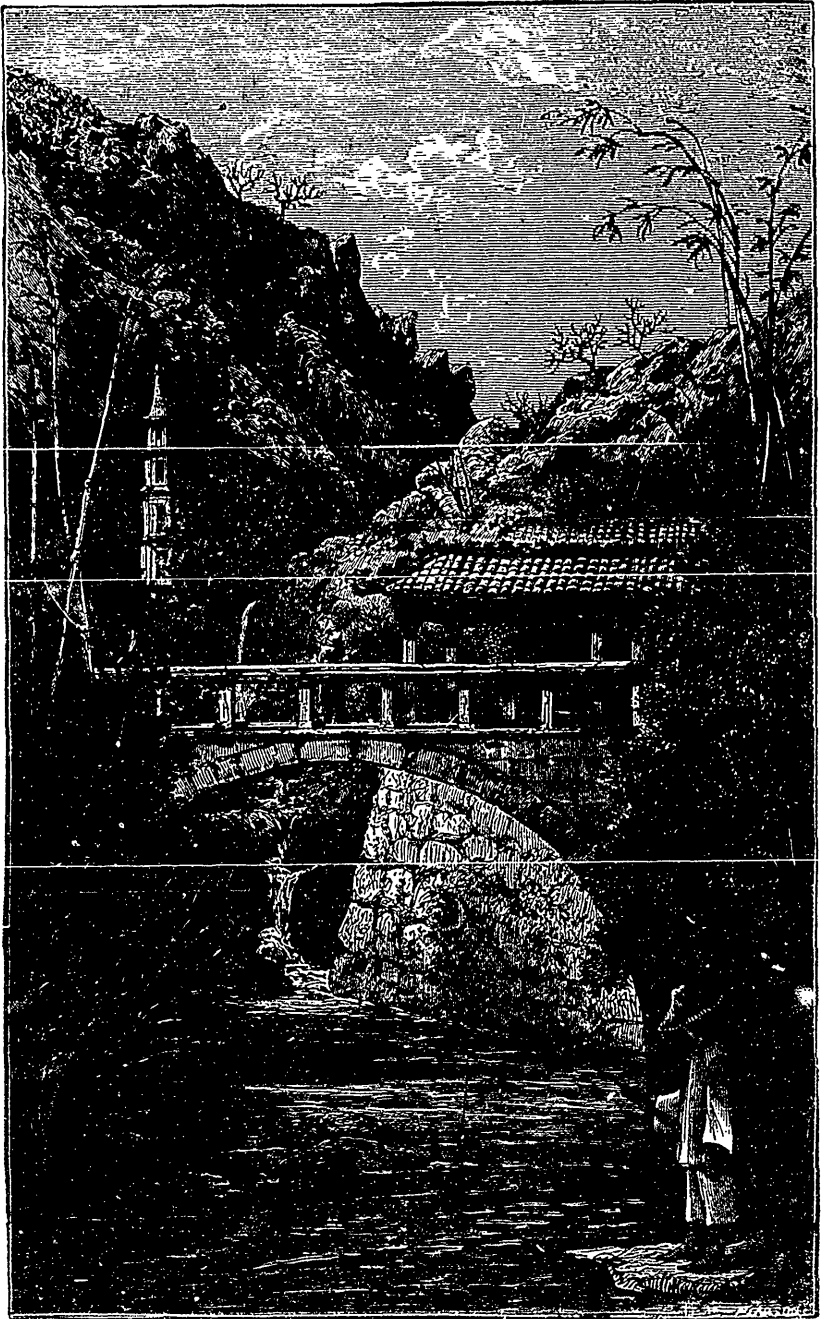
Monday, March 5th.—I was awake and writing from half-past four this morning, but before I got up, a woman who comes here every day to work brought me some small ordinary shoes which I had purchased as curiosities, and took the opportunity of showing me her feet. It really made me shudder to look at them, so deformed and cramped up were they, and, as far as I could make out, she must have suffered greatly in the process of reducing them to their present diminutive size. She took off her own shoes and tottered about the room in those she had brought, and then asked me to show her one of mine. Having most minutely examined it, she observed, with a melancholy shake of the head, "Missisy foot much more good, do much walky, walky; mine much bad, no good for walky."



CHINESE FOOT AND BOOT.

Tuesday, March 6th.—The little girls and I went ashore at Hongkong, to collect all our purchases with the help of a friend. We had to go on board the *Flying Cloud*, which starts for Macao at two o'clock precisely, and our passages had been taken in her. Tom could not go with us, as he had fixed to-night for the dinner at which the Chinese gentlemen proposed to entertain him; but he came to see us off.

We landed at Macao soon after five o'clock. Here we found a large unoccupied mansion, situated in a garden overlooking the sea, and, having delivered our Chinese letters, were received with the greatest civility and attention by the comprador and the servants who had been left in charge of our friend's house. Each room had a mosquito room inside it, made of wire gauze and wood, like a gigantic meat-safe, and capable of containing, beside a large double bed, a chair and a table, so that its occupant is in a position to read and write in peace, even after dark. Macao is a thoroughly Portuguese-looking town, the houses being



CHOCK-SING-TOON.

painted blue, green, red, yellow, and all sorts of colours. It is well garrisoned, and one meets soldiers in every direction.

Wednesday, March 7th.—We started soon after ten o'clock on another exploring expedition. We soon reached the island of Chock-Sing-Toon, and disembarked at a small pier near a village. The children and I rode in chairs till we reached a temple, built at the entrance to the valley for which we were bound. Thence the path wound beside the stream flowing from the mountains above, and the vegetation became extremely luxuriant and beautiful. Presently we came to a spot where a stone bridge spanned the torrent, with a temple on one side and a joss-house on the other, as shown in the cut. It was apparently a particularly holy place, for our men had all brought quantities of joss-sticks and sacred paper with them to burn. Our return was a comparatively quick affair, and we soon found ourselves on board the junk on our way back to Macao, beating across the harbour. Tom looked so ill and miserable that I felt quite alarmed for a few minutes, till the doctor comforted me by assurances that it was only the effect of the Chinese dinner last night—an explanation I had no difficulty of accepting as the correct one after perusing the bill of fare. In their desire to do him honour, his hosts had provided the rarest delicacies, and of course he felt obliged to taste them all. Some of the dishes were excellent, but many of them were rather trying to a European digestion, especially the fungus and lichen.

We went all round the town, and then to see the ruins of the cathedral, and the traces of the destruction caused by the typhoon in 1874. Next we paid a visit to the garden of Camoens, where he wrote his poems in exile.*

On reaching the yacht, after some delay in embarking, we soon found ourselves in a nasty rolling sea, which sent me to bed at once. Poor Tom, though he felt so ill that he could hardly hold his head up, was, however, obliged to remain on deck watching until nearly daylight; for rocks and islands abound in these seas, and no one on board could undertake the pilotage except himself.

*Luiz de Camoens, a celebrated Portuguese poet, born about 1520; fought against the Moors, and in India; but was often in trouble, and was frequently banished or imprisoned. During his exile in Macao he wrote his great poem "The Lusiad," in which he celebrates the principal events in Portuguese history.

Friday, March 9th.—Everybody began to settle down to the usual sea occupations. At night the Great Bear and the Southern Cross shone out with rivalling brilliancy: "On either hand an old friend and a new."

Sunday, March 11th.—We feel that we are going south rapidly, for the heat increases day by day. The services were held on deck at eleven and four.

Friday, March 16th.—There was a general scurvy going on all over the ship, in preparation for the post to-morrow, as we hope to make Singapore to-night, or very early in the morning. It was a glorious night, though very hot below, and I spent most of it on deck with Tom, observing the land as we slowly steamed ahead half speed.

Saturday, March 17th.—We were off Singapore during the night. At 5 a.m. the pilot came on board and took us into Tangong Pagar to coal alongside the wharf. We left the ship as soon as possible. We had not landed so near the line before, and the most tropical of tropical plants, trees, flowers, and ferns, were here to be seen, growing by the roadside on every bank and dust-heap.

The town of Singapore itself is not imposing, streets, or rather roads of wooden huts and stone houses, being mixed together indiscriminately. Government House is on the outskirts of the city, in the midst of a beautiful park, which is kept in excellent order, the green turf being closely mown and dotted with tropical trees and bushes. There are very few European servants here, and they all have their own peons to wait on them, and carry an umbrella over them when they drive a carriage or go for a walk on their own account. Even the private soldier in Singapore has a punkah pulled over his bed at night. It is quite a sight to meet all the coolies leaving barracks at 5 a.m., when they have done punkah-pulling. The sun always rises and sets at six o'clock all the year round; for months they have a north-east monsoon, and then for months together a south-west monsoon.

Some of our friends came off before luncheon to see the yacht, and we returned with them to tiffin at Government House. At four o'clock the carriage came round to take us to Johore. We wished good-bye to Singapore and all our kind friends, and started on a lovely drive through the tropical scenery. There is a capital road, fifteen miles in length, across the island, and our little ponies

rattled along at a good pace. The acacia flamboyante tree was planted alongside the road, and produced a most charming effect. It is a large tree, with large leaves of the most delicate green; on its topmost boughs grow gorgeous clusters of scarlet flowers with yellow centres, and the effect of these scarlet plumes tossing in the air is truly beautiful. As we were driving along we espied a splendid butterfly, with wings about ten inches long.

We sat down thirty to dinner at eight o'clock. There were the Maharajah's brothers, the Prime Minister, Harkim or judge, and several other Malay chiefs, the Governor of the Straits Settlements, his family and suite. The Maharajah and his native guests were all in English evening dress, with white waistcoats, bright turbans, and sarongs. The room was large and open on all sides, and the fresh evening breeze, in addition to the numerous punkahs, made it delightfully cool.

Monday, March 19th.—Mabelle and I went ashore at six o'clock for a drive. It was a glorious morning, with a delightfully cool breeze, and the excursion was most enjoyable. We drove first through the old town of Johore, once of considerable importance, and still a place of trade for opium, indigo, pepper, and other tropical products. The pepper garden we saw was many acres in extent. The orchids with which all the trees were covered, hanging down in long tassels of lovely colours, or spread out like great spotted butterflies and insects, were most lovely of all.

On our way back through the town we stopped to see the process of opium making. This drug is brought from India in an almost raw state, rolled up in balls, about the size of billiard balls, and wrapped in its own leaves. Here it is boiled down, several times refined, and prepared for smoking.

On our passage though the town we left the carriage, and strolled to see the people, the shops and the market. I bought all sorts of common curiosities, little articles of everyday life, some of which will be sure to amuse and interest my English friends. Among my purchases was a wooden pillow, some joss candles, a two-stringed fiddle, a few preserved eggs, which they say are over a hundred years old.

On our departure the Maharajah ordered twenty coolies to accompany us, laden with fragrant tropical plants. He also gave me some splendid Malay silk sarongs, grown, made, and woven in his kingdom, a pair of tusks of an elephant shot within a mile of

the house, besides a live little beast, not an alligator, and not an armadillo or a lizard; in fact, I do not know what it is; it clings round my arm like a bracelet, and it was sent as a present by the ex-Sultan of Johore. Having said farewell to our kind host and other friends, we pushed off from the shore, embarked on board the yacht; the anchor was up, and by five o'clock a bend in the Straits hid hospitable and pleasant Johore from our view.

Tuesday, March 20th.—At 5.30, when we were called, the doctor came and announced that he had something very important to communicate to us. This proved to be that one of our men was suffering from small-pox, and not from rheumatic fever, as had been supposed. My first thought was that Muriel had been with the doctor to see him yesterday evening; my next, that many men had been sleeping in the same part of the vessel with him; my third, that for his greater comfort he had been each day in our part of the ship; and my fourth, what was to be done now? After a short consultation, Tom decided to alter our course for Malacca, where we arrived at 9.30; the doctor at once went on shore to make the best arrangements he could. He was fortunate enough to find Dr. Simon, at the civil hospital here. He



THE PET MANIS.

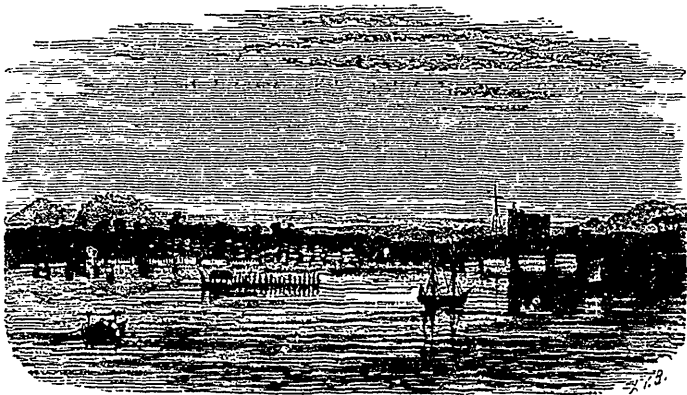
came off at once with the hospital boat, and, having visited the invalid, declared his illness to be a very mild case of small-pox. He had brought off some lymph with him, and recommended us all to be re-vaccinated. He had also brought sundry disinfectants, and gave instructions about fumigating and disinfecting the yacht. All the men were called upon the quarter-deck, and addressed by Tom, and we were surprised to find what a large porportion of them objected to the operation of vaccination. At last, however, the prejudices of all of them, except two, were overcome. One of the latter had promised his grandfather that he never would be vaccinated under any circum-

stances, while another would consent to be inoculated, but would not be vaccinated. We had consulted our own medical man before leaving England, and knew that for ourselves the operation was not necessary, but we nevertheless underwent it *pour encourager les autres*. While the doctor was on shore we had been surrounded by boats bringing monkeys, birds, ratan and Malacca canes, fruit, rice, etc., to sell. We made bargains over the side of the yacht with the traders, the result being that seven monkeys, about fifty birds of sorts, and innumerable bundles of canes, were added to the stock on board. In the meantime Dr. Simon had removed our invalid to the hospital. By one o'clock we were again under way, and once more *en route* for Penang.

Thursday, March 22nd.—At 5 a.m., when we were called, the whole sky was overcast with a lurid glare, and the atmosphere was thick, as if with the fumes of some vast conflagration. As the sun rose in raging fierceness, the sky cleared, and became of a deep, clear, transparent blue. The island of Penang is very beautiful, especially in the early morning light. As we approached Georgetown, the capital of the province, we passed many steamers and sailing ships at anchor in the roads. A pilot offered his services, but Tom declined them with thanks, and soon afterwards skilfully brought us up close in-shore in the crowded roadstead. We packed off all the servants for a run on shore, and had all the fires put out in order to cool the ship. We drove round the town, and out to the Governor's house. In about an hour and a half, always ascending, we reached the Governor's bungalow, situated in a charming spot, where the difference of 10° in the temperature, caused by being 1,500 feet higher up, is a great boon. The drive was intensely tropical in character. One of the most curious things which strikes our English eyes is the extraordinary abundance of the sensitive plant. It is sensible of even an approaching footstep, and shuts up its tiny leaves among the grass long before you really reach them. From the top of the hill you can see ninety miles in the clear atmosphere, far away across the Straits of Perak to the mainland. We could not stay long, and were carried down the hill backwards, as our bearers were afraid of our tumbling out of the chairs if we travelled forwards. At eleven we weighed anchor, and were soon gliding through the Straits of Malacca, shaping for Acheen Head, *en route* to Galle.

Friday, March 23rd.—A broiling day, everybody panting, parrots and parrakeets dying. Several people on board were very unwell, and the engineer is really ill. It is depressing to speculate what would become of us if anything went wrong in the engine-room department, and if we should be reduced to sail-power alone in this region of calmness. At last even I know what it is to be too hot, and am quite knocked up with my short experience.

Saturday, March 24th.—Another flat calm. The afterfore-castle, having been battened down and fumigated for the last seventy-two hours, was to-day opened, and its contents brought up on deck, some to be thrown overboard, and others to be washed with carbolic acid. I never saw such quantities of



MALACCA.

things as were turned out; they covered the whole deck, and it seemed as if their cubic capacity must be far greater than that of the place in which they had been stowed.

Sunday, March 25th.—Hotter than ever. It was quite impossible to have service either on deck or below. We always observe Sunday by showing a little extra attention to dress, and, as far as the gentlemen are concerned, a little more care in the matter of shaving. On other days I fear our toilet would hardly pass muster in civilized society. Tom set the example of leaving off collars, coats, and waistcoats.

Tuesday, March 27th.—It requires a great effort to do anything, except before sunrise or after sunset, owing to the intense heat;

and when one is not feeling well it makes exertion still more difficult. At night the heat below is simply unbearable; the cabins are deserted, and all mattresses are brought up on deck.

Wednesday, March 28th.—At midnight the wind was slightly ahead, and we could distinctly smell the fragrant breeze and spicy odours of Ceylon. We made the eastern side of the island at daylight, and coasted along its palm-fringed shores all day. If



HOW THE JOURNAL WAS WRITTEN.

only the interior is as beautiful as what we can see from the deck of the yacht, my expectations will be fully realized, brilliant as they are. As the sun set, the beauty of the scene from the deck of the yacht seemed to increase. We proceeded slowly, and at about nine o'clock were in the roads of Galle and could see the ships at anchor. Tom did not like to venture further in the dark without a pilot, and accordingly told the signal-man to make signals for one, but being impatient he sent up a rocket, besides burning blue lights, a mistake which had the effect of bringing

the first officer of the P. and O. steamship *Poonah* on board, who thought perhaps we had got aground or were in trouble of some sort. He also informed us that pilots never came off after dark, and kindly offered to show us a good anchorage for the night.

Thursday, March 29th.—The pilot came off early, and soon after six we dropped anchor in Galle harbour. The entrance is fine, and the bay one of the most beautiful in the world. The picturesque town, with its old buildings, and the white surf dashing in among the splendid cocoa-trees which grow down to the water's edge, combined to make up a charming picture. We went on board the *Poonah* to breakfast as arranged, and afterwards all over the ship, which is in splendid order. Thence we went ashore to the Oriental Company's Hotel, which to-day was crowded by passengers from the *Poonah*. At tiffin there was a great crowd, and we met some old friends. At four o'clock we started for a drive to Wockwalla, a hill commanding a splendid view. The drive was delightful, and the vegetation more beautiful than any we have seen since leaving Tahiti. We had a glorious drive home along the sea-shore under cocoanut-trees, amongst which the fireflies flitted, and through which we could see the red and purple afterglow of the sunset. After *table-d'hôte* dinner at the hotel we went off to the yacht in a pilot boat. By ten o'clock we were outside the harbour and on our way to Colombo.

