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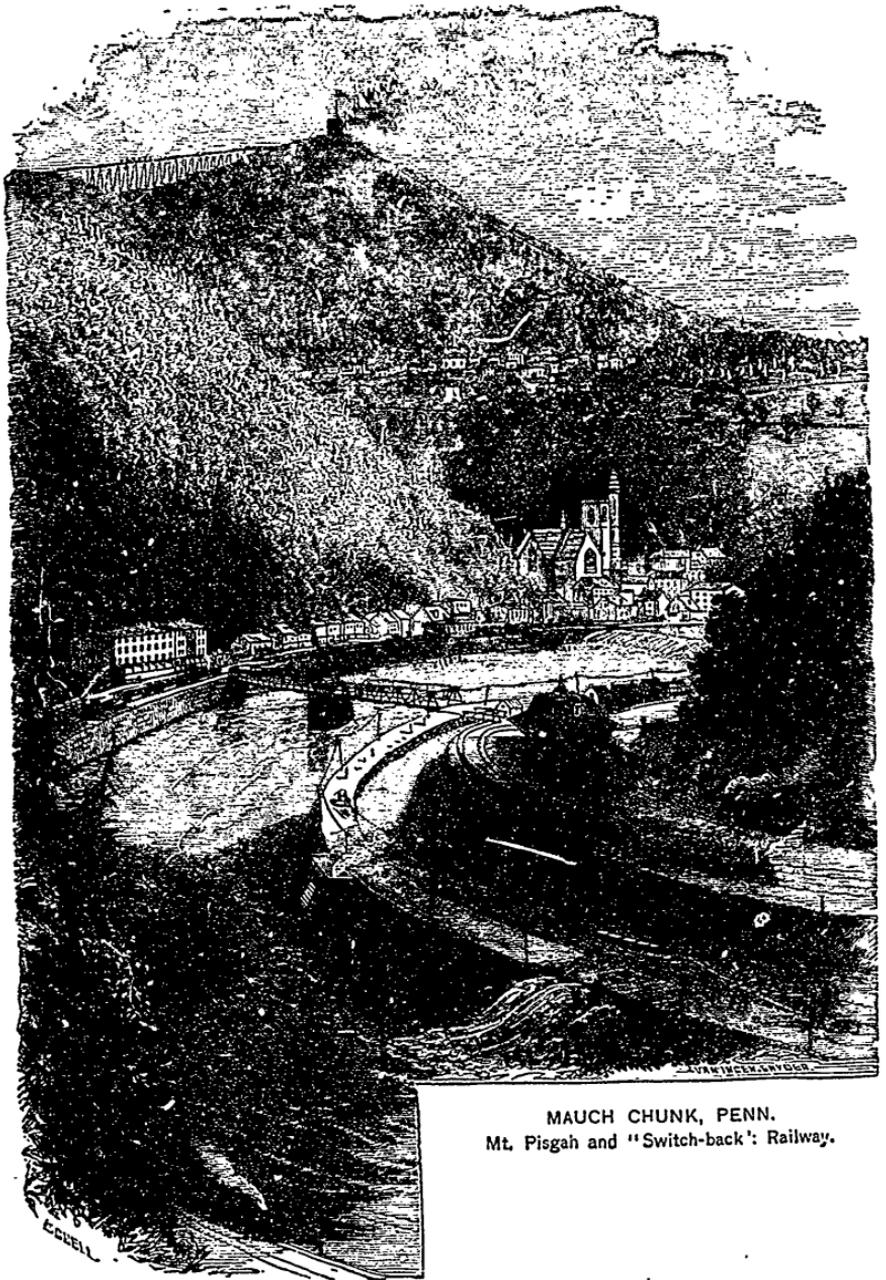
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MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.  
Mt. Pisgah and "Switch-back" Railway.

THE CANADIAN  
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1878.

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MAUCH CHUNK AND THE LEHIGH VALLEY.

It was a glorious day in the month of August, 1876, that we first beheld the wonderful scenery of the far-famed Lehigh Valley. The blended wildness and beauty of this romantic gorge it is impossible to describe. A narrow brawling stream frets its way between precipitous mountain banks. The train swings around the rapid curves, finding unexpected exits through seemingly impassable barriers of confronting rock, by means of some opening portal in the mountains.

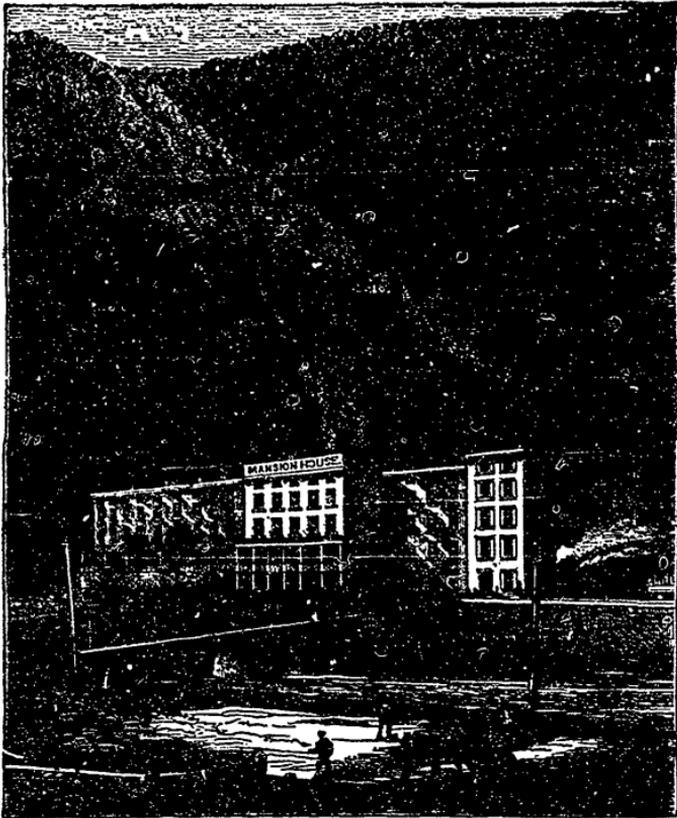
At Mauch Chunk the grandeur culminates. This town is doubtless the most highly picturesque in America. It lies in a narrow gorge between and among high hills, its foot, as it were,



COAL VEIN.

resting on the picturesque little Lehigh River, and its body stretching up the cliffs of the mountains. It is so compacted among the hills that its houses impinge upon its one narrow street, and stand backed up against the rising ground, with no

space for gardens except what the owners can manage to snatch from the hillside above their heads. As proof of what can be done in a narrow space, this quaint and really Swiss-like village affords a capital example.



MANSION HOUSE, MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.  
Central Railroad of New Jersey.

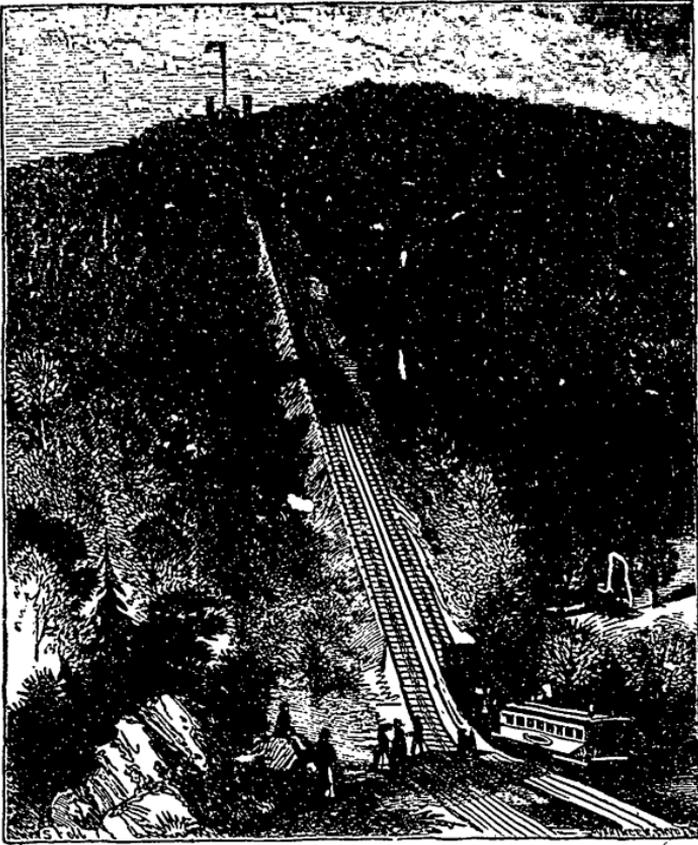
Alighting for the first time in this romantic spot, where the enterprise of man has engirded with railroads and canals the wildest mountain solitude, one knows not whether first to bow in awe at nature's majesty, or exclaim with delight at the triumph which engineering skill has achieved in rendering it so easily accessible to the outer world; for this narrow gorge, through which the Lehigh, through ages of solitude, plashed its way to the sea, now furnishes an avenue also for two railroads, a canal, and at this point a village street, all crowded into this narrow

space, and monopolizing every inch of room they can ever expect to occupy.

The place derives its name, Mauch Chunk, signifying Bear Mountain, from this cone-like elevation on our right, under the shadow of which stands the tasteful depot at which we alight. From this point we cross, first the canal and then the river, by a bridge of two spans, and find ourselves before the Mansion House, on the principal street of the town.

That gigantic mountain south of us, turning abruptly to the eastward, with the carriage road ascending along its rugged slope, is known as the Flagstaff; and from Prospect Rock, which may be reached by a rustic footpath from the hotel grounds, there is to be had a glorious view of the river and the valley, both far below. Looking in the opposite direction, the eye follows the narrow highway, first with its single row of buildings facing the river, and then built up on both sides to the foot of Mount Pisgah, an almost perpendicular elevation rising to the height of fifteen hundred feet above the tide-water, and about the base of which cluster, in what seems at first a hopeless confusion, the dwellings, stores, and churches of this active little town. It is over Mount Pisgah that we shall enjoy a ride on the famous gravity railroad known as the "Switchback." Though Mauch Chunk was first settled in the year 1815, it was in this immediate vicinity that, about a quarter of a century earlier (1791), anthracite coal was accidentally discovered by one Philip Ginter, a hunter. Upon the strength of this, the Lehigh Coal Mine Company was formed in the following year. Out of this grew the present Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, whose shipments sometimes, of late years, have amounted to eighteen thousand tons weekly. Gradually, with the development of its mining interests, Mauch Chunk has grown to a place of six thousand five hundred inhabitants, and is, moreover, from its natural beauty of scenery and surroundings, annually becoming more popular as a summer resort.

The first problem presented for solution to the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company, when organized, was the transportation of coal from the mines to the river. Science and enterprise joined hands to solve it. First, a tedious system of mule teams



MT. PISGAH PLANE.

"Switch-back" Mauch Chunk, Penn.

was adopted, but in 1827 this was replaced by the gravity railroad, running on a descending grade from Summit Hill to the river. Cars coming down on this road by their own gravity carried with them the mules which were to drag them back. In 1844 the mule system was abandoned entirely, by the erection of inclined planes and stationary engines. Since that time a ride over these planes has annually become more popular, until now it is an inseparable feature of a visit to Mauch Chunk.

But let us step into this car which is waiting here at the base of the plane, and we shall shortly see how it is for ourselves. The view, even here at the starting-point at upper Mauch Chunk, overlooking the town, the river, and East Mauch Chunk, is fine enough to satisfy any reasonable sight-seer. But here we go!

up—up—up. Now we begin to look down on the tree-tops, and the landscape below seems to be slowly but steadily receding. We speedily traverse two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet of track, and, reaching the summit, are in reality eight hundred and sixty-four feet higher than our starting-point.

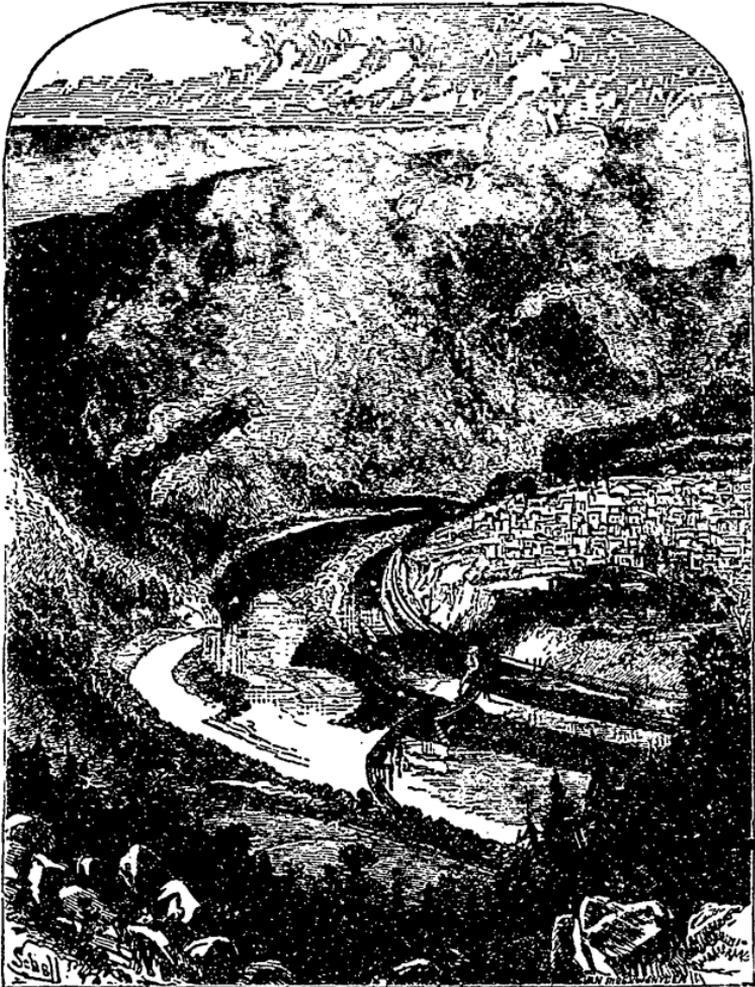


LEHIGH VALLEY, MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.

*Looking South from Mount Pisgah.*

Passing over a trestle-work spanning a wild ravine, we alight and follow a winding footpath to a still higher point—the Pavilion, where, from an observatory, we may look down upon a view than which certainly none more grand could be wished for by mortal eye. Away to the south, through Lehigh Gap, we

catch glimpses of the hazy blue outline of Schooley's Mountain, sixty-five miles distant. North of it, too, is Wind Gap, and following the horizon around we see a mingled panorama of blue hills and green forests, bewildering in its extent and grandeur.



THE LEHIGH.

Looking North from Mount Pisgah, Mauch Chunk.  
Central Railroad of New Jersey.

To this fascinating spot have been justly applied the favourite lines from Scott :

“So wondrous wild, the whole might seem  
The scenery of fairy dream.”



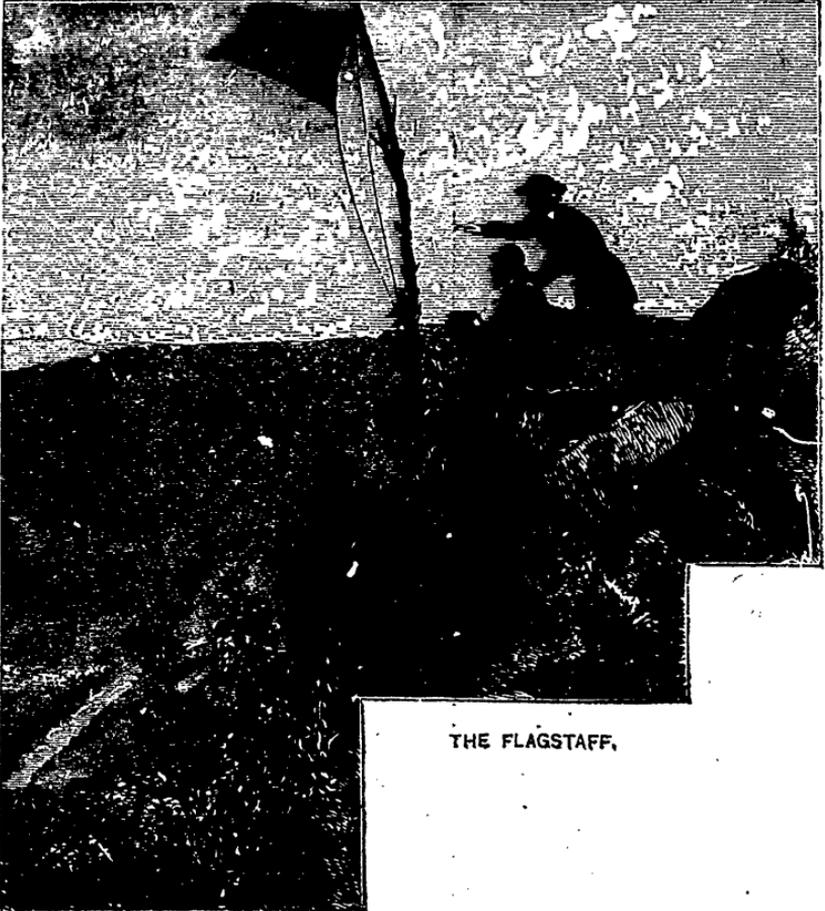
GLEN THOMAS.

And now from this point we whiz along, with gravity for our motive power, for a distance of six miles (a descent of three hundred and two feet, to the base of another inclined plane (Mount Jefferson), two thousand and seventy feet long and four hundred and sixty-two feet in elevation. Again we see the earth seeming to recede from us, and again, after reaching the summit, drawn by invisible chargers, we hurry along, over a mile's descent of forty-five feet, to the quaint mining village of Summit Hill, with a population of two thousand, and an elevation of nine hundred and-seventy-five feet above the Lehigh. A curious place it is, with rambling streets, old buildings, and a stone arsenal with turrets and loop-holes, and in which are stored arms for a company of militiamen, to be called out should disorder arise among the miners. Close at hand is another, or the original Switchback Railroad, leading, by a long descent, to the Panther Creek Valley beyond; and here, too, is the "burning mine,"

within the subterranean depth of which a fiery heat has been raging for thirty-two years past, searing and blighting whole acres on the surface above it.

But the supreme pleasure of our ride is yet in store for us. It is the return over the nine miles of continuous descending

grade to, our starting-point at Mount Pisgah's base. A single turn of the brakes and off we start, faster and faster, down through long stretches of shaded roadway, around wondrous curves, along giddy cliffs, under shadows of great ivy-grown crags, and still down—down—down, at a dizzy speed, and as if borne on the wings of the wind. There, like a toy village in



THE FLAGSTAFF.

the distance before, and far below us, we once more descry Mauch Chunk, with its familiar church spire so indelibly impressed upon all who have visited the town. How fast we seem to be approaching it. And so, indeed, we are; for almost ere we know it our fleet charger has drawn rein, and we are safe and sound, but breathless with delight and excitement, at the platform from



PROSPECT ROCK.

Nescopec Valley.

which we so recently started on our ascent. It may safely be said that, in all the varied features of American tourist travel there can be found nothing so novel or exhilarating as a ride over the Switchback.

But a stay at Mauch Chunk affords still another delight—a visit to Glen Onoko. A ride of two miles further up the river, by

any of the trains, will bring us to it, and a wild-tangled spot we shall find it—a mountain ravine through which a crystal stream comes plashing down, in successive waterfalls, from a height of over nine hundred feet. The pathway to the summit leads us



CLOUD POINT, UPPER LEHIGH.

along the course of the streamlet—now on this side, now on that, spanning here and there with a rustic bridge, which it were not difficult to imagine that elfin hands had placed there, and in crossing which we look both forward and backward upon genuine



LEHIGH GAP,  
(Looking Down).  
Central Railroad of New Jersey.

glimpses of fairy-land. The ascent is steep, but will repay us for the toil. There is no royal road to the summit here. We must go afoot, if we go at all, so let us start forward. A few steps from the depot brings us to the foot of a long stairway, and, passing Entrance and Crystal Cascades, we see above us a rustic bridge upon which our pathway soon brings us. Here we are face to face with Moss Cascade, while frowning above, as grim sentinels, are two moss-clad boulders, called the Pulpit Rocks. Next we pass by the Laurel Cascade, to what is aptly termed the Heart of the Glen, where, amid a dense luxuriance of foliage, the eye rests upon a series of minor falls, called the Stairway Cascades,

leaping in playful rivalry one upon the other. From this point a stairway, ingeniously hewn out from the trunk of a monster hemlock, leads us to Sunrise Point, from which may be obtained a glorious and commanding view of the landscape of the winding valley, now far, far below. But we cannot pause long here, for before us is one of the greatest charms of the glen, Chamelon Falls, fifty feet high, over which the stream plunges into a half-square basin, densely overshadowed with foliage. And not far above it, too, we come to Ouoko Falls, the highest and, in the opinion of many, the handsomest in the glen. If we have the courage to venture behind this misty veil of ninety feet in height, we shall obtain a glimpse of sprite land which will well repay us for the chance of a slight ducking from the spray.

Through this glen ran an old war-trail, from the Susquehanna to the Delaware, and it was by this route that General Sullivan and his soldiers passed in 1778, after the Wyoming massacre. Next, our path leads us by a deserted old cabin, a convenient halting-place for sportsmen, to Packer's Point, where, amid an extended view of the surrounding country, we have reached the summit of Glen Onoko's beauties. Glen Thomas, shown in the engraving, is another beautiful wild mountain gorge in which we could well while away a summer day. Immediately above the nestling town of Mauch Chunk is Flagstaff Point, on Bear Mountain. The climb is a steep and weary one, but the view from the summit is one of rare magnificence, and will well repay the toil. The whole topography of the surrounding country is spread out as a map before you. It seems a moving diorama through which you trace the serpentine windings of the Lehigh Valley, with its rivers, its railroads, and canals.