Friday, March 30th.—The cocoanut-clad coast of Ceylon looked most fascinating in the early morning light. About ten o'clock we dropped our anchor in the harbour of Colombo, which was crowded with shipping. The instant we anchored we were of course surrounded by boats selling every possible commodity and curiosity, carved ebony, ivory, sandal-wood, and models of the curious boats in use here. These boats are very long and narrow, with an enormous outrigger and large sail, and when it is very rough, nearly the whole of the crew of the boat go out one by one and sit on the outrigger to keep it in the water, from which springs the Cingalese saying, "One man, two men, four men breeze." The heat was intense, though there was a pleasant breeze under the awning on deck; we therefore amused ourselves by looking over the side and bargaining with the natives, until our letters, which we had sent for, arrived. About one o'clock we went ashore, encountering on our way some exceedingly

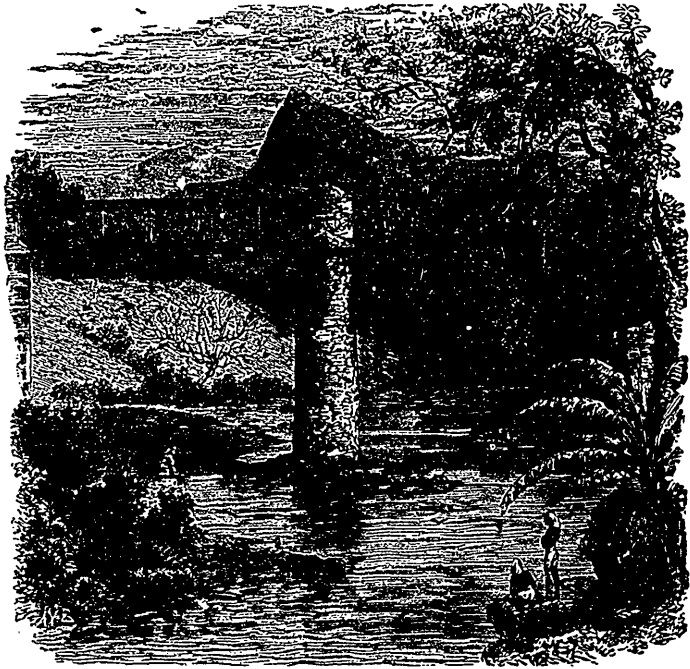
dreadful smells, wafted from ships laden with guano, bones and other odoriferous cargoes. Colombo is rather a European-looking town, with fine buildings and many open green spaces, where there were actually soldiers playing cricket, with great energy, under the fierce rays of the midday sun.

Saturday, March 31st.—Up early, and after rather a scramble we went ashore at seven o'clock, just in time to start by the first train to Kandy. The line to Kandy is one of the most beautiful railways in the world. The first part of the journey is across jungle and through plains; then one goes climbing up and up, and looking down on all the beauties of tropical vegetation, to distant mountains shimmering in the glare and haze of the burning sun. The carriages were well ventilated and provided with double roofs, and were really tolerably cool. At Kandy it was too hot to do anything except to sit in the verandah and watch planter after planter come in for an iced drink at the bar. About four o'clock the carriage came for us, and we drove round the lovely lake. Many of the huts and cottages by the roadside have "small-pox" written upon them in large letters, in three languages, English, Sanscrit, Cingalese, a very sensible precaution, for the natives are seldom vaccinated, and this terrible disease is a real scourge amongst them. Having reached a charming bungalow, it was a real luxury to lounge in a comfortable easy chair in a deep cool verandah, and to inhale the fragrance of flowers, whilst lazily watching the setting of the sun. Directly it dipped below the horizon, glowworms and fireflies came out, bright and numerous as though the stars had come down to tread, or rather fly, a fairy dance among the branches of the tall palm-trees high over head. After dinner we all adjourned once more to the verandah to watch the dancing fireflies, and enjoy the cool evening breeze. You in England who have never been in the tropics cannot appreciate the intense delight of that sensation.

Sunday, April 1st.—By seven o'clock we found ourselves enjoying an early tea within the pretty bungalow in the centre of the Botanic Gardens, and thoroughly appreciating delicious fresh butter and cream, the first we have tasted for ages. We went for the most delightful stroll afterwards, and saw for the first time many botanical curiosities. The groups of palms were most beautiful. I never saw anything finer than the tallipot palm. Then there was the palmyra, which to the inhabitant of

the North of Ceylon is what the cocoa-nut is to the inhabitant of the South—food, clothing, and lodging. The pitcher-plants and the rare scarlet amherstia looked lovely, as did also the great groups of yellow and green stemmed bamboos. There were nutmeg and cinnamon trees, tea and coffee, and every other conceivable plant and tree, growing in the wildest luxuriance.

We drove back to our host's to breakfast, and directly afterwards started in two carriages to go to church at Kandy. The



PEACOCK MOUNTAIN, CEYLON.

church is a fine large building, lofty and cool, and well ventilated. This being Easter Sunday, the building was lavishly decorated with palms and flowers. The service was well performed, and the singing was excellent.

Wednesday, April 4th.—Going over the Satinwood Bridge, from which there is a lovely view of the Peacock Mountain, I saw an Englishman washing stones in the bed of the river for gems. He had obtained some rubies and sapphires, though only

of small size, and I suppose he will go on washing for ever, hoping to find something larger and more valuable.

Just before sunset we went to have a last look at those lovely Botanical Gardens. They were more beautiful than ever in the afternoon light, and I saw many things that had escaped my notice before. There is one great merit in tropical fruit, which is, that however hot the sun may be, when plucked from the tree it is always icy cold; if left for a few minutes, however, it becomes as hot as the surrounding atmosphere, and the charm is gone. All the roofs of the thatched bungalows swarm with rats, and in every house is kept a rat-snake, which kills and eats these rats. I more than once heard a great scuffle going on over my bedroom, which generally ended in a little squeak, indicating that the snake had killed, and was about to eat, his prey. One of the snakes came out one day in front of my window, and hung down two or three feet from the roof. If I had not been previously assured that he was perfectly harmless, it would have been rather an alarming apparition in the dark, and, even as it was, I must confess that for a moment I did feel rather frightened as I watched him spying about, darting his forked tongue in and out, and looking quite ready for a spring at my face.

Thursday, April 5th.—Another early start by the seven o'clock train to Colombo. We were very sorry to say good-bye to our kind host, and when we took our departure, we were quite laden with flowers, good wishes, and messages for mutual friends in England. As we approached Colombo the heat became greater, and in the town itself it was almost insupportable.

We breakfasted at the hotel in the fort, where we were joined by Tom. There is one curious thing about the hotels here. The sitting-rooms are all two stories high, with pointed raftered roofs. The bedrooms are only screened off from each other, and from the central room, by partitions eight or ten feet high, so that you can hear everything going on from end to end of the building. I am not at all sure that the larger amount of ventilation secured by this plan compensates for the extra amount of noise and want of privacy.

Going out of harbour we passed a large steamer whose passengers and crew cheered us and waved their handkerchiefs until we were out of sight, and with that pleasant homely sound ring-

ing in our ears we bade a last farewell to Colombo, and started on another stage of our homeward voyage. The heat was intense, and there was a roll outside which at once made me feel very uncomfortable. There was no wind all the afternoon, and the sun sank into the sea, glorious and golden, as we took our last look at the lovely island of Ceylon, the land of spice and fragrance and beauty.

THE BETTER PART.

BY MISS. L. M. LIPTON.

IT was the day of Pentecost,
 Oh, bright and leafy time ;
 All nature breathed a Sabbath calm,
 The bells had ceased their chime.

Soft voices seemed to whisper rest,
 To bid us banish care ;
 The solemn symphony of hymns
 Came floating on the air.

I saw her on that Sabbath morn
 Within the holy place ;
 The words of praise were on her lips,
 A light upon her face.

Oh, light of hope ! Oh, light of peace !
 It told her feet had trod^d
 That blessed border, Beulah Land,
 Where saints commune with God.

Bright earnest of eternal joys !
 It spoke a peace within ;
 That, day by day, her Lord vouchsafed
 To keep her without sin.

Then came the sunbeams streaming through^h
 The windows, high and fair ;
 They fell on her ; her raiment shone
 Like robes that angels wear.

Transfigured in that light she stood,
 All pure, all glorified ;
 A ransomed soul before the Lamb,
 Sweet emblem of the Bride !

And all might know who looked on her,
 On that calm Sabbath-day,
 How beautiful the better part
 Which passeth not away.

SKETCHES IN JAPAN

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

I.

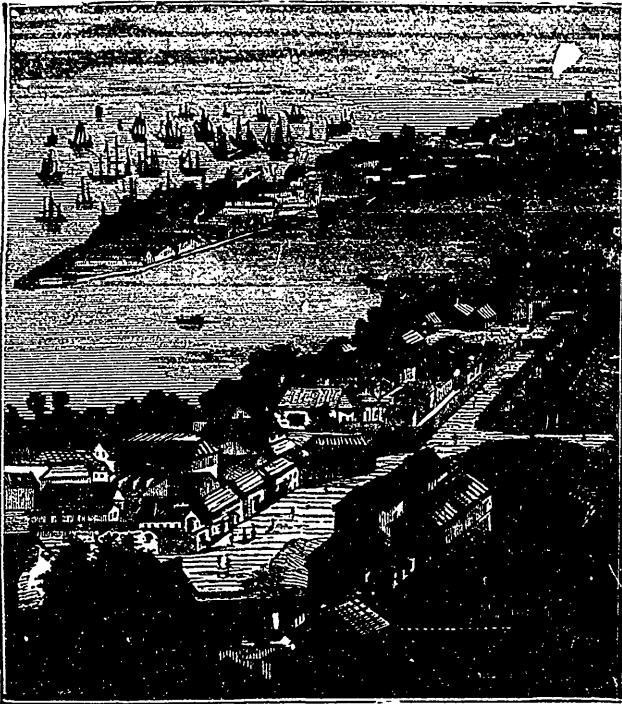


JAPANESE GENTLEMAN.

OLD Japan is disappearing. Some of its features of course remain, and must remain for a good while to come. But he who would see old Japan must make haste, for the Western civilization is rapidly supplanting the elaborate civilization of that land, which is far more ancient than our own. The old method of teaching is rapidly disappearing. The conventional style of

temples is vanishing. The old fashion of dress, especially of those in high rank, is passing away.

The gentleman, whose picture is before us, judging from his *kammuri* or ceremonial head covering—which was a small round skull cap, very shallow, with a raised hollow horn toward the back, kept in shape by the *kanzashi*, or large ornamental pin, while the *yei* or pennant of gauze rose up vertically a few inches



YOKOHAMA.

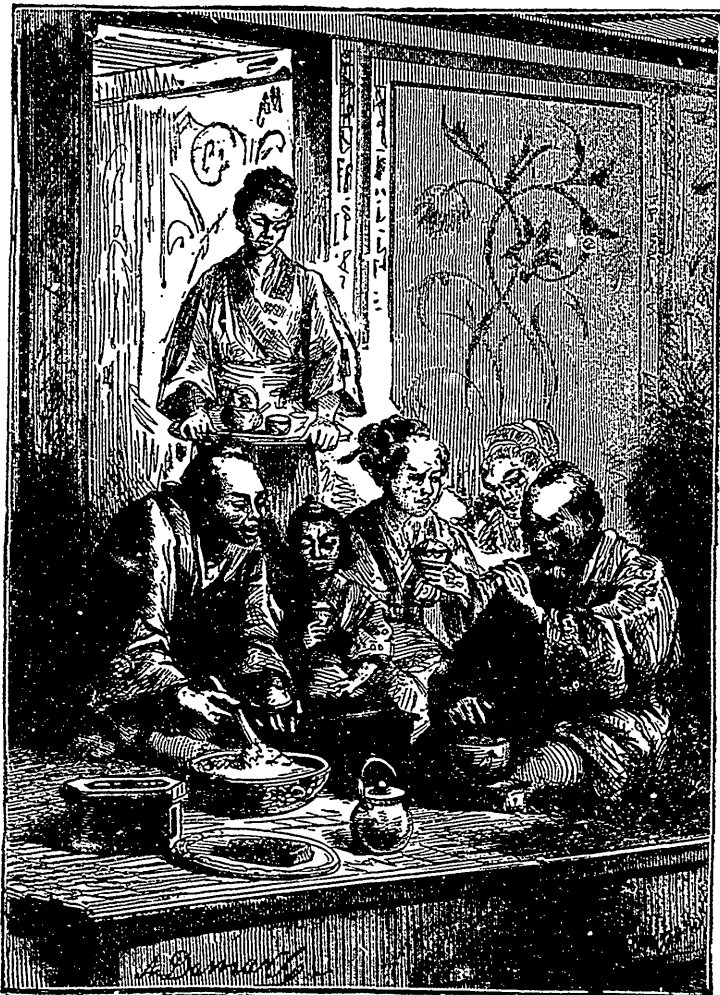
and then curved over behind, where it hung limp—was a nobleman of the olden time. The noblemen of the present appear in public dressed like Western gentlemen, while the Emperor, formerly a veiled mystery, is attired as a French military officer, By the strange mixture of the two civilizations, lying side by side everywhere, and the enterprize and activity on all sides manifest, one is reminded of a chicken just hatched, running about with a portion of its shell still clinging to its back.

The point first reached by the voyager from San Francisco is

Yokohama, on the shore of a little bay off the Gulf of Yedo. It was an insignificant fishing village till 1859. It consists of three parts. The Native Town is made up of low grey houses with monotonous grey roofs; to Western eyes it is unimposing and ugly. The Settlement is where the foreigners have their shops, It boasts of the *Brind*, a stone-faced terrace along the shore, on which are several good hotels, a club-house, and several "hongs" or wholesale shops. The Settlement is on a plain and contains several good buildings, the Union Church, partly built by contributions from converts in Hawaii, the Japan Post Office, the Custom House, and many other buildings built in foreign style. Some fine gardens and shrubberies are here. There are handsome shops where you may purchase almost anything you want. The Bluff is a range of hills from fifty to seventy feet high, covered with bungaloes and large buildings surrounded by well-kept gardens, thick shrubberies and flowering trees, the residence of foreigners. From here fine views of the harbour and the surrounding country can be had. In the harbour may always be seen a considerable fleet of merchantmen and ships of war, both ironclad and wooden, carrying the flags of different nationalities. Yokohama has several foreign newspapers, and being the seaport of Tokiyo is an important seat of trade. Its exports are rice, tea, raw silk, silkworms' eggs, vegetable wax, camphor and tobacco. As we stroll through Chinatown, or through native streets in the capital or its seaport we see remarkable signs—"Cock-eye Tailor," "Ah Why, Painter," "Horse-shoe maker, instructed by Frenchhorseleech," "Best Perfuming Water Anti-Flea." The distinctively Japanese signboards hang suspended from poles projecting from the store, and are sometimes protected from the weather by roofs; the characters are carved into the wood and gilt. Barbers' poles like ours abound. The shops are open to the view, the front being entirely removed, and the goods are arranged with striking taste and skill.

Owing to the feudal system, abolished only in 1868-9, to frequent storms, floods and conflagrations—during one year lately. it was reported officially that nearly one-fourth of the city of Tokiyo was laid in ashes—the people of Japan are mostly poor. Their fare is of the simplest kind—rice, fish, and a few vegetables. Many live "from hand to mouth." Pagan as well as Christian philosophy says: "Take no thought for the morrow. Sufficient

unto the day is the evil thereof." And so there are not as many unhappy people in Japan as one would suppose, though "plain living and high thinking" do not always accompany one another.



JAPANESE DINNER PARTY.

In the foregoing picture observe the elegant coiffure of the women and the peculiar style of shaving men's heads. The married women and women advanced in years blacken their teeth

—a survival of a vanishing custom, common at one time to both sexes of the higher ranks. However poor they eat their meals from lacquered dishes—of course, not from dishes of gold lacquer with pictures painted on them with gold dust, but—of very common ware of inferior manufacture. They eat kneeling, resting back upon their heels.

The children of Japan are strikingly interesting from their bright eyes, kindly ways, quick intelligence and innate politeness. It is sad to think what many of those innocents will by-and-bye become! They are darker and smaller than our Canadian children generally are. The climate is hard on them. The summer being hot and moist they live in a vapour bath. The native houses are small and without chimneys, so that while cooking is going on the house is full of smoke. Besides, nearly all smoke tobacco, and in the winter the children must be in the smoke or be out in the cold. They are dressed exactly like their parents



JAPANESE GIRL.

in flowing drapery, except that very young boys and the girls up to marriage, are indulged with considerable brightness of colour denied to their parents. The heads of little boys are shaven, except a fringe all around or tufts of hair over the brow, the ear, and on the back head midway between the ears. But all the little folk are so solemn that it would never occur to one to treat them as children, or if the thought did occur, it would be banished as an impertinence. Many thousands of children during the warmer weather are in want of a stitch of clothing. No children while young are more loved than the Japanese children. Father and mother are both devoted to their happiness. It is a common

thing to see them returning from the business of the day carrying home cheap toys. On the 3rd day of the 3rd month is the Feast of Dolls. The dolls represent the emperor, the empress, court Nobles, ladies and minstrels, splendidly dressed. Every girl has



JAPANESE LADIES.

at least the dolls purchased for her at the Feast of Dolls after her birth, perhaps also her mother's and those of the family for generations past. These are brought out on each return of the festival, offerings made to them, and plays representing Japanese womanhood performed during the day. The boys' *matsuri*, or festival, is on the 5th day of the 5th month. Above the house

where a boy has come to light during the year, at the top of a bamboo pole is a hollow image of a carp, which floats in air as the carp in water. It is intended to represent the prayer of the parents that the boy, like the carp which is famous for its persistence and success in ascending rapids, may overcome hindrances and attain to highest success!

Then they amuse them with many tales—as, for instance, of the sparrow, whose tongue was cut by the cross-grained old dame; how the kindly-hearted old man followed it, found it, was entertained by it in its house, and when he returned brought with him a basketful of costly treasures, and how the old woman going to see it received a basket too, but unhappily a basketful of hobgoblins, which were her torment ever afterward. Or of the accomplished and lucky teakettle that put forth the head and tail and feet of a badger and became covered over with fur, and that having made a fortune for its owner was carried to a temple and worshipped as a saint. Or of the vampire-cat of Nobeshima that destroyed O Toyo, the favourite of the Prince of Hizen, assumed her form and wove a spell of sorcery about the Prince, whose health began to decline, and about the guard of one hundred soldiers who nightly were detailed to guard their royal master, but under the spell fell asleep early and saw and knew nothing till morning, and about the councilors till they likewise slept, till at last a young soldier through his fidelity to Buddha was rewarded with discovering the sorceress. For sitting up with the hundred soldiers he kept himself from sleep by striking his knife into his thigh and twisting it round and round, and so discovered that the sorceress was no other than the false favourite of the Prince whom he shot at, when she assumed her original form and fled to the mountains. Or of the Sun-goddess, and how in a fit of anger she hid herself in a cave and the world grew dark, and the gods laid plans to bring her from her retreat, and how they succeeded, and how at once the earth was all ablaze and the grass and flowers and sky resumed their natural hues. Thus the children are often amused. But indeed their lives are not always smooth and serene. Those destined to be trained as singers, or given to a life of shame, are often sold by their parents when five or six years of age. Henceforth they are slaves.

Excursion parties are often seen in their quest of pleasure. The Japanese have a love of nature, and especially of flowers,

beyond what we as a people have. The poorest will have a tree and a flower in his tiny garden, or at least a flower in his pot.



A COMPANY OF FRIENDS "FLOWER-VIEWING."

It is not that he thinks that the *dulce* is *utile*, nor that he wishes to go seeking for the

"Moral shut within the bosom of the rose,"

but that "a thing of beauty" is to him "a joy for ever." Authorities declare that there are about seventeen hundred species of dicotyledonous with a proportionate number of monocotyledonous plants. Of evergreens there are one hundred and

fifty varieties. The magnificent *Cryptomeria Japonica* which sometimes attains the height of one hundred and fifty feet; the tall, green polished stems of the bamboo with their tufted tops in feathery groves; the *Camellia Japonica* with its splendid flowers; the camphor-tree of vast girth; the persimmon and the orange with their dark glossy leaves and golden fruit; the maple, one kind of which is a mass of crimson leaves in the early part of the season, a second amber-hued, and a third kind a deep purple—all changing in six or eight weeks to green, and finally in the autumn all putting on the sere and yellow leaf; the magnolia with its wreath of bloom; the drooping banners of the elm; the cedars and firs of many varieties and exquisite delicacy, the palm, and the bauana with its long graceful plumes constitute a part of the opulent *flora* of Japan.