Another point of view of extraordinary beauty is Prospect Rock. We had not the pleasure of personally visiting it, but it is thus described by the pen of an eye witness:

"We walked about half a mile along a wood road, struck into a footpath, and followed it a hundred yards or so, and, without warning, walked out upon a flat rock, from which we could at first see nothing but fog, up, down, and around. We were standing on the verge of a precipice, which fell sheer down into a tremendous abyss; and when the fog lifted we looked out upon



1 2 3 4  
*Engraved expressly for Bachelder's "Popular Resorts, and How to Reach Them."*

1. Lehigh Valley  
Railroad.  
2. Susquehanna.

SOLOMON'S GAP.  
Central Railroad of New Jersey.

3. Ashley.  
4. Stationary Engine and  
Railroad "Plane."

miles and miles of valleys, partly cleared, but principally covered with primeval forests.

"Presently our guide took us, by a roundabout way, to Cloud Point. This is a lonely pinnacle on the other side of the glen; and here a still wider view—another, yet the same—lay before us. There is something indescribably grand in the solitude of the scene—forests of giant trees lifting their heads, through which peer rough-visaged rock, which the hand of Time had failed to smooth. The whole region is filled with untold wealth to the artist and the lover of nature."

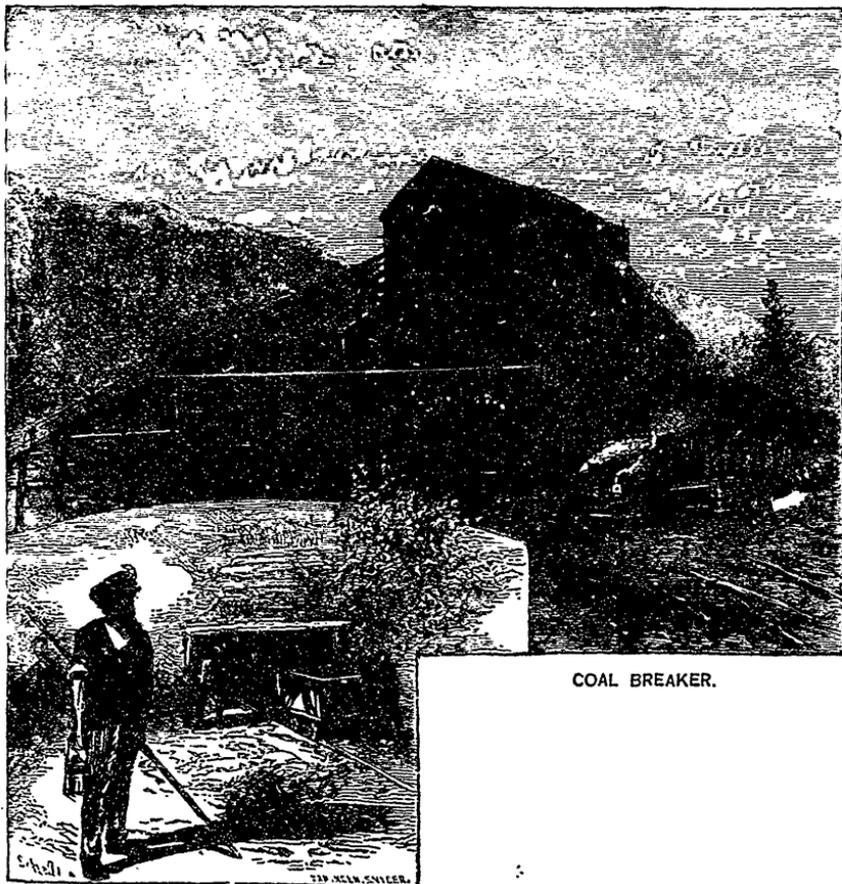
One of the finest views on the river is the Lehigh Gap, through which the river forces its irresistible way through the rocky barriers of the Blue Ridge. On the western side, near the summit of a lofty ridge, stands out abrupt and lone, a gray towering crag, surmounted by a tuft of withered pines. The scene is strangely wild and weird, and involuntarily recalls the days when these solitudes had not yet re-echoed to the invading footsteps of man.

One of the most charming towns on the route is Bethlehem. Here it was that, in 1741, Count Zinzendorf, with his little band of pious Moravians, founded a settlement, and established institutions of learning for both sexes, which in all subsequent generations have attracted pupils hither from all parts of the country, and which to-day are inferior to none in the land. It was here that the Moravian nuns gave Count Pulaski the banner, still preserved by the Baltimore Historical Society, the presentation of which gave Longfellow occasion for that beautiful poem:

"Take thy banner, may it wave  
Proudly o'er the good and brave."

To the capitalist, the chief interest of the wild and beautiful Lehigh Valley is the wealth of coal which it hides in its rocky heart. The coal is found in veins of various thicknesses, and differently situated—sometimes level and sometimes plunging down from the surface, at a steep angle, into the depths of the mountain, as shown in the small initial cut. The coal is brought to the surface in strong box cars, drawn by mules, or on steep inclines, by wire ropes and a stationary engine. A striking

feature of the coal regions are the huge, gaunt, grimy-looking buildings, known as "coal breakers." In the upper part of these is powerful machinery, which breaks up the masses of coal as it is blasted from its matrix into the "egg," "stove," or "nut" sizes in general use. The reason why the coal is dragged up the



COAL BREAKER.

MINE.

long incline to the top of the "breaker" for this purpose, is that it may sort itself into the different grades by sliding down by gravitation over strong sieves of different degrees of coarseness. It falls into huge receptacles or bins beneath, from which it is loaded into the long trains of coal cars which fill every siding

and crawl, like enormous serpents, along the winding tracks. One of the most remarkable scenes on the Central Railway is the wonderful gorge known as Solomon's Gap, shown in the engraving on page 301. Here the beautiful Wyoming Valley bursts upon the view, and the far-shining Susquehanna can be seen winding in the distance, beyond which ranges of mountains roll away to the dim horizon. It is but three miles in an air line to the small village of Ashley, seen below. But such are the engineering difficulties that it requires a zig-zag journey of eighteen miles to reach it.

The ride through this weird, wild, wonderful valley will be a treasured memory of a lifetime, and often in hours of quiet musing will be recalled its opening vistas of grandeur and delight—its rapid transitions from the exquisitely beautiful to the awfully sublime.

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### “HAVE FAITH IN GOD.”

[MARK xi. 22.]

HE teaches me to trust Him every day,  
To look to Him through cloud and storm,  
For whether bright or dark my way  
He leads me on.

I'm blind and weak,—I'm but a sinful worm,  
My strength all gone.

He tells me not to care for aught, but pray  
To Him in whom all strength abides,  
And He will ever be my stay,  
He loves me still,  
And he alone is safe who in Him hides  
From every ill.

I know not what to do or where to go ;  
I'll sit me down to watch and wait,  
And God will show me what to do  
And where to go.  
Though narrow be the way and straight the gate  
It leads from woe.

C. T. C.

## THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

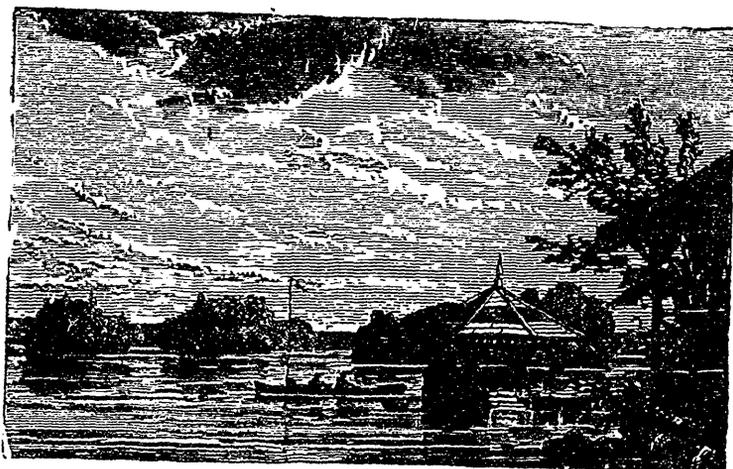
## II.



GRAPE ISLAND—LAKE SIMCOE.

ONE of the charms of visiting our beautiful Northern Lakes is their association with the memory of the early French explorers of Canada. At Orillia, for instance, was the great rendezvous of the Indian tribes, whither, by way of the Ottawa, French River, and Georgian Bay, came Champlain, who, first of white men, saw these inland waters, two hundred and sixty-three years ago (1615), and where he dwelt among the Indians one whole winter. Near the site of this rendezvous is the beautiful Couchiching Park, where was situated the fine hotel shown in the cut on page 307, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. The islands that dot the surface of the lake gleam in the golden light like emerald gems upon its bosom. The islands in Lake Joseph are of a more rugged character, rising often abruptly in craggy rocks from the deep pelucid waters. Dark spiry spruces also predominate, keeping, like sentinels, their lonely watch on solitary island or cape.

The greatest fascination of this northern wilderness of lake and stream is the numerous rapids and waterfalls with which they abound. Many of these are of exquisite beauty, as those shown in the engravings in this and the previous paper. To those who are fond of fishing, which, we confess, we are not, these streams furnish great sport. But nothing, in its way, is more delightful than gliding, almost like a bird, over the transparent waters of those crystal lakes; or darting, almost like a fish, down the arrowy rapids in the Indian's light canoe. It is



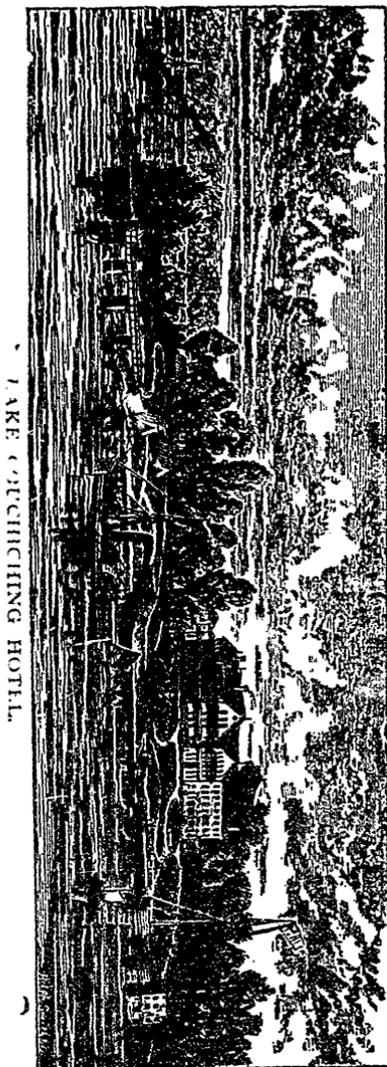
VIEW FROM COUCHICHING.

the very poetry of motion, and the canoe is, in skilful hands, the very embodiment of grace and beauty.

All the forest's life is in it,  
 All its mystery and its magic,  
 All the lightness of the birch-tree,  
 All the toughness of the cedar,  
 All the larch's supple sinews;  
 As it floats upon the river  
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,  
 Like a yellow water-lily.

The special advantage of the birch canoe is that its lightness permits its being borne, as shown in the cut, over the numerous

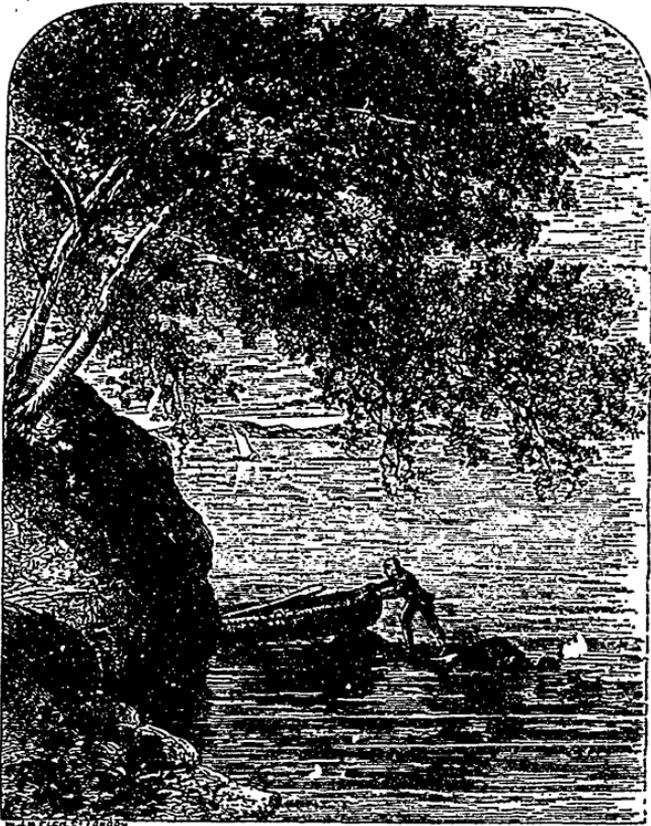
portages by which the falls and rapids of these northern streams are surmounted.



The natural features of our great northern lakes, Huron and Superior, are on a vaster scale than in the smaller lakes. The shores are much bolder and of a sterner character. The scenery is more sublime, but less beautiful. The entire north coast of Lake Huron is indented with a thousand inlets, separated by rocky capes. The La Cloche Mountains, rising to 2,000 feet above the sea, stretch along its entire length. They are, for the most part, gray, barren granite rocks of the Huronian formation, with highly tilted strata, and without timber enough to carry a fire over them. They stretch, like a billowy sea, wave beyond wave, as far as the eye can reach, a scene of stern and savage grandeur, almost appalling in its desolation. On a narrow passage, between the mainland and an island, is the little fishing hamlet of Killarney, from which comes much of the fish for the Toronto market. The entrance is highly picturesque and very intricate, whence the Indian name, She-

bawenahning, "Here we have a channel."

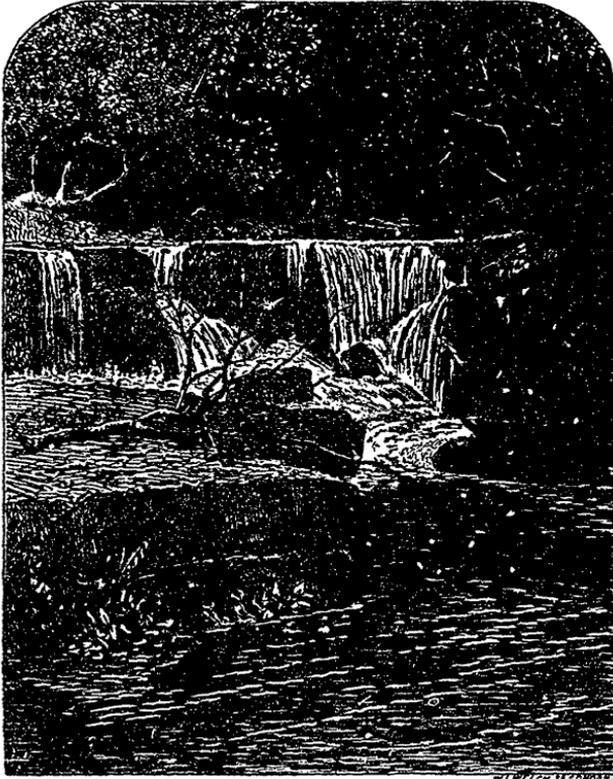
A little further west the celebrated Symes' Channel begins a mazy passage among the thousands of islands that skirt the



LAKE JOSEPH.

North Shore. The most striking characteristic of this part of the route is the immense number of islands through which the channel lies, and which give evidence of tremendous geological convulsions. They are of all sizes and of every conceivable shape, from the Grand Manitoulin, containing thousands of square miles, to the single barren rock just appearing above the surface. Some are bare and sterile, others are clothed with the deep green foliage of the pines, relieved by the brighter tints of the maple and white-skinned birches, which lave their tresses in the water like naiads of the wave, and gaze at their bright reflection on its surface, as though charmed with their own loveliness. Now they seem completely to block up the pathway, and, like wardens of these Northern solitudes, to challenge our right

of approach their lone domain; and now they open out into majestic vistas of fairy beauty as though inviting our advance. Here they rise in lofty wood-crowned heights, and there they merely lift their rounded backs, like leviathans above the water. In the distance they seem like a group of Tritons sporting on the waves. In other places the steamer passes through channels so narrowed that one might almost leap ashore—in one the trees



SOUTH FALLS ON MUSKOKA RIVER.

nearly brush the deck. At one spot forty of these islands are in sight at once. Captain Bayfield set down on his magnificent charts of these regions, 36,000 separate islands, on 20,000 of which he had himself set foot. In Lake Superior, according to Agassiz, there are nearly as many. They are all, with slight exceptions, on the north shore. In the clear air and bright

sunlight of these regions some of the finest atmospheric effects are produced. The red and purple and cool greys of the lichens, and the deep rusty hue of the metallic oxides, produce rich bits of colour such as artists love.



FALLS NEAR ROSSEAU.

At the Sault Ste. Marie, the St. Mary's River, giving outlet to the mighty waters of Lake Superior, rushes like a race horse down its rocky channel, flecked with snowy foam as it leaps from ledge to ledge. A short distance below, the buoy, struggling like a drowning man with the waves, shows the strength of the current. The Indians catch splendid fish in the rapids with a scoop net, urging their frail canoes into the seething vortex of the waves.

In 1671 Father Aliouez planted a cedar cross and graved the



SEVERN RAPIDS—SPARROW LAKE.

lilies of France, and, in the presence of a conclave of Indian chiefs from the Red River, the Mississippi, and the St. Lawrence, chanted, in the depths of the forest and beside the snowy waters of St. Mary's Falls, the Mediæval Latin hymn,—

“Vexilla Regis prodeunt  
Fulget crucis mysterium.”

The banners of Heaven's King advance:  
The mystery of the cross shines forth.

Thus was the sovereignty of the whole country assumed in the name of His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV. The traces of that sovereignty may be found from the island of St. Pierre to the Rocky Mountains, from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, in many of the names, and frequently in the prevalence of the language and religion of La Belle France. The early French explorers, with a wonderful prescience, followed the great natural routes of travel, seized the keys of commerce, and left their impress on the broad features of nature in the names they gave to many of the mountains, lakes, and rivers of the continent. To-day the red Indian on the Qu'Appelle presents his offering at the shrine of the Virgin on his return from the hunt, and the *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* of the Upper Ottawa

and the great Northwest chant the wanton chansons sung by the courtiers of Versailles under the old *regime*.

Passing through the lofty headlands of Gros Cap and Point Iroquois, the northern Pillars of Hercules, some five or six miles apart, we enter the broad expanse of this mighty inland lake, the "Big Sea Water" of the Indians. It is surrounded by an almost unbroken rocky rim, from three or four hundred to thirteen or fourteen hundred feet high; rising almost abruptly from the shores. Over this the rivers fall in successive cascades, frequently of five or six hundred feet in a few miles. In consequence of its depth, the waters are extremely cold, varying



RUNNING A RAPID—MUSKOGA RIVER.

little from 40° Fh. They are also remarkably clear. Dilke, in his "Greater Britain," says, "clearer than those of Ceylon," which are famed for their transparency.

The entire north shore of Lake Superior gives evidence of energetic geological convulsions. These convulsions seem to have been greatest in the neighbourhood of Nipigon and Thunder Bays. Here the scenery, therefore, is of the most magnificent description, and of a stern and savage grandeur, not elsewhere found. Nipigon Bay extends for nearly a hundred miles between a high barrier of rocky islands and the mainland. A sense of utter loneliness is strongly felt in sailing on these solitary waters. In all those hundred miles we saw not a single human habitation

nor a human being, save three squalid Indians in a birch canoe. At the western entrance of the channel rises Fluor Island, to the height of a thousand feet, like the genius of the rocky pass arising from the sullen deep. At the mouth of the Nipigon



MAKING A PORTAGE.

River the mountains gather around on every side in a vast amphitheatre, like ancient Titans sitting in solemn conclave on their solitary thrones. For from their rocky pulpits, more solemnly than any human voice, they proclaim man's insignificance and changefulness amid the calm and quiet changelessness of nature.

As we sail on, steep escarpments of columnar basalt rock, like the Palisades of the Hudson, sweep away in vast perspective into the distance, here covered with a serried phalanx of mountain pine, there a few dwarf birches creep along the heights and peer timidly over the precipice; yonder the spiry spruces seem to troop like a dark-robed procession, or to climb hand in hand up the steeps, wherever they can find foothold. The rocks, where bare, are frequently scratched with glacial groves, and in some places "pot holes" are worn by travelled boulders in the softer rock, by the action of the waves. Near the middle of the lake the island of La Grange rises like a Titan barn, whence its name, tree-covered to its very summit; and near it is Isle Vert, clad with the dark green foliage of the spruce, relieved by the brighter hues of the mountain poplars.



VIEW ON LAKE JOSEPH.

When the sun goes down in golden splendour, and the deepening shadows of the mountains creep across the glowing waves, in the long purple twilight of these northern regions a tender pensiveness falls upon the spirit. The charm of solitude is over all, and the coyness of primeval nature is felt. It seems, as Milton remarks, like treason against her gentle sovereignty not to seek out those lovely scenes.

Thunder Bay, the main object of a trip to Lake Superior, is a grand expanse of water, twenty-five miles in length, fifteen to twenty-five in width, in shape almost circular, and hemmed in on all sides by mountains, bluff headlands, and island peaks. On entering, to the right is Thunder Cape, a remarkable and bold highland, standing out into the lake; the sheer cliff rises perpendicularly 1,350 feet above the water, the formation having in many places a basaltic appearance. Above it almost always hovers a cloud, and in times of storms the cape appears to be the centre of the full fury of the thunder and lightning, hence the great awe in which it is held by the Indians, and the name they have given it.

To the south-west is seen McKay's Mountain, above Fort William, and further to the left the peculiarly shaped Pie Island resembling a gigantic pork pie, some 800 feet in height, and of similar basaltic formation to Thunder Cape, on the opposite side of the entrance.

Prince Arthur's Landing is fast rising into importance. The building of the Pacific Railway and the increasing richness of the silver mines in its neighbourhood are giving it a great start onwards.

Fort William, at the time that we visited it, was about as un-military looking a place as it is possible to conceive. Instead of bristling with ramparts and cannon, and frowning defiance at the world, it quietly nestles, like a child in its mother's lap, at the foot of McKay's Mountain, which looms up grandly behind it. A picket fence surrounded eight or ten acres of land, within which were a large stone store-house, the residence of the chief factor, and several dwelling-houses for the employees. At a little



SAULT STE. MARIE FALLS.

distance was the Indian mission of the Jesuit fathers. A couple of rusty cannon were the only warlike indications visible. Yet the aspect of the place was not always so peaceful. A strong stockade surrounded the post, a sort of barbican guarded the gateway, and stone block-houses furnished protection to its defenders. It was long the stronghold of the North-West Company, whence they waged vigorous war against the rival Hudson's Bay Company. Shortly after the planting of the Red River Settlement, in 1812, 300 North-Westerners, plumed and painted like Indian chiefs, attacked the infant colony. Twenty-eight of the inhabitants went forth to parley. At one treach-

erous volley twenty-one of them were slain, and the remainder of the colonists were hunted like wolves from the blackened embers of their devastated homes. In retaliation Lord Selkirk marched a battalion of Swiss mercenaries, four hundred miles overland, to Fort William, and by the aid of a cannon, which they brought with them, demolished its defences.



McKAY'S MOUNTAIN.

The exhausting conflict of forty years between the two Companies was ended by their consolidation in 1821, and Fort William again became the chief post. In its grand banquet chamber the annual feasts and councils of the chief factors were held, and alliances were formed with the Indian tribes. Thence were issued the decrees of the giant monopoly which exercised a sort of feudal sovereignty from Labrador to Charlotte's Sound, from the United States boundary to Russian-America. Thither came the plumed and painted sons of the forest to barter their furs for the knives and guns of Sheffield and Birmingham, and the gay fabrics of Manchester and Leeds, and to smoke the pipe of peace with their white allies. These days have passed forever. Paint and plumes are seen only in the far interior, and the furs are mostly collected far from the forts by agents of the Company. The Indians still come here in large numbers for their supplies. A Hudson's Bay store-house contains a miscellaneous assortment of goods, comprising such diverse articles as snow-shoes and



KAKABEKA FALLS.

crinolines, blankets and cheap jewellery, canned fruit and beaver skins. The squaws about the settlements are exceedingly fond of fancy hats, gay ribbons, and civilized finery.

About thirty miles up the Kamanistiquia are the Kakabeka Falls. The river, here one hundred and fifty yards wide, plunges sheer down one hundred and thirty feet. The scenery is of a majestic grandeur, which, when better known, will make this spot a favourite resort of the tourist and the lover of the picturesque.

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### TIME.

TIME ! where didst thou those years inter,  
 Which I have seene decease ?  
 My soule's at war, and Truth bids her  
 Finde out their hidden sepulcher,  
 To give her troubles peace.

—Habington.

## THE KING'S MESSENGER;

OR, LAWRENCE TEMPLE'S PROBATION.

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

## CHAPTER XX.—IN THE FIELD.

“ How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings.”—ISAIAH lii. 7.

“ Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their teams a-field!  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”—*Gray's Elegy.*

LAWRENCE took the steamer to Toronto, in which city he spent a day. The wide streets, the moving multitudes, the number and elegance of the churches,—were to him a novel spectacle, bringing a stronger sense of the bigness of the world than even the wilderness of the Mattawa. While making his frugal purchases of books at the Wesleyan Book-Room, in whose purlieu the preachers most do congregate, and which contained more volumes than he had ever seen before, the minister of one of the city churches claimed him as a lawful prize, and carried him off to share his hospitality and preach in the evening.

The next day he proceeded by railway to Barrie, and thence by steamer again to the pretty village of Orillia. Here he took the stage for Muskoka. He had an ominous initiation into his work. The road was of frightful ruggedness. The old earth showed her bones in a huge outcrop of primeval granite, with scarcely soil enough to decently cover her nakedness. Lawrence had to cling to his seat as the rough strong stage climbed the rugged ridges and rattled down the other side, like a landsman in a ship on a stormy sea. At last, in descending a steep hill,

the horses could no longer hold back, and the stage, rattling to the bottom, came to grief against a huge stone. There was nothing for it but to walk to his destination, some half-dozen miles further, carrying his valise in his hand. The road became less rugged, but the heat was excessive, and the black-flies and mosquitoes a perfect plague.

"Be you the noo preacher?" asked an honest-faced, sun-burnt, tan-freckled man, as Lawrence wearily trudged up to the post-office, store, and principal building generally of the little village of Centreville,—though it was not very apparent of what it was the centre. The speaker was dressed in grey homespun trousers, which looked very warm for the season, a grey flannel shirt, coarse boots, and a broad-brimmed straw hat, with ample means for ventilation in its crown. A fringe of sandy hair surrounded his broad, honest face, as he beamed welcome on the new comer.

"Oi'm the carcuit stoord," he went on, when Lawrence owned the soft impeachment; "jes' come along with me. We wuz expectin' of yer. Jes' let me have yer baggage. I see the black-flies 'a' been givin' yer a Muskoka welcome," calling Lawrence's attention to the fact that the blood was streaming down his neck from their bites—a circumstance of which he had not been aware. Soon, however, he was very painfully reminded of it, for the bites began to swell and to become exceedingly inflamed.

"They allers do take to strangers," said the circuit official. "Ye'll hev to get some ile and smear your face with it—fish ile's the best."

"Are they so bad as that?" inquired Lawrence, in some trepidation, for he had a constitutional aversion to the touch of any kind of oil.

"Well, they do say they killed a man out north here; but I guess that wuz a kind o' drawin' a long bow. Somethin' like the story 'bout our muskeeters. Yer know, they say many on 'em will weigh a pound."

"They don't say how many, though," said Lawrence, who saw through the joke.

"Yer 'll do for Muskoka, I reckon, if yer allers as cute as that," said the steward admiringly. "We want a pretty peart

man in here, I till yer. 'Amost any body 'll do for outside, but it takes a *man* to get along in here, it doos."

"Excuse me, Mr. Steward; I have not the pleasure of knowing your name yet," said Lawrence.

"Hophni Perkins, at yer sarvice," replied that functionary, with a galvanic attempt at a bow.

"Hophni! what a singular name. I never heard it out of the Bible before."

"Well, yer see," explained Mr. Perkins, "father and mother, they wuz old-fashioned Methodis' out to the front, and they wuz great on Scriptooral names. So they called my twin brother, Phinehas—he lives jes' over the swale yonder—and they had to call me Hophni, to keep up the balance, I s'pose. They mought a' chosen more respectabler namesakes for us, though. Hows'ever, that don't make no odds. It's somethin' like original sin, I 'low. A man ain't jedged fer the name he bears, an' I won't be punished fer Hophni's sins, but fer my own, unless they is washed away in the blood o' the Lamb. An', praise the Lord, mine is. I've got the assurance every day. But here we are," he continued, as they reached a small log cabin standing near the roadside. The chimney was built of sticks and clay, but the evening meal was being cooked out-of-doors, gipsy-fashion, as was the general custom in hot weather.

"Jerushy, here's the noo preacher," he said to a toil-worn, weary-looking woman in a woolsey petticoat and linen upper-garment of no distinctive name.

"Yer welcome, shure," she said, rising from the frying-pan where she was cooking a savoury meal, a kindly smile illuminating her plain features.

"Yer to make this yer home till quarterly meetin'," said Mr. Perkins, "then they'll arrange where yer to go. It'll be month about, I guess, beginnin' at Brother Phin's over there. We call him that fer short, yer know. Yer may find some places better'n this, but yer'll find more wuss. Set down, set down. Yer must be hungry. Jerushy, what have yer got? Where's the childer?"

"Tom caught some bass in the lake," said that woman of few words but of kind heart and acts. The children, brown as

young Indians and timid as fawns, were hiding around the corner of the house, reconnoitering the new comer, but the attractions of the supper brought them one by one to the table. As this was the new preacher's first meal, a table-cloth, clean but coarse, was spread—a luxury not always thought necessary on subsequent occasions. The fish was delicious. The same could hardly be said of the chips of pork floating in a sea of fat. The butter and milk were fresh and rich, but the tea was not of the finest aroma. The wild strawberries and cream, however, were “fit for a king,” said Lawrence.

After prayers with this kind family, hospitable to the extent of their means,—and a king could be no more,—Lawrence was shown to his sleeping apartment. It was a loft under the roof, to which access was had by means of a rude ladder in the corner.

“We go to roost with the fowls and get up with the fowls here,” said Mr. Perkins.

“Look out fer yer head,” he added, just *after* Lawrence had brought that important part in contact with the low rafter. A faint light came through a small four-pane window, which was open for ventilation. The furniture of the loft consisted of a flock bed, a spinning-wheel, a quantity of wool which had a strong greasy smell, tied up in a blanket, and a quantity of last year's corn in the cob, lying on the floor.

Lawrence slept the sleep of youth, of peace of mind and of a weary body. He woke early, but found that the household were stirring before him. For want of other means of making his ablutions, he washed in a tin basin set on the end of the large trough out of doors, although it was raining slightly, and dried his hands and face on a roller towel behind the door. Having forgotten to provide himself with a comb and brush, which useful articles he procured on his first visit to the store, he tried to arrange his dishevelled locks with a lead-pencil—not, however, with a very high degree of success. Looking-glass, that luxury of civilization, there was none, except a small disc not much larger than a watch hanging on the wall, before which Mr. Perkins performed his weekly shaving operation. To get a view of his broad face in its small surface, he was obliged to twist

his features as though he were making faces for a wager, and to squint sideways in a manner that threatened permanent strabismus. Notwithstanding these efforts, or perhaps in consequence of them, he sometimes nicked his features in a manner by no means ornamental, especially as he employed as a styptic a film of cobweb which contrasted strongly with his ruddy countenance and snowy but unstarched expansive shirt collar.

Next day Mr. Perkins accompanied Lawrence "cross lots" to introduce him to Jeremiah Hawkins, or "Jerry Hawkins" as he was generally called, the class-leader of the Centreville appointment. They found him ploughing in a field with a lean horse and a cow yoked together. He was a little meagre old man with bright eyes like a ferret.

"Brother Hawkins, this is the noo preacher," said Mr. Perkins, making the introduction with the very essence of true politeness, though without some of its outward forms.

The old man took from his head a well-worn musk-rat fur cap, in places rubbed bare, which, notwithstanding the intense heat of the weather, he wore, and pulling his iron grey forelock made what might be described as a strongly accented bow.

"Put on your cap, Father Hawkins," said Lawrence, warmly shaking his hand. "I never like an old man to uncover to me. I feel that I ought rather to take off my hat to him."

"An' thoo be the noo praicher, bless the Lord!" said Father Hawkins, leaning against his plough handle. "Oi wor 'afeared the Coonference wouldn' send us none—we'me raised so little for the last. But we'me did what we'me could, didn't us, Hophni?"

"Yes, but the times wuz bad. We'll do better to year," said that hopeful individual.

"Oh! the Conference will not throw you over because you're poor," said Lawrence cheerily. "And the Missionary Board will do what they can. That's what the Missionary Society is for, to help those that can't help themselves."

"It would al-to-break we're harts to have no praichin' no ordinances, wouldn't it, Hophni?" said the old man.

"That it would," said Mr. Perkins. "When I com'd in here, an' my little Isaac wuz born, ther wuzn't no preacher to baptize

him, an' when he died ther wuzn't none within forty miles to bury him. An' my Jerushy, she took on so 'cause the poor child had never been christened. She wuz 'Piscopalian, yer know, an' they makes great account o' that. But we digged a grave in the corner o' the lot. An' Father Hawkins here, he said a prayer an' exhorted a bit over the little coffin, an' then we carried him out an' buried him; an' I believe the angels watch his sleep jes' as much as though it wuz in ever so consecrated groun'."

"Not a doubt of it," said Lawrence, "their angels do always behold the face of our Father in Heaven."

"You're from Devonshire," he continued to Father Hawkins, knowing that one can always draw people out by speaking of their native place.

"Yes. Be thoo?" said the old man brightening up. "But thoo hast na gotten they speech."

"No," said Lawrence, with a patriotic emotion, "I'm from a better place, I'm a Canadian."

"Na, na, lad, thoo cans't na be frae a better place, though we'me na runnin' doon Canada. But thoo've never seen they green lanes of Devon, an' they orchards, an' they hop-fields, an' they rich lush pastur', an' they Devonshire cream. Hav' 'em, Hophni?" and the old man sighed as he contrasted the rich culture of that garden county of the old land with the raw newness of the rocky region to which in his old age he was transplanted, like one of the hop vines of his native shire, torn up by the roots and planted on a rock.

"Canada's not such a bad place to be born in after all," said Mr. Perkins.

"The best in the world," interjected Lawrence.

"When father com'd to York township, on the front, fifty year ago, there wuz no roads no more'n here. An' the mud wuz that bad cattle got mired every Spring. An' now we'll soon have the railroad an' steamboats an' the market brought to our very doors."

Father Hawkins proceeded to give Lawrence a list of the names and residences of the members of the Centreville class, which he kept in his head, because, poor man, he couldn't "read

writing, or reading either for that matter." It was for this purpose, indeed, that the latter called upon him.

There was old "Widdah Beddoes" up the river; and her son and his wife, they lived on the lake road; and Squire Hill, "kep the store and Pos' Office;" and Brother Jones, the local preacher, lived above the Big Falls.

"Good fishin' up thar ef yer that ways inclined," remarked Mr. Perkins.

Lawrence admitted that he was not much of a sportsman.

"No more ain't I," replied his host. "Fishin' only fit for boys. Men's time's too precious. I kin arn more in a day on the farm than I could catch fish in a week. It may do for city gents who can afford to come out yer with all their fancy tackle an' catch fish that cost 'em 'bout four dollars a-piece; but a man as works for his livin' can't afford it."

We imagine that our forest philosopher spoke with a good deal of truth.

"Thoo kin 'ave ma boaat for visitin' they foaks up t' river an' along t' lake: an' fer the upper 'pintment, Squire Hill 'll lend thoo his meer, when hers no woakin'. But fer the rest, aw suspect thoo'll 'ave to use shanks' meer, as we'me used to call it in oor parts."

This good old man had been selected for the important office of class-leader and guiding souls to heaven, it was evident, not for his wealth or social influence or learning, but on account of his possession of the highest and most essential qualification, his sincere and fervid piety. Although he could not read a word, his mind was stored with Scripture and with Wesley's hymns. In class he would bring out of his treasury things new and old, exhorting, warning, encouraging, reproving, in the spirit of meekness and love. And he would pray with such fervour that all hearts were first melted and then kindled to a glow of holy zeal.

"Two men I honour," says Carlisle—we quote from memory—"and no third. First, the man that with earth-made implement conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked and coarse. Thou art in the path of

duty, my brother, be out of it who may. Thou art toiling for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

"Another man I honour," he continues, "and still more highly. Him who toils for the spiritually indispensable, for the bread of life. Unspeakably touching is it when both these dignities are united; when he who is toiling outwardly for the lowest of men's wants is toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimier know I nothing than such a peasant-saint, could such now anywhere be met with."

Such, we make bold to assert, are many of the humble, toiling class-leaders and local-preachers of the Methodist Church, who imitate in their daily walk the Blessed Life which was lived in Galilee, amid

Those holy fields,  
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet  
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed  
For our advantage to the bitter cross.

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CHAPTER XXI.—WITH THE FLOCK.

"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."—  
ROMANS xii. 15.

"I must go forth into the town,  
To visit beds of pain and death,  
Of restless limbs, and quivering breath,  
And sorrowing hearts, and patient eyes  
That see, through tears, the sun go down,  
But nevermore shall see it rise.  
The poor in body and estate,  
The sick and the disconsolate,  
Must not on man's convenience wait."

*Longfellow—Golden Legend.*

LAWRENCE went right among the people—sympathizing with their sorrows, rejoicing in their simple joys, sitting with the harvesters as they partook of their frugal meal beneath the beech trees' shade. Walking with the ploughman as he turned the furrows in the field; talking with the blacksmith at his forge; sitting with the shoemaker in his little stall; snatching a word with the stable-boy at the inn; taking some fish, caught.

with his own hands, to old Widow Beddoes; and reading the Bible and Wesley's hymns to old blind Father Maynard.

One of his most difficult tasks was answering the catechism of questions which Father Hawkins' shrewd, intelligent wife Peggy asked him every week concerning what was going on all over the world. An alert, brisk old body she was, with a cheek like a peach, an eye like a sloe, a frame that seemed made of steel springs that never got tired and never wore out, and a tongue—but here all comparison fails us. And her mind was as active as her body. The *Christian Guardian* made its weekly visit to their cabin, for, though Father Hawkins could not read, his wife could, and that to better purpose than many who read more. Like a window opened out of a prison into the great busy, bustling world was the weekly visit of that speculum of the world's and Church's progress—the much-prized household friend.

Could weary, hard-worked editors but know the joy, the deep delight, the food for the insatiable craving of knowledge of many who have no other means of gratifying it than the weekly paper that they have the happiness to impart, they would feel a compensation for all the sweat of brain that they have undergone.

There were no churches as yet on the Centreville mission. The preaching was held in school-houses, barns, or the shanties of the settlers. The congregations came from near and far, mostly on foot, a few on horseback, and sometimes a family in a lumber waggon,—no other vehicle could stand the rocks and corduroy roads. The school-house at Centreville was always crowded. One would wonder where all the people came from. The women, in all sorts of toilets, frequently with straw hats or poke bonnets, sat on one side. The men, often in their shirt sleeves, on the other. The hard, backless seats were a prophylactic against sleep, and happy was he who got one next the wall where he could support his weary spine. The young men and boys hung around the door, discussing the points of the few horses that drove up, and clustering round outside the open windows as the singing began,

It was an excellent school in which to learn extempore

preaching. There was no desk to support notes or manuscript, and unless the speaker could keep the attention of his audience, those about the windows would stroll off to the woods, and sometimes even those inside of the door.

The preacher was also obliged to learn self-possession. He must not be put out by trifles. A commotion among the horses that took half of the men outside, or a little disagreement among the dogs under the seats that could not be settled till both belligerents were kicked out, must not disturb him. Nor must the presence of a dozen children, more or less, some of them of a very tender age. Two or three wandering about the floor, occasionally climbing on the preacher's platform, and as many crying at once must not throw him off his mental balance. In this school many a Methodist preacher has learned the art of sacred oratory. It is better than putting pebbles in one's mouth and haranguing the ocean waves, after the Demosthenic example.

The singing was an important feature at these services. At Centreville, Brother Orton, a tall man with a large nose, a small mouth, a weak, irresolute chin, and glassy eyes, but with a sweet and powerful voice, led the singing. He was assisted by Squire Hill, a man of intensely florid complexion—indeed, almost brick-dust colour—with a black tie wound around his neck almost to the point of strangulation, who pitched the tunes on a high-keyed flute, which he carried in a green baize bag. As he manipulated this instrument, which seemed to require an immense quantity of wind, the good brother seemed at times in danger of apoplexy, so red in the face did he become.

Yet there was nothing grotesque or indecorous in these services. Indeed, the spectacle was one of great moral sublimity. Here were a number of toil-worn men and women, bowed down by daily labour and wordly care, wresting a living with much difficulty from a rugged, if in parts a fertile, soil. But for these elevating, ennobling, spiritual services, which lifted their thoughts above the things of earth and time and set them on things in Heaven and eternal, they would sink into utter materialism, almost like the oxen that they drove. But now, through these religious influences, they were raised to the

dignity of men and, in many cases, to the fellowship of saints. Such has been, and such is still, the mission of Methodism in many parts of our country.

The week-night preachings, at "early candlelight," in schools or private houses, were much less formal than the Sunday services. Men and women came in their working clothes, the former sometimes barefoot, the latter with a shawl over their heads. Several brought lanterns or pine knots by which to find their way home through the woods. Others brought candles inserted in the half of a potato or turnip or in the neck of a bottle—the latter kind of candlestick was so precious as to be rather rare.

Full of pathos were the humble rustic funerals, which always called forth the deepest sympathy of that simple rural community. One took place not long after Lawrence arrived. It was that of a poor widow, the mother of a number of young children. Her great concern in her last hours was for them, and she prayed God with great earnestness to be a Father to her fatherless and motherless babes. Lawrence begged her to lay aside her apprehensions, and although not knowing how it would be accomplished, yet full of faith that some way would be found, he promised her he would see them cared for. With that promise, as a pillow under her dying head, and the hope of meeting them in a better world in her heart, the loving mother seemed to die content.

The neighbours, poor as they were, were very kind. Father Hawkins, rich in faith, if poor in this world's goods, took two of the children.

"Peggy an' Oi be lonesome by times when us thinks of oor oain pretty bairns buried long years sin' in the green churchyard o' Chumleigh, in dear old Devon. They'll be like gran'childer to us in oor old age in this strange land. An' the good Lord, that never forsook us yet, 'll send us food," and the old man wiped a tear from his eyes as if longing for the better country, even the heavenly.

"Our house is purty full o' childer," said cheery Hophni Perkins, "like a press bustin' out with noo wine, as the Scriptor

says ; but I guess we can take one o' these poor little motherless creeturs. Can't us, mother ?”

“Course we can,” said his wife Jerusha, her great motherly heart already enfolding the little orphan in its wealth of love.

“Motherliest woman that I ever see,” said Hophni proudly. “She nusses all the sick lambs, an' raises chickens that ther own mother gives up. Even the calves an' pigs thrives better under her than anybody else. Powerful smart woman she is.”

So the poor children all found homes among these humble but brave-souled people. Even the baby was adopted by a young mother who had just lost her own “pretty little Izall,” and “who knows but the Lord had sent her this in its stead,” she devoutly said.

On the day of the funeral, although it was the height of the wheat harvest, the whole neighbourhood assembled from near and far to pay their last sad tribute of respect to the mother of the children thus adopted. After reading the Scriptures and prayer amid the solemn hush that always falls upon a house in which lies the unburied dead, the plain black-stained coffin, amid the sobs of the children, was carried to a rough waggon and borne to the school-house, which was near the little God's acre already set apart as the seed plot of the sowing for the harvest of the resurrection morn.