The flower calendar is carefully marked by the Japanese. So fond are they of flowers that all Tokiyo is astir at the various flower *festas* through the year, and excursions for the purpose of "cherry-viewing," "iris-viewing," "peony-viewing," "lotus-viewing," etc., are made to different resorts where they flourish in special beauty. Let us hastily run through the year. Soon after the New Year festivities are past, in sheltered, sunny places a violet, with its timid, furtive look, may be seen, while the plum-tree branches of pink and white buds appear, and ere long the homes of Japanese are bright with leafless branches covered with rich clusters of blossoms. In February, before plum-blossoms have disappeared, the peach bloom of delicate pink contrasts beautifully with the various shades of green on all the country round. March brings us the daphnes with their heavy odours, the camellia bloom of various shades and degrees of richness, from the creamy or snowy white to the deepest crimson or scarlet, and the magnolia with its fragrant white blossoms, brightening the hedges, hilltops and waysides, while the bright yellow flowers of the *abura no na*, or rape, cover thousands of acres in the plains among the mountains. April comes and the violets are in their glory; azalias, white and crimson, beautify the hills; the cherry-blossoms in the middle of the month draw vast multitudes to Uyeno, or, better still, to Mukojima, where for more than a mile along the bank of the Sumida-gawa is an avenue of cherry trees of wonderful beauty. They walk or ride or sail in pleasure-boats, gay with flags and streamers by day, and with lanterns of

variegated colours by night, and abandon themselves to the enjoyment of the scene, or, in the tea-houses and bowers by the wayside, drink tea flavoured with cherry-blossom. In May the



TEA GARDEN.

Japanese will go in raptures over the *botan* (the peony) or delight in sitting in a bower, from the ceiling of which hang clusters of white or purple wistaria. Companies of friends betake themselves to retreats where they flourish, and spend a good part of the day.

Songs and music accompany the repast of tea and sweetmeats. They celebrate the beauty of the flowers in couplets written upon slips of paper which are then fastened to the boughs. Honey-suckles emit fragrance from the neatly-trimmed hedge to the nostrils of the passer-by. In June, he who has visited every month thus far the floral beauties of his city and its environs will hasten to feast his eyes upon the three hundred varieties of iris of the loveliest hues in Hori-Kiri. In July he visits the castle-moats to see the sacred lotus growing in the ooze, the emblem of purity amid unfavourable environments. It is then that the *yuri*, or mountain lily, golden-tipped and spotted with gold and brown and pink, blooms far up on the mountain-side and the hydrangea with its immense flowers of pink and blue. In late October the chrysanthemum—the Emperor's crest—begins to bloom, the better varieties of which are cultivated with rare success by native florists. One plant, the Hon. Judge Bingham told me, in the Emperor's private garden, bore two hundred flowers each as large as the head of a child. On later in the season (November and December) the camellia blooms—the coarser kinds early till at last we have a flower of rarest delicacy. Oranges now begin to turn from green to gold, while purple grapes and figs hang from vines and trees, and persimmons, red and yellow, make the city gay with their brightness, while the mountain-sides put on their autumn splendour. Everywhere indeed tufts of flowers and dazzling foliage stand out against a sombre background of pines and cedars.

The flower-shows of Tokiyo are worth visiting. They are held in certain streets on certain days of the month. At a given place you may depend on finding a show on the third, thirteenth, and twenty-third evenings of the month. At another place it is always on the fifth, fifteenth, and twenty-fifth. As the afternoon wanes the gardeners begin to bring their trees and plants of all sizes and kinds, with their roots well covered with earth and wrapped in rice straw. To buy cheap you must go late, and you may get plants or trees at their full worth, but often less than one-fourth of the price demanded in the early evening. But there is perhaps no flower-show that draws such crowds as those in Dangozaka in October or November. The gardeners cut bushes and shrubs into the forms of men and women and dragons and animals of various sorts, etc. Often one may see *tableaux* illus-

trating scenes of Japanese history or romance; heads, faces, hands and feet of painted wood or terra-cotta, while clothes, fans and weapons are made up of numberless small chrysanthemums of different colours.

But let the Buddhists rejoice in the lotus as the most sacred of all flowers, the Imperialists regard the chrysanthemum as "easily the chief," and the florist boasts of the flower he considers the most beautiful. As for us, we shall proclaim and glory in the surpassing sweetness and infinite beauty and preciousness of "the Rose of Sharon."

GOD'S HARVEST.

BY THE REV. J. H. DUBBS, D.D.

LORD ! We grow weary in Thy harvest-field ;
 The sun is hot—the labour is severe ;
 The brain whirls round, and the strained sinews yield ;
 We long to see the evening shades appear :
Kyrie eleison !—Lord, have pity !

Others well laden come before Thy face,
 While our poor sheaves are not worth what they cost,
 Why didst Thou call us from the market-place,
 If, after all, our labour must be lost ?
Orate, fratres !—Brethren, pray !

Lord of the harvest, hear us when we cry !
 Our strength increase and Thy pure Spirit send ;
 Revive Thy work, and lift our hearts on high
 With harvest joys until our task shall end.
Sursum corda !—Uplift your hearts !

We'll trust thy promise, Lord, and will not leave
 The harvest-field until we hear Thee call ;
 For though we stumble oft, we yet believe
 We shall not faint, or fainting shall not fall.
Laus tibi, Christe !—Praise to Thee, Christ !

And when at last to Thee, O gracious Lord !
 With trembling hearts, our little sheaves we bring,
 If Thou shouldst deem them worthy of reward,
 Thy boundless grace forevermore we'll sing :
Gloria tibi, Domine !—Glory to Thee, O Lord !

WHOSE HYMNS DO WE SING?

BY THE REV. PROF. SHAW, M.A., LL.B.

WHOSE hymns do we sing? We sing the hymns of all the centuries from Clement of the third to Keble of the nineteenth. We sing the hymns of almost all the Churches, Latin, Greek, Anglican, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist, Moravian, Baptist, Congregational, and even Unitarian and Universalist. I would like to write an article on Ecclesiastical Borrowing to show the indebtedness of the various Churches to each other in theology, literature, polity, ritual and hymnology. If time does not permit the expansion of all these points, the consideration of the last of them is at least secured by a brief discussion of the question before us. And here I may say that borrowing in our hymnology so largely from such widely different sources, we ought surely in the most catholic spirit readily and gratefully to recognize the indebtedness which thus we incur. As I enter any Methodist church in this Dominion I may possibly find that the minister, with the authority of the Supreme Court of the Church, is announcing a hymn composed by a Roman Catholic, *ex. gr.* Faber's:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy."

or by a Unitarian, *ex. gr.* Mrs. Adams':

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

I can scarcely with consistency use the hymns of these authors to help my soul to heaven and at the same time relegate their souls to hell. I am compelled to think, as I stand with half a thousand or more of Methodists in the solemn act of worship, that these authors must have known something of the spiritual life I possess as it is quickened by their beautiful words and thoughts. No wonder that the symbol of music is used in Scripture to describe the inconceivable joys of heaven, for it surely typifies the complete submergence and disappearance of all the prejudices and antagonisms of earth lost in the harmony of perfect love. We do well in this life, then, to have our hearts well attuned by charity even while we may deplore and

conscientiously and intelligently oppose, as we are in duty bound to do, the serious errors of even sincere men.

But the question is before us, "Whose hymns do we sing?" In analyzing the authorship of our collection of hymns I have been struck with the variety there is in the different religious systems represented. This Wesleyan revival, which is still in progress, gleans in a wisely conservative spirit from all the past a hymnology which lives with the immortality of the Christian faith.

There were psalmists a thousand years ago and more, in both the Greek and Latin Churches, who composed hymns that to-day are sung by Canadian Methodists beneath the shadow of the Rocky Mountains. There were medieval saints into whose hymns there was breathed the very life of God, and down the centuries this Divine breath has been wafted on the flow of Christian song, and in our experience to-day these hymns have a quickening power. The Church of Rome was fearfully depleted by the Reformation, but still not deprived of all spirituality. Indeed what the Councils of Constance and Trent aimed at effecting, viz., "a complete reformation of the Church in its head and ministry" has been to some extent accomplished by the reacting influence of Protestantism. The appearance in our Methodist hymn-book of several Roman Catholic hymns bears ample testimony to the fact that, in our judgment, there is still some vital piety in the Roman Catholic Church. It is nothing remarkable that representatives of nine different Protestant denominations contribute to our collection of hymns.

What a striking diversity, again, there is in the localities in which our hymns were written—Egypt and England, Asia Minor and the United States, Italy and Ireland, Spain and Canada, France and Scotland, Germany and Wales. Over almost an entire hemisphere these songs have come trooping to us to do us service.

The following analysis, in tabular form, may be of some interest, showing opposite the name of each Church the number of authors and the number of their hymns, as represented in the Canadian Methodist Hymn-Book :

	Authors.	Hymns.
Church before the Reformation.....	8	13
Roman Catholic	7	11

	Authors.	Hymns.
Anglican	40	83
Lutheran	5	9
Presbyterian	12	22
Congregational	9	99
Baptist	10	18
Moravian	6	27
Methodist	16	554
Unitarian	9	13
Universalist	2	2
Denomination unknown	50	84
Total	174	935

Again, of the one hundred and seventy-four authors in our list we have one hundred and thirty-nine men contributing eight hundred and eighty-two hymns, and thirty-five women contributing fifty-three hymns, some of the latter being the finest in the collection. One has been already mentioned—

“Nearer, my God, to Thee.”

It was a Roman Catholic lady, Madame Bourignon, of France, who gave us the hymn translated by John Wesley :

“Come, Saviour Jesus from above,”

though in our index it is credited to Dr. Byrom, against the views and fact stated by Mr. Stevenson in his work, “The Methodist Hymn-Book and its Associations.” Mrs. Lydia Baxter sings sweetly of the charm of a holy life—

“Take the name of Jesus with you,”

and Mrs. Codner stirs our hearts into hope and trust by the hymn :

“Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.”

I am glad that Mrs. Charles, an Anglican lady, one of the most beautiful of Christian characters, the author of “Christian Life in Song,” and the faithful delineator of Methodism in “The Diary of Kitty Trevilyan,” has her name down, though only for one hymn :

“Never further than Thy cross.”

The voice of Phœbe Carey, an American Universalist, is heard once as she sings :

“ One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er.”

Charlotte Elliott, an Anglican of England, gives us three hymns, one of them being :

“ Just as I am,”

and Miss Havergal, another English Episcopalian, puts us very largely in her debt by the hymn :

“ I gave my life for thee,”

and nine others full of spiritual fervour.

Dr. Stevenson claims for the Countess of Huntingdon the inspiring hymn :

“ Come, thou fount of every blessing,”

which in our index is attributed to Robinson. Mrs. E. Prentiss, daughter of Edmund Payson, an American Presbyterian, leads our hearts nearer to the Saviour as she sings :

“ More love to Thee, O Christ,”

and Anna B. Warner, known as Amy Lathrop gives us :

“ One more day's work for Jesus.”

Again, it is noticeable that many of the greatest favourites in the collection are hymns which appear as solitary representatives of their respective authors ; 112 names thus are found represented each by only a single hymn. This class of hymns has been already to some extent illustrated. It is significant that many of them are most in demand both for Sabbath and social service. When Cardinal J. H. Newman wrote the single hymn :

“ Lead kindly light,”

he started influences into operation upon coming generations possibly as potent as if diffused through a whole volume of hymns. Moses stands before the centuries as one of the sublimest of psalmists, though it is questionable if, apart from the

pæan of the Exodus and the Memorial hymn in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, he wrote any other psalm than that in which he sings of Divine Majesty and human dependence:

“Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.”

To be the author of one great poem, of one great book, of one great thought, of one great impulse that blesses the race stamps a man at once as of earth's intellectual or moral peerage.

It may be noted, again, that one king, Robert II. of France (971-1031), one pope, Gregory the Great, five worthy British knights, one British countess and one German count honour their illustrious position by leading us in praise to the King of kings and Lord of lords. Of those whom the world regards as *litterateurs*, we have here the names of Addison, Bryant, Cowper, Mrs. Hemans, Montgomery, Moore, Pope, Mrs. Sigourney, Scott and Tennyson. Dryden appears simply as a translator.

As regards the national origin of our hymns, this has been determined in the case of one hundred and forty-two authors as follows:

	Authors.	Hymns.
England.....	77	765
United States	29	40
Germany	15	25
Scotland	6	14
Ireland	4	11
France	4	9
Canada	2	3
Egypt.....	1	1
Italy	2	3
Asia Minor and Syria.....	2	2
Total	142	873

To these may be added, according to Stevenson, at least one hymn from Spain, translated by John Wesley:

“O God, my God, my all Thou art.”

It is credited in the index to Charles Wesley. It is very likely that of the fifty-four hymns unaccounted for above, the largest part is American. These have been to some extent anonymously published in periodicals, from which they have been deservedly elevated to the established hymnology of many of the Churches

to do a grand work for which their unknown authors shall probably be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

As regards the time when our hymns were written, we are furnished with the dates relative to one hundred and sixty-five authors out of the total of one hundred and seventy-four. Of these, seventy-three flourished before this century, leaving ninety-two writers of our hymns since 1800. Away back in the third century we have Clement of Alexandria, the teacher of Origen, writing for us hymn 839 :

“Shepherd of tender youth.”

In the fifth century we have Anatolius of Asia Minor, with his hymn translated by Neale :

“The day is past and over.”

In the sixth century we have the *Veni Creator* of Gregory the Great, the last of the great Latin Fathers. The claims of the authorship of this hymn (187) are divided between Gregory and Ambrose. The index gives the credit to neither but to the translator, Dryden.

The most beautiful favourite :

“Art thou weary, heavy laden,”

has in the index the honour of its composition ascribed to the skilful translator, Dr. Neale, which really belongs to Stephen the Sabaite of the eighth century, nephew of John of Damascus. In the eleventh century the royal singer, Robert II. of France, prepares for us the two hymns 203 and 204. In the twelfth century St. Bernard of Clairvaux, hymns 110 and 127; and St. Bernard, of Clugny, hymns 619-621, the third of which is the choice composition, “Jerusalem the Golden.” These three hymns are all suggestive of the Crusades, amidst the inspiration and activities of which they were composed. In the thirteenth century Thomas of Celano, wrote one of the grandest of Latin hymns, *Dies Irae*—a hymn which has attracted more translators than any other. Two of these appear in our collection, Dean Stanley in hymn 882 and Sir Walter Scott in 885. The sixteenth century gives us five

contributors, the seventeenth sixteen, the eighteenth forty-four, and the nineteenth ninety-two.

A word of explanation is necessary here as to translations. In the previous analyses the hymns have been directly credited to their authors, wherever authorship could be determined, and not to translators, as is too often done in the index. For example, the last hymn above mentioned, *Dies Irae*, in one translation is given as if composed by Sir Walter Scott, but in the other it is correctly given as composed by Thomas of Celano, and translated by Dean Stanley. It is not forgotten that translators (such as Dryden, Miss Winkworth, Ray Palmer, Neale, etc.), have done very much to enrich our hymnology. John Wesley gives us only five original hymns, but he has well used his linguistic scholarship in translating nineteen hymns from various languages.

It strikes me that there is room for improvement in the index of our hymns in the designation of authors. In the present index there are twenty-six hymns whose authorship is not correctly given, judging from the convincing evidence afforded by the various writers on the literary questions involved. I know the difficulty there is in determining with certainty some of these questions, and I wish that none of the foregoing statements I have made should appear to be given in any dogmatic spirit, for one has not long to study the subject of hymnology, as discussed in various works on the subject and in encyclopedias of literature and of biography, to discover what widely conflicting testimony there is among even recognized authorities.

But after the most careful analysis of our hymn-book we can make, it may be suggested that the original enquiry is yet unanswered, "*Whose hymns do we sing?*" All the hymns in our collection are not sung. Many of them are seldom sung, some of them never. It is of interest and of some importance, therefore, to know whose hymns are ordinarily selected for Sabbath service. The circumstances for recent investigation on this point have been very favourable for exactly determining what kind of hymns our ministers choose. The observations have been made by the writer during exactly three months, including sessions of Conference and occasions of special denominational interest when, if ever our ministers would be supposed to be conservative at all in this matter, it

would be then. Without, I trust, interfering with the spirit of worship, I noted the following facts: Of the seventy-eight hymns sung during the twenty-six Sabbath services of those three months thirty-three were Methodist and forty-five were of other origin. These services were all in cities or leading towns, and were conducted by twelve different ministers, of whom nine were Presidents or ex-Presidents of Conference. Of the hymns they announced, thirty-three were Methodist, eleven Anglican, eighteen Congregational, four Baptist, one Roman Catholic, six Moravian, one of the Church before the Reformation and four of unknown authorship. Of the Presidents and ex-Presidents two did not choose a Methodist hymn at all and two others each chose only one. It is very possible that these same honoured men might chance for a dozen successive Sabbaths to give out little else but Methodist hymns. The above facts are not given in any captious spirit nor for purposes of moralizing. The reader may use them as he wishes for his own philosophy.

If our hymn-book is in any sense an index of our Church life, and all ecclesiastical historians thus regard the *cultus* of any denomination, then two or three inferences may be allowed. First, I think there is evidence of increased culture somewhat at the expense of spiritual fervour. There are many hymns of early Methodism whose straining of metaphors and similes, especially relating to amorous emotions, marked the intense spiritual aspirations of the mysticism and pietism which were the European counterpart of Methodism, but whose verses have deservedly fallen more and more into disuse as the century has advanced. There are many such hymns we can well afford to surrender. On the other hand, if an unfavourable criticism on our present collection should justly be made, I would say that our hymns are becoming more ethical than spiritual. They are parallel in this respect with our preaching. There are probably fewer sermons now than formerly, at least of a dogmatic form, upon repentance, faith, the new birth, adoption, entire sanctification, the day of judgment and the torments of hell. There are far more on the nobility of Christian character, the excellence of Christian principle and our obligations towards our fellow-men. Dogma to-day is at a discount; beneficial practical results at as high a premium as

ever. There is something favourable about this transition. There is also much that is perilous. The basis of the ethical is the spiritual and the basis of the spiritual is the dogmatic. Aversion to the second and third elements will ultimately and inevitably weaken the first. This is true both in sermons and in hymns. It is significant that in the change from the old Wesleyan Hymn-Book we have parted with exactly one hundred of Charles Wesley's hymns and selected instead from the wide range of authorship previously described. The old book had altogether six hundred and thirty-nine Methodist hymns, the new has five hundred and fifty-four; the old of other origins one hundred and thirty-one, the new three hundred and eighty-one. Our present collection contains better poetry than the old, but has less of the mystical tinge which Moravianism gave to early Methodism.

I have gladly recognized our obligations to other Churches for many beautiful hymns. It is to be observed that the obligations are not all on one side. The indebtedness of other Churches to Methodist hymnology appears from the fact that in the Presbyterian Hymn-Book used in Canada out of three hundred and forty-nine hymns twenty-five are Methodist, or one in thirteen. We have borrowed only one Presbyterian hymn in eighty-two in our collection. The Anglican collection, "Hymns Ancient and Modern," has fifteen Methodist hymns out of a total of four hundred and seventy-three, or one in thirty-two. Here we show a little partiality to our Anglican parentage, for out of every eleven hymns in our book one is from the Church of England. The Baptists have eighty-one Methodist hymns out of one thousand, or one in twelve; the Congregationalists eighty-eight out of twelve hundred and eighty-one, or one in fourteen and a half.

We have every reason to be thankful for such a heritage of Christian song as our Canadian Methodism possesses. If we live as we should, and toil and pray like our fathers, we may be sure our Church will ever be a singing and a growing Church. Says Talmage: "Methodists sang their way all over England and the the howling of persecution could not stop them. They sang their way across the Atlantic and the ocean hurricane could not beat down their song." A living Christianity cannot survive without

singing. The incarnation opened with the singing of angels. It closed with the singing of Christ and His followers. "Having sung an hymn they went out to the Mount of Olives." From the grand psalms cxiii. to cxviii. composing the Great Hallel they sang, and out into the darkness they went, with music and love, to win the world to light and purity and God. So, if we are faithful,

"Salvation shall inspire our hearts
And dwell upon our tongues."

ADJUSTMENT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs must shed
That nearer Heaven the living ones may climb ;
The false must fail, though from our shores of time
The old lament be heard : "Great Pan is dead !"
The wail is Error's from his high place hurled,
This sharp recoil is Evil understood,
Our time's unrest, an angel sent of God
Troubling with life the waters of the world.
Even as they list the winds of the Spirit blow
To turn or break our century-rusted vanes ;
Sands shift and waste, the rocks alone remains
Where led of Heaven the strong tides come and go,
And storm-clouds rent by thunderbolt and wind
Leave, free of mist, the permanent stars behind.

Therefore I trust, although to outward sense
Both true and false seem threatened : I will hold
With newer light my reverence for the old,
And calmly wait the births of Providence.
No gain is lost : the clear-eyed saints look down
Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds
Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds
Counting in task-field and o'erpeopled town :
Truth hath charm'd life, the Inward Word survives
And, day by day, its revelations brings ;
Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things
Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives
Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,
And the new Gospel verifies the old.

—*Andover Review.*

“GRASS-WIDOWS’ ALLEY.”*

BY A RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

MY somewhat limited private library does not boast of a copy of the slang dictionary, nor have I through any incidental means a sufficient knowledge of slang phrases to be able to state when or why that of “grass-widow” first came to be applied to married women whose husbands were living from them. Among the lower classes the grass-widow is generally a deserted woman,—a woman, therefore, who has to “scratch” for herself and for whatever children she may happen to have, and who as a rule, makes a very poor scratch of it. Mine being a waterside district, grass-widows were, unhappily, numerous in it.

The bulk of the grass-widows of my district were, as they would inform you, when telling the story of their troubles, the wives of sea-going men who were “away somewheres foreign, and not sending anythink home, not even so much as the scrape of a pen, and which they might be alive or they might be dead, or they might turn up again or they might not. Howsumever, it was a cruel hard thing on them and on their children; which they had never given any provocation, but the other way about.”

With so much premised, it is scarcely necessary, I think, to explain why a certain street in my district was nicknamed “Grass-Widows’ Alley.” It was the favourite place of residence for the grass-widows, who, like other birds of a feather, flocked together. It was the poorest, most wretched, most-to-be-pitied spot in all the district; and that is saying a good deal. It was not exclusively inhabited by grass-widows, other widows, widows in full, as they were called by way of distinction, lived there in considerable numbers. It was a long narrow street running between the two principal thoroughfares of the district, and any person passing along either of those thoroughfares, who had cared to glance down it, would have seen that it was also a dirty, dismal, unhealthy, overcrowded street. But few passers-by did care to pause to look down Grass-Widows’ Alley—and for

*Abridged from *The Great Army of London Poor*. By the Riverside Visitor. London : T. Woolmer, 2 Castle-street, City-road, E.C.

reasons good. At either end of the Alley, and having entrances in it, were "corner" gin palaces, which to a considerable extent were very visibly supported by the no-visible-means-of-support class. Around their doors were generally to be found loafing a number of slouching, low-browed gentlemen of the stamp that decent citizens with portable property about them instinctively avoid. It was unpaved and undrained. Down its centre ran a stench-emitting gutter, choked and spreading out into more or less extensive mud pools at every few yards. What were by courtesy called footpaths, were thick strewn with all manner of refuse, and in the gutter swarmed innumerable hungry-looking, ill-clad, dreadfully dirty children, who for the most part had known nothing of "childhood's joys," and who were growing up to be street arabs in their girlhood and boyhood, worse in their man and womanhood.

The dwellings of the Alley presented an almost incredible state of dilapidation. They were old, had stood all the sack and destruction to which the desperately poor are wont to subject house property, and had never been repaired. When I came to know the place a knocker was a rarity in it, and metal door-numbers, door handles, scrapers, and spouting had all long gone the way of the marine store dealers, while in not a few apartments even the grate had been taken away. A window with half the panes of glass remaining ranked high for light and respectability, many of them being utterly denuded of glass and roughly boarded up. Inside, the houses were equally dilapidated. The roofs let in the rain more or less freely, the ceilings and walls were smoke-blackened, the staircases were dangerously rickety and the floors broken.

Itinerant traders of the poorer kinds abounded in the Alley, and their "shallows" and baskets were at certain hours of the day to be seen piled in front of their dwellings, while at all times there exhaled from numbers of the houses an odour of stale—not to say stinking—fish, which, taken in conjunction with the knowledge of the sort of places in which the humble traders of the Alley must keep their "stock," was highly calculated to create a disrelish for such tea and breakfast relishes as shrimps, winkles, herrings, and haddocks. As early as three o'clock in the morning lights would be seen fitting about in some of the houses, indicating to the initiated that the buyers of the Alley

were making ready to tramp up to Billingsgate, Covent Garden, and other central markets. A little later—especially in the summer months—the more industrious and more robust of the seamstress division of the Alley—the shirt makers, button-holders, and “hands” of the slop-shop “sweaters”—would be seen at their windows, commencing their weary and ill-paid labours. From half-past five till six the few regularly employed labourers living in the place would be going off to their work. About seven there commenced a scene of bustle. At that hour the buyers returned with their small stocks; and then it was a case of all hands to the pump to prepare the stocks for retailing—to tie the watercresses into halfpenny bundles, sort herrings and haddocks into sizes, and so forth. Brave Christian-minded volunteer visitors make their way into the Alley on missions of love and mercy; but the outsiders most frequently seen in it—alas that it should be so!—are the potmen from the corner “publics,” already spoken of. Each morning they collected a string of pewter pots from it; for, amidst all its poverty, there was drinking. On each Friday morning a special scene was to be witnessed in the Alley. Numbers of its widows, both grass and full, were to be seen trooping out with cloths under their arms, and looking comparatively jocund—as well they might, for they were among those who received out-door parochial relief, and they were now on their way to receive their weekly allowance of money and bread. For this day at least they and their children were sure of “a good rough fill;” and the children as well as the parents knew it, as they showed by the eager manner in which they ran to meet their mothers when they returned laden with the loaves.

Such, so far as I have been able to describe it, was the outward appearance of Grass-Widows' Alley, the poorest spot as I have said, in all my poor district. Cheerless and wretched, however, as was Grass-Widows' Alley in its material aspect, it was of course in the home and inner life of its inhabitants that the sorrowfullest aspect of it lay—in their hand-to-mouth life, their desperate heart-breaking struggles to keep body and soul together. Ah me! when I think of these things, what mournful memories the name of the Alley conjures up! What remembrance of children young in years but old in suffering—of gaunt, hunger-pinched faces, of women with “only the ghosts

of garment son," who do not sing, but live, the "Song of the Shirt," labouring from weary chime to chime for a crust of bread, and rags.

What recollections of crushed and broken lives, hopeless and despairing hearts—sin and sorrow, and death! As I write, such memories throng thick upon me, and standing out clear from the rest is the remembrance of a dead two-year old little girl with the angel-look already upon its face—the child to whose death my first introduction to the Alley was incidentally owing.

On a rather warm October morning, I had occasion to call at the shop of one of the largest tradesmen of my district who was not better known among those of his own standing as a shrewd and successful business man, than he was to the poor of the neighbourhood as a charitable one. To invoke his aid in this latter character was the purpose of my visit. Having readily promised the assistance I had come to ask, my friend took a dirty, ill-written document from his pocket. Spreading the document upon the head of a barrel that stood convenient I saw that it was headed in a sort of text-hand:—"The humble petition of Mary Cooper, of C—— Street, in St. N——s Parish, Shewith," and made out—not without difficulty, for in addition to being ill written, it was couched in a sort of semi-legal jargon—that the object of the petition was to solicit subscriptions towards paying the difference between the price of a pauper coffin and a plain coffin of ordinary type. The pauper coffins were terribly slap-dash affairs, and it was a common and recognised practice between the parish undertaker and the very poor, for the latter to pay for having the coffin "made decent" as they expressively put it—having them plainly covered and lined, and furnished with handles and plates. What had struck my friend, what struck me, as peculiar in Mrs. Cooper's petition was, that it represented her as labouring under such a crushing accumulation of misfortunes as seemed scarcely credible—as in short suggested the petition being a fabrication, and as such inartistically overdone.

"What do you think of Mrs. Cooper?" my friend asked significantly when I had finished my perusal of the paper.

"I don't like the style of the petition," I said.

"No more do I," said my friend, "but she is scarcely to blame for that. I gather that she can't write, and I know the fellow

who has written it for her. He is deputy at the common lodging-house, and thinks that this style of composition shows him a ‘scolard.’ He is just the sort that, under the melting influence of a pot of beer or two, would write a thing of this kind without either knowing or caring whether it was true.”

“If it is not true,” I said, “Mrs. Cooper is very much to blame; if it is true she is very much to be pitied—and if possible helped.”

“Just so,” asserted my friend; “I think it is a case to be inquired into, and I’m going to make inquiry—will you come?”

“Yes,” I said, I would go willingly, and without further words we started.

“That must be the house,” said my friend, by a glance indicating one, across the paper-patched, up-stairs window of which was fastened some old piece of white stuff to serve as a blind. Tapping at the door, we found that it was the house.”

“Yes, Mrs. Cooper lives here,” said the grim old woman who answered our knock, “and she’s at home, but she’s in about as much trouble as any poor creature well can be and live. The wonder is how she has lived through it all; but what might you want with her?”

We said that we wanted to speak to her.

“And give her a tract, I suppose!” said the old woman contemptuously.

“We want to see her about this,” said my companion, taking the petition from his pocket.

“Oh, that’s another matter; I begs your pardon,” answered the old dame, her tone becoming more civil. “She can stand by that; every word of it’s gospel truth, for I got it wrote for her, and heard it read over, and it was about all I could do for her. I’ve never known much else than misery myself, and I’ve lived among it all my life, but such a dose as she has got now I don’t think I ever did see before. Go up to her room, and you’ll see such a picture there as I’ll venture to say your eyes never rested on before.”

And truly my eyes never had rested on such a sight. Since then they have rested on some scarcely less sad, but at the time I beheld it the scene in that room in *Grass-Widows’ Alley* was the saddest I had ever looked upon. It was a picture that, if put on canvas, would have been condemned as overdrawn, and

attributed to a morbid imagination, and yet there it was before me in sad and stern reality. The wretched old room darkened by the apology for a blind, the splintered hearthstone, the rusty, fireless, fenderless grate, the shaky, uneven, disjointed flooring, the dirt-engrined walls, the ceiling smoke-blackened, and here and there fallen in, so that the rain soaked through; the bed of rags in the corner, and the one broken chair and rickety table that constituted the furniture! And oh the occupants of this so dismal apartment! On the solitary chair sat a man who, sound and well, would have been a fine able-bodied one, but who was now weak and wasted from hunger and disease. His left arm was in a sling, his right was thrown round the shoulders of a six-year old boy, who was crying—for bread. On the opposite side of the fireplace from the father sat, on a rough block of wood, a patient-looking little girl of four, moaning from the pain of a badly-crushed foot, she having been run over by a hand-cart two days previously; and in the far corner of the room, heedless of our entry and all else, knelt the mother by the corpse of her youngest and prettiest child, an infant of barely two years. The dead face was the one happy-looking face in the room—the one thing of beauty amid all the wretchedness. It had been a beautiful little creature, regular featured, blue-eyed, pure-complexioned, and, having only died in the small hours of the same morning, “Decay’s effacing finger” had not as yet no unbeautifying mark upon it. It had died with a smile on its lips, and the smiling expression was still there, the eyes were gently closed, and in that dim room the bright soft golden hair cast a glory round the brow. The frail little body was laid out on the top of an old deal box, which had been draped with clean white window curtains, lent, as I afterwards learned, by kindly neighbours; and it was arrayed for its long dreamless sleep in a beautifully-white night-dress, drawn in at the waist by a band of pink ribbon. So it lay; its presence sanctifying the squalid room. Reverentially I approached it, reverentially roused the mother from the stupor of grief into which she had fallen, and tried to comfort her. She was a young woman, and had been good-looking; but now her eyes were sunken and lack-lustre, her cheeks pale and hollow, and the whole expression haggard and hunger-pinched.

“Be calm!” she exclaimed passionately, in reply to some-

thing my friend had said to her, "don't you think I'd be something more than human if I could be calm, placed as I am? There's my husband, poor fellow, been out of work this seven months, with a diseased elbow. I'm expecting every day to be a mother again; you can see my one child lamed and requiring nursing, and hear my other crying from hunger; and there is my little Rose, that I think I loved better than them all—God forgive me if it was a sin!—lying dead, and more through our hard living than anything else. Be calm, sir! I wonder I'm not mad altogether."

"Would not the parish authorities help you in your trouble?" I asked.

"They offered to take us all into the workhouse," she answered, in a tone of bitterness; "and I believe they made that their only offer because they could see we were of the sort that would rather starve than go into a workhouse;—and we have starved and are starving. I am only nine-and-twenty; my husband is only three years older, and till this misfortune of the accident to his arm fell on us, we were decent independent people in our poor way, for he was only a day-labourer, and unfortunately for us he was not in any club. Of course we had to part with what we had bit by bit to get bread, and we moved into this place for cheapness, and what you see, and these, is what our home has been brought down to!"

"These" were a handful of pawn-tickets that she took from a cupboard as she spoke.

"With pawning and selling," she went on, "and what I could bring in by washing and charing, we managed to scrape on till five years ago, by which time my little Rose was so ill as to require constant nursing, and then we did have the parish doctor, and parish medicine and nourishment, and now we are offered a parish coffin for her."

So far she had been comparatively self-possessed, but at this point she gave way to a wild burst of grief. Throwing back her hair and raising her voice, she continued:

"But she sha'n't be buried in it! Look at her, pretty little angel. Her last nest, at any rate, shall be a decent one, if I beg the money on my knees by farthings."

As she finished she threw herself on her knees beside the dead child, and with her head lying close to its hand, sobbed hysterically.

Seeing her thus, the husband for the first time came forward, and laying his hand caressingly upon her shoulder, said—

“Don’t take on so, Liza. I know you loved her dearly, and so did I; but at the same time, lass, remember that she has gone to a better place, and been took from a hard, hard world.”

“I know she’s better off, and that it’s selfish of me to fret,” she moaned, without raising her head; “but I can’t help it, Jim; it tears my heart altogether; and to think how she suffered!”

“Try to bear up, lass,” he said, in the same soothing tone; “my arm is on the mend now, and, please God, we may see better days again. Oh, sirs,” he went on, turning to us, but still keeping his hand on his wife’s shoulder, “it’s a dreadful thing for a man to be chained, as you may say, and see his wife and children starving, and, what is worse, being a burden upon them. If either of you could get me anything to do for a while that a man might do with one arm, I’d be thankful. None but God and ourselves know how hard my wife here has fought against the workhouse, how hard we have all lived to keep out of it; but I’m afraid we shall have to go, after all, if we can’t get some little help to tide us over the next few weeks. You may think it a poor way for a man to talk, but being placed as you see me here brings down pride, gentlemen. I’d do anything, however humble and however poorly paid, and be gladder than I can say to get it.”

There was no whining in his tone, and there could be no doubt of his sincerity. The passionate grief of the woman, touching it was, was not more distressing to witness than the tearless agony of the man’s face.

The latter indeed seemed to have the more powerful effect upon my companion, for whispering to me, “I can stand no more of this;” and assuring them that he would see something was done, he led the way from the room. Neither of us was in humour for talking, and we had got quite clear of the Alley, when my friend, drawing a long breath, exclaimed—

“Well, I shall never forget that sight the longest day I live. If I had stayed another minute, I must either have cried or choked. I can’t tell you how much it has upset me, and yet I’m very glad I went. I thought, on first reading the paper, it was an imposture—and if—as I once thought of doing—I had taken no notice of it, and found, when it was too late to do anything,

that it was really true, the thought of it would have haunted me."

"It was a case," I observed, "that showed, even more than the discovery of an imposture would have done, the advantages of personal investigation in such matters."

No more was said, but I trust it is scarcely necessary to add that something was done. Care was taken that the, at any rate, excusable wish of the poor mother was gratified—that the "last nest" of her dead darling was a decent one. A light employment was procured for the husband until such time as his arm was well, and he, his wife, and remaining children restored to health and strength.

Such was my first introduction to *Grass-Widows' Alley*, and much of my after-experience in it was also associated with death and misery—necessarily so, for they were the chief characteristics of the place, and it was curious, as well as sad, to note how calmly familiar with them were the inhabitants. While they struggled so desperately to live, many of them yet looked forward to death as a friend. I remember once speaking with one of the seamstresses of the Alley. She was a "deserted woman" with two children.

"Ah, well, sir," she exclaimed, "there's one consolation—there's no work in the grave! Thank heaven for that! There, at last, we will be able to fold our hands, and rest, rest, rest! No shirts to make there for three-ha'pence each, and no 'swaters' to dock your pay on a Saturday night for pretended fault in the work; and we won't feel hunger, or cold, or pain there—our long home is the best, after all; I often sigh for it."

She did not speak bitterly or ironically, but in an unaffected spirit of thankfulness and satisfaction. Others in the Alley have I heard in the same spirit express the same longing for the last folding of the hands to sleep. The winter, with its cold wet days and long dark nights, was on many grounds their most trying time. The inclement weather sadly curtailed the earnings of their out-door occupations; whilst the seamstresses and others following in-door employment could not work so well by candle or lamplight as they could by daylight—and then there was the question of the expense of light and firing. In the bitterest cold of notably severe seasons I have seen family after family shivering about in utterly fireless rooms, or almost fight-

ing for a share of the scanty warmth of such a fire as could be got up out of a few sticks and cinders gathered from dust-heaps by the children.

Sundry rather dramatic stories were current in the Alley, of men turning up "just in the nick of time;" just at a time, that was, when absolute starvation was staring their families in the face.

But such brighter bits of life were the rare exceptions. Woe! woe! woe! was the rule, and of course there were occasionally cases in which the lighter and darker phases of the life of the place were strangely mingled.

Such as I have attempted to describe it, was Grass-Widows' Alley; such life in it, such death in it. When I consider what manner of place it was, the saddest feature of it has yet to be named—to wit, that it is a typical neighbourhood. Such places are to be found by the score in the metropolis alone, and the thought that it is so, may surely make us humble, thankful, and charitable.

THE THREE LESSONS.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
 Three words as with a burning pen,
 In tracings of eternal light,
 Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
 And gladness hides her face in scorn,
 Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
 No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy barque is driven—
 The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
 Know this—God rules the host of Heaven,
 The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,
 But man as man thy brother call,
 And scatter like the circling sun
 Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
 Faith, Hope, and Love—and thou shalt find
 Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
 Light when thou else were blind.

—Schiller.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY THE REV. WM. HARRISON.