In the seats near the desk sat the motherless children, the younger ones with a look of wondering curiosity on their faces, and other relatives of the deceased. It was touching to notice their attempts to provide symbols of bereavement—the faded and threadbare mourning dress, the meagre black ribbon, and the little wisps of crape.

In the solemn presence of the dead, Lawrence faithfully addressed the living on the momentous lesson of the occasion—a lesson which, in his simple community, had not lost its force through frequency and familiarity. As he prayed for the bereaved ones at the close of his sermon and for the orphaned children, hearty amens went up from many lips, and, we doubt not, from every heart.

The relatives of the departed then approached the open coffin to take their last long lingering farewell of the beloved form that

they should see no more. Serene and peaceful was now that toil-worn face with the holy calm which comes when God giveth His beloved sleep,—a beam of sunlight glinting through the window lighting it up as with the halo of a saint. The thin and wasted hands that had ceased from their labour for ever, were folded on the pulseless breast, and held in their cold death-clasp a cluster of ripe wheat ears and blue-eyed flax flowers—symbols of the resurrection unto everlasting life.

All was ended now, the hope and the fear, and the sorrow,  
All the aching of heart, the restless unsatisfied longing.

Life's weary wheels at last stood still.

As the children's kisses fell on the pale cold lips of the unanswering clay, their heart-rending sobs filled the room, and many a mother wept in sympathy, and even hoary headed men furtively wiped the tears from their eyes. Lawrence, though accustomed to restrain his feelings, fairly broke down and sobbed his sorrow with those motherless children.

Little Mary, three years old, uncomprehending the awful mystery of death, broke the silence with the artless question, "Why don't mother wake up? She always did when I touched her face. Won't she wake any more?"

And the baby, in the arms of its new mother, laughed and crowed, as unconscious of its loss as the humming-birds, flitting like winged jewels in the sunlight without.

Slowly, tenderly, reverently, devout men bore the dead to her burial, lifting the coffin as softly as if they feared to awake the sleeper within. As they walked to the little graveyard, not far off, the rustic congregation followed, reverently singing those words of holy consolation,—

Hear what the voice from Heaven proclaims  
For all the pious dead!  
Sweet is the savour of their names,  
And soft their dying bed.

As Lawrence for the first time read the sublime burial service of our Church, hallowed by the pious associations of centuries\* of use in crowded churchyards in the dear old motherland, or

\* It is substantially that of King Edward VI. this Prayer Book.

by the lonely graves of the English-speaking race throughout the world, a solemn awe came over his soul. At the words "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," as the clods fell with hollow sound on the coffin lid, they seemed like a warning knell to many a heart, and by more than one soul, by the side of that open grave, was the solemn vow recorded to serve God in newness of life—to walk as in the shadow of eternity and on the very verge of the other world.

As the grave was filled up and gently and smoothly sodded over with many a tender pat of the spade, as if to shelter the sleeper from the approaching winter storms, even little Mary seemed to realize the utterness of the parting, and wept bitterly for her "dear mamma, covered up in the cold dark ground."

But the birds sang on, and the flowers bloomed still, and the lengthening shadows crept across the ripened wheat fields, and the great world whirled on as it will still when all of us are folded in its bosom forever.

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### SLIPPING AWAY.

THEY are slipping away—these sweet swift years,  
Like a leaf on the current cast ;  
With never a break in their rapid flow,  
We watch them as one by one they go  
Into the beautiful past.

As silent and swift as a weaver's thread,  
Or an arrow's flying gleam ;  
As soft as the languorous breezes hid,  
That lift the willow's long, golden lid,  
And ripple the glassy stream.

One after another we see them pass,  
Down the dim-lighted stair ;  
We hear the sound of their steady tread  
In the steps of the centuries long since dead,  
As beautiful and as fair.

There are only a few swift years—ah, let  
No envious taunts be heard ;  
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,  
And fill up the measure with love's sweet wine,  
But never an angry word !

## THE EARTH'S INFANCY.

BY S. H. JANES, M.A.

## I.

“MAN,” says the German Lichtenberg, “is the restless cause-seeking animal.” He observes the phenomena of nature and thirsts to know their origin, or the principles that underlie them. He ever inquires, Why is this? Whence come these things?

“How first began the heaven which we behold  
Distant so high, with moving fires adorn'd  
Innumerable?”

The prize, once captured, loses half its charm, and he immediately seeks for new discoveries. In his restless search he sees everywhere evidence of the dominancy and permanency of natural law, and, also, of a slow but constant progress towards a fuller and more perfect development, not by the introduction of new laws, but by new dispositions under existing laws. A portion of the history of this upward progress is unmistakably written on the successive layers of the sedimentary rocks. Guided by the light of geology, we are able to trace this history backwards over the immense ages of past time till we come to the earliest known formations, the Laurentian series of Canada. Here the lamp of geology grows dim, but we see yet no signs of the beginning, and long to know the history of the still more remote past. Chemistry and astronomy come to our aid, and, guided by the light of the three sciences combined, we are able to learn much about the earth in the earlier stages of her history. To use the beautiful simile of Professor Huxley, a curve, the elements of which have been determined in a world of observation and experiment, being prolonged into an antecedent world, we there also infer its true characteristics.

We propose, however, in this paper, to reverse the method of scientific procedure, and to present, in the order of sequence, some of the salient features of the earth's infancy, as they are now interpreted by physicists.

Two theories are advanced by astronomers to account for the origin of our globe ; the one is the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, the other is the more recent theory of accretion.

For many years it has been a well-known fact that the stárry heavens contain vast quantities of nebulous matter. The number of *nebulæ* already studied, exceeds that of the fixed stars, visible to the naked eye. Sir William Herschel examined them with great care, and formed a catalogue comprising vast numbers of them. He found them, apparently, in all stages of development, and classified them somewhat as follows : patches of fire-mist ; rounded *nebulæ* ; *nebulæ* with a nucleus or centre of aggregation ; and so on, till he reached stellar *nebulæ*, nearly approaching the appearance of stars. Some of these patches of fire-mist contain millions of millions of cubic miles of chaotic matter, or sufficient to form systems as vast as our own or still vaster. The spectro-scope shows them to consist of glowing gas in an exceedingly tenuous condition. Other *nebulæ* are shown to be of a denser, or more complex constitution. In one we see the first trace of a central aggregation. In another, the central nucleus is more clearly defined, and it plainly begins to exercise an attractive force. In another may be seen a subordinate aggregation ; and again, a second subordinate aggregation ; and we may safely infer that there are other smaller ones not perceptible to us. In many *nebulæ* there are clear indications of motion, sometimes presenting the appearance of a gigantic whirlpool. In some cases we get a side view of them, when they exhibit a flatness of figure, agreeing well with the shape of our solar system. If one be desirous of studying tree-life, he will not conceive it necessary, in order to understand something of the process of development, to watch the same specimen from the time it first peeps above the ground till it becomes the giant oak ; but will consider it sufficient to observe different specimens in all the various stages of growth ; here, the tiny twig ; there, the sapling ; yonder, a tree that has reached maturity ; and beyond, another exhibiting the marks of old age. So Herschel reasoned, and, from the carefully-observed phenomena of *nebulæ*, he drew the grand conception that they are stars, with their attendant worlds, in the process of formation.

Everything in our solar system points to a common origin, or method of evolution. It is isolated in space, the nearest fixed star being twenty millions of millions of miles from us. Its planets are composed of the same kinds of elements. Their orbits are nearly circular. They revolve nearly in the same plane around the sun, and in the same direction. They move from right to left around their axes, and their satellites, for the most part, in the same direction around their primaries. All these coincidences can scarcely have been fortuitous. Professor Proctor has adduced from the law of probabilities an interesting argument against the chance similarity of these motions. Including the asteroids, we have 142 planets going around the sun in the same direction. The chance, he tells us, that one is going in one direction, and the next in the same direction, is only one chance out of two; the chance that a third would go in the same direction is only one chance out of four; a fourth, one out of eight; so we must go on doubling, until we find that the chance of the whole 142 planets going around in the same direction is but one in the unmentionable number of 2,774,800, with thirty-six ciphers added.

The great French astronomer and mathematician, Laplace, second only to Newton, commenced his labours where Herschel ended. He demonstrated mathematically how the known laws of gravitation would, and probably did, form from a condensing, nebulous mass such a planetary system. He supposed the existence of a vast nebula, extending far beyond the orbit of the outermost planet, and rotating around its centre of gravity. That mass was hot and vaporous; and, as it radiated its heat, it would contract, and consequently, its rotation would become faster. At length, by the agency of the centrifugal force, a ring of matter would be detached from the contracting mass, then another and another, somewhat as water is thrown from a grindstone when rapidly revolved. These concentric rings would ultimately break up, and their parts would collect into globes. They would receive, from their motion in the rings around the great central nucleus, a motion in the same direction around their axes. The globes, being in a plastic condition, and the centrifugal force being greatest at their equators, would become

flattened at their poles and bulged out at their equators. In the case of the earth, the difference between the polar and equatorial diameters is 23 miles. In turn the planets might themselves throw off rings, which would condense into moons. The great central aggregation would, during long ages, condense sufficiently to cause the power of gravity to overcome a centrifugal force; and would then gather with immense energy around its own centre, and from the sun.

The theory of accretion also contemplates matter first in a gaseous condition, and is founded on observed appearances of nebulae. Clouds of fire-mist, it is supposed, were travelling in a spiral form; and, as one might penetrate another, a centre of aggregation would commence, which would gradually attain sufficient density to exercise a powerful attractive force. Other centres of aggregation might also form more or less in its vicinity, depending, somewhat, on the direction from which nebulous matter approached from space towards the first formed nucleus. Thus, in the process of time, would be produced the nuclei of the sun and all his family of planets. Thereafter they would receive constant additions from without—in a word, they would grow to their present dimensions, as they arrested and drew into their system all matter coming within the range of their attraction.

It is urged as a chief objection to the nebular hypothesis, that there is no uniformity in the size of the planets as compared with their distances from the sun. It is contended that there would be a definite proportion between these quantities if this process of evolution had obtained. We have, first, the enormous bulk of the sun himself; then, a family of comparatively small planets: Mercury, Venus, Earth, and Mars; next, the asteroids, being many in number and exceedingly small bodies; beyond these, the family of giant planets: Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. The sun exceeds in bulk the outer family by 751 times, and the outer family contains 200 times as much matter as the inner. The theory of accretion accounts for these peculiarities in a very satisfactory manner. A body coming from space, and falling into the sun through the influence of no other force than the sun's attraction, would have attained a velocity, at the time of reaching him, of 380 miles per second. The rapid

motion of bodies coming near the sun would prevent any large aggregation in his neighbourhood. But at Jupiter's distance the approaching body would only have attained a velocity of twelve miles per second, and it would be easy for the attraction of subordinate nuclei to overcome the motion towards the centre of the system. We would therefore expect the outer planets to be the largest.

On the other hand, we think the theory of accretion utterly fails to account for the uniform motions of the planets, and for the fact that they travel nearly in the same plane around the sun. We prefer to regard the two theories as parts of one, as the processes contemplated by both appear to have operated. The nebular theory agrees well with many phenomena presented by the solar system, and by nebulae now existing, as well as with the laws of mechanics. In the present state of science, we think we may safely regard it as accounting for the general framework of the solar system. The process of growth, as contemplated by the theory of accretion, would afterwards obtain; and we would expect it to be chiefly active in the case of the sun and his outermost planets, as these would possess so much more favourable conditions for arresting incoming matter. We, upon the earth, cannot now expect to find much trace of this process actually in operation, because of the nearness of the earth to the sun, and, also, because the region through which she travels has already been tolerably well gleaned. With the sun it is believed still to be in active operation. Yet, it is well known that vast quantities of meteoric matter are now annually falling into our atmosphere. Meteors can be observed almost any unclouded night, but especially during the months of August and November. They are small masses mainly of solid matter, and are composed chiefly of iron, cobalt, and nickel. As they penetrate our atmosphere friction generates heat, which soon consumes them, leaving nothing but dust to reach the earth's surface. Quantities of meteoric dust are found on the tops of high mountains, where it is allowed to accumulate without any disturbing influence.

Very rarely are meteors of sufficient size to reach the earth's surface; but when they are, they fall with tremendous force, and

are, of course, at a high temperature. At the present time the space between us and the sun is supposed to be alive with these small bodies. Professor Newcomb estimates that no less than 146,000 millions of them are now annually falling into our atmosphere. They make straight towards the earth; and, though, for the most part small bodies, their swift motions make up for their smallness, and the actual momentum of some of the tiniest of these missiles is said to be equal to the momentum of a cannon ball. "If one in a thousand should strike a human being, the entire race would be destroyed in a single year." But we need fear no evil, because of the protective envelope which our atmosphere affords—far more effectual on account of its elasticity than would be a covering of many thicknesses of the heaviest steel-boiler plate. Supposing each meteor weighs but a single grain, even then the weight of the earth must now be increased by them no less than 90,000 tons per annum. During early ages their number must have been vast indeed, and we can readily believe that the mass of our globe has been considerably increased by this process of growth.

However varied the opinions of scientific men may be as regards the actual process by which the solar system was called into being, all agree in contemplating the earth, first as a fiery mist, gradually condensing into a molten globe, and then congealing, at least so far as the exterior is concerned, into the solid form. Such a conclusion receives satisfactory confirmation from the revelations of the telescope and spectroscope as to the present condition of nebulae, the sun and the stars. It is directly proved by evidence furnished by the earth herself. Her flattened figure, already referred to, could not have resulted if she had always been in her present condition of rigidity. Heat increases as we descend from her surface at a rate rather more than one degree for every hundred feet. This, of course, as far as actual experiment goes, applies to a very inconsiderable depth. If, however, we regard it as indicating the actual law of increase, and if we omit considerations hereafter to be examined, it would result that the whole crust of the earth is a mere shell, covering a molten mass. Volcanoes, active or extinct, are, or have been, but vents for the pent up internal heat. This is equally true,

whether we adopt the old view, that they communicate directly with a molten interior, or the more probable opinion of Dr. T. Sterry Hunt, that they are caused by the softening of materials *in* rather than under the crust by chemical action, induced by continued heat, the presence of water, and great pressure. Again, foldings of the crust, elevation and subsidence, of which we find evidence everywhere, imply that the crust must not have always been too thick to admit of extensive fractures and flexures. The earliest rocks with which we are familiar, as well as many subsequent strata, are metamorphosed by heat, often destroying the stratified markings and fusing the successive layers into each other. These indications are very apparent in the rocks in the vicinity of Lake Superior. They resemble the slag of a furnace, and the strata are broken up, as if floated on a liquid, billowy sea, and molten matter, containing pure copper, were thrust up through the fissures.

We have, then, to view our globe, first, as a vast sphere, exceeding many times her present bulk, with all the materials now composing the solid rocks, seas, and atmosphere, in a state of tenuous gas, their atoms kept apart by intensest heat, preventing mechanical, as well as chemical union, and whirling her annual round about the still vapourous centre of the system. Of her high state of temperature, we can form no conception. Even the sun, in his present comparatively cooled condition, radiates from each square foot of his surface an amount of heat equal to 3,869,000 foot-pounds per second, or equivalent to about 7,000 horse power. If his heat were caused by combustion of coal, it would require the consumption of about 1,500 lbs. per hour for each square foot of his surface. The heat of the nebulous earth must have been inconceivably greater. The effect of this state of things would be the reverse of that with which we are familiar. With us, heat promotes chemical union. When a given amount of oxygen and hydrogen are submitted to heat, they unite and form water; but at a much higher temperature, that water is again resolved into its elements. We may safely assume that the effect of such an enormously high temperature would be to resolve all matter into its elemental condition, and, it may be, to still further resolve many of our supposed elements. Such a

conclusion is rather confirmed by the researches of Dr. Huggins, as to the spectra of certain nebulae, where he was only able to identify two elements, hydrogen and nitrogen, and for these he only got one line each instead of the sets usually given by these gases, suggesting that they may exist in a simpler form than that known to us.

## IDLE.

I sit in the twilight dim,  
 At the close of an idle day,  
 And hear the soft, sweet hymn  
 That rises far away,  
 And dies on the evening air !  
 Oh, all day long they sing their song,  
 Who toil in the valley there.

And I see the sunlight fade,  
 And I see the night come on,  
 And then, in the gloom and shade,  
 I weep for the day that is gone—  
 Weep and wail in pain,  
 For the mis-spent day that has flown away,  
 And will not come again,

For I dare not look behind ;  
 No golden shining sheaves  
 Can I ever hope to find ;  
 Nothing but withered leaves.  
 Ah ! dreams are very sweet,  
 But will it please, if only these  
 I lay at the Master's feet ?

And what will the Master say  
 To dreams, and nothing more ?  
 Oh, idler all the day !  
 Think, ere thy life is o'er,  
 And when the day grows late,  
 Oh, brand of sin ! will He let you in  
 There at the pearly gate ?

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.\*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

## I.

A GLANCE at the political and social condition of the world a hundred years ago will enable us to appreciate the progress it has since made more intelligently than we otherwise could do. The latter part of the eighteenth century was a period of peculiar importance in the history of England and of Europe. The good King who, through two long generations, continued to sway the sceptre over the British Empire, was on the throne. For the first time since the restoration of Charles the Second, the nation was unanimous in loyalty to its sovereign. Jacobitism was dead. After the keen and angry contests of parties for more than half a century, which, during that time, had more than once deluged the country in blood, the accession of a native sovereign of the House of Hanover had composed to peace the passions of conflicting factions. The British fleets and armies had gained most illustrious successes in every quarter of the globe. Two vast colonial empires had been annexed to the British possessions. The world was ringing with the applause of Wolfe's heroic death on the heights of Quebec, and of Clive's stupendous victory on the Plains of Plassey. Britain's arms were triumphant in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Her fleets were victorious in the Mediterranean and the Baltic, on the Atlantic and the Pacific. Her flag waved exultantly on the Ohio and on the Ganges, on the Moro of Havana and on the forts of the Gold Coast. France and Spain, Austria and Russia were humbled before the prowess of Britain and her allies. The Great Commoner, William Pitt, had made good his proud boast that "England should moult no feather of her crest."

On the continent the dreadful conflict that for seven weary years had desolated its ancient seats of civilization and more

\* England in the 18th Century. By W. E. H. Lecky, 2 vols., pp. 626, 699. Price \$5. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

than decimated some of its most populous districts, had ceased. The death wrestle of the nations was over. On a hundred battle fields the grass, watered with blood, was growing greener than its wont. The smoke and carnage of battle had passed away; the false and fading glory of arms alone remained.

In America the long and bloody struggle for the supremacy of the continent was ended. The victories of Du Quesne, Louisburg, Ticonderoga, Niagara, and Quebec had signalized the British arms. In 1763 the whole disputed territory was ceded to the English. The war, wide-wasting, which had blazed around the world gave place to the blessed calm of peace. But this peaceful calm was not long to endure. Already were gathering the clouds from which flashed forth again the lightnings of war. Britain was to lose, by the revolt of the American colonies, more than she had gained in those she wrested from the French. The ill-judged Navigation and Stamp Acts exasperated the feelings of her colonial subjects. In consequence of the latter Act, business was suspended, law proceedings stayed, and the courts shut.

In 1765 the name of liberty was invoked in Boston, and the first Congress of the colonies assembled at New York. For ten years the country was in a continual ferment of excitement. The estrangement from the mother country became daily greater and greater. Then came the outbreak at Lexington, the seven years of unnatural war, English blood shed by English bayonets, and amid the throes of a continent a new nation was born.

Amid these absorbing public interests was planted in the United States and Canada the feeble germ of Methodism which to-day shakes like Lebanon, and covers the whole land with its shadow. Unnoticed among the great events which were then convulsing the world, it was, nevertheless, greater than them all in its hallowed influence on the souls of men.

Since that period how remarkable has been the improvement in the social condition of both Great Britain and America! What marvellous advancement in the arts and sciences! How wonderfully literature has been extended and popularized! The administration of justice has been greatly amended, and the severity of the penal laws greatly mitigated. Means of locomotion and communication have been perfected beyond all concep-

tion of our ancestors. Schemes of sublimest beneficence and of world-wide philanthropy have been developed. The stain of the slave-trade and of slavery has been wiped away for ever. War has been rendered less ferocious but not less destructive than of yore.

The system of police has been extended and rendered marvellously efficient. Life and property, liberty and the pursuit of happiness have been much better secured. The working classes—that vast preponderance in every age—have especially benefitted by the march of time. Their homes have been improved, their comforts increased, their sanitary condition bettered, their franchise greatly extended, their rights secured, their manners ameliorated, their morals elevated, their hours of labour diminished, and its heaviest and most mechanical drudgery performed by the tireless sinews and nimble fingers of machinery.

In hardly any department has there been such manifest progress during the past century as in the mechanical arts. The wonderful invention of Watt has more than realized the wildest legends of Aladdin's lamp and the magician's ring. Applied to the printing press, it has given wings to knowledge wherewith it may fly to the ends of the earth. To it Manchester and Leeds owe their enormous manufacture of textile fabrics. To it Sheffield and Birmingham are indebted for the fame of their cutlery, among the Indians on the Saskatchewan, and the negroes on the Senegal. To it the ports of London, Liverpool, and Glasgow owe their vast docks, crowded with shipping from all quarters of the globe, and their huge warehouses, filled with the treasures of the orient and the occident. Steam communication has bound the world in closer bands of fellowship, and has welded together by indissoluble ties the very ends of the earth. England, by means of its magnificent railway system, has become but a suburb, as it were, of its great metropolis. A journey to Land's-End or to John O'Groat's house a hundred years ago, was as difficult as one to St. Petersburg or to Constantinople is now. One who had paced the Boulevards of Paris was accounted as great a traveller as he is now who has wandered amid the bazaars of Delhi or Allahabad. He who had shot deer in the glens of

Inverness was as adventurous a hero as he who has hunted buffalos on the prairies of Minnesota.

The postal communication has kept pace with the advance of the age. The mail service of London is now far more than that of the kingdom a hundred years ago. That was also so expensive that only the opulent could correspond frequently with their absent friends. To Sir Rowland Hill is the poor Highland shepherd indebted for letters by penny post from his boy, an apprentice in London; and the Irish mother for tidings from her daughter at service in that great metropolis.

But the triumph of ocean telegraphy throws all other successes in the shade. Clive's great Indian victory was unknown at the Company's office, in Threadneedle Street, for many months after it was achieved. To-day an irruption of the hill tribes of Cashgur, or a revolt of the Maharattas, throbs along the electric nerve over thousands of miles of land and under thousands of miles of roaring billows, and thrills the auditory nerve of the world from Calcutta to New Westminster and far Vancouver's. The inhabitants of Shetland were found praying for George III. when his successor had been a year on the throne. To-day the Queen's speech is hawked about the streets of Montreal and New Orleans on the very day it wakes the applause of St. Stephen's palace. We are disappointed if last evening's news from Bucharest and Vienna, from Florence and Berlin, with yesterday's quotations from the Bourse of Paris and the London Exchange, are not served with the coffee and toast at breakfast.

The recent improvements in the implements and armaments of war have rendered its conflicts much more deadly, but also much briefer than of yore. The Seven Years' war would now be fought out in seven weeks, possibly in as many days. Those great victories with which the world was ringing a hundred years ago were won with ships and arms that now would move to mirth instead of fear.

Education a hundred years ago was almost entirely in the hands of the salaried priests of the Establishment. The magnificent endowments provided for popular instruction by the piety of our ancestors were perverted from their original purpose to the exclusive advantage of the wealthy, unless under humiliating

conditions, and were encumbered with tests which banished all non-conformists from their ancient halls. In the parochial schools the merest elementary instruction was imparted; at many of them the most cruel atrocities were committed by ignorant and brutal men. In all these respects great improvements have been made. Literature has been brought within the reach of every class. "*Panis et circenses!*" was the cry of the Roman populace. "Bread and the newspapers" is the demand of modern times. A century ago these were the luxury of the few; they are now the necessity of all. Every department of literature has been wonderfully popularized. For this result, with many others equally beneficial, the world is greatly indebted to Methodism. No man of his age did more than John Wesley to give a cheap literature, that characteristic of our times, to the people. He wrote himself one hundred and eighty-one different works, two-thirds of which sold for less than a shilling each. They comprised histories, dictionaries, and grammars of several languages, editions of the classics, and the like. He established the first religious magazine in England. His manly independence hastened the abolition of the literary patronage of titled know-nothings, and of obsequious dedications to the great. He appealed directly to the patronage of the people, and found *them* more munificent than Augustus or Mæcenas, than Leo X. or Lorenzo il Magnifico. He anticipated Raikes by several years in the establishment of Sunday-schools, the Tract Society, and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge in the respective purposes for which they were organized. In imitation of the Moravian Brethren he also actively promoted the cause of Christian missions. But these were only the germs of those magnificent enterprises which, in our time, have brought forth such glorious fruit. The present century may be characterized as the age of missions. Never since the days of the apostles have men exhibited such tireless energy, such quenchless zeal in going forth to preach the gospel to every creature. The miracle of Pentecost seems to be repeated, as, by means of the various Bible Societies, men of every land can read in their own tongue, wherein they were born, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

The improvement in public and private morals during the past

century is especially worthy of note. No British statesman of the present day would dare to practise the undisguised bribery and corruption that was common during the reign of George II. Walpole, the veteran premier of that sovereign, unblushingly asserted the doctrine that every man has his price; and his conduct was conformable to his theory. Borough-mongering was openly practised, and places at court and in the Church, in the army and navy, were shamefully bought and sold. It was by no means uncommon to find ensigns in the cradle, who grew to be colonels in their teens. "Carry the major his pap," was a by-word. It was not even deemed necessary to proceed by gradation. Edward Waverley joined his regiment in command of a troop, "the intermediate steps being overleapt with great facility." Charles Phillips states that one of Provost Hutchinson's daughters was gazetted to a majority of horse. The secret service estimates were enormous.

The amenities of political discussion were completely disregarded. The licentiousness of the press was excessive. The scurrilities and libels of demagogus like Wilkes, were atrocious. Personal scuffles took place in the lobbies of St. Stephens. Duelling was fatally prevalent.

Few things are more painful to contemplate than the moral obtuseness of the Court of George II. From the King to the lackey there seems to have been an almost entire absence of moral sense. The memoirs of Lord Harvey give a ghastly picture of the times. The private life of the upper classes was often exceedingly profligate: witness the character of Chesterfield, of Walpole, of St. Johns, nay, of the King himself. Of the first-mentioned individual, it is said that his letters to his son inculcate the manners of a dancing-master with the morals of a prostitute. The card table was the main resource from *ennui*. Faded dowagers sat late into the night playing the magic cards. The Newmarket races were a shameless haunt of profligacy and dissipation. So also were the favourite resorts of Bath and Tunbridge Wells. Immense sums were lost and won in bets. The fashionable literature to be found in fine ladies *boudoirs* was such as few now care to acknowledge having read. The obscenities of Fielding and Smollet raised not a blush on the cheek of

beauty. Intemperance was a prevailing vice. No class was free from its contamination ; the ermine of the judge and the cassock of the priest were alike polluted by the degrading practice. The dissipation of the lower classes was incredible. Smollet, in his account of the reign of George II. tells us that over the spirit-vaults in the streets of London might frequently be seen the inscription :—" Drunk for a penny ; dead drunk for twopence ; straw for nothing." The latter commodity was furnished for the purpose of enabling the patrons of the establishment comfortably to sleep off the effects of their potations. In 1749 the number of private gin-shops, within the bills of mortality, was estimated at more than seventeen thousand. Disease, vice, crime, disorder, lawlessness, profanity, immoralities of all sorts, had proportionally increased. In a pamphlet published in 1751, Fielding describes the increase of robbers as in a great degree owing to a new kind of drunkenness unknown to our ancestors. He states that gin was the principal sustenance of more than one hundred thousand people in the metropolis, and predicts that, should the drinking of this poison be continued at the same rate during the next twenty years, there will be very few of the common people left to drink it.

A series of legislative measures to which Mr. Lecky attaches great importance, were those directed against gin-drinking, the passion for which, dating from 1724, he describes as spreading with the rapidity and violence of an epidemic.

" Small as is the place which this fact occupies in English history," he says, " it was probably, if we consider all the consequences that have flowed from it, the most momentous in that of the eighteenth century—incomparably more so than any event in the purely political or military annals of the country."

Profane swearing was awfully prevalent. The profligacy of the soldiers and sailors was proverbial : the barrack-room and ship's fore-castle were scenes of grossest vice, for which the cruel floggings inflicted were an inefficient restraint. Robbers waylaid the traveller on Hounslow Heath, and footpads assailed him in the streets of London. The highways, even in the metropolis, were execrable, consisting of large round stones imbedded in a stratum of mud. Sedan chairs were the ordinary means of con-

veyance in the city. Goods were carried through the country on trains of pack-horses, or in waggons with enormous tires from six to sixteen inches wide, and, unless accompanied by an escort, were frequently plundered. In the northern part of the Island, rieving, raiding, and harrying cattle still sometimes occurred. On the south-western coast, before the Methodist revival, wrecking—that is, enticing ships upon the rocks by the exhibition of false signals—was a constant occurrence, and was frequently followed by the murder of the shipwrecked mariners. This atrocious wickedness even a century ago had not quite disappeared, and smuggling was still exceedingly common. Although the mining population of the kingdom was greatly benefitted by the labours of the Wesleys and their coadjutors, still their condition was deplorable. Many were in a condition of grossest ignorance, their homes wretched hovels, their labour excessive and far more dangerous than now, their amusements brutalizing in their tendency. Even women and children underwent the ugly drudgery of the mine. For no class of society has Methodism done more than for these.

The introduction of gas has greatly restricted midnight crime in the cities. A hundred years ago they were miserably dark, lit only by oil lamps hung across the streets. Link boys offered to escort the traveller with torches. Riotous city “Mohawks” perambulated the streets at midnight, roaring drunken songs, assaulting belated passengers, and beating drowsy watchmen, who went their rounds with a “lanthorn,” as it was called in those days, and duly announced the hour of the night, unless when asleep in the neighbouring watch-house. During the day chapmen accosted the passer-by with cries of, “What do ye lack, sir?—what do ye lack?” accompanied by voluble professions of the excellence of their wares, like the Jews in Monmouth Street. Bear and badger baiting was a favourite amusement, as were also pugilistic encounters, in which last women frequently took part. A French traveller who visited England in 1765, saw a man and woman engaged in combat for a wager. Many of these Amazons advertized public exhibitions of pugilism. The same traveller remarks the wretchedness of the streets, the rudeness of chairmen and porters to foreigners, and especially to Frenchmen. Laced coats, enormous waistcoats with huge lappels,

powdered wigs with long queues, knee breeches and gold or silver buckles, together with a three-cornered hat, constituted the costume of a gentleman of the period. A rich skirt with a long train looped up over an embroidered petticoat, high-heeled shoes with a towering powdered *coiffure*, were the principal features in the dress of a fine lady a hundred years ago. One of the greatest evils of the time was the condition of the laws affecting marriage. These laws were greatly amended by the Marriage Act of 1754.

Prior to this Act a marriage valid for all purposes could be celebrated by a priest in orders at any time or place, without notice, consent of parents, or record of any kind. The celebration of such marriages naturally fell into the hands of needy and disreputable clergymen, who were always to be found in or about the Fleet Prison, where they were or had been confined for debt. Hence the term Fleet marriages; although the Fleet parsons by no means enjoyed a monopoly. Indeed, the most thriving business in this walk was carried on by the Reverend Alexander Keith, at a chapel in Curzon Street, who was computed to have married on an average six thousand couples *per annum*. The Fleet parsons, however, had no reason to complain: it was proved before Parliament that there had been 2,954 Fleet marriages in four months; and it appeared from the memorandum-book of one of them, that he had made 57*l.* by marriage-fees in a month; of another, that he had married one hundred and seventy-three couples in a single day.

The scandal reached its acme in the seaports when a fleet arrived, and the sailors were married, says Lecky, in platoons. There was a story that once when from fifty to a hundred couples were arranged for the ceremony at a chapel at Portsmouth, some confusion took place, and several of them got hold of the wrong hands. When the resulting difficulty was mentioned to the parson, he exclaimed, "Never mind, you are all of you married to some one, and you must sort yourselves afterwards." Sham marriages by sham priests were of constant occurrence. Examples are hardly required to show the amount of misery that must inevitably result when a solemn engagement may be contracted without a pause for reflection, on the spur of a passing inclination or caprice.

## ODD CHARACTERS.

BY A CITY MISSIONARY.

"THE RASPER."

## II.

THE "Rasper" had spoken with deep fervour of his conversion, but, presently recovering himself, he went on in a calmer tone.

"Of course, there was a bit of a tussel over breaking with my companions. They jeered, as I dare say I should have done before grace was given to me; but I didn't mind that. I held fast to that which was good myself, and what was more, I tried to induce them to seek that which is good too; and I'm only sorry to say that I tried in vain—that they would not turn from their wickedness and live. Up to that time I had been making a sort of pretence of working as a travelling chair-caner, but now, I determined to look out for some steady work, and the first job I got was to help in the repair of some houses in a neighbouring street, and that gave me a start as a builder's labourer. Well, one winter, when trade was slack and I was out of work, I met the man who gave me my first job, and asked him if he couldn't give me something to do about his houses. He was afraid he would soon have to be looking for something to do himself, he answered, and then, seeming to be downhearted and glad of any one to tell his troubles to, he went on to say that he had put all his savings into the purchase of those houses, not knowing at that time how *very* bad a neighbourhood it was—that he could get scarcely any rent out of his tenants, and was pretty near ruined.

"I would get rent out of 'em if they were my houses,' I said.

"How would you do it?' he asked.

"Well, I *would* get it any way,' I said; and, to make short of this part of the story, the end of it was, he gave me the job to collect his rents, and I did it in such a style that after giving me a stiff commission he had as much again for himself as he had been able to get before."

“And what was the secret of your success?” I asked.

“There warn’t much secret about it; I knew most of the tenants and their ways and means. Where it was a case of could pay but wouldn’t, I brought their nose to the grindstone with a firm hand; in most such cases it was only a matter of doing with less drink, and I used to think, ‘The less drink you have, my beauties, the better for you; so here goes for a good tight turn of the screw on you.’ I would go to them and say, ‘Now, look here, it’s no use you trying to play off any of your hankey-pankey tricks on me. I know my way about as well as you do. You work at such a thing, and earn so much, or can earn it if you like to work regularly; and you can pay your rent, and you *must*, and no mistake about it.’ Knowing my customers well, I could generally tell when there would be an attempt to shoot the moon, as they say; and I used to be on the look-out for it, and in most cases manage to stop it. If they did succeed in running the blockade with me, I could generally find them out and make it warm for them; in short, one way and another, I made not paying so unpleasant to such gentry that they used to pay as being the lesser of two evils. Other landlords, hearing of my success, gave me their collecting to do, and the more I had the easier it was to do in proportion, for then the cut-and-run sort often found it a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire, giving me the slip in one place only to find themselves under me in another, for you see people of this class must move in a very limited circle. This street that I live in was the worst paying one in all the neighbourhood. The fact was, the roughs had stormed the garrison, and not only wouldn’t pay rent, but were given to knocking about those who went to ask them for it, and to pretty well tearing the houses to pieces. So bad was the property that some of the owners of it actually kept out of the way altogether, to avoid having to pay rates on it. I knew that most of them would be only too glad to get rid of it at any price, and as it struck me I could manage it, I went in for buying it up by degrees after my collecting business had grown to be large enough to enable me to save money out of it. When I did get hold of the property, my first step towards reclaiming it was to come to live in it—sort of carrying the war into the enemies’ country, you know.”

"It must have been a rather unpleasant position for you at first?" I said.

"It was—*very* unpleasant," he answered emphatically, "and the gang did all they could to make my quarters 'hot' for me; but I stood my ground, and drove them out in the long-run, for my main object with them was not to make them pay, but to get rid of them. Before I had been there a week, I found one gentleman walking off with a gate on his shoulder to sell it for old iron. I followed him, collared him myself, and stuck to him till I found a policeman, when I gave him into custody, and gave him a month's imprisonment. I prosecuted others for performances of the same kind, and what with this, and their knowing that I knew from of old the games that many of them were up to, they were led to make discretion the better part of valour, and beat a retreat. They are a queer enough lot that live in the street now, but they are a highly desirable class compared with those I found in it when I first came. Though strangers don't think so, any stranger might pass through the street without any danger of being robbed, and with very little of being molested except by a little slang. There are idlers and drunkards among them, and a few who have made acquaintance with the inside of a prison; but there are no professional criminals, and there are some really good, and a many really harmless, people among them, for though, mind you, I would warn you against the bad, I am far from saying that they are all bad."

"What are your tenants for the most part?" I asked.

"All sorts of things," he answered. "Dock labourers of the 'chance' order, costers, hawkers, odd-job men, firewood-choppers, tinkers, umbrella-menders, rag and bone collectors, needlewomen, washerwomen, market-garden women, beggars of both sexes, gutter-merchants of both sexes, street-singers of both sexes, street musicians, street quacks, and such oddities as a broken-down—very much broken-down—doctor, a reputed miser, and a woman with a craze to the effect that the lawyers—no particular lawyers, but lawyers in general—are wrongfully keeping her out of a large estate."

"A doctor living in this street!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes" he answered, "a regularly trained, diploma'd doctor,

and a clever one too, I have heard other doctors say—one that might have been keeping his carriage but for the drink, which has dragged him down in the world, and will hasten him out of it. I let him have a garret at a shilling a week, and am pretty easy with him as to whether or not he pays up, easier than I should be, perhaps, seeing that it is himself that is to blame for the position he is in ; but the fact is, drink is so completely the master of him, that putting the screw on him wouldn't make him any better ; he'd go without shelter if he had to do it, but he wouldn't go without the drink. Before I let him have the room, such as it is, he had to sleep out—under arches, in yards, or waggons, or wherever else he could get, when he couldn't muster up the threepence to pay for a lodging-house bed."

"And how does such a man contrive to muster up money at all ?" I asked.

"Well, other doctors who have *post-mortem* examinations to make sometimes employ him to help them, and pay him a few shillings ; and he picks up a sixpence or a shilling now and again among the neighbours for prescribing for them or their children, and with that and sponging about public-houses, he manages to support his miserable existence."

Here I may be permitted to go a little out of course to state that, later in my acquaintance with the Rasper, I was taken by him—in the course of a round for the purpose of visiting people I had not been able to get at by my own unaided efforts—to see this unhappy victim of the accursed thing—strong drink. Unless a backless chair, a couple of public-house cans, and a small pile of rags and shavings that served as a bed, could be called furniture, his wretched little garret was literally without furniture of any kind ; and, though it was a bitter cold December day, the grate was fireless, and red with rust from being unused. His clothes were woefully dirty and ragged, and hung about his gaunt and wasted frame in most scarecrow-like fashion. His hair, beard, and whiskers were worn long and unkempt, so that but little of his features was distinctly visible ; but from that little you could see how sadly drink-besodden they were. No flus' of shame could have made itself perceptible through the deep and perma-

ment drink flush, but the downcast eyes, and a slight trembling of the lip, told that he felt his degradation.

"You see why I don't offer you seats," he said, glancing round the apartment, "but either of you are welcome to *the* chair," he added, rising with a tottering step.

"No, no, you sit down; we're better able to stand than you are," said the Rasper, laying his hand on his shoulder.

"The time has been when I could have received you differently," said the other.

"Well, it is your own fault that you can't receive us differently now," said the Rasper bluntly, and yet not unkindly.

"So much the worse for me!" exclaimed the other vehemently. "Ask yourself what must be the feelings of a man who knows that it *is* his own fault that he is such a thing as I am. You mustn't think, because I don't speak of it to those I herd with, and who would only make sport of it, that I don't know what a fool and a slave I have been. I've drank away everything else, but I can't drink away the knowledge, though I try. It is the thought that it is my own fault that I am what I am, that more often than anything else drives me to try to drown thought altogether, but I can't, at least not for long."

"Well, I suppose your sin, like most others, carries its own punishment with it," said the Rasper, but rather in a soothing than a reproachful tone. "If it wasn't so, you see we should never think of shaking them off. You should make up your mind, with God's help, to cast out the devil that possesses you; it is never too late to mend, you know."

"I tried to cast it out when it was weaker than now, and I was stronger, and I failed," said the other, with a mournful shake of the head; and then, overcome by the bitter thoughts conjured up by the conversation, he suddenly hid his face in his hands, and swaying about in his seat, passionately moaned, "It is too late!—too late!—too late!"

There is no need to dwell at greater length upon so painful a scene. It seemed as if it were indeed too late for him to free himself from the baneful influence that had so wrecked his career and wasted his life. He would listen to no suggestion about getting him into any institution where drink could have been

withheld from him. Any money given to him was sure to be spent in drink, and food or clothing as surely bartered for drink. Even when I first saw him, it was evident that his shattered constitution could not stand the strain of such a life as his for very long, and some two years later the end came. I was absent from the immediate neighbourhood at that time, but I had the satisfaction of hearing from the Rasper and others who were with him when he knew that the great change was impending, that—

“ Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving of it.”

For some weeks before his death he was not able to obtain drink, for though some of his drinking associates would, acting upon *their* idea of friendship, have taken drink to him, his better friends prevented them from doing so. This, though it could not then restore him to health or strength, had the effect of clearing and calming his mind. He spoke resignedly—and even with a sense of relief—of his death as “a happy release” to himself. He prayed that the misuse of the talents entrusted to him by the Heavenly Master might be forgiven him, and passed away at last buoyed by the belief that the salvation that had been extended even to the thief on the cross, would not be withheld from him.

After my first call upon the Rasper, it so chanced that I did not see anything of him for about six weeks, but at the end of that time I sought him out again, as I was desirous of consulting him respecting the case of a family which had been represented to me, and certainly had every appearance of being a very distressing one, but about which I had my doubts.

On coming to the Rasper's dwelling on this occasion, I found him standing on his doorstep, “taking stock” of a scene which, though not particularly striking in itself, had nevertheless a special interest for one who, like myself, was anxious to learn as much as possible of the ideas and the habits of the class of people forming the Rasper's tenants. At the top of the street there was—I might almost say as a matter of course—a large corner public-house, one front of which was in the road from which the street branched, the other in the street itself. Outside the door of the latter front a couple of shabby-genteel ballad singers had made a

"pitch." One of them carried the songs which they had for sale, the other, with a concertina, acted as accompanist; and at the feet of the latter sat, gravely looking up in his face, a dog, which travelled their round with them. They had "drawn" the street. Immediately in front of them stood young Dick Mason, commonly known as the "Topper," from his being a leader, or top hand, among the boys of the street. He lived with his widowed mother, but was, to a great extent, upon "his own hook" as a hawker. Having returned from his morning round with hearthstone, he was now free till the afternoon, when he would be off again with shrimps. He was a sturdy, bright-eyed, self-assured little fellow, and you could see that his little sister, who stands beside him, looks up to him as a protector with full confidence.