ONE of the most notable events of the year is the visit to Canada of the British Association for the Advancement of Science and the transactions of their fifty-fourth annual meeting, recently closed in the city of Montreal. This society includes in its membership a long list of distinguished names, and represents the largest scientific body in the world. It is not the intention of this contribution to deal with any of the four hundred papers which were read during the various sessions of this Scientific Congress in question. Our task relates to certain other considerations which naturally suggest themselves to every mind which endeavours to keep an outlook at the large, living questions of the age. Our purpose is to note the attitude which this Scientific Association assumes towards religious and theological themes, around which much of contention has raged in other days, and upon which, as we believe, the moral future and progress of our race assuredly depends. It is a cause for gratitude to mark the changing aspect which some of the great intellectual movements of the times exhibit towards the fundamental facts of religion.

Our first reference is to the masterly address of its President, the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh, Professor of Experimental Physics, etc., in the University of Cambridge, England. After reviewing the various recent advances in the realm of physics, he closed a comprehensive summary of modern scientific triumphs by a brief reference to some distinguished men, who while pre-eminent as leaders in the world of science, were at the same time possessed of a profound faith in the great essentials of religion. His words were :—

“ Many excellent people are afraid of science as tending towards materialism. That such apprehension should exist is not surprising, for unfortunately there are writers speaking in the name of science, who have set themselves to foster it. It is true that among scientific men, as in other classes, crude views are to be met with as to the deeper things of Nature ; but that the life-long beliefs of Newton, Faraday, and of Maxwell are inconsistent with the scientific habit of mind, is surely a proposition which I need not pause to refute.”

The religious element in the life, character, and teachings of Newton and Faraday are too well known to need further comment here. But it may be asked who is Clerk Maxwell? Let one answer who knows whereof he speaks.

Professor Maxwell, who passed away about a year ago, and whose deeply interesting life has recently been published, is acknowledged to have been one of the most accomplished opponents of materialism that England has produced, and whose eulogy was pronounced in London by Professor Helmholtz, one of the most brilliant and progressive scientists that Germany has ever given to the world. The *elite* of the British scientists listen to the address. Maxwell was a man equipped with a mathematical knowledge which a Huxley and a Tyndall do not possess. A man discussing the old and the new atomic theory, crystallization, the origin of life, and other similar topics that lie on the border-land between religion and science, from the point of view of the most exact research, and utterly repudiating agnosticism, and accepting the supernatural. He is eulogized by Helmholtz for his scientific knowledge, placed on the pinnacle of scientific fame, and his theism is regarded as one of the greatest claims to scientific respect."

And Clerk Maxwell, with all his splendid attainments and influence in the world of physical science, was "as devout a Christian as ever lay on a deathbed."

It would have been fitting if, in this brief enumeration of religious scientists, the worthy President had included the names of Sir John Herschel, the founder of the "British Association of Science," and Sir David Brewster, a distinguished master of physical philosophy and one of the most influential scientists that the past has produced. The former in conversations with a friend on several occasions spoke of the supposed opposition between science and religion, and always repudiated the notion. "I remember," says Alexander Strahan, an intimate acquaintance of Sir John, "that he firmly insisted that in the end theology would gain by successful physical investigation, making our knowledge of the Deity's operations more definite. This prospect of intellectual advancement seemed to him to promise spiritual progress. Anything that theology lost, he said, would be simply non-essentials, founded on mistake, arising from ignorance, and really hurtful to spiritual life, not helpful to it. One of his remarks was this: 'Science will teach man how God deals with him physically in this world, and, as he learns both, he will love his Maker and Ruler better.'"

Sir David Brewster's testimony was to the same effect. Said

he on a certain occasion: "Science and religion must be one, since each dealt with Truth, which had only one and the same Author."

Coming back to the address now under consideration, the Hon. President affirms that, "The higher mysteries of being, if at all penetrable by the human intellect, require other weapons than those of calculation and experiment." Here is a rebuke to the materialism of to-day and confirmation of the grounds occupied by the representative of Christian apologists of modern times.

In further reference to the religious aspects of the late gathering in Montreal we find additional evidence of the perfect compatibility between true religion and a scientific habit of mind in its most advanced and cultured form. On Sabbath morning, August 31st, as a large number of the members of the Association were returning from Quebec to the place of meeting, a religious service was held on board the *Canada*. On that occasion, General Sir Henry Lefroy, C.B., K.C.M.G., F.R.S., President of the Geographical Section of the late Congress, and is a member of most of the learned societies of England, spoke as follows:—

"He was delighted," he said, "that such a service should be held under such circumstances, and equally pleased that he should have been called upon to contribute his mite to the testimony of the compatibility of the pure Christian religion with science. There is nothing in science incompatible with Divine inspiration, and in fact the study of science should lead its devotees nearer to the great God Omnipotent, the all powerful Deity of nature. He was glad that such a meeting was held, both to show that Christians when in foreign parts, and away from their loved ones, did not forget to acknowledge and praise the Divine Master who protects them and also to prove to the whole world that the British Association for the advancement of science, acknowledges the Divine Creator and guidance."

On the afternoon of the same Sabbath a devotional meeting for the members of the British Association was held in the David Morrice Hall, Montreal. A large number of eminent scientists were present, and the proceedings were marked by deep earnestness. After the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by two of the members, Sir William Dawson gave the following address:—

"Last year at Southport, England, I spoke at the devotional meeting on the religious beliefs of some of the early men of scientific culture. To-day I shall speak for a short time on two words which were applied to the

Bereans, namely, 'more noble.' This expression occurred nowhere else in the same connection, and was worthy of note, partly because it could only have been used by a man of scientific culture. A better translation would be that they behaved in a more gentlemanly way, or more like men of science and culture. They did not, however, take all they heard for granted, but listened to it patiently and courteously, which was a lesson to men of science nowadays, to listen to ideas which seemed strange and even untrue; the temptation was to act like the Thessalonians, and when a new doctrine was presented to turn away from it. The spirit of true science leads men to enquire fairly and candidly. Further than this, after they had listened, they enquired into the matter, searching the Old Testament to see if this new doctrine fitted in and completed it, and God blessed this method of enquiry. This little incident gave us a pleasant insight into the mode of thinking and enquiry of men of culture in those distant days. The blessing of God, in religion as well as in science, rested on those who had an honest desire to get at the truth. The value of the lesson to them all as Christian men of science, was to teach them to enquire into the Scriptures, and study them more fully, making them the best of their own life and conduct, as well as of what they heard."

Another remarkable feature of the Association is the number of clergymen who are active members of the Society, and who have made large contributions to the splendid results already achieved, and who are recognized among the leaders of the departments to which they profess specially to belong—Gladstone, Dewar, Dallinger, Adams, Sexton, Perry, Bonney, Hocking and others. Here we have a practical, living refutation of the somewhat common error, that science and religion are in any sense antagonistic to each other, or that an earnest piety is any disqualification for scientific culture of the highest type. The fact that the lecture of the Rev. Dr. Dallinger, (Wesleyan minister, and President of the Royal Microscopical Society of Britain,) on the "Least and Lowest Forms of Life," was pronounced by the gentleman who seconded the vote of thanks, as the finest ever given before the British Association, is sufficient proof of the statement just made. "Never," says one who attended all the sessions of the recent gathering of the world's most celebrated scientists, "was such a meeting of the Association before in which there was such openly avowed acceptance of revealed religion, and so little that would conflict with Christian truth."

On the gravestone of Hermann Lotze, who was one of the most celebrated German scientists, are the following words:

"Only love for the living God, and longing to be approved by Him, is the scientific, as it is the Christian basis of morality; and science will never find a firmer basis than this." The Rev. Joseph Cook, speaking of the men and schools that have possession of the leadership of the scientific and philosophical tendencies of this age, has made a comparison between Herbert Spencer and Lotze in the following words:—

"You think that Herbert Spencer leads the philosophical thought of the world; but Herbert Spencer, brought to the grave of Hermann Lotze, seems a pigmy. Lotze was clear; Spencer is obscure. Lotze was a theist; Spencer is an agnostic. Lotze controlled philosophical thinking in university centres; Spencer has hardly any influence in university centres. Lotze had the devoted support of Christianity; Herbert Spencer has its devout opposition. Lotze is to-day revered by the physicists of Germany and England as one who was familiarly acquainted with modern physical research. I have heard Lionel Beale say of Herbert Spencer's books that there is so much false science in them that they will not be bought except as literary curiosities ten years after his death. Lotze has the intellectual respect of the foremost philosophical circles of Germany; but the foremost circles of England and Scotland make sport of Herbert Spencer. It is not too much to say that, bright man as he is in many particulars, Herbert Spencer is a misleader of philosophical opinion. Lotze is the worthy successor of Aristotle, of Plato, of Leibnitz and Kant.

"Over Lotze's tomb, under the walls of Gottingen, I ask you to make a choice between a broad philosophy and a narrow one; between an acute, comprehensive, and incisive scheme of thought, and a superficial and mystical one. I ask you to make your choice between accredited theism and discredited agnosticism, between spiritual faith and materialistic doubt. I ask you to rise to the height of Lotze's supreme position that only love for a living God, omnipresent, eternal, immutable, is the basis of morality, and that science can never find a firmer basis than this, nor life a surer. Progress in natural theology will count Lotze's monument a milestone on that royal Appian Way which has at its side the monuments of Plato, Aristotle, Leibnitz and Kant, marking the advance of philosophy and religion along the path of the ages. The comprehensiveness, the acuteness, the moral beauty, the scientific courage of Lotze's scheme of thought, ought to attract us, even if it did not harmonize with Christianity, as it does. It is appropriate that the cross should stand at the head of this grave, and that the palm leaves over it should be kept green. Lotze's philosophy of the soul of man and of its relations to a personal God leads up to the supreme watchword of a better age to come—a watchword in which I, for one, at the edge of his tomb, summarize my personal faith; a watchword as true in philosophy as in religion—*Via Lucis, Via Crucis*—the Way of Light is the Way of the Cross."

Professor Tait, of Edinburgh University, one of the greatest

mathematicians, as well as one of the most distinguished physicists now living, replied to James Anthony Froude, who ventured to assert that the foremost scientific minds of Great Britain were abandoning the belief in a personal God, as follows :—

“When we ask any competent authority who were the ‘advanced,’ the ‘best,’ and the ‘ablest’ scientific thinkers of the immediate past in Britain, we cannot but receive for answer such names as Brewster, Faraday, Forbes, Graham, Rowan Hamilton, Talbot and Herschel. This must be the case, unless we use the word science in a perverted sense. Which of these great men gave up the idea that Nature evidences a designing mind? But perhaps Mr. Froude refers to the advanced thinkers still happily alive among us. The names of the foremost among them are not far to seek. But, unfortunately for his assertion, it is quite certain that Andrews, Soule, Clerk Maxwell, Balfour Stewart, Stokes, William Thomson, and such like, have each and all of them, when the opportunity presented itself, spoken in a sense altogether different from that implied in Mr. Froude’s article. Surely there are no truly scientific thinkers in Britain further advanced than these.”*

In conclusion, we remark that the evidences are multiplying all around the world, that the science of the future, in its most advanced and perfect form, will be a science in harmony with the Christian faith, and the largest minds of the age are now willing to concede “that it is more and more evident, as the training of the world advances, that everything fundamentally biblical is scientific, and everything fundamentally scientific is biblical.”

Dorchester, N.B.

“MY HEART WAS HEAVY.”

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong ;
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
 One summer Sabbath day I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial-place,
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate,
 Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart.
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 One common sorrow like a mighty wave
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave.

—Whittier.

* Professor Tait, *International Review*, Nov., 1878.

THE CHURCH'S DUTY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

WHY is it, when a soul is converted, it is not translated at once to the abodes of blessedness? It would be much more consonant with the feelings of the soul itself, and would forestall a great deal of anxiety, soul-conflict and fightings. The reason is plain: we have a duty toward our race, as well as toward God. If every sprout were removed, the garden where they grew would no longer become a nursery for the world around. If there were no Christians left to live and labour a while on earth, the religion of Christ would soon die out. Then, O new convert, and then, O fighting Christian, the Lord leaves you both on earth, because He has work for you to do! For that, and that only. Then, are you doing the work?

"Oh, I hope I am: the Lord is refining my soul, and teaching me wisdom, and bringing every feeling into conformity to Himself."

Yes; that is the *drill*, but a soldier does not expect to go on drilling all his life, and never do anything but *drill*!

"No, he drills that he may know how to march and fight in the campaign."

Then, are *you* marching and fighting?

"Well, yes; I am enabled to do something for my Lord in the Church and community where I live."

That, you think, is the business of the saint on earth?

"Yes, in the largest sense; to show forth God's glory in the world, and win all souls to Christ."

Then I claim you for the world! If the work of converting the world lies upon the Church of God, *you* have your appropriate share of that work! You are left on earth, in order that you may do whatever work the Lord has to be done. The work of the Church is two-fold; and I leave it for those who think they know which is the greater—I cannot tell; (1) The building up of Christian character in its members; (2) The converting the world that is lying in wickedness. Happily we do not need to divide them, nor to decide which is the greater. They

are mutually helpful—nay, the one cannot exist in healthy life and do its work without the other! A Missionary Church is a Temperance Church; and a Temperance Church is a Revival Church; and a Revival Church is a Spiritual Church; and a Spiritual Church is a blessing within and *without*.

Suppose Paul were on earth now, and a general letter came from his pen this year to the Churches. What would it be about? Last year the annual letter was probably about worldly conformity, and enervating amusements, and fashions that stifle the soul: this year it would be about missions. "Know ye not," he would write, "that in Japan there is a great *revival of Buddhism*, and many new temples being erected? for Satan always rages when his kingdom is in danger! And there is only one missionary for 265,000 people! Has the Spirit been given to you in vain that you do not come to help? And do ye not remember what years of prosperity have been given you in your churches, your offices, your farms? and yet Africa has only the same proportion of missionaries as Japan. Think of its 200,000,000; and the 300,000,000 of China! I write for your good; but it pains me in my prayers when the Spirit reminds me of the great work you might do, and the little that is done."

Paul is *not* writing now. But the Spirit conveys to us the facts and warnings in other channels. The Spirit is ever speaking. He sends Gen. Grant and Joseph Cook to Japan; and they come back and tell us what they have seen. He sends travellers full of geography, and trade, and ethnology, into Africa, and they come home enthusiastic for missions. He puts it into the heart of some poor wearied missionary to write a letter to some home Church; and it falls like a bombshell in the midst of a fashionable people troubled about "their debt"—and "really they can't" do anything for "outside" work! And the pastor prays, and the people answer; and now they are going to do something! There was a day, nor has it yet passed, in Scotland, when the brightest lad in many a poor man's family was given to the Lord to serve the Church. And there was a time when the Churches not only gave, but selected and urged their most promising and best young men as missionaries to the heathen. And the Lord saw the one appealing hand held up to Him, when the other was holding the rope by which a brother beloved had descended into the pit of heathen-

ism to fight with the enemy! Many and many a man—his heart given to God, and not yet too old to go to the heathen and learn new languages—would decide for the work at once, if told of his duty. Who shall tell him? Not the man whose heart whispers to him, "Why not yourself?" Not the soundly-sleeping Church, who "need all their talent" at home, and more than all their memory! Not the man who uses the saying invented by some miser in the middle ages and used by every miser yet—"Charity begins at home!" while he who quotes it, never either begins or continues charity of any kind! Not these; but he who is already doing all he can; or the Church wisely and widely at work in the Master's service. *They* can lay hold on one who needs to be laid hold of, (Paul calls it "apprehending,") and push him into the work.

It was when John Rough felt there was a great work to do, and few or none beside himself to do it, that he called on John Knox, heretofore only a tutor for gentlemen's sons, and forty years of age, to come out and do the Lord's public work. Within the Castle of St. Andrews, at the close of a sermon, he publicly called on Knox thus to devote himself; and asked the congregation what their mind was? And they all held up their hands. And Knox dared not refuse. Rough himself tells us, "Whereupon the said John retired and did weep abundantly." His ministry did not begin very prosperously; for a few months after, the Castle was taken, and he was sent to France and condemned to the galleys. But Knox never doubted his being "called" to the work! Let the Church, in deciding what each man is to do, not forget that a part of the work is to *carry the Gospel wherever it is needed*, and call upon its members to engage in that work. Ways and means will suggest themselves once there is found a willing mind. It seems the heathen have come upon us all at once; and while we seem to have only the handful of meal in the barrel, and a little oil in the bottom of the cruse, they come with clamorous pleadings to be fed! The Church of God must either rise to the emergency, or one of two things will happen: (1) The heathen will fall back again to where and what they were, or (2) They will drift into a miserable, heartless, commercial, atheistical type of civilization, having all the vices of Christendom, with none of its virtues. And the second is more likely than the first.

Joseph Cook, since his tour round the world, is very practical on this subject of the immediate necessity of the Church *awaking*. He says, "No Church ought to call itself thoroughly aggressive and evangelical that does not expend for the support of missions at large at least one dollar for every five it expends on itself." And he farther lays down the proposition that

"The Christian Churches of the world should be satisfied with nothing less than sending out one ordained missionary for every 50,000 of the accessible pagan population of the world. . . . On the plan of three ordained missionaries to halt a million in the foreign field, and one to one thousand in the home field, the world might be brought to a knowledge of Christianity within fifty years! . . . Great expenditures now will make great expenditures for missions unnecessary in a few years; but small expenditures now may make great expenditures necessary through a long future."

It is well to have the work thus clearly mapped out. If Paul could have lived and laboured another hundred years, not a single country of the Eastern continent would have been unvisited by him. We know his methods; we have the same message to proclaim; we have many facilities of travel and protection which he had not; men have the same conscience of sin, the same crude and childlike yearning for some better "good;" and nations can be reached now that *could not* be reached then. A man with his Bible in his hand, and with common prudence, may now preach the Gospel in safety in all the semi-civilized lands. *It never was so before!* The Southern Methodist Church laid down last year as their more immediate goal, this:—"A sermon on Missions once a quarter in every charge; a concert of prayer for Missions once a month in every charge; a contribution for Missions from every member of the Church; an average of one dollar per member for Missions from the whole Church; a universal conscience on the part of preachers and people that the assessment is the least amount to be collected under the most adverse circumstances; the erasure of the word 'Deficiency' from the head of the column in the Conference Reports, and its replacement with the word 'Excess;' the doubling of the missionaries in the field; twenty thousand souls for Christ from the regions beyond!" The goal is set high; but not as high as Christ set it for His fisherman-

followers, when He said, "Preach the Gospel to every creature!" And let none forget that Christ's own example is the best teaching we can have on this subject. He "went about doing good;" and "glorified" God "on the earth." (John xvii. 4.) And the injunction to take Christ for an example, and to follow in His footsteps, is the best code of instructions that can be given to any man.

"At the battle of Waterloo, as Wellington stood in the midst of that iron rain of death, and while his Aide-de-camp Gordon lay dying at his side, Lord Hill pointed to a bursting shell, and said, 'My lord, what are your instructions, and what orders do you leave us, if you allow yourself to be killed?'

"'To follow my example!' answered Wellington. And then he cried to Clinton, 'Hold this spot to the last man!'

"In His final address to His disciples before His death, and in His parting words given them before His ascension, Jesus Christ gave, once for all, the Great Commission to those whom He had appointed to represent Him and carry on His work. It was a most definite and solemn commission, and was included in a single sentence, in the prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John, 'As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world.' This commandment cannot too often be repeated, and must not be forgotten for a moment." *

"A spirit of aggressive Christianity," says one, "to seize the laity and the ministry, would be the best possible antidote for the restlessness of the times." And the man who has his attention fixed on the conquest of the world for Christ will not care much for the weak assaults on religion at home. The Church which labours and plans, and prays, and collects money for its missionaries in the heathen field, will not be torn to pieces over doctrinal troubles within itself. Sanballat the Horonite had no chance with Nehemiah, who was "doing a great work, so that he could not come down" to him to parley. He might have had some success with an idle man. In 1882, a church was opened in a western city, the trustees of which had deliberately run in debt \$10,000, in order that the members should have something to think about, and "something to do." It was a very bad application of a very good principle. It is good to "have something to do;" and a Church is in a miserable state that finds nothing to do; but these people could

* *Advance*, Chicago, 1883.

support a missionary just as easily as pay the interest of that debt, and build ever so many Mission Churches with the principal. And it would be far better in the sight of heaven, and infinitely more blessed in its reflex influence on themselves.

We want a few men and women of untiring enthusiasm in every Church—men of “one idea,” indeed, quite open to that well-worn objection, but then their “idea” is, “The world for Christ!” And I do not know how we shall get them, unless by training them up from our families and Sunday-schools. Cardinal Antonelli used to say, (and none will doubt his worldly wisdom,) “The Church is sure of them she educates!”

THANKSGIVING.

BY F. R. HAVERGAL.

THANKS be to God! to whom earth owes
 Sunshine and breeze,
 The heath-clad hill, the vale's repose,
 Streamlet and seas,
 The snowdrop and the summer rose,
 And many-voicèd trees.

Thanks for the sickness and the grief
 That none may flee ;
 For loved ones standing now around
 The crystal sea ;
 And for the weariness of heart
 That only rests in Thee.

Thanks for Thine own thrice-blessed Word
 And Sabbath rest ;
 Thanks for the hope of glory stored
 In mansions blest ;
 And for the Spirit's comfort pourèd
 Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more than thanks, to Him ascend
 Who died to win
 Our life, and every trophy rend
 From death and sin ;
 Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
 The thanks of heaven begins.

DR. NELLES ON UNIVERSITY FEDERATION.

At the opening of Victoria University for the current session the learned President, Dr. Nelles, gave an admirable address, in which he clearly defined his attitude to the question of university consolidation. After referring to the founding of Victoria College, fifty-two years ago, Dr. Nelles proceeded to remark: "It is creditable to the Methodist people that they engaged so early in this noble work of academic training, and all the more creditable, in view of the limited resources of the Church at the time, and the heavy sacrifices made, especially by the ministers, to meet the expenses involved. I know of no other case in which Christian ministers have so heavily taxed their scanty incomes to carry on a literary or educational institution, but the benefits conferred upon the Church and the country are an ample compensation for all the efforts and sacrifices in the past, and the united Methodist people of the present generation, and especially those who have been educated here, may well cherish feelings of the deepest gratitude to those who founded and have thus far sustained the institution."

Special interest attaches to this commencement as, through the union of Victoria and Albert Colleges, it furnishes the first instalment of university consolidation, as Dr. Nelles remarked, on which he congratulated the Church and the country. He then introduced the Rev. Dr. Badgley, late of Albert College, now Professor of Mental Philosophy in Victoria, who was enthusiastically welcomed.

Dr. Nelles then proceeded to discuss the various plans of further university consolidation which have been proposed. He strongly affirmed that the suggestion that Victoria should become a mere theological hall in connection with the Provincial University was utterly inadmissible. "All attempts at unification," he continued, "must begin, not with this utopian project of absorption,

but with a recognition of the inadequacy of one State college, or indeed any number of such colleges to meet the public want, and a recognition also of the soundness of the general position and policy of the denominational colleges. The outlying colleges were not established solely or even chiefly for the education of Christian ministers, but for the general training, under religious influences and safeguards, of all young men and women as well who desire to avail themselves of their advantages. It is not easy to found such seminaries of learning and to keep them in successful operation, but it is not much easier to blot them out of existence when once they have grown into public favour, have accepted large bequests, and are entrenched in the affections of a considerable number of graduates, with the sympathy and support of large religious communities.

. . . As for the Methodist Church, she will undoubtedly adhere in the future, as in the past, to her traditional policy of combining religious with secular education, and that too within the walls, and by officers, of the college, where and by whom the characters of the students are chiefly moulded. . . . There is, I think, in the public mind, a general conviction in favour of strengthening our universities by diminishing the number of them. . . . The best universities on this Continent now begin to reckon their endowments by millions, and although we cannot expect at present to vie with these richer American universities we must not lag too far behind them. I do not attach as much value as some persons to what is called a uniform examination and degree, but I feel more strongly every day the need of large resources if we would have great universities. The highest degree of efficiency in a professor presupposes that he be allowed to restrict his labours to a special subject, and not to be required, as in Canada, to

spread himself over a field so wide that in Oxford or Berlin the same ground would be thought enough for five or six able men. And now that so many new departments and sub-departments are clamouring for attention there is urgent necessity of increasing nearly every year the number of professors in any well-equipped university, and this implies larger and still larger endowments. In this view I think I shall be sustained by all competent judges. When that distinguished Oxford scholar, Professor Goldwin Smith, first came to Canada, he immediately began to advocate university consolidation as a necessary step toward building up a great university, and of late he has spoken of it under the form of a confederation—a term for the application of which in this direction we are also indebted to him. It is a good term, for if we are to have consolidation I am convinced it must come in that shape.

“Confederation of all the colleges in one university implies a conservation of existing rights and privileges; it implies equality of standing in the common university; and it implies the autonomy and distinctive character of the colleges embraced in the confederation. It affords scope for a variety—for wholesome competition—and for future indefinite development with the growth of the country. In addition to all these it may be so arranged as virtually to double the resources now employed in higher education. Such a plan of union is beset with some difficulties, and it may be found impossible to secure its adoption by the universities or its sanction by the Legislature; nor have I authority to pre-commit this university to such a measure. But, speaking for myself, I can only say that I do look on it with favour, provided the scheme be fairly and wisely constructed. . . . It is well that the public should know at this stage what some of us mean by confederation, that the scheme may not be confounded with something else. I may say, then, that it would involve such a reconstruction of the Provincial University as would make the institution consist not simply of one

State college, but of a group of colleges as at Oxford and Cambridge, each college retaining its own endowment, power of self-government, academic discipline, and staff of teachers. Each of these colleges, including University College, would give instruction in all the subjects prescribed by the Senate for the ordinary degree of Bachelor of Arts, while a separate staff, to be known as the university staff, would deal with the additional and special subjects usually taken as honour work, and whatever other work it might be deemed expedient from time to time to add in the way of original research, practical science, and post-graduate or professional studies. This university staff would be appointed and paid by the State, but on the nomination of a Board of Regents, which might perhaps consist of the Minister of Education, the heads of colleges, and the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor of the University. The Senate would prescribe the curriculum, appoint examiners and confer the degrees. All the colleges would of course be equally represented on the Senate, and by means of optional and elective subjects all necessary latitude could be given in meeting religious predilections, as is now done in the case of St. Michael's College. The graduates and undergraduates of the confederating colleges would become members of the Provincial University, and, while retaining their attachment to their respective colleges, would regard their national university as their common *alma mater*. It would of course be necessary for the Legislature to compensate the outlying colleges for any losses unavoidably incurred in coming under the federal scheme, but such an outlay would be more than counterbalanced by the additions made to the general funds through the private resources which the denominational colleges already possess, and which would be vastly augmented in future years.

“Here, then, is a great educational measure for the completion of which both political parties may patriotically unite. It is the boast of our day

that the Churches are laying aside their differences and seeking to work in closer unity. Here, again, is a measure in which all Churches may combine without sacrifice of principle and with great advantage both to religion and education. But if an amicable settlement on this basis cannot be effected it will remain for the several universities to struggle on as before in their isolated and weaker position. The old antagonisms in that case will be perpetuated. The State University will continue to complain of lack of funds, and the denominational colleges will continue to resist the granting of further subsidies to one institution, while others are doing an equal share of the work, and doing it with growing efficiency and success. The purely secular type of higher education must not, and cannot, prevail in this land. The Christian type along with a secular State College for those who prefer it, may be provided by means of confederation, and so provided as to secure a great national university, and probably without much occasion for future legislative appropriations. For it is reasonable to suppose that the harmonious and satisfactory settlement of this question would lead from time to time to large gifts and bequests both to the individual colleges and the common university. . . . To my own mind one thing is clear, the denominational colleges must be sustained and strengthened as permanent centres of liberal Christian culture for the youth of the provinces. . . .

"As for Victoria her future is secured. For more than forty years she has successfully held her own, and has successfully grown to public favour and usefulness, notwithstanding the meagreness of her resources

and the supposed disadvantages of her location. But the increasing number of alumni, the recent liberal gifts of her friends, and the growing strength of the Methodist Church, encourage us to hope for yet better things to come. The Educational Society of the Church, established in 1874, has now become a fixed and increasing source of income, and several wealthy laymen of the Church intimated their intention of following at an early day the noble examples of the Jacksons, Mr. Dennis Moore, of Hamilton, and the late Sheriff Patrick, of Brockville."

After a few more sentences of a more local application, Dr. Nelles concluded his admirable address, which conveys to the Church and to the country the assurances of the large-minded, wise, and judicious attitude he sustains to the question of University federation.

Reviewing this address, "By-stander," in *The Week*, remarks:—"There will be difficulties, of course, when things have been so long running in the old grooves; but none which, in the opinion of those who have had the largest experience in University organization, it will not be possible to surmount. Among them is not to be reckoned any narrowness, bigotry or selfishness on the part of the Denominational Colleges, whose representatives have, on the contrary, shown the most liberal spirit and entered into the consideration of the scheme with the utmost cordiality, even where their personal leanings were rather against the change. Not in any obstructiveness or want of patriotism in that quarter will the responsibility rest if this final effort to give the Province a great university fails."

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE FOR 1885.

OUR arrangements for the coming year are not quite complete, but we are able to make a partial announcement of features of special interest. The January number will contain, among others, the following articles :

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME, with four fine engravings of Hawarden Castle and its surroundings. (In connection with this will appear Mr. Gladstone's celebrated essay "KIN BEYOND THE SEA.")

THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL, with numerous engravings of the palace, snowshoeing, toboganing, etc., superior to any ever printed in Canada.

THE MIRACLE AT NAIN, by the late Dr. Punshon, beautifully illustrated.

Part I. of THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. "CHALLENGER," illustrated.

Principal Nelles will contribute a paper on PREACHING ; and the Rev. Dr. Sexton, the distinguished scientist, one on RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

Arrangements are pending for the production of a serial story of great interest.

The graphic sketches of mission work among the lowly, by Helen Campbell and by the Riverside Visitor have been very popular. Similar sketches will from time to time appear.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES FOR 1885.

We have already in this MAGAZINE, in the chapters on Stanley's "Dark Continent," and Lady Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam," and other papers, given the substance of large and costly books, with their numerous engravings. For 1885 we have secured the right, in like manner, to reproduce one of the remarkable books of recent times, viz. : "THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. CHALLENGER,"—voyages over many seas, scenes in many lands. This is described as "the most important scientific expedition that ever sailed from any country." It covered a period of three years and a half, and a distance

of 69,000 miles. It explored some of the most interesting and little known parts of the world. The condensed substance of this large and costly book will be given in twelve papers in this MAGAZINE, copiously illustrated.

Among the other illustrated articles will be the following : "Here and There in Europe," "Wanderings in Spain," "Saunterings in England," "Scenes in the German Fatherland," "On the Rhine," "Alpine Pictures," "Venice from a Gondola," "Walks About Rome," "Walks about London" (crowded out of December number), "In Classic Lands," "Mexico and the Mexicans," "Studies in the South," "Through the Virginias," "Jamaica and its People," "Lomes and Haunts of the British Poets" (several papers), "Memorials of the Princess Alice," "Studies in Christian Biography," "A Missionary Bishop"—Wm. Taylor ; and other papers. The above will be handsomely, and some of them very copiously, illustrated. We hope also to present some of the most striking engravings of the Marquis of Lorne's new book, "Canadian Pictures." Such a comprehensive and varied announcement has never before been made in Canada.

OTHER ARTICLES.

"Outpost Methodism," a series of papers by the Rev. Geo. Bond, of St. John's, Newfoundland, on the heroism of mission work in that island—a type as characteristic as that of Cornwall or Yorkshire.

"Charles Wesley, the Minstrel of Methodism"—a series of studies by the Rev. S. P. Dunn, of Annapolis, N.S., on those incomparable hymns which are more widely sung than any others in the world.

"What to Read," by the Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., Boston, Mass.

"Half Hours in a Lunatic Asylum," by Dr. Daniel Clark, superintendent of the Toronto Asylum ; also

a paper on "Worry," by Dr. Clark; "In a Leper Hospital," by Dr. J. E. Graham; "On Music," by F. H. Torrington, Esq.; "St. Anselm," by Rev. Prof. Badgley; "Memorials of Rev. Dr. Richey," by the Rev. Dr. Lathern, the Rev. Dr. Dallinger's famous lecture, etc.

Contributions may also be expected from R. v. Dr. Rice, Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. Dr. Williams, Rev. Dr. Jeffers, Rev. President Nelles, Rev. Dr. Stewart, Rev. Dr. Potts, Rev. E. A. Stafford, John Macdonald, Esq., the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, Prof. Haanel, F.R.S.C., Rev. Dr. Burwash, Rev. Prof. Shaw, Rev. Dr. Jacques, Rev. Dr. Burns, Rev. Principal Austin, Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., Rev. Dr. Laing, Prof. Coleman, Ph.D., His Honour Judge Dean, Prof. Robins, LL.D., J. C. McLaren, Q.C., D. Allison, Esq., LL.D., Prof. Foster, M.P.P., John Cameron, Esq., of the *Toronto Globe*, John Reade, Esq., of the *Montreal Gazette*, Rev. James Awde, Rev. Percy H. Punshon, and numerous other writers.

OUR PREMIUM FOR 1885

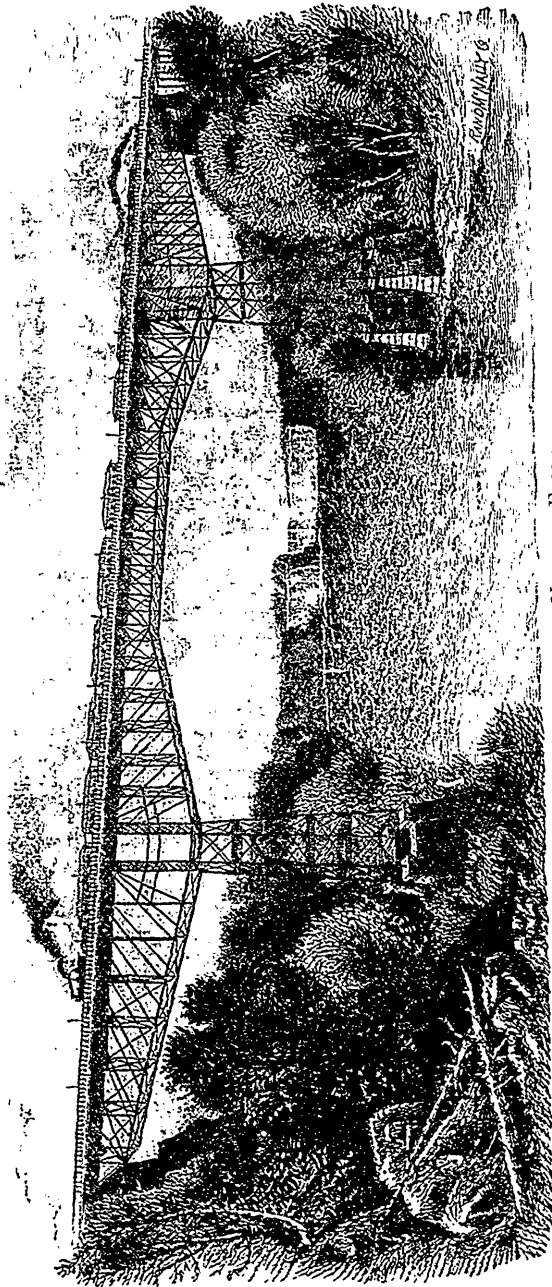
Is, we think, the most attractive we ever offered. It is entitled "BITS FROM BLINKBONNY," by JOHN STRATHESK. It gives a vivid picture of life in a Scottish village and sketches of Scottish character, with a rare blending of humour and pathos. It describes the famous Disruption of the Presbyterian Church, when Chalmers, A. A. Duff, and 470 evangelical ministers for conscience' sake forsook hearth and home and the Church of their fathers and went forth not knowing whither they went. For an act of parallel moral sublimity we must go to the famous St. Bartholomew's Day, when 2,000 nonconforming clergy gave up their livings rather than stain their consciences by submission to the Uniformity Act. The book is handsomely printed, bound and illustrated. It will provoke both smiles

and tears. We envy not the man who can read unmoved the story of the death of "Wee Nellie." The veriest cynic must appreciate the humour of the story of the flesher's laddie and "Matheison's heid." The humble heroism of Bell o' the Manse will command the admiration of every reader. The publisher of this MAGAZINE has secured the right to reprint for the benefit of its subscribers this English copyright book, with all the illustrations of the English edition. The regular selling price is \$1.50. It will be sent, post-free, as a premium to each subscriber to the METHODIST MAGAZINE, old or new, for the merely nominal sum of 40 cents, which is less than the cost price.

With such a premium and with such an Announcement as we have made for 1885, and with the enlarged constituency offered by the united Methodist Church, we expect a very large increase in the number of subscribers. Our MAGAZINE is growing stronger and stronger every year, and will be better during the coming year than ever before. We respectfully solicit the hearty co-operation of the ministers to whose kind aid in the past it is so indebted for its success, that it may this year take a long stride forward. With increased circulation and income will follow improved illustration and, in time, enlarged size. We hope that each subscriber will show his MAGAZINE to some friend or neighbour and endeavour to secure his subscription. For the benefit of our patrons we offer the following

CLUBBING RATES :

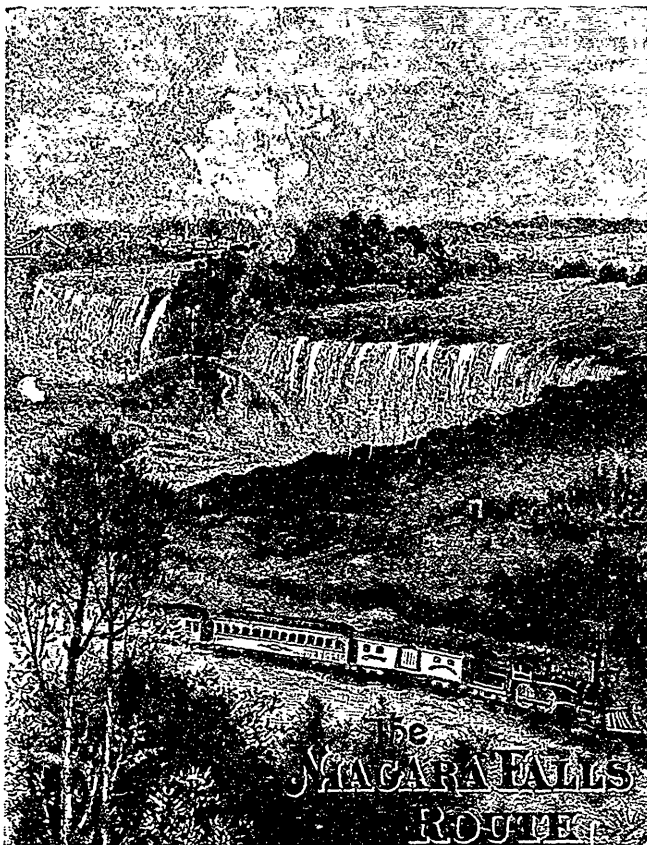
The MAGAZINE and *Christian Guardian*, or *Wesleyan*, together \$3.50; *Harper's Magazine* and the *Century* will be sent to subscribers to the METHODIST MAGAZINE, old or new, for \$3, instead of \$4, the regular rates. The *Atlantic Monthly* will be sent for \$3.20, regular price \$4. Terms to agents the same as heretofore.