Behind these two stood a stout, rather jolly-looking middle-aged woman, the door-key in her one hand, and her disengaged arm stuck akimbo. This was "Mother" Richards, the keeper of the "general" shop in the street. She did a good copper trade that is to say, a trade in which any single order rarely came to the amount of a silver coin, being for the most part farthing, halfpenny, and penny orders. Farthing candles, farthing's-worth of pins, thread, tape, salt, pepper, sugar, toffee; halfpenny bundles of wood, pen'orths of coal, tea, coffee, butter, halfpenny "hunks" of bread, and pen'orths of cheese, the larger orders being generally half ounces of tobacco and quartern loaves. But though her transactions over-counter are small, they are many, and the profits on them are high, so that she is one of the most well-to-do inhabitants of the street. Over her counter is a cardboard sign in the shape of a clock-dial, but having round it instead of figures the legend "No Tick." To the "No Tick" system she sternly adhered; but though on no account will she grant credit, she will sometimes give freely to those who cannot afford to buy. On many a hungry but un-halfpennied youngster has she charitably bestowed a "hunk," and to many a sick and destitute neighbour has she taken an ounce of her best tea when going to see them, completing the gift, when necessary, by a bundle of wood and a pen'orth of coal wherewith to boil the kettle.

Next to Mother Richards stood Bess Gardiner, an old lady who hawks the wire sieves which her son makes, and who is now

listening to the singing with marked earnestness. Taking her stand behind the singers, so that the crowing of her child may not unduly disturb the performance, is Mrs. Simpson, wife of a fish-hawker living in the street. She is a rather thriftless, characterless body in a general way, but honourably distinguished among her neighbours as being a specially loving mother. In all else she is the most submissive of wives, but in respect to her children it is known that she will fearlessly beard even her husband, as, for instance, when against his opinion on the point she insisted, at the cost of more than one "good hiding," on sending her children to school. In the rear of Mother Richards, a number of the male loafers of the street had taken their position, and with hands in pocket and pipe in mouth, were quietly listening. Beyond them, and with a considerable space intervening, the crowd was merely, of a general order, consisting chiefly of passers-by drawn from the road, and seemingly not caring about venturing too far down the street. The performers were singing their last song when I had come in sight of them, and when it was finished, and the audience were dispersing, the concertina-player sauntered down to where we were standing, and touched his hat to the Rasper, who, with a cheery "Here you are?" gave him a threepenny piece.

"Do you patronize that sort of thing?" I asked, when the man was out of ear-shot.

"Well, not in a general way," he answered; "but I make an exception in favour of Sentimental Dawson and Pal; they are honest, decent-living fellows, and work hard in their way, and, though you might scarcely think it, I believe they do some little good in the street. They always sing sentimental songs, and it is wonderful how such songs 'fetch' the likes of the people here-about. I could see that old Bess Gardiner's heart was full when they were singing the 'Mariner's Grave' just now, and I can tell you why—two of her sons were lost at sea. I have seen more than one rough customer among the women with the tears in their eyes when Dawson has been singing 'The Little One that Died,' and 'Tinker' Cockford, who used to be about as great a drunkard as you would come across in a day's march, and is now a steady fellow, has told me himself that it was hearing Dawson sing 'Father,

come Home,' that caused him to swear off the drink. Human nature is a curious thing, sir, after all; so curious that the worst of us may chance to be made better even by such a trifling thing as hearing a song at a street corner—but there, you were saying you wanted to ask me about some one."

"Oh yes, about the Woods," I said.

"Oh, the Woods, eh! Come along in!" he exclaimed, leading the way into his room, and taking down a couple of books. "The Woods—back room, ground floor, number 26, isn't it?" he went on, opening one of the books, and motioning me to be seated.

I nodded assent, and then he asked,—

"Did you see Wood himself?"

Again I nodded, whereupon the Rasper, smiling, observed,—

"And I suppose he told you that he and his blessed 'eavenly wife and children were starving; that they hadn't a blessed 'eavenly bit to put in their blessed 'eavenly mouths, or hardly a blessed 'eavenly rag to cover them, and that he had tramped the boots off his blessed 'eavenly feet looking for work—that was his style, wasn't it, eh?"

"Yes, that was about his style," I said; "and it was his overdone style that had made me suspicious, though the family really appeared to be in the deepest distress."

"Well, as far as the wife and children are concerned, it would scarcely be possible to represent them as being in greater distress than they are," said the Rasper, "but it is solely through him that they are so, and he would stand in the way of any assistance doing them good. If you gave them money you would find him spending it in the public-house five minutes afterwards, and if you gave them clothes he would have them off their backs and in the pawn-shop within the hour. The only way in which you could benefit them would be by taking them to the nearest baker's, or cook-shop, and giving them a good feed, and that he wouldn't let you do. I've tried him myself, but he wouldn't have it, and thinking it might be only me that he objected to, I got others that he could have no possible ill-will against, to try it, but with the same result. However, he has had about rope enough now; you leave him to me, and I'll fix him over those children if he does not watch it; in fact, I would have tried it on

before now, only I was afraid of making bad worse for the children. He's worse than a boldly bad fellow, he is such a hypocrite. You know what mild butter-won't-melt-in-my-mouth style he spoke to you in, and now look here."

He opened the second book, which I then saw was a volume of newspaper scraps, and after a little turning over of the leaves, went on,—

"These are a few of Mr. Wood's appearances in the police-court—once drunk and incapable, twice drunk and disorderly, once assaulting a woman in the street, and once—a month ago—for a public-house row, arising out of his having taken some one else's drink. You take to reading the local police news, you'll find you'll get some very useful information out of it. Of course, it does not follow that because a person has been in the police-court one year they may not be deserving of help and sympathy the next; but, for all that, you take my advice: keep yourself well posted up in the police news, and you'll find it will throw some curious light on tales that will be told to you."

After some further talk, it was agreed that I should leave the dealing with Wood in the hands of the Rasper; and then, his two books furnishing him, so to speak, with texts, he told me some strange and interesting stories concerning his tenants. Some of them were such stories as that of Wood's, but others, I was pleased to find, were stories of suffering and privation bravely borne, of unostentatious, but noble and self-sacrificing acts of neighbourly love and charity, and hard lives of poverty made light by strong unswerving Christian faith and hope.

That there *was* hardness in the nature of the Rasper might be true, but underlying that hardness was much of real goodness, and taking him for all in all, even as I have been imperfectly able to place him before them, I think my readers will readily understand that in the Rasper I found, as I had been told I should, a valuable and trustworthy ally.

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## THE EARLY STORY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.\*

BY JESSIE CAMERON.

IN the latter part of the fifteenth century, when Columbus brought home glowing accounts of the new lands he had discovered, the eyes of all Europe turned westward in wonder and curiosity and cupidity. Our judicious King Henry VII., desirous of adding new glories to his name, and new sources to his revenue, determined to profit by those discoveries which, had he not been penny-wise, would have been made under his patronage. Accordingly the king took counsel with one Giovanni Kabotto, or John Cabot, a clever and enterprising Venetian merchant, then residing at Bristol, and in 1496 granted him letters patent, empowering him to sail in search of new lands, not yet possessed by Christians.

Accounts of this first voyage, (taken, probably, by way of Iceland) are indefinite, but this is certain, that Cabot touched at Labrador and the north-eastern coast of Newfoundland. On his return to England the enterprising adventurer was knighted, very much praised and petted, substantially rewarded, and even treated to private presents from the king,—for we find noted in Henry's privy-purse, expenditures, August 10th, 1497, "To hym that found the new isle, £10."

The report of the spies must have been good, for in 1497 the king again did "give and graunte to our well-beloved John Kabotto, the Venecian, sufficiente authoritie and power that he, by him, his Deputie or Deputies, may take at his pleasure VI English shippes in any porte or portes, or other places within this our realm of England or obeisance, so that and if the said shippes be of the burthen of C. C. tonnes or under, with their apparail requisite and necessaire for the safe conduct of the said shippes, and them convey and leade to the lande and isles of

\* Among the sources of information for this paper are "The History of Newfoundland," by Pedley; Wilson's "Newfoundland and its Missionaries;" a pamphlet entitled "Episodes in our Early History," by Judge Prouse; and "This Newfoundland of Ours," by the Rev. M. Harvey.

late found by the said John." Besides the "shippes," with their "apparail requisite and necessaire," some money appears to have been given to the adventurers for their encouragement. "Lanslot Thirkill, of London, upon a prest for his shipp going towards the New Islande," received £20; and "Thomas Bradley and Launcelot Thirkell, going to the New Isle, £30. Others evidently followed to the New Isle, and returned, some with extraordinary cargoes. In 1504, £1 was paid to "one that brought hawkes from the Newfound Island;" and the next year one "Clays, going to Richmount with wylde cattes and popyngays of the Newfound Island," received "for his costs 13s. 4d." What the "popyngays" were must be left to conjecture; as to the "wylde cattes," it seems more probable that had they been genuine wild cats they would have taken Mr. Clays instead of that enterprising gentleman taking them.

At first the fishery business grew but slowly in Newfoundland. Slow and honest gains were less to the taste of the greedy adventurers of that time than the easy plunder of the rich cities of Mexico and Peru. A few vessels were on the fishing-ground as early as 1504. In 1517 the number had increased to fifty, French, Spanish, and English, and, in Elizabeth's reign, to four hundred, only fifty of which were English. It was high time for an English sovereign to take formal possession of the island, and secure and promote its fisheries. This Elizabeth did. In 1582 she sent out Sir Thomas Hamphire, armed with authority to secure to English vessels the right of possession of such sites, buildings, and property as they should choose to hold and occupy. A year later followed Sir Humphrey Gilbert, of whose unfortunate expedition we find this account in "Captain Richard Whitburne's Discovery of Newfound-laund,—imprinted at London, 1622:"—"In a voyage to that country about thirty-six years since, I had then the command of a worthy ship of two hundred and twenty tuns, set forth by one Master Croke, of South-hampton. At that time Sir Humfrey Gilbert, a Devonshire knight, came thither with two good ships and a pinnace, and brought with him a large patent from the late most renowned Queen Elizabeth, and in her name took possession of that country, in the harbour of St. John's, whereof I was an eye-

witnesse. He sailed from thence towards Virginia, and, by reason of some unhappy direction in his course, the greatest ship he had struck upon some shelves, on that coast of Canadie, and was there lost, with most part of the company in her; and he, himself, being then in a small pinnace of twenty tun, in the company of his Vice-Admiral (one Captain Hayes), returning towards England, in a great storme was overwhelmed with the seas, and so perished." Sir Walter Raleigh, "statesman, soldier, sailor," just missed, by an accidental detention, being overwhelmed in the same cold seas with his brave half-brother.

Sir Francis Drake next visited Newfoundland, repeated the act of taking possession, and in a sort of piratical fashion returned to England with half-a-dozen Portuguese ships, to whose cargoes of furs, oil, and fish he had taken a fancy. But these, and visits from other distinguished worthies, such as Cartier and Frobisher, though sounding well at this distance of time, really did but little for the advancement of the country, which, for nearly a century and a-half, remained merely a fishing station for French, Spanish, Portuguese, and English, and a refuge for pirates and other amiable characters who found the restraints of law inconvenient, and could here indulge their engaging proclivities unhindered. Grants for colonization had been made as early as 1502, and through the sixteenth century several ill-considered, and therefore unsuccessful, attempts to form settlements in Newfoundland were made. In 1610 "a company of adventurers and planters of the cities of London and Bristol"—among the directors was the Lord Chancellor Bacon—attempted to plant a colony in Conception Bay, a huge fiord on the eastern coast; and in 1617 Captain Whitbourne headed a company of Welsh settlers in Harbour Britain, on the southern coast. Both their attempts failed. The first really successful settlement was that effected six years later by Sir George Calvert, afterward Lord Baltimore. He chose a location in Ferryland, a harbour south of St. John's, where he built a handsome residence for himself, provided comfortably for his colonists, and erected salt-works and a strong fort,—the latter in well-founded anticipation of attacks from the French. All went well for a short time. Health, plenty, and content blessed the little

colony, and their numbers and strength increased bravely. But presently the French came, and by their continual aggressions so disheartened Sir George that he abandoned his estate in Avalon, and settled again in Maryland, where he was more fortunate. After his departure the settlement rapidly dwindled, being quite unable to hold its own against the odds with which it had to contend. It was twice destroyed: by a Dutch fleet with one hundred and sixty guns, in 1673, and again by the French in 1694. But in the meantime settlements were forming in other parts of the country. In 1640 a company of emigrants was sent from Ireland, and fourteen years later another lot followed. By this time there were three hundred and fifty resident families on the island, with a proportionate floating population of summer fishermen.

Now was the beginning of troubles. The resident population of Newfoundland, composed mainly of that undesirable class who find it expedient to leave law-abiding countries, was here without restraint. While France looked faithfully after the well-being and good government of her western colonies; while the Puritan settlers in New England lived in severest morality; the colony of Newfoundland alone was a scene of anarchy and crime. In 1633, Charles I., complaining that "our subjects resorting thither injure one another, and use all manner of excess, to the great hindrance of the voyage and common damage of this realm," issued regulations for the government of said subjects "inhabiting Newfoundland or trafficking in its bays." These regulations provided for the arrest and the punishment in England of any man found guilty of murder or theft to the value of forty shillings, the penalty in both cases being death—a curious illustration of the value set on a life at that time;—prohibited the sale of "wine, beer, or strong waters, cyder, or tobacco, to entertain the fishermen;" and ordered "that, according to ancient custom, every ship, or fisher that first entereth a harbour in behalf of the ship, be admiral of the said harbour." Thus, after more than a hundred years of utter neglect, the only provision made for the government of Britain's oldest colony was to enforce the rough rule of the first old tar who should enter any harbour. What this rule was may well be imagined, for the morais and

manners of the seafaring men of this period still smell to heaven. The regulation proved a sorry one. The admirals—ignorant, cruel, greedy—fiercely oppressed the helpless colonists (who were absolutely without means of obtaining redress for their wrongs), first for themselves, next for the merchants at home in whose employ they voyaged. In summer, under the name of justice, the people were pillaged and abused; in winter they were left with no rule at all, for which, no doubt, they were thankful.

The neglect of the country was not enough; the persecution by fishing admirals was not enough; more active measures were now to be taken for the oppression and depression of the little colony of Newfoundland. The merchants of the west of England, in whose hands lay the prosecution of the fishery and its chief emoluments, chose to consider their interests interfered with by the shore fishery, and bestirred themselves to discourage colonization. They influenced the authorities to order that no persons not actually employed in the fishery should be allowed to take passage out with the fishing captains. At the same time they frustrated a feeble attempt made by the colonists to obtain a governor. On the representations of Sir Josiah Child and other interested parties, that the shore-fishery injured the bank-fishery and should therefore be stopped, the Council ordered that no fisherman should be allowed to remain in Newfoundland after the fishing season was over, their masters being under bonds of £100 each to ensure their safe return. Thus immigration was checked.

But worse was to follow. In 1674 was issued that piece of outrageous injustice called the "Western Charter," which provided "that all plantations in Newfoundland were to be discouraged;" prohibited all persons "from settling on the coasts or shores of the island," and ordered that "no planter should be allowed to live within six miles of the shore from Cape Race to Cape Bonavista," precisely that part most available for fishing purposes. Like the ancient Helots under Dorian yoke, the Newfoundlanders, aspiring to liberty and justice, were deprived at once of all their rights, personal and political, and taught that their country's boasted laws applied to them only in oppression. Sir John Berry was sent out with orders to destroy the property of

the poor people, and to drive them from their hard-won homes. Fortunately this gentleman was too humane and sensible to carry out such atrocious orders without, at least, protest and delay. Some harm, indeed, was done; a few houses and drying stages were destroyed and some fishing property was seized. But one Mr. Downing, in a strong representation of the injustice and absurdity of the persecution, induced the gracious and affable King Charles to order its discontinuance. But immigration was still forbidden.

In 1690 was passed an Act known in the colony as the "Statute of William III.," which provided for the maintenance and regulation of the fisheries, much after the manner of the commission issued by Charles I., sixty years before. The tenor of the Act very plainly indicated that the welfare of the colony was not for a moment to be considered. It provided only for the conservation of the fisheries, as a profitable source of wealth to the west of England merchants, and a useful school for the training of seamen for the British navy. One-fifth of the sailors going to the Banks were to be "green men," who had never been at sea before; all sailors were to return to England in the autumn; the fishing admirals were confirmed in authority; and the Newfoundlanders were forbidden to take up any beach or place for fishing until the English vessels should have chosen, and ordered, besides, to give up, if desired, possession "of any stage, cook-room, beach, &c., for taking bait and fishing, or for the drying, curing, or husbanding of fish," not built by themselves since 1685. To these wrongs, inflicted by Government, the merchants, unhindered, added the cap-sheaf, by preventing any small shop-keeper from furnishing goods to the people,—themselves selling goods, things necessary to bare existence, at most exorbitant rates, and buying fish and oil at their own valuation. But still, with limpet-like tenacity, the Newfoundland colonists clung to their rocky homes, and, at last, by sheer persistent endurance, they gained a right to colonial existence. Surely the emblem of the Newfoundlanders should be a limpet clinging to its rock, and their motto, "Hold fast." In spite of tyrannous repression and oppression, the colonists had greatly increased in wealth and numbers, and their commercial importance had at length become

fully established. The Council, forced to acknowledge this fact, a few years later sagely admitted that "a number of inhabitants, not exceeding one thousand, might be usefully employed in constructing boats, stages for drying fish, and other matters connected with the fisheries." This affable recommendation was merely a recognition of the fact that there now lived in Newfoundland men who would not be displanted,—sturdy settlers to the number of two hundred and eighty-four, hiring no less than eighteen hundred and ninety-four servants, possessing three hundred and ninety-seven boats, and catching annually 102,000 quintals of fish. The English merchants at the same time employed four thousand two hundred and fifty servants in two hundred and fifty-two vessels.

In 1728 a governor was appointed to the colony, but his presence did little for its welfare. He came out in the spring, looked chiefly after the fishery during the summer, and in autumn returned home, leaving the Newfoundlanders to govern themselves, with the aid of some queer, crooked old justices, chosen from their own ranks. Quarrels raged everywhere, oppression and injustice still rode rampant for nearly fifty years longer, when Governor Sir Hugh Palisser bestirred himself to create a diversion of troubles. With his assistance an Act was framed (known as Palisser's Act) similar to those already in existence providing for the oppression of the colonists, but with some outrageous additions. To sustain the fisheries and furnish recruits for the navy, seamen were induced to go to the Banks by the offer of bounties of from ten to forty pounds sterling to those vessels making the quickest and most successful trips each season. But the seamen were forced to return to Britain in the autumn by withholding of forty shillings of their wages until they reached home, and placing their masters under penalties if they failed to see their servants shipped for home. At the same time, emigration to the west was forbidden, captains giving passage to any emigrants being fined £500.

Now the Newfoundlanders were most wretchedly situated. They were forbidden to leave, barely allowed to stay, and they had no rights,—nothing but wrongs. They were liable to be ousted from their homes at any time, for the holding of any

land, except that directly employed in the fishery, was against law, and they were strictly forbidden to enclose or occupy any new lands. In 1790, the house of one Alexander Long was destroyed for the singular reason that "it had a complete chimney, if not two, and lodging for at least six or eight dieters," or boarders. And while these harsh and unwise restrictions were laid on a loyal and industrious colony, which contributed immensely to England's prosperity and cost her scarce a penny, there were yet other regulations applying with great severity to the Roman Catholic settlers, then forming more than one-half the population. These were denied the public exercise of their religion, or the ministrations of their priests, and were forced to have their children baptized according to the forms of the Established Church. Those possessing property by long descent were liable to be stripped of their possessions by any of their relatives—brother, son, or nearest of kin—who should choose to become Protestant; they were forbidden the acquisition of property; and, besides other enormities, it was ordered that "every Irish boat-keeper shall pay twenty shillings a year, and every common Irishman five shillings." In 1755 an unlucky priest held services at several villages in Conception Bay. His arrest was ordered, but he escaped, and his hearers paid the penalty. The buildings in which he officiated (houses and fish-stores) were destroyed, with their adjoining stages and flakes; their possessors fined in sums of from twenty to fifty pounds; and a number of persons convicted, as the magistrate gravely affirms, "by their own confession, of being Roman Catholics and inhabitants of this place, which is contrary to law that they should hold any property in this island," were fined in sums not exceeding ten pounds, and ordered to leave the island in two months. The spirit of animosity engendered at this period by these illiberal, unjust, and unwise measures has, almost to the present day, mutually embittered Romanists and Protestants, and remained a lingering cause of faction that has, among other evils, materially retarded the progress of the country.

The absurd tyranny which ruled in Newfoundland appears to have reached its climax about a hundred years ago. The authorities seem to have been in a very bad temper at this time, for,

not content with afflicting the population generally and particularly, they now set their faces as flints against the weaker sex. Bitter protests were made by Governor Palisser against the immigration of women, and, at last, as they would come, he ordered that "no women are to be landed without security being first given for their good behaviour." Following this lordly and courteous lead, Lieutenant-Governor Elford, in 1783, recommended Parliament to order that "all women located in the island be removed, and that, in future, no woman should be allowed to land." Whether a good laugh at this ridiculous climax of persecution cleared the brains and warmed the hearts of the crotchety authorities or not, is not recorded, but evidently some change came over them, for from this time common sense, common justice, and humanity influenced their counsels and shone in their doings. Many of the injudicious enactments of former days were repealed or amended. Romanists and Dissenters were allowed comparative religious freedom in 1784, but it was not until 1811 that the Romanists were allowed a separate burying-ground. In this year, too, the holding of property was legalized; the Newfoundlander at last possessed a legal title to the inheritance of his fathers and the work of his own hands. At last, after a long, long night of neglect, misrule, and oppression, there dawned on poor Newfoundland a day of liberty and prosperity.

Reading this brief record of the early wrongs of Newfoundland, let no one wonder that she stands not in the van of civilization; let the wonder be that, as a country, she exists at all. She has yielded her wealth to the spoiler, and to-day her own shores lie desolate.

TRURO, *Nova Scotia.*

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NOUGHT that is right think little; well aware  
What reason bids, God bids; by His command  
How aggrandized the smallest thing we do.

—*Young.*

## THE PLACE OF THEOLOGY AMONG THE SCIENCES.\*

BY REV. S. S. NELLES, LL.D.