CANTLIAVER BRIDGE, NIAGARA FALLS.

A VISIT TO CHICAGO.

BY THE EDITOR.



NIAGARA FALLS, FROM FALL'S VIEW STATION.

THE present writer made a few days ago a visit to the Prairie City, which was very interesting and instructive. We went by way of Niagara Falls, having a couple of hours between trains to visit the great cataract and to examine the new cantilever bridge—one of the greatest engineering works of the age.

The principle of the cantilever plan is that of a trussed beam supported at or near its centre, with the

arms extending each way, and one end anchored or counterweighted to provide for unequal loading, as is shown to some extent by the accompanying cut. In practice it is entirely new, this being the only bridge completed upon this principle. The Firth of Forth Bridge in Scotland, and the Fraser River Bridge on the Canadian Pacific, are now being built on this plan.

The total weight of the iron and steel entering into the composition

of this massive structure is 3,000 tons. The bridge is built to carry upon each track at the same time a freight train of the heaviest kind extending the entire length of the bridge, headed by two "consolidation" engines, and a side pressure of thirty pounds per square foot, which pressure is produced by a wind having a velocity of seventy-five miles per hour. The total length of the bridge proper is 909 feet and 9 inches, divided into two cantilevers of 395 feet on the Canadian and 395 feet on the American side, supported on steel towers arising from the water's edge. A fixed span of 119 feet and 9 inches is suspended from and connects the river arms of cantilevers. The clear span across the river is 494 feet and 9 inches, being the longest double track truss span ever yet built. The bridge spans a chasm of 859 feet from bluff to bluff. The excavations were carried down until solid rock was reached, when blocks of "Beton Coignet" twenty feet wide and forty-five long and ten feet thick were put in. These form one single mass capable of withstanding a pressure almost equal to the best Quincy granite, and so distributed the load of 1,600 tons that comes upon each pair of steel columns as to produce a pressure of but twenty-five pounds per square inch on the natural formation. Upon these Beton blocks, four in number, was built masonry of the most substantial character, carried up fifty feet above the surface of the water. On these the steel towers rest, rising 130 feet and 5 inches above the masonry, and upon these is set steel superstructures. The total weight resting on each of the towers under a maximum condition of strain is in round numbers 3,200 tons. It will be seen that every single piece of material is five times as strong as it actually need be, so that the bridge can be strained to only one-fifth of its ultimate strength.

The bridge was rigorously tested on the 20th of December, 1883, and under the tremendous weight of twenty locomotives and twenty-four heavily loaded gravel cars, showed a temporary deflection of but six inches.

It is probably one of the strongest, as it is one of the most elegant, bridges in the world.

One of the finest views of the Falls to be anywhere obtained is that from this platform of the Michigan Central Railway, on which every passenger train is brought to a stand, that tourists may enjoy a bird's-eye view of the vast sweep of the Horse-shoe and the snowy front of the American Fall.

The south-western peninsula of Canada, lying between the States of New York and Michigan, offers the shortest route between the East and West, and the old Canada Southern, or Michigan Central, as it is now called, furnishes an important link in that travel. Over its straight and level roadbed from Welland westward we believe that the highest speed ever attained has been reached, and the express train connecting Chicago and New York, nine hundred and thirty miles apart, in twenty-five hours, is the fastest ever scheduled for such a distance. Charming glimpses are got of Welland, Waterford, Tilsonburg, St. Thomas, Essex Centre, Windsor, and other thriving towns. The transfer of the train of fifteen cars from Windsor to Detroit is effected by one trip of the staunch railway ferry, the ponderous machinery of which is an interesting study. Detroit is the best lighted city we have seen. Fourteen high masts bearing clustered electric lights shed a brilliant radiance upon the streets and far out over the waters.

As we have remarked elsewhere, Chicago is for energy and enterprise, and for rapidity of growth, the most characteristic of American cities. The last local census makes the population 628,000, not including the suburbs. This, as the result of little over fifty years, and notwithstanding two of the most calamitous fires of history, is unparalleled. "And we have all the room to the Mississippi and the Ohio to grow in yet," said a zealous Chicagoan.

The wire cable system has solved the problem of rapid transit admirably. The cables spin along on rollers under ground. An iron hand reaches down through a narrow slot,

and firmly gripping the rope draws two or three cars. It can turn corners, stop and start quite as readily as horse cars, and much more rapidly. The excellent park system surrounds the city with a series of parks and boulevards, the latter two hundred feet wide and thirty-two miles in aggregate extent. They must have recouped their cost in the enhanced value given adjacent property. A walk along the newer parts of Wabash, Prairie, Michigan, and other avenues presents some striking examples of the latest devices in domestic architecture and picturesque "Queen Anne" houses with all manner of quaint devices for giving individuality of expression to each. The McCoy hotel, the new Chamber of Commerce, the Pullman block, and others are noble specimens of civic architecture. The only marks of the great fire that we saw were the charred walls of the vast station of the Michigan Central Railway. We presume it will rebuild on a scale commensurate with the wealth of the corporation. Its station at Detroit is one of the most elegant and artistic in the entire West.

The Canadian colony in Chicago is very numerous. You meet Canadians everywhere, and they seem to hold their own with the ablest of the Westerners. Chicago has won its unsavoury reputation for Sabbath-breaking and the like chiefly, we think, because most of its theatres—of which there are sixteen, including dime museums and the like—are open on Sundays. But as an offset to these, there are two hundred and sixty-five churches in active operation, and the religious life of the Western metropolis is as energetic as its commercial or political life. On the sidewalk opposite Farwell Hall a band of young men were heartily singing Sankey hymns and inviting passers-by to the religious service. At the Pacific Mission we found two large stores used for Gospel meetings with much apparent success. Mr. Moody's Tabernacle is a very large and commodious building in which evangelistic services are constantly held.

One of the most interesting features of the city at the time of our visit was the Inter-state Exposition then in progress. As we have stated in a leading daily paper, no just comparison can be instituted between it and our Canadian fall fairs, because it is entirely different in character. It lasts for about six weeks, and consists chiefly of exhibits of manufactured articles, and of the fine arts. It has no live stock, and comparatively few agricultural products; neither is the machinery department as full and various as that at Toronto. But having made these abatements, it is a very noteworthy and instructive exhibition. In the first place, it is very nobly housed in a vast structure of iron and glass, eight hundred feet long, and two hundred feet deep, with a dome rising one hundred and sixty feet high. The view from the galleries down this long and crowded area, especially when lit up by thousands of gas jets and many electric lights, is very striking. The building has a historic interest, too, as having been the scene of several of those conventions for selecting a candidate for the presidency, for which our neighbours are famous.

One of the most interesting features of the Exposition is a really splendid collection of over six hundred paintings and sculptures. Many of these are by American artists living in Paris, some are by foreign painters, and several have been exhibited in the *salon*. The art furniture and artistic wall papers and house decorations display all varieties of the latest æsthetic craze. The hydraulic and pneumatic machinery, steam motors, mining, manufacturing and agricultural machines, and the many curious "Yankee notions" exhibited were exceedingly interesting and instructive. One feature should be commended for imitation at the Toronto fair, viz. :—A series of fine aquaria well-stocked with various sorts of fishes. They proved very attractive. The attendance averages about 10,000 a day or 400,000 for the six weeks.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

Through the courtesy of the Rev. C. S. Eby, M.A., one of the missionaries of our Church in Japan, we have received recent copies of the Japan daily and weekly *Mail*,* recording a remarkable movement in that country. It reprints an article from the *Fiji Shimpō*, one of the most prominent Japanese newspapers in Tokio, written by the most influential private subject of His Majesty the Mikado, Mr. Fukuzawa. Mr. Fukuzawa has always taken great interest in the welfare of his country, but until very lately was a bitter opponent of Christianity.

When the Meiji Kwaido (a large concert or lecture hall) was built, he was employed by the Buddhists to lecture against Christianity. In this very hall Mr. Eby gave his now celebrated course of lectures in defence of Christianity against scientific skepticism. These lectures produced a great impression in Japan and came into the hands of Mr. Fukuzawa. Shortly after appeared his striking articles in favour of the Christian religion, not on religious grounds but on account of the superior advantages which it offers. "The adoption of this (the Christian) religion," he says, "will not fail to bring the feelings of our people and the institutions of our land into harmony with those of the lands of the Occident. We earnestly desire, therefore, for the sake of our national administration, that steps be taken for the introduction of Christianity as the religion of Japan." . . . "If it is impossible to impede the rapid diffusion of Christianity in Japan, it would be far better for us resolutely to grant it full toleration for its legitimate propagation, rather than imitate the hesitating indecision of a vacillating woman by leaving it unrecognized either by prohibition or toleration."

After referring to the Christian Sabbath and its religious observation in the West, and its adoption by the Japanese as a day of rest, he closes his remarkable article with these words: "Notwithstanding our essential indifference to religion itself, our statesmen yet find it necessary to adopt the most influential creed of the West as a means of protection, thus gaining a title to the amenities of international law by distinguishing characteristics of civilized nations."

He is impressed also with the moral as well as with the material advantage of Christianity over Buddhism, the predominant religion of Japan. "Granting, however for the moment," he says, "that the Japanese do surpass aliens in moral culture, yet we confidently assert that a comparison of the lives of Buddhists and Christians will show a striking inferiority of the former as regards moral conduct."

The chief advantage anticipated from the adoption of the Christian religion is political. "If we desire," he writes, "to maintain our intercourse with Western nations on the basis of international law, it is first of all absolutely necessary that we remove completely the stigma from our land of being an anti-Christian country, and obtain the recognition of fellowship by the adoption of their social colour."

The Japan *Mail* has striking leading articles upon what it calls this "radical step," and we learn from letters from Japan that the native press is ringing with the agitation of the subject.

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK.

The first annual report of the Educational Society is before us. It suggests the propriety at this important epoch of our history, of a new

* There are large and well-edited papers published at Yokohama at \$18 and \$24 a year, respectively.

departure on a higher plane and with more vigorous effort in this great work. We cannot do better than quote the eloquent words of Dr. Burwash, the secretary of the society :

"The union of the various branches of Methodism in Canada has opened up new and grand possibilities in all departments of the Church's work. In no field is this more evident than in that of education. The opportunity for organization and consolidation of our work now afforded, if properly improved, will give us an educational superstructure which may endure for centuries. Never was a broad, wise spirit of Christian unity more needed than at this moment. Never was there more need to rise above all considerations of mere temporary expediency, and of personal and sectional pride, that we may devise the best things, not for ourselves alone, but for our country and for our children. If the Christian Churches of every name can arrive at broad, concerted action in this matter, on the basis of their common Christian faith and charity, the results may be almost beyond our present power to estimate. The unity of the Christian Churches of our land in the common effort to cultivate the highest forms of Christian science, philosophy and literature may lead to a far grander unity in no very remote future."

Dr. Burwash enumerates the colleges and other educational institutions of our Church, shows the valuable work they are doing, and makes a strong appeal for increased liberality in their support.

"While these results," he says, "afford ground for encouragement they are still far below what is needed. The world's movement and the progress of our country towards higher and better things is ceaselessly onward. In this great work of Christian education we cannot boast that we lead the way. The older branches of Methodism in Britain and the United States far outstrip us. Even in this country, though we were first in the field, others have outstripped us in extent of work. Indeed the conviction is now taking hold of our best leaders that the great duty of the

Methodist Church in this country today is a new departure in this work. We are not without hope that before another year passes over we will see the entire Church aroused and united to devote their best energy and liberality to this cause."

SUMMER RESORTS.

Never, perhaps, have so many persons in Canada taken advantage of the popular summer resorts as during the past season. The time was when these were few and far between. They were also very expensive and morally objectionable on account of the frivolity and dissipation indulged in. But now pleasant and salubrious and inexpensive resorts, under wholesome moral and Christian influences, have been greatly multiplied in both the United States and Canada. At Ocean Grove, Martha's Vineyard, Round Lake and Chautauqua; at Grimsby, Well's Island, and St. Lawrence Camp-ground Christian people may find delightful summer homes, where both mind and body may be rested, invigorated, and benefitted. Two new candidates for popular favour and patronage have been brought forward. A missionary assembly has been held during the summer at Wesley Park, near the Niagara Falls on the Canadian side, with, we believe, a good degree of success. Another assembly, somewhat after the pattern of Chautauqua, it has been proposed to establish in the famous "Paradise Grove," so well known to excursionists, at old Niagara. This place has much to recommend it. It is a beautiful, clean, dry, healthy grove on the banks of a noble river. It is easily accessible by rail and steamer, and is situated on a great highway of travel. It is on the border line, and would tend to promote international visits and good fellowship. It is situated on historic ground, within site of La Salle's fort, founded two hundred years ago, and of Forts George, Mississauga, and Niagara, of historic memory. It is on one of the oldest missions of Canadian Methodism, and would do much to

promote the interests of Methodism in the garden peninsula of Canada. It is near the Falls, Queenston, and Toronto, places of attractive interest to visitors, and is surrounded by the finest fruit country in the Dominion. It could be made the centre of a Canadian Chautauqua, it would do much to promote literary and scientific culture in the country. Chautauqua has now branch assemblies, we believe, in Massachusetts, Illinois, Iowa, California, Tennessee and Florida. Why not have one in Canada? Other schemes are also proposed. The country is large, the population is growing. We anticipate only good from the multiplication of such pleasant and profitable summer resorts.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in Copenhagen strongly emphasized the growing desire of the Churches to come closer together. The Rev. William Arthur, Rev. T. McCullough, Sir William McArthur, and the Lord Mayor of London, nobly represented British Methodism. Dr. Schaff's paper on the Concord of Christendom met cordial approval: "The problem of mutual recognition and Christian union," he said, "is attracting more and more attention and is slowly but surely approaching a solution." The king and queen of Denmark, warmly thanked him for his address. The venerable Dr. Kalkar, in his eighty-fourth year, and nearing that land where the divisions of earth are unknown, as he welcomed the delegates from the different parts of the world, exclaimed, "God be praised! That which unites is much greater and much stronger than that which separates us."

The two Sundays of the Conference were memorable on account of their numerous religious services in various churches and languages, and

particularly of the united sacramental service, held on the second, in the French Reformed Church, which may be regarded as the fitting and solemn finale of the proceedings.

"Altogether," says the Rev. Dr. Smiley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in *Zion's Herald*, "the Conference may be taken not only to have served as a valuable opportunity for Christian sociality, communion in worship, and mutual edification, but to have contributed something towards the moral, thorough, practical realization among Christian individuals and communities of the beautiful motto of the Alliance: '*Unum Corpus sumus in Christo.*—We are one body in Christ.'"

THE HYMNS WE SING.

Professor Shaw's beautiful paper in this number on "Whose hymns do we sing?" shows the spirit of Christian charity and Christian unity in the essentials of religion which is more and more permeating all the Protestant Churches. It is being realised, as Professor Maclaren truthfully remarked at the Toronto Conference, that the points of agreement are "more important, more vital, more essential than the points of difference." As we sing the same hymns of praise and prayer, we breathe the same spirit, and are unconsciously brought closer together in Christian sympathy and brotherhood. We realize more and more the meaning of that grand marching song which has become such a favourite in our congregations—number 746 of our new hymn-book:

Like a mighty army moves the Church
of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the
saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in
charity.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Valedictory services are always held in England prior to the departure of missionaries to foreign lands. The services are usually held in the circuits with which the missionaries have been connected. Such services are usually very interesting, and cause the people to have greater interest in the mission work, while the impression made on those who are going far hence among the heathen is of the most pleasing and lasting character. One or other of the Missionary Secretaries, and a few leading ministers attend, and the meetings consist largely of the character of a spiritual missionary meeting. The last papers received from England contain accounts of three such valedictory services, when six missionaries were designated to India and Africa. Two of the young men thus set apart to the mission field are sons of missionaries.

At a recent meeting of the Missionary Committee an interesting episode occurred. A few copies of the New Testament in Fijian were laid upon the table. Two editions of the sacred volume of five thousand copies each having been sold, a revised edition prepared by the veteran, James Calvert, is now ready. Several thousand copies of Hunt's System of Theology, in their own language, have been bought by the local preachers of Fiji, and more than nine thousand copies of the Conference catechism have been sold. We commend this latter fact to the attention of our Sunday-school teachers in Canada. One of the said catechisms, recently translated into Bengali by a converted Brahmin, was also presented to the Committee.

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS.

The Rev. George Warner, Connexional evangelist, gives an account of an open-air service which he held in an English town, which proves that the spirit of persecution still lives. "We commenced in the apple market, but the disciples of Bacchus were too many for us. Soon as we commenced to sing, a German hurdy-gurdy and tambourine were set playing, with I don't know how many 'rattling their bones.' Then there was a Scotchman with bagpipes, and another dancing a Highland hornpipe, a man with a large bell, and I don't know how many yelling throats joined in chorus. A publican was present and supplied the chief actors with refreshments."

The Bishop of Worcester has given the editor of the *Church Times* great offence by donating \$50 towards a Primitive Methodist church. The *Times* published an editorial in which he condemns his lordship's conduct most unmercifully.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.

A beautiful church is in process of erection in Kaiserlantern, Germany—"the very spot where Barbara Heck's ancestors lived for many generations and from which they were driven by a persecuting French army."

The Southern Illinois Conference asked the presiding bishop not to appoint as presiding elder any man who uses tobacco in any form.

An Iowa Conference and the Iowa Presbytery happened to appoint their late meetings in the same city, Ottumwa, and by arrangement sat down together in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. It is said to have been a most precious season of Christian communion.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
SOUTH.

Bishop Pierce, the senior member of the Episcopate, has finished his course. His death is a great loss to the Church. It is a remarkable coincidence that both the Episcopal Churches in America should be deprived of their senior bishops in the same year. Both were men of eminent ability and their removal from their earthly labours has called forth appropriate eulogies from all portions of the religious and many portions of the secular press. How gratifying the thought that while the Master buries his workmen he still carries forward the work.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The missionaries, Dr. Cochran and his coadjutors, have arrived safely in Japan. The prospects of the mission were never more cheering than at present. The Government has struck a heavy blow at the old religions of the empire by issuing a public proclamation abolishing the "Religious Department" of the State. This Act gives all religions the same chance, and is an onward stride toward freedom for the people.

Bishop Poole, on his recent arrival in Japan, was impressed with the feeble hold that Buddhism has on the people. He says: "The Government are concerned at the sudden lapse into utter irreligion, and it is an open secret that they would be glad, for State reasons, for Christianity to supply the void."

The Rev. E. A. Stafford, M.A., LL.B., President of Manitoba Conference, has sent an earnest appeal for more labourers for that Conference. He says: "At our recent session of Conference, when we had exhausted our supply of men, we still needed fifteen. Three supplies have come to our aid from Toronto Conference. There yet remain openings which it would be a crime to neglect. One of these at one point has a congregation of one hundred and fifty, and fifty at each of two others,

and thirty at each of still two more." Surely such openings should not remain unoccupied.