ONE science there is, if science it may be called, which has come of late to be regarded as no member, or at least a very hostile and obstructive member, of the commonwealth of thought. I refer to theology, the science which gives name and direction to the society which I now address. This has come to be considered, in certain circles, as a kind of leper among the sciences, to be eschewed and loathed; or as a kind of criminal, to be imprisoned, if not indeed crucified and slain. But I stand to plead still for theology as the queen of all the sciences. Her adoring wonder is the beginning of philosophy, and her lofty problems lie at the end. Which ever direction our thought may take, we cannot travel far without being confronted with the question of a God. The answer we give is theology; the best answer is the best theology; and I for one doubt not that of all answers, that is infinitely the best which is found in the Bible, and embodied more or less adequately in the theology of the Christian Church.

If we were to discuss the question in detail it would be easy to show the large contributions rendered by Christianity to the progress of learning, by its influence in restraining the baser propensities, in quickening and guiding the conscience, in enriching the imagination, in widening the range of human sympathy, and in making revelations of truth which as much tend to nourish the intellect as they do to cheer the heart. But let us touch only upon one great matter which lies at the foundation. The arts and sciences

cannot flourish without a well established social order. Despotism is not favourable to intellectual progress, anarchy is still less favourable. And the world has yet found nothing for one moment comparable to Christianity as a basis for freedom and order. First of all things we must have security for property and person, and then the means for preserving and improving the great essentials of government. Come with me now for a moment to the end of the old Roman Empire, and let us look upon it with the eyes of Gibbon himself, no unfaithful painter of the dark scene before us. Behold then the best results of the old civilization! Behold the issue of its long and painful experiments in social order! Four thousand years of toils and battles have ended in this dying empire, in which all previous history seems to have found its melancholy close. Into this dead sea has plunged at last the Jordan river of the past. There was heroism once, but it is gone; patriotism and self-sacrifice once, but they are gone. There was literature, eloquence, philosophy, a kind of religious faith, but now all are gone. The gods have departed, "great Pan is dead," the soothsayers can no longer forbear a sneer as they ply their superstitious rites, the temples are turned into brothels, and echo the hollow laugh of the skeptic and the debauchee. The wolf-suckled nation has returned to its lair. Beasts and not men are in the palace, and for the sceptre of human order has come the reign of lust and ferocity. What now, I ask, was it but Christianity that came again to

\* From "Members one of another," a sermon preached before the Theological Union of Victoria University, May, 1876

put a soul under the ribs of all this death? Came, indeed, too late to prevent the catastrophe, but not too late to recover a new and better order out of the old ruin. What was it, as Macaulay says, but the Christian Church, that rode like the ark upon the deluge, bearing in her bosom the seeds of a better civilization?

But, I shall be told, this was the work of the Gospel, that is of *religion*, and I am speaking of *theology*. I am speaking of both, and the two are indissolubly conjoined, being also "members one of another." The religion springs out of the theology, or the theology out of the religion, whichever you will, as the root and body of the tree support the foliage, and the foliage in turn feeds the root. I speak of religion, but I speak of the *Christian* religion, which is acting distinctive or peculiar in the world if it be despoiled of its great facts and doctrines, the clear and thoughtful exposition of which is theology. If you speak of vague undirected religious sentiment merely, then you may have mythologies and superstitions as before, but, as before, you will come round again to the same dead sea, and a ruined empire put up among the soldiers at auction, and suck down to the highest bidder. If you are dissatisfied with the results of heathenism, and look with favour upon Christianity, let us have Christianity with the integrity of her claims, and the essential features through which she has transformed the world. You must give us the incarnation, the miracles, the atonement, the resurrection, the ascension, the new birth, and the pentecostal baptism of fire. What Paul, Luther, and Wesley have done, they have not done without these. If for this supernatural and divine manifestation you substitute some diluted, colourless, in a word rationalising gospel, then beginning with Strauss and his coadjutors, with them also you will end; beginning in making a myth of the Gospel, you will end, like him, in making a

myth of the soul. With the resurrection which brought immortality to light will disappear again the same immortality.

I must have the light of truth, a basis of fact, an orderly exposition of great moral and religious principles, and the full and more or less systematic statement of these will make a science of theology, not perfect indeed, by no means infallible on its human side, always capable of receiving new lights and better adjustments, needing from time to time to be revised in its relations to the science and philosophy of the world, but assuredly never improved by being deprived of its doctrinal character, by being turned to run loose as the creature of sentiment or ceremony, or, above all, by being divested of its special and divine authority, and put on a level with the teachings of Confucius and Mahomet. If you enter my tempest-tost bark bearing me across the deep, and take away my compass and chart, nay, if you even shatter and dislodge the massive ribs of the ship, and leave me only the loosened sails with which to float upon the wild waters of the sea, then I tell you that the wild waters will be my grave and the loosened sails my shroud. Let us then not only cleave to the Gospel, but vindicate still for theology her high place among the studies of the University and the Church. Nor, on the other hand, let us fear any of the assaults of science. True science, I trust, no one fears; and as for science falsely so called, the best security against that is, I suppose, to be found in the investigations of men of science themselves. Theologians have often been afraid of this, that, and the other theory in science; afraid of astronomy, afraid of geology, afraid of political economy, afraid of the telescope, and afraid of the microscope. "There were they in great fear where no fear was" Now, as always, the timid disciples need to hear the voice of the Master as he walks by night upon the stormy sea,

saying, "It is I, be not afraid." Men of science are ever on the alert to detect and expose what is baseless in science. No police force of a large city so vigilantly pursues its thieves and burglars as men of science pursue the vain hypothesis and unite in exposing the shallow pretender. All motives combine to induce this vigilance and exposure. The honest love of truth will induce it, a conservative adherence to old views will induce it, jealousy of a rival may do it. Let some chemist, amid the smoke of his laboratory, find what he imagines to be a new thing; naturally enough he will be proud of his discovery, whether fact or theory; in a few hours it will be known over the whole earth. The lightning will carry it under the sea and over the land, till every laboratory in the world will be all astir in examining this strange thing. The discovery and the discoverer will be made to undergo a thousand-fold scrutiny of the best living chemists. They will be tested in the furnace, tested under the blow-pipe, tested in the air-pump, tested with the battery, made to pass through fire and water and "vapour of smoke," till the truth is known and proclaimed by the mouth of many witnesses. There will eventually come either verification, or refutation, or suspense of judgment, any one of which is good, and no one of which can give just cause of alarm to the Christian mind. It may be well enough for theologians to call attention to the apparent antagonisms of science to religion, but those in this case who ring the fire-bell are not the best to extinguish the flames. It is the man of science himself who is most competent to detect the errors of a co-worker in his special department. The astronomer knows best what is solid and enduring in astronomy, and so in like manner in every other field of study. Nevertheless, let no specialist despise the queries and suspicions of men regarding his labours from an opposite point of

view. "Our antagonist is our helper," and such are the affiliations of all learning that human progress is wrought out only by many efforts of many workers, and oftentimes the hostility and the cries of the alarmed conservative are made to contribute not less than the sympathies and plaudits of the reformer. Let the theologian especially rejoice in the labours of men of science in giving at times a freer action and wider scope to religious thought. Above all, let the Protestant theologian remember his obligations to the scientists and scholars of other days, without whose co-operation it did not please God to break the old ecclesiastical domination. Come back with me for only three or four centuries, and behold the human intellect, like an encaged eagle, beating her bare and bleeding pinions against the bars of her prison-house. Who then came to throw open the door of the prison? Was it not the men of letters, as well as the men of faith? Who even yet can say whether the revival of letters did more for the Reformation or the Reformation more for the advancement of letters? All honour to Wickliffe and Huss, to Luther and Melancthon. All honour as well to Roger Bacon and Copernicus, to Galileo and Descartes. Hard things are said even in our day against *some phases* of theology. Who can deny that hard things need to be said? The things which cannot be shaken will remain. "Skepticism is at the root of our fears." There is indeed a wild unrest all over Christendom. The sore searching winds howl about us, as in a kind of gloomy autumn day. The leaves of the forest are bitten by the frost and driven by the blast. But the well-rooted oaks and cedars will stand; the buds and bloom of many summers are yet to come. The Infinite God will not faint nor grow weary, and in His all-embracing bosom will carry our poor struggling humanity forward, and ever forward toward higher and happier ideals.

## BARTHOLOMEW BULL—THE PATRIARCH OF SPADUNK.

BY THE REV. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.

TORONTO is situated on a flat not fifty feet above the level of the Bay or Lake. This flat, when covered with forest, was very much like a swamp, at least it was often very wet. When cleared of trees, it was so miry as to give the incipient city built thereon the name of "Muddy Little York." But when you pass northward three or four miles you come to a ledge of table-land, which trends away eastward until it meets Lake Ontario in its north-eastward sweep some miles this side of the Highland Creek, which rises in the ledge referred to. In passing up Yonge Street from the city, this ledge is first met where it gives name to "Gallows' Hill." When the writer was a little boy, that hill was ascended by a deep "dug-way," which left high banks on each side of it, from one to the other of which a log lay and was allowed to remain, for the roadway was sufficiently below it to admit of loaded waggons passing under. Tradition said that a poor mortal, weary of life, had passed one end of a rope of a suitable length around this log, which made a convenient foot-bridge, and the other end around his neck, and jumped off, ending his life by the fall. Hence the name of Gallows' Hill.

This brow of table-land extends westward to where now is the Danforth railway station, on the N. R., and, retreating northward, extends to the west beyond my explorations, or knowledge. This height of land, in the tongue of the Chippewa Indians, the original lords of the soil, is *Spadunk*, which, to soften it to ears polite, was changed to Spadena, or Spadina, a piece of effeminacy to [which old Dr.

Baldwin is said to have indignantly demurred, and very sensibly too.

Some of the best families of the aristocratic little capital of Upper Canada, York, established themselves in an early day, on this Canadian Edge-hill, or Everton-brow, while their offices were still in the town: such as Col. Wells, Dr. and Capt. Baldwin, respectively, and others. When they passed away, their sons and sons-in-law (some of them at least) were found perched on this eminence—take the late Hon. John Ross for an example—just as George Cooper, Esq., Rev. Charles Turver, Rev. Dr. Wood, Hon. Mr. McMaster, James Austin, Esq., Hon. John Macdonald, and others equally respectable, do at the present time.

In 1819, an honest yeoman from Ireland, aged about twenty-eight years and married, came to York, and engaged at first as farmer to Col. Wells, having had experience of agricultural matters in his own country, the County Tipperary. By dint of industry in rural industries, he soon became a free-holder; and, ultimately, a large property-holder on the rise of land itself, not to say other places as well, and established a social position scarcely second to the best who had been there before him.

When I first entered his commodious log-house, which stood on the hill, in 1825, he had been for several years a free-holder and had broad acres cleared around him. In a few years that house was consigned to workingmen, and he built a large and elegant brick one further down the hill.

The house of my first acquaintance was rendered memorable by

the renewed spiritual life of its occupants: the commencement of cottage meetings, which issued in the formation of a large and flourishing society class,—the invitation of the circuit preachers to conduct, according to plan, services and lodge for a night, once a fortnight, as they did in the new and more elegant house after it was erected, before which the meetings had been transferred to the school-house further back, long known on the Toronto plan as "Bull's School-house."

Upon the commencement of Methodist meetings at Spadunk, or, as it is now called, Davenport, hangs a tale:—Our subject, about the time of his marriage, in 1814, to a young Methodist lady, Elizabeth Boake by name, who had received her first society ticket from the hands of the apostolic Ouseley, so early as 1810, had been converted to God and joined the Methodists. Her husband soon after followed her example, instrumentally through the missionary Ouseley and, I think, the influence of his pious wife combined. He soon became an active and capable class-leader and exhorter in his native country, being a man of good natural ability and great religious fervour.

From various considerations, he was induced to emigrate to York, in Upper Canada. He came to the place during the occupancy of the town by the British Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. Henry Pope, with whose society, as was natural, he united, although there was an older society, in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, established in the Province during the last ten years of the preceding century, which society worshipped in a chapel of its own on King Street West: Mr. Pope's society met in the Masonic Lodge Room, in what long went by the name of Market Lane, now called Colborne Street, near its eastern extremity. Both societies were lively and progressive, but in a state

of rivalry which begot an amount of prejudice and antagonism which it took years to obliterate, even after one of the rival altars had been taken down. One odious epithet applied to the King Street society was that of "Yankee Methodists."

This would naturally prejudice the mind of a Briton, recently from the Old Country, and so soon also after the American War of twelve to fifteen. Accordingly, when, in 1821, the British missionary was withdrawn, in pursuance of the arrangement between the British and American Conferences the year before, although advised to do so by their retiring pastors, few of Mr. Pope's society put themselves under the pastoral care of the Episcopal Methodist ministers, and Mr. Bull was among the recusants. This left him three or four years without Methodist Church connections, (albeit some of the British society held meetings in a private house,) but he went on Sundays to the English Church. There were other things which prevented him from forming the acquaintance of the Methodists indigenous to the Province besides national prejudice: he was four or five miles from the chapel in town and the roads were bad; and the country preaching-places were no nearer than what we now call Eglington, on the east, and the "Humber," now Weston, on the west. Preaching at Charlston's, now York Church, was not set up till about the time it was established at Mr. Bull's own place.

Early in the summer of 1825, two zealous exhorters came to the vicinity of York from Mr. Bull's native country, but of different parts from his and each other. These were Mr. Samuel Richardson and William Fitzpatrick, both single, active young men. They identified themselves with the Canadian society and went near and far "to seek the wandering souls of men." Fitzpatrick ultimately settled upon the Town Line between York and

Scarboro', about ten miles from the town; and Mr. Richardson somewhat farther eastward, on the Kingston Road. But neither of them thought any difficulty of going twelve or twenty miles on foot to hold a meeting.

Before his marriage, Mr. Richardson taught school, first in one place and then in another; and during the summer of '25 he had been employed in one in the New Purchase, to the west, I think, of the Credit. One Saturday, he was on his way to where his mother and brothers were settled in Scarboro' to see them. He called at a small loghouse at the foot of Spadunk to ask a drink of water. It was occupied by a very old couple, the father and mother of Mr. Bartholomew Bull. He asked them if they loved Christ. They confessed to religious declension since the days when they were first awakened by the preaching of Ouseley in the streets in Ireland—they wept, and Richardson prayed with them, greatly to their revival. Then they bethought themselves of their son, who chanced to be sick in bed, and asked their almost angelic visitant to go and see him, which he consented to with great alacrity. He ascended the hill, entered the house, and saluted the family: was soon in earnest conversation with them as to the state of their souls. There could be no national prejudice against a warm-hearted Methodist of their own section of Methodism and from their native land. All were deeply impressed, the sick man confessing to "leanness of soul" and wishing that it were with him as "in months that were past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon him." But united prayer did much to restore the light of God's countenance; and they began to deliberate what could be done to remedy the dearth of religious opportunities around them, when it was agreed, that Bro. Richardson should hold a meeting the next Sunday, on his way back to

his school, and the neighbours were notified. He was not only punctual to his appointment, and held a most effective meeting, but gave out that his friend Fitzpatrick, with whom he had met and whom he had engaged in the way, would hold a similar meeting the Sunday after that again, which appointment was most impressively conducted. The third Lord's Day from the first meeting, I myself met Mr. Fitzpatrick there, by appointment, at his injunction gave my first public address, and have been a public speaker of some sort ever since, these fifty-three years. We had a house full of people on the day to which I refer, and deep solemnity, and nearly all remained to class-meeting.

This was the beginning of a cause which, in some form, has had no interruption from that day to this. A year after our first commencement, the Rev. Wm. Ryerson rode out on a Sunday afternoon, preached, and organized a class of twenty-nine members, of which Mr Bull was appointed leader, and continued so for many long years. It thenceforth became a preaching place and "lodging place for wayfaring men," either in connection with the town or country circuit.

The leader soon began to exercise his gifts as a local preacher, and was noted for his ability and acceptability, the number of appointments he took, his great punctuality in supplying them, and this work he continued for forty years in all the adjacent circuits. His manner was calm and tender, and his matter instructive and weighty. He was so far removed from eccentricity of manner or any marked idiosyncrasy of mind as to leave few salient points for the biographer to fasten upon. He went on his way with the uniformity of the sun in the heavens. In all the troubles, or mutations of the Church, he never swerved or wavered from his adherence, or even attachment, to the body which prejudice had made him slow to join,

after he had once connected himself with it. He most liberally supported her institutions—circuit, missionary, and educational; and brought up his large family in cordial fellowship with his own denomination. Not that he was at all bigoted, he was peace-loving and catholic-spirited, and kindly and beloved as a neighbour. His conversation was intelligent, sprightly, unpretentious, and therefore very agreeable. I never knew, or heard of his being connected with any emeute or cabal. He never joined in a circuit insurrection, or combined in any effort, that I ever heard of, to remove a preacher; nor was he at all captious or censorious. A grave, wise, pleasant, judicious man was Bartholomew Bull. No wonder that he was universally respected.

Everything of a business kind that he seemed to touch prospered: he accumulated wealth; lived in affluence and comfort; gave every one of his numerous family of children what might be called a liberal education, even in those of them who followed the truly honourable occupation of farming. Two sons entered the medical profession and one is a barrister. One daughter is the wife of a very respectable physician, and all the rest are, were, equally respectably settled in life. Several of his children, as also his most excellent wife, passed on before him, it is hoped, to a better world. Dr. Frank Bull, a promising young physician, who died in his opening career, was a most conscientious and exemplary Christian. Although I continued my acquaintance with Bartholomew Bull and friendship for him to the day of his death, my greatest intimacy was comparatively early in his Canadian religious life. I am, therefore, happy to give room to a paragraph from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Wood, who was his neighbour and friend for the greatest part of the last thirteen years.

“My acquaintance with Bro. Bartholomew Bull extends over

thirty years, during the whole of which time I have never known or heard anything derogatory to his spotless reputation. It has been my lot to mingle with the family in joyous moments, such as a happy marriage and a golden wedding day, and to be present in days of affliction and bereavement; but I was always compelled to admire his cheerful and consistent demeanour in days of gladness, and his chastened and meek submission to the Divine will in afflictive providences. When in full health his intellectual vigour and spiritual life rendered his services very acceptable and profitable; and for many years he spared not himself after a week's toil upon his beautiful farm in his journeys to the neighbouring circuits, preaching “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” As a friend, his attachments were steady and abiding; and as a neighbour, his conduct was always regulated according to the purest principles of Christian truth. His clear perceptions and sound judgment often induced others to seek his counsel and direction in circumstances of difficulty, and his decisions and opinions always commanded esteem and confidence.

“It is pleasant to think that when he had severed himself from connection with all secular things, he found a happy home with the family of his youngest son, and here “in age and feebleness” loving hands and voices helped him to wait in calmness and confidence his “appointed time,” when he sweetly fell asleep in Christ the Lord, to be for ever with Him and join those who had preceded him to the heavenly home.”

The materials for the following brief statement concerning his death I have obtained through the politeness of his affectionate daughter-in-law, Mrs. Z. H. Bull, in whose family he spent the last four years of his life. Her testimony is almost entirely as she gave it me: “My dear father,” she writes, “preached his last sermon in Davenport three years

ago last March. His first illness was two years ago last Christmas eve. He took a notion to walk down as far as his daughter's in the city. When nearly there, he was seized with a kind of fit, and fell speechless. He was taken to his daughter's by a friend, who chanced to be passing. The members of his family were all summoned, on the supposition that he was dying. When I went to him, he held my hand and said, 'Thank God, you are all here!' He rallied a little, and we brought him home; but his memory was gone, and never returned; nor was he able ever again to attend the public means of grace. Though suffering constantly with his head, he was one of the most patient Christian saints I ever knew: a murmur was never heard to escape his lips. He would say, looking up in my face, 'It is hard to bear, but thank God, my journey is almost ended!' His confinement to the bed covered the space of fourteen weeks. His last words, three days before his death, were addressed to our little boy, who is named after him, standing as he did by his bedside, 'God bless grandpa's sweet lovely boy!' The change

for death set in that midnight, Monday; and the following Wednesday, he passed away, like an infant going to sleep. His whole family, with the exception of one, were around his bed. The last seven years of his life were a continued course of patient Christian endurance, constantly awaiting the coming of the Lord, to join him to the loved one" (his wife) "gone before. He often spoke of her, and his loneliness without her."

He went to unite with the "Friends fondly cherished, who had passed on before," on the 24th of July, 1878. His funeral sermon was preached the 11th of August, by the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, who deeply esteemed him, and had enjoyed his acquaintance at least half a century. I had the mournful pleasure of taking part in the memorial service for my old friend, along with his pastor, Rev. Dr. Hunter, and another early friend of his, the Rev. Dr. Rose. The sermon, the number and circumstances of his family, and other interesting particulars, if gone into at all, will have to be relegated to some more permanent memorial of him than a place in a periodical.

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## CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

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### THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The subject of chief interest to Canadian Methodism during the month of September has been the meeting of the General Conference in the city of Montreal. The work of the first General Conference in Toronto was chiefly the organizing of the new Church formed by the union of three separate branches, and the formulating of its constitution. The work of the second General Conference is the consolidating of that organization and bringing into more harmonious action its va-

rious parts, with the revision of some portions of the constitution found by experience to be capable of improvement, and the general review of the several administrative departments. We write during the second week of the Conference, when much of this work has only been entered upon. The delegates have received a hospitable welcome to the homes and hearts of the kind friends of our Church in the noble city of Montreal. The day sessions of the Conference are held in the spacious and elegant Dorchester

Street Church, the ample *suite* of class-rooms in which furnish admirable accommodation for the meeting of committees.

The appearance of the Conference could not fail to strike favourably every spectator. Scarcely anywhere else could be found, in an assembly of the size, a larger number of notable-looking men, both clerical and lay, and their debating skill and legislative ability fully maintain the promise of their appearance. We are glad to state that an arrangement has been effected whereby the thousands of Methodist households throughout the Dominion, whose interest is now concentrated upon this assembly, may obtain a lasting *souvenir* of its appearance. The indefatigable agent of the Methodist Book Room, Montréal, C. W. Coates, Esq., has made an arrangement with the celebrated photographers, Notman & Co., to publish a large-sized photograph, representing the Conference in session. This is to be a work of art of superior merit. The portraits are all taken separately and afterwards grouped in an artistic manner, representing an actual session of Conference. It will be sent to any address by C. W. Coates, Montréal, for the sum of \$4.

The address of the retiring President of the Conference, the venerable Dr. Ryerson, was one of ripe wisdom, and contained a valuable summary of connexional progress during the past quadrennium.

The Rev. Dr. Douglas, the President elect, in words fit though few, acknowledged the honour conferred upon him, and paid a well-merited tribute to his distinguished predecessor. "Whatever name," he said, "shall be forgotten in Canadian history, the name of Dr. Ryerson shall be held in veneration throughout all time."

The Rev. Dr. Rice was elected, by a very large vote, Vice-President, and shared, with Dr. Douglas, the honours and the duties of occupying the chair.

The Rev. Alexander Sutherland became the chosen Secretary of the Conference, and has continued throughout the sessions to discharge the onerous duties of his office. In this he was ably assisted by D. Allison, LL.D., Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia, and by Judge Jones, of Brantford, Ont.

The public services in connexion with the Conference were occasions of great interest. They were held in the St. James Street Church, the cathedral church of Methodism. The ministrations of the Rev. S. Coley, the fraternal delegate from the mother Church of Methodism in Great Britain, were highly appreciated. His chaste, beautiful, and eminently spiritual sermon on the Sabbath; his address at the public reception of delegates and at the educational meetings, and his wise counsels during the sessions of Conference will be a precious memory in the minds of all who heard them.

The Conference was also favoured with the presence of the Rev. Wm. Taylor, the distinguished missionary, the marvellous success of whose labours for God in California, South Africa, India, and more recently in South America, has filled the world with his fame. The power and pathos and fervour of his sermon on Sunday evening, and of his address at the missionary meeting, were an inspiration to renewed consecration and increased devotion of all the energies of body and mind to the service of the Master. The missionary meeting was also favoured with admirable addresses from the Rev. Mr. Gibson, the chief representative of British Methodism in the republic of France. He represents a conference of about twenty-five ministers, chiefly in the south of France; but a vigorous effort is now being made to extend the saving power of the Gospel in the great centres of population,—Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and Rouen. The addresses of the missionaries of our own Church, the Rev. Amos E.

Russ, M.A., and Dr. Davidson McDonald, and of the chairman of the meeting, the Hon. S. L. Shannon, were highly appreciated.

The public reception of fraternal delegates from other Churches was also an occasion of much interest. The address of the Rev. S. Coley, conveying the loving greetings of the English Wesleyan Church—the "mother of us all"—and his wise counsels on the conservation of the class-meeting as the bulwark of the strength of Methodism, made a profound impression.

The Rev. Dr. Upham, delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, gave an address of blended wit and wisdom, describing the marvellous growth of Methodism in that country; and the Rev. Dr. Kelly, of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, conveyed the friendly greetings of that field of the Lord's vineyard. The venerable Dr. Sargent, of Baltimore, who has attended fifteen General Conferences, and whose previous visit is remembered with pleasure, also addressed the meeting.

The educational meeting nobly represented the great work which our Church is doing in this important department. D. Allison, Esq., LL.D., of Nova Scotia, occupied the chair. The Rev. Dr. Nelles gave an admirable address on the duty of the Church to educate her rising ministry, and to keep abreast of the great educational movement of the age. The Rev. Samuel Coley gave a statement of the policy of the British Conference on this subject, and traced the providential leadings of the Methodist Church, founded, not by John Nelson, the mason, but by John Wesley, one of the most accomplished scholars of his age.

In the regular day sessions of the Conference an immense amount of business has been gone through. The work was distributed among about twenty-five committees, who took charge of the various subjects committed to them and prepared reports for discussion in the Con-

ference. The more important of these were the committees on missions, on publishing, on class-meetings, on the revision of the hymn-book, on Sunday-schools, on discipline, on the state of the Church, on the itinerancy, and others of varied import. To these committees a great number of memorials and resolutions were referred. Much interest was manifested in the review of the operations of administrative departments of the Church, as the Board of Missions and of the book and publishing interests. A cause for serious consideration is the state of the mission fund. The full details of this and of the large debt that exists we will give in a future issue. Much sympathy was evoked by the reading of a letter from the Rev. Dr. Wood, in which he resigned his relation as senior Secretary of the Missionary Society. Warm tributes were paid by several of the senior ministers to the fidelity and ability with which, for half a century, Dr. Wood had discharged the duties of a Methodist minister—for half of that time in connection with the missionary administration of the Church.

A good deal of interest was manifested in the election of book-stewards and editors. The following nominations were made for the office of Western Book-steward: the Rev. S. Rose, Rev. W. Briggs, Rev. James Gray, and Rev. J. N. Lake. After a second ballot, the following was the vote: Rev. S. Rose, 76; Rev. W. Briggs, 96. Many warm tributes were paid to the faithfulness and the indefatigable zeal of the Rev. S. Rose, and to his successful management of the Book Room in a time of severe monetary stringency. The Rev. Mr. Hertz, of Halifax, was elected steward of the Eastern Book Room. Mr. Hertz, after due deliberation, concluded that he could not leave the pastorate for the stewardship. At the time of writing his successor has not been chosen.

For the office of editor of the *Christian Guardian* were nominated the Rev. E. H. Dewart and the Rev.

A. Sutherland. The vote was, for the former, 132 ; for the latter, 33.

For the editorship of this Magazine and of the Sunday-school publications, the nominations and votes were as follows : Rev. Dr. Sanderson, 6 ; Rev. E. B. Harper, M.A., 22 ; Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., 134.

The Rev. A. W. Nicolson, the successful Eastern Book-steward and editor of the *Wesleyan*, was re-elected to the latter office, which has been separated from that of the Book-steward.

At the time of the present writing the business had proceeded no further than above indicated. In a future issue we will present a *resume* of the action of Conference on the principal important subjects brought under its notice.

#### METHODIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

The second Quadrennial Assembly met in Dorchester Street Church, Montreal. All the ministerial delegates were present at the first calling of the roll, except Revs. Asahel Hurlburt, who had entered into rest, and J. Borland and J. W. McCallum, both of whom were detained by personal affliction. Several laymen, however, were not in their places. This arose from the pressure of business and the circumstance that the parliamentary elections were being held during the sessions of Conference.

After the devotional exercises, the venerable Dr. Ryerson delivered his address as the retiring President, in which he took a review of the work of the Church during the preceding quadrennial term, which contained many evidences of prosperity. In the missionary department there is an increase of one hundred and seventy-eight missions, one hundred and sixty-three missionaries, and a total paid agency of one hundred and seventy-six. It is to be regretted that, while the income is considerably augmented, it is still far behind

meeting the requirements of the Society, hence the debt now exceeds seventy thousand dollars, which necessarily prevents any further extension of the work. The ministers have increased to one thousand one hundred and sixty-five, being an increase of one hundred and thirty-four in four years. The membership is one hundred and twenty-two thousand six hundred and five, being an increase of twenty thousand six hundred and fifty-nine.

The Sunday-schools have increased to one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three, a clear gain of two hundred and twenty-one ; while the scholars have increased nearly twenty thousand during the four years.

The increase in parsonages is forty-five, churches one hundred and eight, valued at one million two hundred and eighty-six thousand one hundred and ten dollars. A good augmentation during a period of unparalleled depression in business.

The Educational Fund has increased more than three thousand dollars, while the Superannuation Fund has increased more than six thousand.

The officers elected by ballot for the present Conference were :—Rev. George Douglas, LL.D., President ; Rev. S. D. Rice, D.D., Vice-President ; and Rev. Alexander Sutherland, Secretary, with Judge Jones and Dr. Allison Assistant Secretaries. Rev. John Eredin was chosen to act as Journal Secretary, and Revs. Dr. Nelles and C. Lavell, Letter-writers. As so much depends upon the President and Secretary for the despatch of business, it will be readily seen that the Conference, in its selection, had made a wise choice. At no period was there the least delay by reason of the chief officers not being ready or uncertain as to what was to be done.

The religious services, up to the time of writing these notes, have been seasons of great spiritual enjoyment. A prayer-meeting is held

every morning for half-an-hour. The first religious service was the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, at which Mr. Coley delivered an appropriate address, and the communicants amounted to several hundreds. A meeting for the promotion of holiness was held one evening, and a missionary love-feast, conducted by Dr. Young, was held on another evening. The services of the Sabbath, particularly in Great St. James Street—where all the evening sessions are held—were memorable seasons, when Revs. S. Coley, the British representative, and W. Taylor, the world-wide evangelist, occupied the pulpit. Several of the pulpits of the city were occupied by ministers attending the Conference.

The session for receiving the fraternal delegates was one of unusual interest, and was protracted to a late hour. Rev. S. Coley represented the British Wesleyan Conference, Rev. Dr. Upham, the Methodist Episcopal Church, United States, and the Rev. Drs. Kelly and Sargent, the Methodist Episcopal Church South. These gentlemen acquitted themselves in a most satisfactory manner, and their fraternal addresses greatly edified the vast audience which was present.

The missionary meeting was a model of its kind. Hon. S. L. Shannon, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, occupied the chair, then followed addresses by Revs. W. Gibson, from Paris, France; A. E. Russ, from British Columbia; Dr. McDonald, from Japan; and W. Taylor, formerly of California, but most recently from South America. He has done missionary evangelistic work in these countries, and also in Australasia, India, and South Africa. Many declared the meeting the best of the kind they ever attended.

From the number of special resolutions and memorials that were presented, it was evident that a great amount of business, most of which was of great importance, had to be

transacted, requiring much wisdom and great patience for its right discharge. So far some twenty-five committees have been drafted for the better arranging and deliberating on the various matters which have to be settled.

Gratifying reports have been made respecting the educational institutions of Cobourg and Sackville. These important institutions are doing a work for the Church and the Dominion which is of incalculable value, and the arrangements which they have made for still further advancing the work of higher education among both sexes should commend them to the liberal patronage of the Methodists throughout the land. We shall refer to the other educational institutions next month.

The transfer of ministers from one Conference to another has excited much attention, and, though surrounded by many difficulties, it seemed to be the universal opinion that transfers must be made or the connexional bond would be severed. The Committee on Itinerancy carefully deliberated on the subject, and brought in their report, which occupied most of two sessions, and was finally settled in a manner which, it is hoped, will be satisfactory, and tend to unite all the Conferences in one common bond.

The subjects of missions, class-meetings, publishing interests, and the appointment of fraternal delegates and the election of book-stewards and editors are all exciting great interest, but have not yet been settled. Rev. Enoch Wood, D.D., who, for fifty-two years, has been engaged in the work of the ministry, and for more than thirty years has been connected with the mission work in Canada, and has occupied the position of President of Conference some ten times, and has probably dedicated more churches than any minister in Canada, has resigned his position as Missionary Secretary. When the letter of resignation was

read by Dr. Ryerson, the most profound silence obtained in the Conference. A suitable resolution, in acknowledgment of the services of the venerable Doctor, will be pre-

sented at a future session of the Conference.

We will give further notes in our next issue.

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## RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

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### METHODIST CHURCH, CANADA.

The Missionary Notices for August has just reached us. From Japan we learn that three churches have been organized in Tokio, one in Shidzuoka, and one in Numadzu. The candidates for the ministry are being taught a course of study by the missionaries.

Rev. C. S. Eby is missionary at Kofu, which he describes as the central capital, a fine enterprising city, where he has a parish of some three hundred and twenty thousand souls. The distance from Tokio, his former residence, is only eighty-four miles, and yet the journey, performed by pack-horses, occupied most of four days. The prospect of usefulness is cheering. The people are eager for the Gospel.

Dr. Wood, the senior Missionary Secretary, furnishes an interesting paper full of valuable reminiscences respecting the Centenary Church, St. John's, New Brunswick, with an engraving of that beautiful sanctuary, which the late fire consumed.

Letters are published from British Columbia, in which Bro. Crosby appeals earnestly for a missionary to be sent to the poor people at Kitamart, where the people are building a church for themselves. Some of the earnest workers in Mr. Crosby's congregation had visited Queen Charlotte Islands, where they found a people prepared for the Gospel. One young man said, "A strange feeling came over my heart some weeks ago. I could not sleep, and

I thought it was the Great Spirit, so I said I will go where the Christian people are," and he went to Fort Simpson, saying, "I am come here to find Jesus." Bro. Crosby appeals for a missionary to be sent thither also.

Rev. A. E. Green describes a tour which he had recently made, in which he found groups consisting of hundreds of persons, in various places, who were eager to listen to the "old, old story." Some of them had previously visited Fort Simpson and Naas, where, for the first time, they had heard the Gospel, and now they said, "Give us this great light. We have heard of the Fort Simpson people, how wise they are. They used to come up here to fight us, but they don't any more; all peace now. We want to be just like them."

Bro. Green travelled in all about four hundred and twenty miles, and preached more than twenty times. At all the villages where he tarried he heard the same pressing entreaty, "Send us a missionary." At one place a merchant had built a small school-house, which he will give to the first denomination who will send a missionary thither. A chief, who had taken goods by force from a store, went and restored them after hearing Mr. Green preach. He says there are thousands of people in the places which he visited, who cried bitterly in making their requests for missionaries to teach them the way of salvation.

Bro. John McDougall writes from the Saskatchewan respecting the difficulties experienced, by reason of the Sioux Indians having endeavoured to sow the seeds of distrust and rebellion against the Government, among the Stoney and Cree tribes, but, so far, happily without success. The missionary reports progress in the way of church erections and other improvements, and says, "we have had a great deal of travel, a great deal of anxiety, and a considerable amount of sickness during the past year, but, at all times and in all places, our blessings have abounded." We entreat our readers to remember the missionaries.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE (*Continued*).

The Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., who had spent most of the year in the southern world, occupied a whole evening in detailing to a crowded assembly a narrative of his travels, which comprised about forty-seven thousand miles. He had attended the General Conference of Australasia, and had seen with his own eyes the wonderful changes which had taken place in the Friendly Islands and Fiji. King Thakomban, who was formerly a cannibal, received him as a Christian brother, and sent his kindly greetings to the British Conference. His Majesty is now so much refined that he courteously fanned the flies from the face of Mrs. Smith.

King George, of Tonga, who has for many years been a local preacher and class-leader, gave Dr. Smith one hundred pounds towards the erection of Methodist churches in London. Dr. Smith was greatly pleased with the earnestness of the Australian Methodists, and their devotedness to class-meetings. Some of the most eminent men in the colonies are Methodists. One gentleman was sent for by His Excellency to form an Administration, but he declined to attend on that day because it would prevent him being

present at his class-meeting; and in another case an important Government measure was put off until a minister laid the foundation of a Methodist church.

*The Book Room.*—Fifteen thousand dollars had been added to the capital stock. The profits were thus allocated: Two thousand five hundred dollars to the Worn-out Ministers' Fund, one thousand five hundred dollars to the Home Missions in England, and a similar sum to the Missions in Ireland. Dr. Jobson, who has been forty-five years in the ministry, intimated that he must, before long, retire from the onerous post of book-steward.

With a view to retain the older scholars of the Sunday-schools and eventually get them connected with the Church, "junior society classes" are to be formed, with suitable leaders, which are to be visited by the minister at least once in three months.

There being a decrease in the membership, a very lengthened conversation took place on the subject, both in the Ministerial and the Mixed Conference. The conversation was of a deeply spiritual character. The statements of Drs. Osborn and Pope were especially heart-searching, and awakened thrilling emotions. We do not remember reading any similar conversation that was more calculated to promote spiritual religion.

*Pan-Methodist Council.*—Our American brethren, of all sections of Methodism, are very solicitous that such a council should be held. Chancellor Haven brought the subject before the Conference, which awakened considerable discussion, and at length a committee was appointed to report at the next Conference. Surely when the Presbyterian and Anglican Churches can hold their Ecumenical Councils the Methodists should be able to do the same. Such a council, held in City Road Chapel, London, would go far

to establish the fact that Methodists throughout the world are one people.

Dr. Pope, now ex-President of the Conference, has delivered several presidential addresses, all of which have been highly prized. Dr. Osborn said, "The very spirit of John Wesley breathed through the one which he heard at the Conference;" and the President said that "the golden advice on practical sanctification would benefit them all through their life." At the earnest request of Dr. Jobson, Dr. Pope had given them to him for publication, and they are now issued in a volume which will be a valuable repertory.

*The Mixed Conference.*—This might almost be called the Wesleyan General Conference, as it is composed of an equal number of ministers and laymen. The members of the Legal Hundred and the representatives of departments are members by virtue of office, so that but few ministers are elected by their respective district meetings. All the laymen are thus elected.

Some were afraid that the Mixed Conference would not work harmoniously, but the results have been very satisfactory. The laity, in many instances, were more conservative than the ministers. We were pleased to learn that so many of the laity were the sons of ministers, who are thus following in the footsteps of their fathers. Instead of the fathers shall be the children. A son of Dr. Punshon—Morley—was received on trial at the Pastoral Conference.

The reports of the Home Missions and the Lay Missions of London and Liverpool were very gratifying. The former employs thirteen agents, six men and seven women, who are designated deaconesses. Seventeen thousand families had been visited, thirty thousand six hundred and twenty-five visits had been paid to the destitute and the sick. About two hundred open-air services had been held in spiritually destitute places, which had been attended by

more than one hundred thousand persons. Some thirty thousand tracts had been distributed. Bible classes and mothers' meetings had been held, and there was abundant evidence of good having been done.

The Liverpool Mission is under the direction of the Rev. Charles Garrett. Twenty-four thousand visits had been paid, one thousand cottage meetings held, three hundred and ten open-air meetings had been held, the sick and dying had been comforted, and more than two hundred persons had joined the Church, all of whom were the direct fruit of the mission.

The Home Mission is a valuable institution in Methodism, as it assists to sustain more than two hundred and fifty of the six hundred and eighty-four circuits in Great Britain, and has, for many years, sent three thousand dollars to assist poor circuits in Ireland. Nine district missions have been sustained during the past year, to promote revivals of religion. Fifteen ministers are employed to look after the Methodists who belong to the army and navy.

Rev. W. Gibson has been appointed to labour in France and carry out a new home mission organization, which embraces the opening of new evangelistic centres in some of the principal towns of France.

The laity are evidently resolved that Methodist ministers shall be well sustained, one of them moving for a return of the number of ministers whose incomes do not amount to seven hundred and fifty dollars. A sustentation fund is established in several districts, with a view to equalize the allowances to ministers, from which considerable good has resulted, inasmuch as nineteen thousand pounds have been distributed in four years among brethren who otherwise would have had large deficiencies.

Rev. Charles Garrett succeeded in getting an influential committee ap-

pointed to consider the proposal relative to the erection of houses of rest for ministers. A fund has been formed, which the Conference has designated "The Garrett Ministers' Rest Fund," and he hopes to raise fifty thousand dollars, which will be so administered that poorer ministers especially may be aided in seeking a little temporary relief from circuit labour.

The meeting held for the recognition of returned missionaries was not the least interesting that was held in connection with the Conference. There were brethren present who had been in the field of conflict in South Africa, Western Africa, India, and the West Indies, all of whom related what they had seen of the power of the Gospel in the parts where they had been permitted to labour. One told of a revival where one hundred and fifteen persons had found peace in twenty-four hours. In three months he had received fifteen hundred into the fold of Christ, and one Sabbath he baptized one hundred and eighty adults before breakfast. During the last four years he had laboured at Port Elizabeth, where the native society of fifty members had contributed two thousand two hundred dollars. The average class and ticket contribution was nearly seven dollars per member.

The famine in India had left many children destitute; more than two millions of people had perished. The Wesleyan missionaries have gathered hundreds of the children into orphanages, who will thus be trained in Christian principles.

The Foreign Missions have always been regarded as the glory of Meth-

odism, but the work has become so extended that the income fails to meet the expenditure, and new inviting fields remain unoccupied. Dr. Punshon said one of two things must be done,—there must be an increase of income, or retrenchment must of necessity commence. Rev. John Walton, who was formerly a missionary in India, goes to South Africa as General Superintendent, and Rev. Marmaduke Osborn, one of the Missionary Secretaries, is to visit the West Indies. One gentleman, who had spent several years in Africa, urged very earnestly that a mission should be commenced forthwith in the recently acquired Province of Transvaal, and offered to give one thousand pounds towards it. Another gentleman offered a thousand pounds towards a mission in Central Africa, and yet another had offered a contribution towards a mission in Cyprus. The result of the conversation, no doubt, will be that a more systematic arrangement will be adopted in the collecting of funds, so as to secure a permanent enlarged income.

#### THE DEATH ROLL.

Only a few days after the Rev. Peter E. Horton died so suddenly in the Wesleyan Conference, Mr. Edward Allen, a member of the Mixed Conference, expired in the midst of the business that was then being transacted. Since the Annual Conferences were held in Canada, Rev. C. Vandusen, W. Philp, A. Hurlburt, G. Barrett, and S. Waldron, have all departed this life, some of them somewhat suddenly, but their work was done, and they have now entered the joy of their Lord.

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

# ASK FOR THE OLD PATH.

27

W. H. DOAN, J.

1 Ask for the old path; God will make it plain; Je - sus will lead us there; They who would find it  
 2 Knock at the por - tal, nar - row though it be; Pray that we en - ter in; Faith is the password,

**Chorus.**

nev - er seek in vain; He will lead us there. When the val - ley safe - ly we have pass'd,  
 Prayer the bless - ed key; Strive to en - ter in.

God will gather us home at last; Home in the old path glad - ly we will go; He will lead us there.

- 8 Walk in the old path; never turn aside;  
 Climb we the rugged hill;  
 Why should we falter? see our faithful Guide  
 Leading onward still.
- 4 Keep in the old path; ever to the right;  
 Lo! 'tis the King's highway;  
 Soon will the shadows vanish from our sight,  
 Lost in perfect day.