The President of Montreal Conference, the Rev. W. Galbraith, LL.B., makes an earnest appeal on behalf of the French and Domestic Missions in that Conference. Respecting the French inhabitants who number one million and a half, he says, "More than one-half of the adults can neither read nor write. In this vast population, the entire number of paid agents, including missionaries, colporteurs, Bible-women, and day-school teachers, employed by all Protestant churches, does not exceed one hundred and twenty." The Methodist Church spends from \$5,000 to \$7,000 a year in this vast field.

A special fund is being raised in various Conferences "to meet urgent necessities arising out of the union." As there is only one collection to be taken this year on behalf of the Contingent Fund, the second collection formerly taken can thus be applied to the special fund. The appeal should meet with a hearty response. The Presbyterian Church set us a noble example a few months ago, by raising an amount sufficient to supplement all ministers' salaries to \$750 and a free manse. Some of the wealthy congregations and the leading ministers threw themselves heartily into the movement and in a few months the required amount was more than realised.

DEATH ROLL.

Since our last issue two esteemed brethren in London and Niagara Conferences have finished their course. The Rev. L. W. Crews, B.A., of the former Conference, and the Rev. E. E. Sweet, of the latter. Brother Crews was a young minister of great promise, from whom many years of usefulness was expected. Brother Sweet was a superannuated minister, and had attained a great age. He was a man of great meekness and unspotted reputation.

BOOK NOTICES.

WORKS BY THE REV. GEORGE
SEXTON, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

*The Baseless Fabric of Scientific
Scepticism.* London: Smart &
Allen. Price \$1.75.

*Theistic Problems; Being Essays on
the Existence of God and His Re-
lationship to Man.* London:
Hodder & Stoughton. Price \$1.20.

Christianity and Secularism. Price
90 cents.

*Is Secularism the True Gospel for
Mankind?* Price 35 cents.

Fallacies of Secularism. Price 35
cents.

The visit of Dr. Sexton to our country, and his lectures and sermons in several of our cities, have attracted attention very conspicuously to some of the profoundest questions which at the present time are agitating the mind of man. These are questions which will not down—questions which demand frank discussion and rational solution. In the works above mentioned these questions are treated with a fulness, a clearness, a logical force that, we think, must carry conviction of the inviolate claims of revealed religion to every candid mind.

The first volume opens with a masterly review of Professor Tyndall's now famous Belfast address, in which its scientific materialism is thoroughly examined, and incontrovertibly refuted. The second paper is a discourse delivered at the Cavendish Rooms, London, on the true relations of science and religion. In elevation of thought, and eloquence of diction, it is one of the most admirable of the series. Other papers are on such august themes as, God and Immortality, the Mystery of Physical Life, Man a Spiritual Being, etc.

The second volume discusses with trenchant skill the Folly of Atheism, Agnosticism, the Divinity that shapes

our Ends, Worship and its Modern Substitutes, One God and One Mediator between God and Man. It does not require the attestation of the learned societies of Naples, Rome, Great Britain, and the United States to make us feel that these questions are discussed with the clear insight and vigorous grasp of an acknowledged master in science as well as in theology and psychology. There is, too, a rhetorical charm about these discourses which makes them very fascinating reading. The learned author has the faculty of treating the most abstruse subjects in a most lucid and luminous manner, and of weaving about those high themes the spell of poetry and eloquence.

The other works above mentioned deal with an aspect of scepticism which is becoming more pronounced and aggressive in both the Old World and the New. Two of the books are discussions with G. W. Foote and Charles Watts, leading advocates of Secularism. This sort of discussion, while it may give point and dramatic interest to argument, is apt to be more discursive and less useful in elucidating truth than the calm reasoning of set discourse.

Dr. Sexton's pamphlets on *The Present Age*, the *Moody and Sankey Revival*, the *Union of Christian Integrity*, and *Christian Liberty* will well repay careful reading.

*Boston Monday Lectures. Occident,
with Preludes on Current Events.*
By JOSEPH COOK. Pp. 382. Boston:
Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Toronto: William Briggs. Price
\$1.50.

A new volume by Joseph Cook is a literary event of considerable importance. The object of the Monday lectures is "to present the results of the freshest German, English and American scholarship on the more

important and difficult topics concerning the relations of religion and science." For this task Mr. Cook, by mental aptitude and many years of special studies in the highest departments of physics and metaphysics, has unique qualifications. We confess we used to doubt whether such brilliant rhetoric was always accompanied by scientific accuracy. But his vindication by such men as Dr. McCosh and Prof. Peabody convinces us that we were wrong in our doubts. His numerous volumes have stood the test of repeated reproductions in the Old World and the New, some of them having reached a sixteenth thousand in America, and many editions in England. The present volume discusses some of the most profound and important topics which agitate the age. Among other lectures are the following: An Estimate of the Present Forces of Agnosticism and Materialism and of Christian Theism in England; a study of the New Criticism of the Old Testament, with a notice of the views of Prof. Delitzsch on that topic; the position of the State Church and Universities in Germany, and the decline of Rationalism in that country; a review of recent German discussions for and against the claims of Spiritualism; the relations of the temperance reform to civil liberty; a study of Christian missions in their world-wide relations to current events; a defence of the principles of Civil Service Reform; discussion of the theories of Probation at and after Death; a study of Advanced Thought in Italy and Greece; Night on the Acropolis, etc.

We regard Joseph Cook as a special agent raised up by God for the defence of the truth. He is a thorough optimist, and his impassioned eloquence and convincing logic dispel doubt as the genial sunbeams dispel the darkness of the night. We cannot agree with all his views, as those on probation at death, and on certain phenomena of spiritualism, which seem to us incredible; but his books are among the most instructive and inspiring that we have ever read.

Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament. New edition. Condensed and supplemented from the best modern authorities. By DANIEL CURRY, LL.D. Vol. ii. The Epistles and Revelation. Imp. 8vo., pp. 638. New York: Phillips & Hunt, and Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, cloth, \$3 per vol.; sheep, \$4 per vol.

We had occasion, in reviewing the first volume of this new edition of Clarke's Commentary, to notice the fidelity with which the latest results of scholarship and criticism are combined with the sturdy common sense, lucid exposition and doctrinal orthodoxy of the veteran commentator. The same characteristics are even more strongly marked in the present volume, for it is in the study of the Epistles that the greatest advances have been made since Clarke wrote. Dr. Curry has the courage of his convictions, and does not hesitate to let us clearly understand what his own views are; and he avails himself largely of the studies of Alford, Eadie, Ellicott, Lange, Meyer, Olshausen, Tholuck, Von Oosterzee, Whedon, and other recent commentators. The introductions to the different books are masterly statements of the best established conclusions as to the canonicity, authorship, date, occasion, purpose, scope, style, etc., of the several books, with synopses and analyses of their contents. As to the Epistle to the Hebrews, he concludes "that the weight of evidence is in favour of its having originated, either directly or indirectly, from the Apostle Paul, though most probably it was not composed by the apostle himself;" "against this conclusion," he adds, "modern criticism has failed to produce any overpowering objection."

For the average Bible student the two volumes of this revised edition of Clarke is the most satisfactory apparatus for the study of the Scriptures that we know—concise, yet sufficiently full, and giving the results of the latest scholarship without pedantry, yet with accurate bearing and fidelity.

Wonders and Curiosities of the Railway; or Stories of the Locomotive in Every Land. By WILLIAM SLOANE KENNEDY. Pp. 254. Chicago: S. C. Griggs. Illustrated. Price \$1.25.

The story of the railway is one of the most curious and interesting in the history of civilization. Under the magic spell of this agency men now living have seen almost the whole face of nature changed, almost the whole economy of life revolutionized. It is only fifty years ago that Peter Cooper built the first locomotive constructed in America. Now the 20,000 locomotives of the United States do the work of 40,000,000 horses. In England 30,000 horses were killed yearly in the attempt to convey the mails at the rate of ten miles an hour. Mr. Kennedy tells the marvellous story of the railway with full mastery of the facts and full appreciation of their significance.

The prejudice against railways at the outset; the scorn, contempt and ridicule they met with are among the most amusing things in their history. At first the cars were literal coaches set on trucks. The locomotive was a nondescript engine fed with pine knots, and with water from a barrel. The evolution of the Pullman-sleeper and the sixty-ton locomotive, sixty feet long, is one of the marvels of science. Our author traces this remarkable evolution with copious illustration of the strange intermediate, experimental stages. He describes the romance of the first railway, the achievements of barding the continents, piercing the mountains, bridging the abysses, penetrating deserts—achievements tenfold greater than the building of the pyramids. The railway is revolutionizing the East as it has revolutionized the West. In India, Japan, Egypt, everywhere in the East, the snort of the iron horse is waking immemorial echoes, banishing caste, and linking the nations with bonds of brotherhood. Railway curiosities, mountain railways, electric railways, vertical railways, tramways, all receive full treatment. Electricity, it

is shown, is destined to be the great motor of the future. The most luxurious cars in the world are in Russia: the fastest running has been done on the Michigan Central in Canada. The luxuries of travel, the locomotive and its master, railway management, train despatching, postal and press system, etc., are in turn described. No mode of travel is so safe as by rail. Statistics prove that the average man is more likely to be struck with lightning or to be hanged than to be killed on the railway.

Selections from the Poetical Works of A. C. Swinburne. Edited by R. H. STODDARD. Red line ed., pp. xxii.-634. New York: Thos. J. Crowell & Co.

This enterprising house issues an illustrated red line series of the British poets—59 volumes—at the very low price of \$1.25 per volume, full gilt. It must count upon a very large demand to warrant such a cheap series. Swinburne, notwithstanding the objectionable character of some of his earlier poems, has achieved a reputation as one of the most brilliant, musical and masterly poets of the present time, which demands for him a place in this series. That the poems to which just exception has been taken might be eliminated, the volume has been carefully edited by the accomplished American critic and scholar, Richard H. Stoddard. He writes a frank and able introduction. Such opulence of diction, such wealth of words as Swinburne showers upon his song, he claims to be unparalleled. It is, he says, "the best, the strongest, the most poetic with which the vocabulary of any modern poet was ever enriched." Yet he severely criticizes his mannerisms and tricks of style. His range is narrow, but within it he is very strong. He is too diffuse, but many of his verbal felicities are of unsurpassed brilliance. He is saturated with the classical spirit, and his "Atalanta in Calydon" and "Erectheus" have more than any other English poems the severe beauty and the weird spell which one feels in Euripides and Sophocles. Indeed, throughout his ballads and

poems runs a vein more Pagan than Christian, beauty of literary form being more conspicuous than nobility of sentiment. The tragic trilogy on the strange fortunes of Mary Stuart has the distinction of exceeding in length any other dramatic work in the language, occupying nearly 400 pages of this volume. We judge that his delineation of the character of the fair, false queen is that which will be sustained by history. The rugged Knox appears among the silken courtiers like Elijah at the court of Ahab. As he wrings the proud queen's heart, we think of the stern prophet rebuking the sin of Jezebel.

In his ballads Swinburne is, we think, at his best, though he has not the broad humanity of Tennyson, nor the elevating spirituality of Longfellow. In his imitations of the mediæval masques and miracle plays he catches their archaic manner exactly, as also in the quaint refrains of many of his ballads. He uses chiefly strong nervous Saxon words, and in his more elevated strains he exhibits the perhaps unconscious influence of Biblical phraseology. The following lines on "The North Sea," show his remarkable facility for alliteration and musical assonances :

A land that is lonelier than ruin ;
 A sea that is stranger than death ;
 Far fields that a rose never blew in ;
 Wan waste where the wind lacks
 breath.
 Far flickers the flight of the swallows,
 Far flutters the weft of the grass ;
 Spun dense over desolate hollows,
 More pale than the clouds when they
 pass.

Swinburne is an enthusiastic hater of tyranny, and exults, with a lyrical rapture akin to Mrs. Browning's, at the emancipation and unification of Italy. The Pope he vigorously terms "the herdsman of the Gadarean swine." His songs of freedom ring like clarions.

This is his stirring appeal to England on behalf of Mazzini and the Italian patriots :

"Be not as a tyrant or slave,
 England ; be not as these,
 Thou that were other than they,

Stretch out thy hand but to save ;
 Put forth thy strength and release ;
 Lest there arise, if thou slay
 Thy shame as a ghost from the grave."

"O Cromwell's mother, O breast
 That suckled Milton ! Thy name
 That was beautiful then, that was
 blest,
 Is it wholly discrowned and deprest,
 Trodden under by sloth into
 shame?"

Life and Labour in the Far, Far West: Being Notes of a Tour in the Western States, British Columbia, Manitoba and the North-West Territory. By W. HENRY BARNEBY, 8vo, pp. 432. Cassell & Co., London, Paris, and New York. Toronto : William Briggs. Price \$2.25.

This is the latest contribution, and one of the most, valuable to the literature on the Canadian North-West. The tour of 18,279 miles here described was made in the summer of 1883. Mr. Barneby, after an extensive tour in the United States and British Columbia, by invitation of our friend, George Cox, Esq., of Peterboro', President of the Midland Railway, and Mr. Jaffray, of Toronto, one of its directors, travelled in the official car of the company on a tour of inspection of the Canada Pacific to the end of the track, and thus had special facilities for obtaining information on all matters pertaining to the country. He made excursions in many directions, questioning the settlers, and gives tabular statements of the yield of the crops in an exceedingly business-like style. Mr. Barneby is a typical Englishman, maintaining his right to grumble at whatever does not meet his views, but enthusiastically commending the many attractions of our great inheritance in the North-West, and recognizing its vast possibilities in the near future. The great need, he says, is capital and good farming on the improved methods taught by modern science. He is an extensive landed proprietor in England, having also large investments in the North-West, and is a thorough judge of land and its value. He gives a very

graphic account of the marvellous speed of track-laying on the Canada Pacific, reaching six miles and a half in a single day. He describes also the great Bell Farm and others of the sort. He pays a high compliment to the efficiency of the Mounted Police, and gives evidence that prohibition does prohibit the sale of liquor, notwithstanding efforts to evade the law. The inspection of the country came to a painful close in consequence of the death at Winnipeg of Mr. Clive, the friend and fellow-traveller of the author. His remains were conveyed in the Midland Railroad official car to Quebec, a distance of 1,876 miles, and thence to Liverpool, a total distance of 4,500 miles in thirteen days and nine hours.

This book will be for some time an authority on the North-West. It is gotten up in the best style of the great house whose imprint it bears, and has an admirable folding map of the route traversed.

The Divine Authority of the Bible.

By G. FREDERICK WRIGHT. Pp. 241. Boston: Congregational Publishing House. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

One characteristic of the times is that subjects that used to be discussed in ponderous folios are now treated in hand-books so concise that "he that runs may read." The book under review is an example of this tendency. He who has not time for the study of Westcott's Canon of the New Testament, or Terry's Biblical Hermeneutics, or Harman's or Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, may find in this volume a clear and comprehensive statement of the great facts which the larger volumes discuss at length. The treatment of the subject is not superficial because it is concise. It is vigorous and thorough, if brief. The author examines with scholarly ability the evidence on the Canon of the Old and New Testaments, the question of inspiration and textual criticism, of the interpretation of Scripture, the harmony of the Bible with science, and kindred topics.

We commend this book especially to our younger ministers, to Sunday-school teachers, and to all thoughtful Bible students. It will not fail to confirm them in an unflinching confidence in the Divine inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures.

My Missionary Apprenticeship. By REV. J. M. THOBURN, D.D. Pp. 386. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.50.

Dr. Thoburn has been a missionary in India for five-and-twenty years. He here gives us an inside view of missionary life, such as one does not often get. We accompany the missionary in his daily round of duty. We perceive his difficulties and discouragements. We share his trials and his triumphs. We observe his methods, and rejoice in the results of his labours. We are brought into more intelligent acquaintance, and more hearty sympathy with missionary toils and travail, and it will be strange if the reader is not more earnest in prayer for Christian missions, and more liberal in their support.

The Amazon. By CARL VOSMAER. Pp. 262. New York: Wm. S. Gottsberger. Toronto: Williamson & Co. Price 90 cents.

The foreign library of this house has been chiefly heretofore translations from the French, German, or Spanish. To this polyglot company is now added the masterpiece of the distinguished Dutch jurist Vosmaer. In contrast to the coarse realism of the day, he cultivates a fine idealism. His story, while one of the present, is saturated with the spirit of the past—of classic literature and classic art. It is itself as sculpturesque, as grandly moulded and as finely finished as the antique statue whose name it bears. The book is prefaced by a scholarly vindication of idealism against realism, by Georg Ebers, and by a finely etched frontispiece by the distinguished countryman of the author, L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

The Origins of Organization and Government in the Early Church.

By the REV. E. EVANS.

Justification by Faith. By the REV. S. B. DUNN. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

These form the sixth annual lecture and sermon before the Theological Union of Mount Allison Wesleyan College. The first is a very able and scholarly study of early Church history, exhibiting a wide range of reading, a discriminative critical faculty, and a refined and cultured literary taste. We congratulate the writer that, remote from large libraries, he has been able to prepare a contribution of such value on this important subject. We appreciate the honour he has done our volume on the Catacombs of Rome by the several references kindly made thereto.

Brother Dunn's sermon on the central doctrine of Christianity has the true Protestant and Methodist ring. It is such a one as Luther or Wesley would have rejoiced in.

Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion. By JOHN M. BAMFORD London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 90 cents.

This is a racy story of Yorkshire Methodism, with graphic sketches of Yorkshire character. These sketches are evidently from the life. We seem to have known the persons described. We predict for this book a popularity akin to that of "Dan'l Quorm." The Yorkshire dialect is admirably managed. The only criticism we have to make is the allegorical character of the names given. The verisimilitude of the story would be greater if the names did not suit the persons quite so well. The artist, in his numerous illustrations, has caught the very expressions described by the author.

Walks Around London; with numerous illustrations. London: T. Woolmer. Toronto: William Briggs.

Save Rome and Jerusalem, we

know of no city in the world the walks around which present so many scenes of interest and instruction as London. It is, even apart from its historic memories, the most wonderful city in the world. This charming book describes with the aid of copious illustration, the City proper, the Guildhall, St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Tower, the old churches, the Houses of Parliament, the British Museum, the "Zoo," and the other principal objects of attraction in and about the great city. Of special interest to Methodist readers are the illustrations of City Road Chapel and of the *souvenirs* of John Wesley.

LITERARY NOTES.

The new series of the *London Quarterly* exhibits great ability. The articles are shorter, and more crisp and popular in style than in the old series. The price is also considerably reduced, 4s. per number. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road.

The *Primitive Methodist Quarterly* is an ably edited and well sustained review. A feature of special interest during the year has been a symposium by leading writers of the different Methodist Churches on Methodist union in England. Price 2s. per number. London: R. Fenwick, 6 Sutton Street E.

The *Chicago Current* comes to us in a new and beautiful cover, unequalled for elegance of design by any other that we know. The *Current* is one of the most valued of our exchanges. It discusses living topics with marked literary skill from an elevated Christian standpoint. Price \$4 a year.

The publishers of the *Methodist Quarterly* announce that it will be issued bi-monthly as the *Methodist Review*, at the same price, \$2.50 per year. Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York.

The *Southern Quarterly* is a vigorous exponent of the intellectual and religious life of Southern Methodism. Subscriptions (\$3 per year) received by the Rev. Dr. Hinton, Macon, Ga.